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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

JANUARY

1919

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The February Classic

Some of the Features:

FLORENCE TURNER

Of course, you remember the beloved Florence of old Vitagraph? Six years ago she crossed the seas, but now she has returned to the films. Here is a human, vital story of Miss Turner, who has been for months touring the British camps and hospitals entertaining the English Tommies.

PRISCILLA DEAN

Something of a "nut interview" is this humorous chat with Priscilla of the wonderful fuzzy coiffure. There are plenty of laughs in this little talk with Miss Dean, who, most of all, loves "to travel fast," be it in auto or 'plane.

DICK BARTHELMESS

Dick, just out of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., went directly into the films with Herbert Brenon in Alla Nazimova's "War Brides." He has been coming along rapidly ever since, until now he's one of the favorite juvenile leads of the silverscreen.

FAIRE BINNEY

Is little Miss Binney a star in the making? Anyway, you'll be interested in this story of a girl, who, in a few months, has worked her way up to playing opposite Jack Barrymore in the films.

These are but a few of the fascinating February features of THE CLASSIC, which, aside from its many intimate chats and articles, and its hundreds of new and striking pictures, will carry the cream of the month's photoplays in fictionized form. The February CLASSIC will have three big film dramas in story form, including Billie Burke's "Good Gracious, Annabelle" and Norma Talmadge's "Heart of Wetona."

And there's a beautiful cover of Clara Kimball Young.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Cover painted by Leo Sielke)

Marguerite Clark seems to us an ideal choice for THE CLASSIC's holiday cover. For, thru her frequent and charming appearances in screen fairy tales, Miss Clark has come to represent our ideal heroine of elfland. She has touched a fanciful, imaginative note quite unlike any other player of the silverscreen. Surely the films are the sweeter for Miss Clark. Here's hoping that, during the coming year, she gives us at least another "Prunella," another "The Seven Swans" or another "Snow White."

PAGE

Gallery of Popular Players. Studies of Olga Petrova, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Pickford, Anna Q. Nilsson and Evelyn Nesbit.....	11-15
A Pearl in the Rough. The very real confessions of the very real Miss White.....	Frederick James Smith 16
Desperate Desmond. William is Irish and happy and care-free.....	Sue Roberts 18
Florence, the Oriental. Miss Reed loves good books, good music, good plays and being busy.....	Aileen St. John-Brenon 20
Sessue of the Samurai. Hayakawa has the soul of the proud old Japanese caste.....	Harry C. Carr 22
Where There's an Alice Brady, There's a Way. The busiest star of the screen and stage.....	C. Blythe Sherwood 24
Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl. The newest feature star of the silverscreen.....	Elizabeth Peltret 26
So Toils the Busy Little Bebe. In this case it's Miss Daniels.....	28
Holt—Who Goes There? Otherwise Jack, the fascinating screen villain.....	Mary Keane Taylor 29
Cutting the Gordon Knot. New pictures of Kitty Gordon.....	30
Have a Hart! Might as well—Bill has—and plenty of it.....	Faith Service 31
The Hope Chest. Fictionized from Dorothy Gish's charming comedy.....	Janet Reid 33
Ann Little and the Great Desire. A philosophical chat.....	Adam Hull Shirk 36
Herbert Brenon in Merrie England.....	38
The Man Who Is Never Himself. George Fawcett lives his characters.....	Fritzi Remont 39
Fame Found Her in the Subway. How success came to Helene Chadwick.....	Ethel Rosemon 41
'Ception Shoals. Alla Nazimova's powerful drama told in story form.....	Frederick Russell 43
The Extra Girl Plays Court Reporter.....	Ethel Rosemon 47
The Celluloid Critic. The new photoplays in review.....	Frederick James Smith 48
The Holidays in the Theater. Interesting pictures of the new footlight attractions.....	50
The Poor Little Rich Star. Tragedy has come to little Viola Dana.....	Faith Service 52
Before and After Taking. A photographer's day with the Gishes.....	E. M. Robbins 54
The Parisian Wife. A fascinating story adapted from Elsie Ferguson's photoplay.....	Dorothy Donnell 56
Gossip of the Pacific Coast.....	Fritzi Remont 60
Double Exposures. The Classic's department of humorous comment on plays and players.....	Conducted by F. J. S. 62
The Movie Encyclopedia.....	The Answer Man 76

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

(Four)

Behind the Screen

Charlie Chaplin and Mildred Harris were married in Los Angeles, Cal., on October 23d.

Mary Pickford has signed an agreement with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, whereby she will receive remuneration extending the \$1,000,000 credited to Charlie Chaplin. She will be her own manager and producer, choosing her plays and players. The contract was signed during Miss Pickford's visit to New York early in November.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have started a series of productions in which Bushman and Albert E. Smith, of Vitaphone, are co-partners.

Marjorie Rambeau is returning to the screen, under the direction of Joseph L. Hegeman and Charles M. Rosenthal. The productions will be directed by Harry Revier.

Harold Edel, managing director of the New York Strand Theater, died on November 2d, victim of influenza.

The Robertson-Cole Company has made a special arrangement with the National Film Corporation of America by which it handles the National's series of Billie Rhodes and Henry B. Walthall pictures, as well as looking after all other National interests. The National has just signed Walthall for a year and will produce four or five big pictures with him as star. Walthall has just returned to the coast.

Charlie Chaplin is already at work on his next comedy, the successor to "Shoulder Arms." It is reported that it will be a rural scene, far removed from battles and the city. Carter de Haven is assisting Chaplin in the direction.

Mae Marsh is now at work for Goldwyn on the coast, utilizing part of the Triangle studios. Mrs. Marsh, Mae's mother, recently suffered a stroke of paralysis. Mae's sister, Mildred, and her sister-in-law, Maude, made a cross-country trip with the star, Mamma Marsh having preceded them.

Priscilla Dean has announced her engagement to Eddie Rickenbacker, the noted American ace and former auto driver.

Louise Glaum, formerly of Paralta, is back in the Ince fold again.

J. G. Hawks, the scenario writer, is head of the Goldwyn coast script staff.

Jackie Saunders is planning to organize a corporation of her own.

Alma Rubens has secured her release from her Triangle contract.

William Desmond, after playing opposite Florence Reed in a single United production, has gone back West to make a series of pictures for Jesse D. Hampton, to be released through the Robertson-Cole Company. "Sunshine Baby" Anderson is to play opposite Dimpled Desmond.

Louise Vale, wife of Travers Vale, the world film director, fell a victim to influenza while visiting her mother in Madison, Wis., on October 28th. Mrs. Vale was well known on the screen.

David Powell has signed a year's contract with Goldwyn to play leads. He is now at work in the Goldwyn coast studios.

William Duncan, Vitaphone serial director, has been visiting his parents at Steinway, N. Y. This was his first Eastern trip in five years.

(Continued on page 8)

(Five)

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It Is Life; for, if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

Unfortunately, most people will not believe that their nerves are depleted and weak. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholic and do not care to live.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Cultivist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the Nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The author's address is Studio 73—World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40th St., New York. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, *plus* your outlay of postage.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

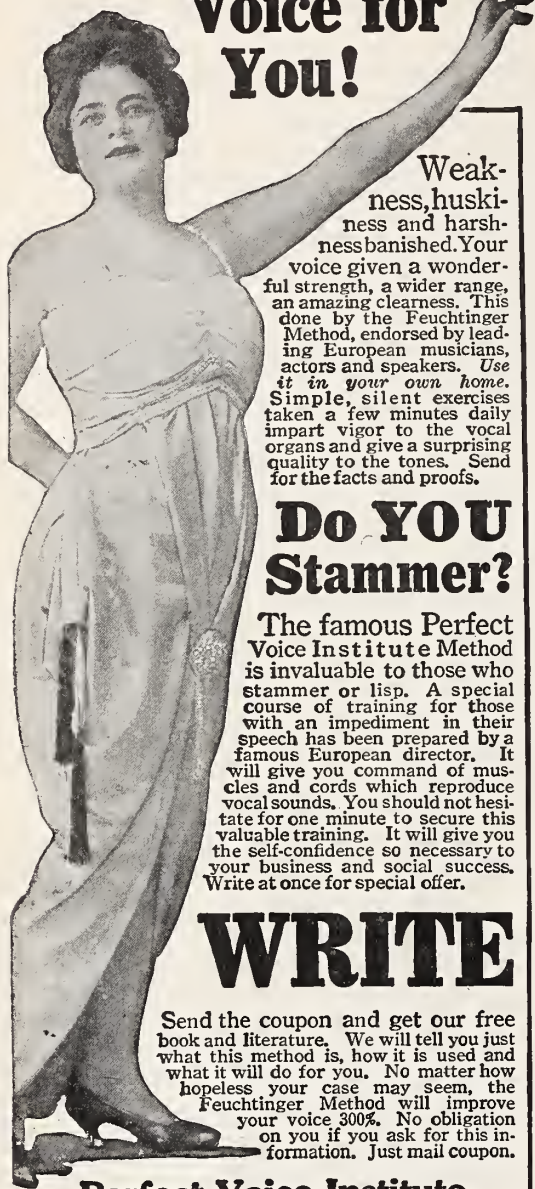
"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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Across the Footlights

THE New York stage now has a number of admirable and interesting things upon its boards. In at least one instance, the metropolitan theater offers an example of acting at its greatest—acting which ranks with any that may or may not have existed in the palmy days. This is John Barrymore's really tremendous characterization of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption."

The Tolstoi drama, sometimes called "The Living Corpse," is a vital thing. "It is sorrowful and piteous and terrible," some one has said. Tolstoi wrote it as an arraignment of the law's futility in handling the problems of life. It is marriage viewed with a cruelly ironic eye. One critic said that Fedya is "the figure of all poets, all artists, all sensitive human beings who dream passionately of what is better than the reality they know." Barrymore's performance is marked by genuine histrionic genius. The supporting cast is splendidly chosen and the ten scenes are staged with fine artistry by Robert Edmond Jones. We should like to take every screen actor to see Barrymore's magnificent Fedya and every director to see Jones' wonderful handling of lights and colors.

Clare Kummer, who wrote that delicious gem, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," has given another example of her charming and graceful gossamer humor in "Be Calm, Camilla." It is the little story of a young girl who comes to New York to study music, fails and is on the verge of starvation when a millionaire's car runs her down. Out of that slender theme, Miss Kummer has woven a delightful comedy. Lola Fisher, who was Annabelle, is the new Camilla and she plays with freshness, wistfulness and humor.

The unusual thing about Miss Kummer's comedies is the dialog. "Almost invariably each laugh earned by the play begins scatteringly and then rises to full volume," says Heywood Brown in discussing the comedy. "This would seem to indicate that a definite intellectual process is stimulated by the new play."

In a word, Miss Kummer's dialog has mental sparkle.

Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" is played with distinction and taste at the Comedy Theater.

Down at the Greenwich Village Theater, "The Better 'Ole," a comedy based on Captain Bruce Bainsfather's famous English war cartoons, is holding forth successfully. "The Better 'Ole" was rejected by a lot of New York's leading commercial managers, but finally found a home in the metropolis' near-Bohemia. Charles D. Coburn invests Bainsfather's 'Ole Bill, the British soldier with the mud-guard mustache, the impregnable ignorance and racy Englishisms, with just the right spirit.

"Freedom," a lavish spectacle in 'steen dozen scenes showing the development of political and racial freedom thru the ages, was briefly at the big Century Theater. It was, at least, imposing.

Meanwhile the season's first three big hits, "Three Faces East," "Friendly Enemies," and "Lightnin'," go merrily on. The producers of "Lightnin'," Winchell Smith and John Golden, have apparently just put over another hit in "Three Wise Fools," by Austin Strong. This is built around three elderly and embittered men who come to have humanness awakened in their hearts by their ward, the grown daughter of an old friend.

"Tea for Three" holds its place as one of the best comedies of a long time; Alice Brady gives a moving performance in that touching play of youth, "Forever After"; "The Unknown Purple" is a weird and startling melodrama; "Under Orders," with its two-player cast, maintains its place among the favorites; "Sleeping Partners" is a sprightly French Boulevard farce hit; Cyril Maude is doing nicely in "The Saving Grace" and—so it goes.

"The Girl Behind the Gun" and "Head Over Heels" are battling among the musical leaders.

In other words, the season is doing very well.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Central.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

George M. Cohan's Theater.—"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

Harris.—"The Riddle Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson makes the most of their roles.

Hippodrome.—"The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom." Melodramatic war play of a woman who discovers that her husband is a Hun spy. Action takes place on the Flanders battle line. Marjorie Rambeau is very emotional in the star rôle.

ON THE ROAD.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter, by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"A Tailor Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *in time*.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Flo-Flo." This glorified burlesque caught Broadway last season. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Rivoli.—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

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Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

(Seven)

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THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and
THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S

Fame and Fortune Contest

IS NOW OPEN

The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine have inaugurated many contests during the past, but it can safely be said that no contest in the history of the two popular magazines ever started with the tremendous wave of interest which has preceded the launching of The Fame and Fortune Contest. The very first announcement brought hundreds of letters, inquiries and favorable comments. These have been steadily mounting in numbers. The opening of the contest on December 1st was marked by an avalanche of pictures.

The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of The Fame and Fortune Contest.

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST OPENS

The judges are now going thru the portraits received. Every fifteen days the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequent numbers of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine, and an announcement will shortly be made of the first installment of honor pictures selected.

The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

DAVID GRIFFITH	Commodore J. STUART BLACKTON
THOMAS INCE	JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
CECIL DE MILLE	HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
MAURICE TOURNEUR	EUGENE V. BREWSTER

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of your own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....
Address.....(street)
.....(city)
.....(state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....
When born..... Birthplace.....
Eyes (color)..... Hair (color).....
Height..... Weight.....
Complexion.....

Behind the Screen

(Continued from page 5)

Anita King, well known on the screen, was injured, on October 17th, near Michigan City, Ind., when her car was struck by a train. She was engaged in aiding the Liberty Loan drive and was on her way to make an address.

Completing the late Jacques Futrelle's "My Lady's Garter" at his Fort-Lee studios, Maurice Tourneur is departing for the coast to make three or four productions during the winter.

William Randolph Hearst has purchased the Universal Animated Weekly, Universal Current Events and Mutual's Screen Telegram, merging them with Hearst's Weekly under the title of Hearst International News. On December 24th the Hearst-Pathé Weekly ceased to be, Pathé now issuing its own news weekly.

Edith Storey has left Metro.

Denial is made that Cecil De Mille is leaving the Lasky organization. Rumor had it that he was going into the army air service.

"Daddy Long Legs," the Jean Webster story, and "Pollyanna," both successful on the stage, have been purchased by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford for Mary's use. The price for both stories is said to be \$80,000.

Harold Lockwood, the Metro star, died of the influenza at the Hotel Woodward on October 19th. He had been ill only ten days, having just started the production of "The Yellow Dove." It is believed that Mr. Lockwood contracted the fatal disease at the Madison Square Garden, where he had been engaged in Liberty Loan work at the Motion Picture Exposition.

Anita Stewart has completed her first Louis B. Mayer production, "Virtuous Wives," adapted from Owen Johnson's story. Conway Tearle, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper and Edwin Arden are in the cast. George Loan Tucker directed. "In Old Virginia" will be Miss Stewart's second.

All Goldwyn productions are now being made on the coast. Tom Moore and Mae Marsh are at work in California. The Rex Beach pictures will be filmed on the coast. Geraldine Farrar will not go West until after the close of the opera season in April. Pauline Frederick and Madge Kennedy are about to start West.

John H. Collins, husband of Viola Dana and her director for a long time, died at the Hotel Marie Antoinette on October 23d of pneumonia, following a week's attack of influenza.

The influenza also claimed Julian L'Estrange as a victim. Mr. L'Estrange died on October 22d in New York. He was well known on both stage and screen, appearing up to the time of his fatal illness in the stage production of "The Ideal Husband."

Billie Rhodes has been Manhattaning.

Doris Kenyon is following "Wild Honey" with "Twilight." Both are adaptations of stories by Vingie E. Roe. "Twilight" appeared in the *Metropolitan* as "The Alchemy of Love." Miss Kenyon is using the Biograph studios in New York for production work.

Eugene Walter, the playwright, has contracted to write three original screen stories for Norma Talmadge.

William Fox has added James Kirkwood, Charles J. Brabin, Edward Dillon and Arvid E. Gillstrom to his staff of directors, making a total of fourteen. Kirkwood has just finished Evelyn Nesbit's "I Want to Forget."

The nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is most important



As a protection to the skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out

Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

To make and keep your skin lovely you need two creams—one kind for protection and an entirely different kind for cleansing

The reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture.

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Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a perfect cleansing.

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Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks, send 10c. Get the samples today and give them a week's test. You will find that your complexion has become smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring. Address The Pond's Extract Company, 136R Hudson Street, New York City.



Marion Davies, whom many consider America's most beautiful young stage favorite, says: "I don't see how I ever got along without Pond's Vanishing Cream. Nothing else has ever kept my skin in such good condition!"

Photo by Campbell Studio

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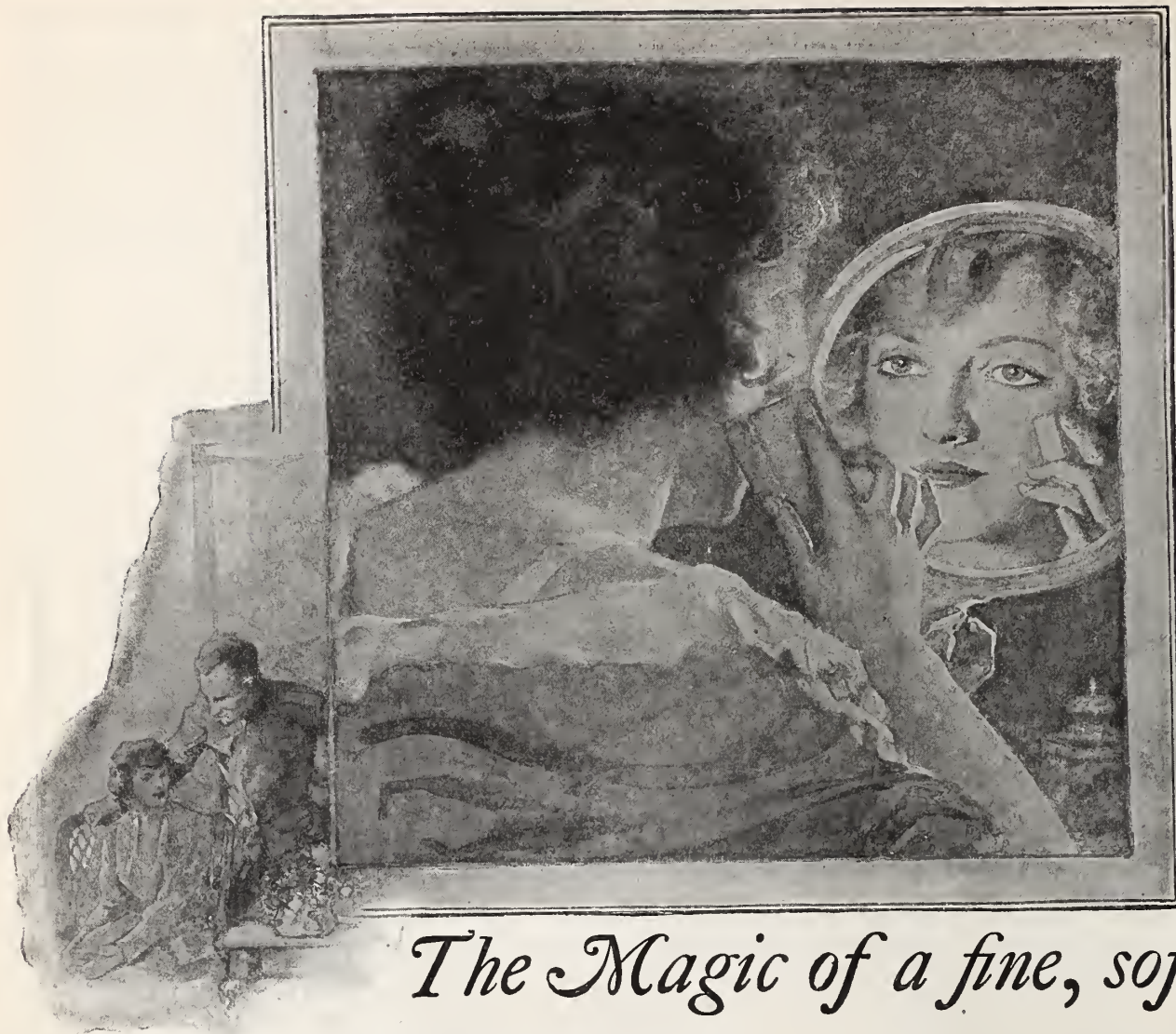
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Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I!"



The perfect bloom
of a skin so soft, so fine
in texture that it seems
the outward sign of an
exquisite personal fine-
ness—Read below how
by proper treatment you
can gain this most ap-
pealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

**ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE
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IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin, have the famous beauties kept this charm.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Only by faithfully caring for your skin can you correct a condition which is the result of years of neglect.

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Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

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Conspicuous nose pores

You need not let the attractiveness of your face be marred by conspicuous nose pores. If this is your trouble, start once the special treatment for it given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

The CLASIC GALLERY of PLAYERS



Portrait by De Meyer

OLGA PETROVA

The screen has at least temporarily lost the picturesque Mme. Petrova, since the star is now doing a spoken play, "The Eighth Sin," which she wrote herself. So Mme. Petrova is likely to be absent from the silver-screen for at least a period. She was last seen in the films at the head of Petrova Feature Productions.



GERALDINE
FARRAR

Between the Metropolitan Opera House and the Goldwyn studios, Miss Farrar leads a busy life. Gerry, you know, is American thru and thru, Melrose, Mass., being her birthplace, and her father a baseball star—Sidney Farrar. Operatic triumphs came to Gerry after long training on the Continent. Now she's interested in the films almost as much as in opera.



MARY PICKFORD

About the hardest caption on earth to create is one for a portrait of little Mary. What new can be said of the little girl who won her way into the hearts of the world in the old Biograph days and who has held a position all her own ever since? Just one thing—*please, come back to the screen soon!*



ANNA Q. NILSSON

Anna bane born in Ystad, Sweden. We dont know how you pronounce it, but why try? Anna came over in 1908, walked down Riverside Drive, caught the eye of a discerning artist and was engaged on the spot as a model. She was the original Penrhyn Stanlaws girl. Then the films, via Kalem, won her over. Now she's with Metro



EVELYN NESBIT

Evelyn Nesbit is now a full-fledged Fox star, having given up vaudeville to devote her future to the celluloid drama. Miss Nesbit is hard-working and sincere—and we're going to watch her screen development with genuine interest. Her first Fox offering was "The Woman Who Gave."

"HAVE youse got a cigaret?" gently inquired the Pearl of many perils. With which we rattled back upon our shock-absorbers. We had been warned of Miss White's informality in interviews, but the question took our breath away.

Right here, in all fairness to Pearl, we should present our findings. During the whole evening of our interview Miss White borrowed cigarets from studio workers and actors with splendid impartiality, and each request was couched in the Vassar English we have mentioned. But Miss White, we discovered, doesn't talk thusly because she knows no better. It's just an example of Pearl's unconventional sense of humor.

After observing Miss White in her numerous serials, one might suspect that to spend an evening in the studio with the star would be courting a rest in a nice, secluded white ward where they take your temperature every hour. In reality our evening with Miss White was quite uneventful, altho it was spent in the densest sort of jungle a studio staff can construct.

"What?" demanded Pearl, in response to our inquiry. "Dont you know South American when you see it? Get the asparagus and the wild rhubarb. It's no other than a suburb in Brazil."

Whatever it was, the rainy season was on. Mud was inches deep on the studio floor. Water-pipes drizzled above the scene, and scene-shifters, astride rafters, poured water from sprinkling-pots upon Pearl as she sought safety in a cave. Then along came Warner Oland, who, aided by some scoundrelly natives, piled a huge rock in front of the cave entrance. So there was Pearl a prisoner in the dark and damp interior, and—continued next week.

"I want to act like the rest," confesses Miss White. "I've always done serials—and there is no acting in a serial. I want to emote. I know that the only three dramatic features I ever did were as rotten as they make 'em. But, darn it, I want to be an actress in spite of that!"



A Pearl

By FREDER

"What happens next?" we intimated anxiously.

"Search me," confessed Pearl, lighting a new cigaret. Then the director called Miss White back into the rain for some still pictures with the villainous Mr.

(Sixteen)





ne Rough

ES SMITH

Dland, who promptly seized the star by the throat. "Look terrified, Miss White," admonished the director, and Pearl forthwith was properly terrified, altho she held her cigaret behind her, out of range of the camera. "Hurry up and shoot," calmly said Pearl, thru her look of frozen horror. It was astonishing, the easy way Miss White dropped into a dramatic pose without the slightest effort to question or feel the situation.

Then she returned and we sat in the mud. No one ever accused me of coming from a fine old Southern ancestral home, and I never gave up society when the films won me," confessed Miss White. "I came up from almost nothing, and I've struggled every inch of the way."

(Seventeen)

Miss White puffed at her cigaret. "The striking profile beneath the astonishingly, almost improbably, blonde hair, held us fascinated. "I'm writing a book on my life," she continued. "It's going to tell the truth—the whole truth—the first time a screen star ever did."

Miss White studied her cigaret. No affectation here, indeed, but an interesting example of the God of Celluloid in his most playful mood. How he must grin to reach down and distribute fame as he pleases.

We asked Miss White about her ambitions.

"Of course, I want to act like the rest," she responded. "I've always done serials—and there is no acting in a serial. You simply race thru the reels. Your dear old mother dies in a photoplay, and she takes 120 feet to do it. In a serial she gets 20 feet and has to step lively at that.

"I want to emote. Who doesn't? I know that the only three dramatic features I ever did were as rotten as they make 'em. They were the three most terrible plays ever done. Lord, but I was awful! One of them was

(Continued on page 72)

"Look at all the marriage flivvers," says Miss White. "No wedding bells for Pearl. You cant do it in the movies. I know how tired I am when I get home after periling all day. I'd pick a fight with St. Peter. No, it cant be did!"



Desperate

By

Bill Desmond is the original of Hirshfield's famous comedy series, "Desperate Desmond." It all came about thru Bill's love of adventure



hair is that fine blue-black texture that goes with heroes and not with villains and, instead of chasing the girl, the girl chase him. He lives in Los Angeles, California and tho kingdom are rather out of date, his is there in the sun-filled days of this southern state where he has his home and his Stutz racer and the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

Of whom am I speaking?

William Desmond, of Triangle-Culver City fame, thru all that studio's palmy and failing days, and now of the Jesse D. Hampton organization of celluloidic planets. You see, back in the old days, when Bill Desmond was subsisting on the salary of a leading man in Morosco stock—and the admiring notes of his

ambition was to make a tour of the world. All his associates; actors, writers, artists, who lived out there in California were quite used to Bill's monolog on "When I become wealthy I am going to travel all over the world."

A short time later Billy Desmond received a flattering offer to go to Australia and head a repertoire stock company in Sydney. Strangely enough, he was not especially jubilant over the idea, but as the engagement was for only six months and would give him a chance to take at least part of that world journey of his, Bill accepted, and the impending voyage was announced.

Then it was that Hirshfield of *The Los Angeles Examiner* drew the first of the series of cartoons known as "Desperate Desmond." He showed our friend Bill trailing all sorts of adventures in various countries, only he pictured him as the mustachioed villain and not as the clean-lipped hero.

The real Desmond isn't desperate at all—that is, he wasn't when I had

DESPERATE Desmond! Do you know him? Tell me how do you picture him to yourselves? Tall? Thin? With long, drooping mustachios, always foiling the hero and chasing the girl around the world?

I thought so.

You are wrong, all wrong. The real, honest-to-goodness Desperate Desmond is of medium height, of well-filled muscular development, with a laugh in his dimples and a laugh in his eyes—blue, fringed with brown. And his voice has the ring of old Ireland in it; the cheer, enthusiasm, imagination and blarney of the old country. His



cheon with
recently on
hurried trip
New York
— except, he
desperately
xious to get
back to Cali-
fornia.

Look what
New York has
done to me," he
said. "I have
never had a sick
day in my life,
and here I caught
it. They have
set me rushing
and so madly,
between side-
tripping people I
don't want to see,
and searching for
what I do, that I
scarcely had
an hour with my
family, the real
reason, outside of
business, for my
life. But I've al-
ways been like
that, always
wanting to get
back to Califor-
nia," he smiled,
responsibly,
which called for
the name of hide-
-seek from his
usually deep
folds.

After my Aus-
tralian trip,
which, by the
way, lasted two years instead of six
months, and during which I played to
the most enthusiastic audiences I ever
saw, I opened in New York in 'The
Boy of the Land.' David Belasco no-
ticed my work in this. At least he said
I was pleased and offered me a three-
year contract. I refused it because I
wanted to get back to California. Did you
ever hear of a more idiotic young cub?
Every one says to me, 'Bill, you
ought to let me be your manager. What
couldn't I do with you! You haven't an
ounce of business in your make-up.' I
always admit their accusations cheer-
fully. But I manage to get along some-
how without worrying over business de-
tails. What's the use? I honestly and
truly love my work. I enjoy our Tues-
day evening crowd that goes to Vernon
for the prize-fights, our Saturday even-
ings at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. I
love my car, and to race it at topnotch
over the beautiful California
roads. Should a man ask for still more
of life? I think not."

(Nineteen)



Desmond is hap-
py and carefree,
Irish and prodi-
gal, generous to
a fault, loving life
and all its beau-
ties, never mor-
bid. His voice
has the ring of
old Ireland in it;
the cheer, enthu-
siasm, imagina-
tion and blarney
of the old coun-
try



"No, of course not," I said, "but you really should have more photographs sent to us poor editors, who tear our hair to try and publicize you for both our sakes. Why not have a set taken at your beautiful house?"

"My wife died just a year ago. The house is closed," he said. "I am man-
aging to live in an apartment and at the club."

And then because he knew I was un-
happy for thus having aired his secret
sorrow, he entertained me with little
anecdotes of his life, as only a born actor
and an Irishman can:

"When Florence Reed and I were
going out in the car to finish up the one
picture I did here in New York, we got
stalled and, as usual, a crowd of kids
collected. One little urchin kept looking
at me searchingly as he clambered over
the mud-guards. His eyes grew larger
and larger, until finally he burst out with,
'Gee, fellows, here's *Billiam* Desmond.
Aren't you *Billiam* Desmond?' I nodded

(Continued on page 77)

Florence the Orient

that arrived in New York at seven in the morning, so as to be in time for a rehearsal at nine.

So Miss Reed's days consist of rehearsals all the morning at the theater. When the work comes to halt, she jumps into her limousine and sets forth without further parley for the studio, where she remains till her schedule is fulfilled. It varies from five o'clock in the afternoon till two o'clock in the morning.

In the usual course of events that would



YOU probably think that it is a difficult matter to find Florence Reed, because anybody who knows anything about the stage or the screen at all knows that Miss Reed is always just as busy as any one person can possibly be. But a very remarkable thing about Miss Reed is that she can always find time for anything she wants to do or for anything that she thinks she really ought to do.

Perhaps these last two months before our chat are about the busiest that she has yet experienced. In the first place, she had just completed her engagement in Philadelphia with "Chu Chin Chow," in which she played the leading rôle last season and inaugurated this one upon her return from a rest in her country place in Maine. In the second place, she was rehearsing for her new play, "The Road to Destiny," in which she is being starred by A. H. Woods. And, as if that were not a sufficient task in itself, she was making a moving picture in betimes. And just to show that she never forgets her old friends, when "Chu Chin Chow" opened in Boston, she sandwiched in a trip to that staid city and remained long enough to give three performances of Zahrat before returning on a train

Miss Reed loves good books, good plays, good music, Charlie Chaplin and being busy. And she's tired of playing vampires



By AILEEN ST. JOHN-
BRENON

constitute a day's work for any hard-working woman, and no one would be surprised if the answer was "No!" to any suggestion of other demands to be put upon her time. But, as it was observed in a few paragraphs ago, Miss Reed always finds time for anything she wants to do or for anything that she is convinced that she really ought to do.

For instance, when she was asked a short time ago for an interview, her answer came over the wire, as casual as you please, "Why, certainly. When would you like to see it? My time is yours. Name the hour you like."

It was then eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Reed explained that she had just come home from the studio. It was one of her early evenings, she said. For the last few nights her work at the studio kept her until long after midnight. But she was glad to have a quiet evening to herself, she said. It gave her an opportunity to study the part for her play. About the interview, she asked when it would take place.

Miss Reed proceeded to give an outline of her plans for the following day. Hickson's at eight-thirty, she said, to start the morning's routine. But Hickson's has never been known to open until nine o'clock, she said. It has never been known in the history of that honorable house that it pulled its sashes up and dusted its doorstep until that hour, and how is it possible that Miss Reed was to have a fitting at the ungodly stroke of eight-thirty? "Yes, Hickson's at eight-thirty," Miss Reed repeated. "The night watchman has been warned, so that when I appear on the threshold I will not be arrested for attempted burglary or as a suspicious-looking character lurking outside a business establishment at an ungodly hour, and the fitters have been told to set their alarm clocks for an earlier hour, so that there is no doubt that all will be in readiness at the time I arrive. From there I go to the theater for rehearsal. As soon as that is over there will be a few minutes to spare while I drive from the theater to the studio, which is just a few streets away. There is not much time in between scenes, because

Miss Reed as the picturesque Zahrat in "Chu Chin Chow"

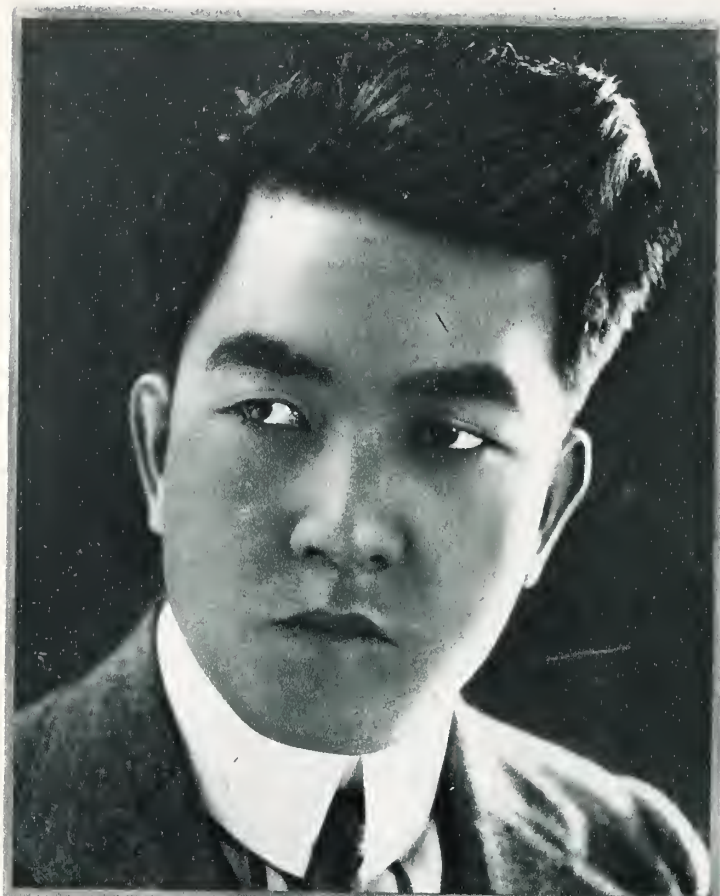
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page 69)

(Twenty-one)



Sessue

Hayakawa Is the Proud Old Japanese (C) with the Manners of Modern American



THE barometer had been falling all afternoon. The office of the watch was in his oilskins. Everything movable on the deck had been lashed down. The ship was struggling and groaning in the grip of a Chinese typhoon.

The lieutenant on the bridge turned to a little midshipman standing at his side and shouted something to him in Japanese.

The little fellow saluted and struggled along the bridge thru the spray and into the teeth of the wind, out over the rail and onto the rigging. With the old training ship rolling like a sick thing in the sea, first on her port beam ends and then the starboard, her topmasts whirling with frightful velocity across the long arc as the ship rolled, the little midshipman made his slow and difficult way up the mast.

The little midshipman was Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese picture star, and that is the stuff he was raised on. No wonder that he knows how to look stern!

I have known a lot of motion picture actors, but I have never known any other one so well worth knowing as Hayakawa.

He is a quaint mixture of actor, philosopher, athlete, poet and navy officer.

To my mind he is one of the best actors on the screen, but I think that his heart is somewhere out on a battleship, where the big guns are frowning out of the forward turrets and the sea is streaming green down thru the scuppers. To paraphrase Kipling, "Once you've heard the sea a-calling, you won't ever heed ought else."

Not long ago they were putting on a picture at Hayakawa's studio in Los Angeles. The exuberant scenario writer had provided a situation which called for a council of Japanese notables, one of whom was to be the Mikado.

The Japanese actor who was cast for the part promptly quit the job and walked out of the studio. Likewise the next day Hayakawa, being appealed to, told the manager it was useless to try to induce any Japanese gentleman to commit such indignity against his emperor.

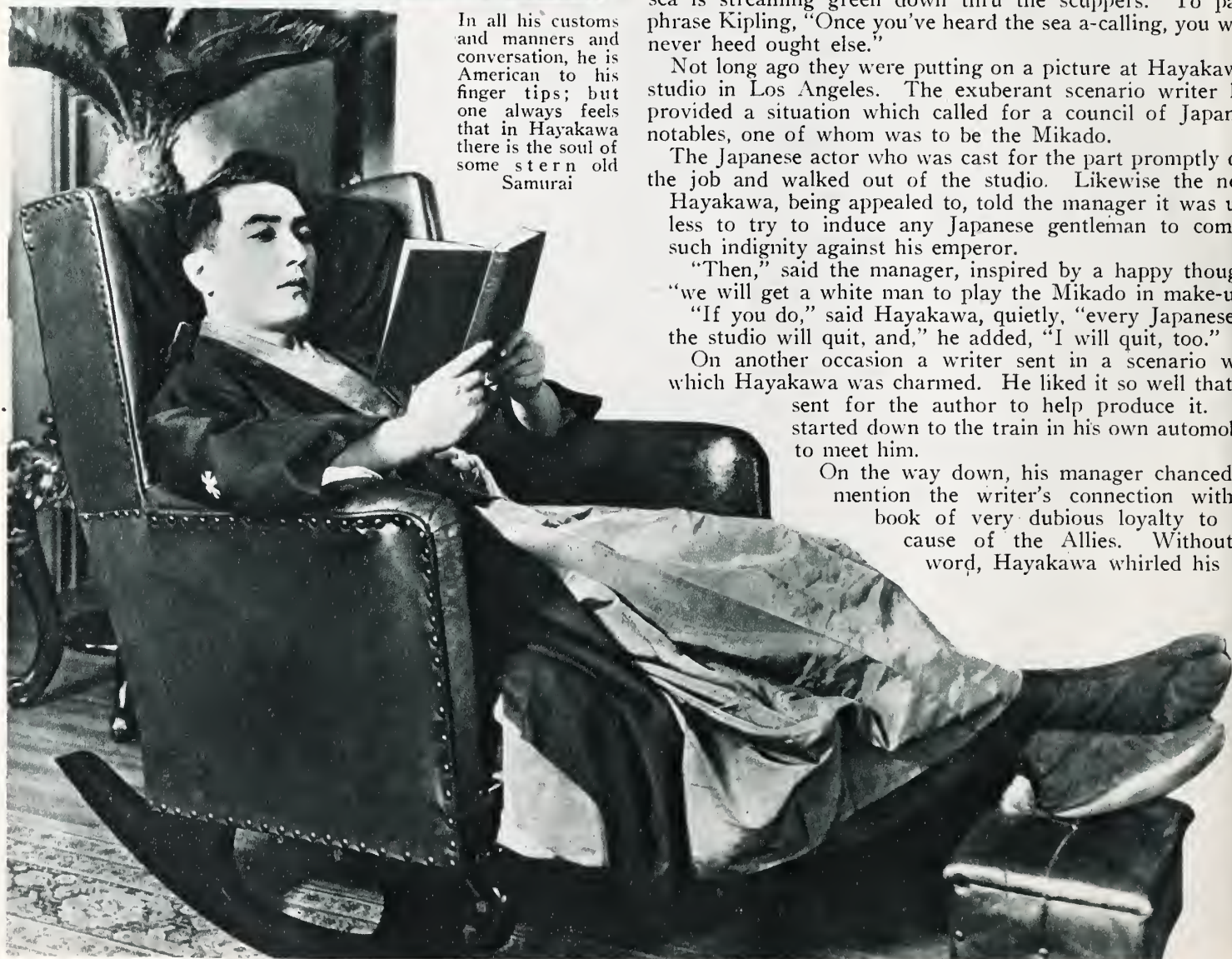
"Then," said the manager, inspired by a happy thought, "we will get a white man to play the Mikado in make-up."

"If you do," said Hayakawa, quietly, "every Japanese in the studio will quit, and," he added, "I will quit, too."

On another occasion a writer sent in a scenario with which Hayakawa was charmed. He liked it so well that he sent for the author to help produce it. He started down to the train in his own automobile to meet him.

On the way down, his manager chanced to mention the writer's connection with a book of very dubious loyalty to the cause of the Allies. Without a word, Hayakawa whirled his car

In all his customs and manners and conversation, he is American to his finger tips; but one always feels that in Hayakawa there is the soul of some stern old Samurai



the Samurai

By HARRY C. CARR

around almost in its tracks and went back. So far as is known the recreant author is still waiting.

Like most sailors, Hayakawa is taciturn and economical of words. If he likes you he will turn sometimes to you, as he watches a set, and, in about twenty words, say something you will remember all your life.

The other night we were down in Chinatown, where he was putting on a scene. The queer half-lights were casting gaunt, haggard shadows thru the little, whispering alleys of the quarter. Queer old figures that looked like ivory carvings peered out

(Continued on page 68)

We see Hayakawa as an American, with golf sticks poking out of the tonneau of his car; but beyond I see old Samurai temples and queer Samurai swords, strange aromas of Oriental perfumes



Where There's an Alice Brady There's a Way

THE strains of a fox-trot floated to us. The ripple of laughter, the ends and chips of retorts came, too. Now and then a maid would pass, offering refreshments; or a khaki-clad chap would come searching, with, "Alice! Alice! Where art thou?" only to be sweetly dismissed—as this was Miss Brady's first frolic in oh! ever so long, and I wanted to find out how she could have tolerated the seriousness of her career.

"Yes," Miss Brady told me, as she nestled into the cushions of the alcove to where I had kidnapped her, "this is my first play in three years! It was becoming rather tiresome, I'll admit, getting off to the studios early in the morning; working, working, working until six o'clock before the camera; rushing home, gulping down dinner (how Dad loved that!), hurrying to the theater, and after making up all over again, and playing Jennie, coming

"I forget about time," says Miss Brady; "I bury myself, because I am so interested and I care for it so very, very much. Really, those are the things that count—fascination and absorption"

straight here to the apartment—and bed.

"Of course, now and then there was a dance, and once in a while a little fun. But I had to get a reasonable amount of rest for my long day's work; and somehow, never until now had I realized that 'rest' and 'diversion' go hand-in-hand. I never had time—or, that is, I never *made* time, because, as you know. I took this all upon me—myself—to go to the playhouse, or to see a movie, or to read a jolly book. Even my shopping was done over the telephone, and all my marketing attended to by the maids.

"It all reminds me of George Ade and one of his fables. Something like six years ago (before I had decided to go on the stage and *work*), I remember reading one of his lovable stories, and then (the flash of Alice Brady dimples) taking this away with me:

"Early to bed,
And early to rise,
And you meet very few prominent people."

"But you are so young, so vivacious, so *normal*," I plaintified. "Didn't you mind it?"

"No," she replied to my perfectly natural question, "I did not seem to notice it at all. I am strong and healthy, and I love to work. Besides, these are not the times when one can permit oneself to think of living a 'cushie' existence. The issue is *fight or work*. If I cannot throw hand-grenades for the boys, if I cannot suffer cooties with them, if I cannot help them capture a Hun, then the bit and the best I can do is *waste no time*. Every minute should be occupied. Every minute *can* be occupied. It is not difficult to get into the habit of doing. Where there's a will there's a way.

"In fact, it has only been lately, when Dad begins to scold me, and then plead with me, that I have been considering relaxation. He is begging me to take a month's vacation. He claims that the least I can do is to compromise my routine for that short while by giving up the picture work and just playing in 'Forever After.' But not only do I guess—I *know*—that lounging around all day, doing nothing, would completely frazzle my nerves." (A bright smile—and the dimples, of course.) "I forget about time. I bury myself, because I am so interested. And I care for it so very, very much.

"For really those are the things that count—fascination and absorption. It is because school lacked that for me that I left when I was seventeen. I did not like it. It is for that reason, too, that Dad's hopes for me being in grand opera were crushed. I had studied to be a singer, but I did not care for that field, either. I had always had a desire to go on the stage, and I believe that when a person wants to do something with all his heart and soul nothing on earth can prevent him! It was that way with me. Dad was terribly opposed

(Continued on page 70)



Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl



Billie Rhodes' second feature picture, "The Springtime of Youth," and the music was for the purpose of coaxing tears from performers, instead of money from observers. The beautiful young girl in the blue serge dress was, of course, Billie.

This was on Monday, the thirtieth of September—the most eventful day of her life. Eventful because it saw the opening of her first feature and the beginning of stardom. In the light of this the circus faded into nothingness.

She is a restless little thing, is Billie Rhodes. Perhaps this is the most noticeable thing about her. They say that she will not live in any one house longer than six months if she can help it, and she admits cheerfully that she changes her mind about every two minutes.

In fact, she was paying so little attention to the action that, during rehearsal, while the rest of the cast was in tears, she absent-mindedly smiled. But, when the camera started clicking, she cried realistically and beautifully. No mere personal matter can cause a real moving picture actress to cheat the camera any more than it could cause a

THE scene was a circus tent on a lot in Hollywood.

You would have missed the popcorn crisp, and the pink lemonade, and the "barkers." Elephants, too, and lions and tigers were conspicuous by their absence.

But the tent was there, with its sawdust floor, and at the entrance stood the bearded lady and the clown and the strong man, and the bare-back rider and the lady acrobat. They were saying good-by to one of their number, a beautiful young girl in a blue serge dress, who was leaving them for riches and a life of ease.

Every one, including the bearded lady, was in tears, while, off to the side of the tent, where they could not be seen, two men in shirt-sleeves played "This Is the End of a Perfect Day" on a 'cello and hand-organ. (You would hardly call that circus music.) However, with the exception of these few minor details, it all looked very real. It was real, too, for the time being.

Wilfred Lucas was making a scene for



ELIZABETH PELTRET

"trouper" worthy of the name to quit in the face of an audience.

At the same time—"I can't get my mind on anything," Billie Rhodes admitted, when the scene was over. On the way to the studio she had stopped her machine in the middle of the street, and hadn't noticed that she wasn't moving until she heard some one laugh.

"Will tonight be the first time you've had your name in electric lights?" I asked.

She nodded. She was to make a personal appearance also.

"I feel a little sick," she remarked.

"Scared almost to death," said the "strong man."

"I'm not scared," she answered, indignantly; "I'm just excited, and it's hot, and I can't get my mind on anything."

I told her that I had passed the theater on my way out and that the sign was



Billie has six brothers and three sisters, all living. She calls her family "the biggest show on earth"

very good-looking. It was, too. Her name is a short one and so is easily played up. She asked what pictures were in the lobby. It was entirely the natural thing for her to say.

I think that "The Springtime of Youth" is a good title for one of her pictures. It fits her personality so completely.

I saw her again the next day, after the ordeal of her personal appearance was over. Everything had gone splendidly and the audience had liked the picture. She was very happy and still quite excited. This time the circus atmosphere was more pronounced. The 'cello and hand-organ were playing real circus music, and around the edge of the lot had gathered little groups of youngsters.

Every one was in a humor for work, and so the action moved quickly and smoothly. It was half-past one before the company stopped for lunch, and then you would have felt that Billie Rhodes carried the circus with her to her dressing-room.

She is a restless little thing, is Billie Rhodes. Perhaps this is the most noticeable thing about her. "They" say that she will not live in any one house longer than six months if she can help it, and she admits cheerfully that she changes her mind about every two minutes. (Continued on page 74)

So Toils the Busy Little Bebe

Here we have Bebe glancing over her fan mail. Thirteen proposals of marriage and an offer to name a new brand of perfume after her! Such is celluloid fame!



"Weighed and found wanting!" Not when it comes to little Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd's leading lady in Rolin-Pathé comedies. Even plus shopping-bag and umbrella, Bebe just tops the scales at — But that would be telling. By simply removing your gaze from the Bebe person to the dial, you can gather the information yourself



Here is Bebe—snapped on Jim Jeffries' cattle ranch, near Burbank, Cal. Quong Ben, Jim's Chinese helper, swears, by the shades of his hundred and eight illustrious ancestors, that nothing quite like Bebe came within his celestial vision heretofore. Leaving out the ancestors, we say the same thing

Holt—Who Goes There?

In This Case It's Jack, the Fascinating Scoundrel of the Silversheet

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

JACK HOLT may be a villain on the screen, but off—! I formed my opinion while we prowled about the Lasky stage-sets, trying to locate a cozy corner away from cowboys, villains, pretty girls in evening frocks and scores of directors and scene-shifters.

First—Holt has lived almost as adventurous a career as any of the fascinating scoundrels he plays on the silver-sheet.

Mr. Holt's father was a minister in ole Virginia, so that's a far cry from the footlights. Son Jack took the route gradually, for his dad insisted on a col-

lege education, and the boy studied civil engineering. Before graduation he was asked to assume control of the engineering end of a mining proposition in Alaska. He stayed up there a long time, not at all interested in his vocation, feeling always that there was something bigger for him, something which would develop into a loved hobby. However, he made good use of his time, studied types, wrote down some of his impressions, thinking they might come in handy some day, and was sorry to leave the queer, rough



friends whom he had made in that desolate section of Alaska.

Desolate? Ugh! The word makes one shiver—at least a Californian feels tempted to ask about climate, and I rushed in where angels fear to travel in a flivver, anxiously asking, "Didn't you just hate the cold weather in Alaska?"

Holt's father was a minister in ole Virginia, a far cry from the movies. Jack was up in Alaska for a long time as a mining engineer

"Hark to a solemn confession," said Holt.

"I've felt colder right here in advertised California than I ever did in that north country. There's such a deadly chill in the atmosphere here after sundown, the houses in winter seem to become veritable morgues overnight when the fires are out, but up there one wears furs and woolens, always remembering to don garments which prevent perspiration. It's the latter that makes for chill. Of course, you don't look down on a stove, metaphorically speaking; in fact, you have been known to get on most intimate terms with it, especially at night, when there's nothing to do but swap tales around its cheerful sputter."

"Did you drift right into pictures after leaving Alaska?"

"No, indeed. I was a cow-puncher and
(Continued on page 66)

Cutting the Gordon Knot

Kitty Gordon is now starring under the United Picture Theaters banner, having some time since migrated from World Film. Herewith are some new photographic studies of the statuesque star



Have a Hart! Might As Well—He Has— And Plenty of It

By FAITH SERVICE

SOME folks take a sort of joy in upsetting the preconceived notions of other folks. I do. I'm going to have the time of my life upsetting *your* preconceived notions of Bill Hart—you know, Big Bill—the Westerner—you know . . . I'm going to have an especially fine time, because the new notion—nothing notional

I entered a correct suite. A correct personage, extra tall, advanced to meet me, with correctly outstretched hand. "Gawdamighty!" thought I. "Can this be the *right* hotel, but the *wrong* suite?" Then I looked, and was reassured. There was no sombrero. There was no buckin' bronch.

about it, either—is so much human—nicer than the aforementioned preconception.

A person doesn't *interview* Bill Hart. Not by a gun-full! On the contrary, he smokes a big, black segar, calls you "ma'am," asks you where you went to school, and just talks on, quietly and genially, till it comes to you, albeit unpleasantly, that you have overstayed and, then considerable, the prescribed length of time for an interview. Whereupon you reluctantly depart whether you want to or not—and it's *not*.

If I didn't interview Bill Hart, then I don't know what I *did* do—that is, I know what I did, all right—but I don't know just what to call it. But—"it" was at the Astor. Right here you get, or you should get, your first shock. Bill Hart—"Blue Blazes Rawdon," "The Border Wireless"—you know—in the Astor! Seeming incongruity, according to your preconceived notions, but not at all, not at *all*! You're all wrong. It's not the Astor that's wrong—not even the combination of the Astor and Bill Hart. It's your preconception that's doing the damage. But then, I thought the same—before. I thought: "The Astor! Absurd! It should be, if it must be Bagdad-on-the-Subway at *all*, the Zoo, or the parkiest part of Central Park, or the wild wastes of the Bronx—anywhere—not the Astor and its ilk. My preconception didn't run according to a specification. If it had, I should say that I kinder expected him to come galloping down the velvet-shod corridor on a buckin' bronch, brandishing a brace of pistols and yelling wildly. At the least, I looked for a sombrero. Instead of which—

But the *Bill Hart* eyes met mine. The Bill Hart eyes are *there*. They looked at me as they look at you and me from out the silver-screen. And the grim, somehow likable mouth—and the high cheek-bones, and the infrequent smile—But—correct tailoring, easily carried—well-cared for, potent hands—sleek hair—a voice so quiet as to be almost indistinguishable at times—a manner rather weary—

And *now*—hold your ears! I'm going to let off some telling shots in rapid succession: *Women are his greatest weakness—admittedly.* What do you know about that? Woman-hater and all the things he has been called, too! (Bill, this is letting you in for a lot, I fear. Better hire an extra secretary!)

He isn't bashful!

Because he is neither histrionic, a poseur nor a publicity shark—because he speaks natural, lives normal, works hard, says but little and says that little well,

he has probably acquired the timidity reputation.

He loves the publicity end of it—the recognition—the acclaim—the gladness his presence brings.

It's real. Whatever else he is, or isn't, he's *that*—essentially that. And so, of course, he loves it. What normal human wouldn't? "Only that I fear I fall short—that I don't measure up—don't deserve it," he says.

And as for this woman-hating business—not he! "*I fall so hard for 'em,*" he says, "*I fracture my skull!*"

He thinks a woman is the most sacred thing on earth—that a man who is married to the woman he loves—kiddies and home—is the-to-be-envied of kings and potentates—and *he's* going to get himself into that enviable state just as soon as he finds *her*. Also, he's going to give her everything he possibly can of tenderness and devotion—of protection and care—and all he asks in return is—*loyalty*. And he snapped out the word loyalty with the characteristic narrowing of the eyes.

There need be no specific type. "That would be impos-



Bill confesses that he isn't bashful, that women are his greatest weakness and that he's going to get married as soon as he finds *Her*. . . . And she may even use *Poudre Riz* and prefer a limousine to a mustang

about 'em. "I wouldn't mind," he says, "being criticized as an actor, but my hair just would stand on end if I should be criticized as a *horseman*. Because, ma'am, if there's one thing on earth I *do* know, it's horses. I understand them and they understand me. No horse has ever thrown me since I was fifteen, and I've never hurt one. We just get along, that's all."

At the expiration of his contract he's going to take a rest. The first in four years of, as we know, pretty strenuous Western stuff. And he is, even as he says, mighty tired. He looks it, and he acts it. "I could stand a long rest," he said, "a very long one. I'm going into the heart of New Mexico, with my horse and my dog and some books, and pitch my tent. There'll be no one to call me in the morning—no one to call *on* me at night. I'll sleep under the stars and dream under the sun—and together they'll give me back my really remarkable recuperative powers. It will do me a lot of good. I need it—need it badly."

Now, taking him by and large, is or is not your preconceived notion of him rather upset? Did you expect just this gentleness of him? This quietude? This grooming? And whether you did or didn't, don't you altogether like it? Isn't it much nicer, much finer, much humaner, than a rabid, rather histrionic personage with an abhorrence for women and a persistent woolly Westernness? Not that he isn't the West. He is. He is the best of it. He is the very heart of the West, tempered to the East. He is the true cosmopolite at heart—with so much of humanity within himself

that he can take on, be one of, all phases of humanity, wherever the locale. (Continued on page 80)

Bill Hart is the impossible meeting of the East and West. He is Blue Blazer Rawdon and likewise Mr. William Hart, Hotel Astor, New York



sible for any one to say," declared Bill; "it's that indescribable something totally unnamable. She needn't be any particular variety, so long as I love her."

So, you see, she needn't be one of the dareless daredevils—ride unblazed trails before breakfast—be indefatigable—and all that. She might even use *Poudre Riz* and prefer a limousine to a mustang. In fact, she could. He told me so.

Women apart, however, despite my rigid adherence to this so fascinating topic, he showed a somewhat strenuous desire to talk about *horses*, which topic, being a woman, was not quite so intriguing to me. Bill Hart, irreproachably tailored, and conversing feministically, was *too* anomalously fascinating. However . . . he does love horses, almost inordinately, and he loves to talk



The Hope Chest

Fictionized by Janet Reid from the Scenario of M. M. Stearns, based on Mark Lee Luther's story published by the Woman's Home Companion

IF you are in, say your twenties, and are of the sterner sex, you have heard of the B. & S. Sweetshops—and you haven't heard of them because of their *edible* sweets, either. You have heard of them, you have visited them, because of the tempting femininities fantastically set forth to seduce the eye. You have entered to come away clutching, according to your means, epicurean boxes of epicurean sugar contrivances, and you have left behind not only a goodly portion of your purse, but likewise of your heart. Some one, it might have been B and it might have been S, or it might have been the two together, hit upon the happy idea that sugar confections should be set forth by *feminine* confections, and thereby made some cool and casual millions. They made of their shops palaces of delight, with bon-bons that were fantasies of sugar and girls made of rose-leaves and dreams. Then they flung open their doors, and the youths flocked in like bees to a honeyed hive.

What happens to the least happens likewise to the greatest. It happened to Tom Ballantine, whose doting male parent was the B. in B. & S. A capital B at that. Likewise was he the promulgator of the Great Idea. "Only employ beauties," he told his managers; "Brinkleys, Gibsons, Harrison Fishers—*dreams*, you understand. Make it sweet enough to the eye and to the tooth, and the boys'll come . . . they'll come . . . and come to stay."

Never a rule but it works both ways. Never do we make one that we expect to apply to ourselves or to those who belong to us. But one boy certainly came—and came to stay. That boy was Tom Ballantine, only son, only hope, pride and pervading spirit of his father's life. But it was a Ballantine trait—to work prodigiously and to love prodigiously. Life had deprived Tom Ballantine of the need of working. It had not, and could not, deprive him of the need of loving. Money can buy the form of love, it cannot buy the need of it.

Tom Ballantine had heard, at college, with some amusement of what he called "Dad's new advertising." Knowing his confrères, he accredited the "governor" with some perspicuity. No doubt many a long-forgotten, juvenile sweet tooth would once more become prominent. Pretty soft, having beautiful girls gathered for one. Dad was become something of a philanthropist.

It became rumored about that of all the B. & S. Sweetshops, the big one at Atlantic City was the most delectable, in many ways. Tom Ballantine went down to the Marlborough for a brief trip after his strenuous year and, nonchalantly, dropped into the B. & S. one peculiarly balmy afternoon, merely for the unaccustomed want of something better to do.

It was an exceedingly balmy afternoon, as he was ever after to recall. The air was warm with spring and strong of salt, and as he entered the B. & S. it swam before him with the sweetness of flowers and the delicacies of extracts of perfume. Altogether, Tom Ballantine had a sense of the impending, tho what could impend by merely entering one of his father's

stupidly commercial string of blatantly advertised stores was more than he could reason. But then, he didn't reason. It was not a day for reasoning. It was a day for drifting . . . a day for . . . loving . . .

This idea came to him, and his young face crimsoned, and his young pulses hammered and, because he was so unaccountably stirred, he stood rather stupidly in the rose-tiled center of his father's shop, and something—some one—wafted up to him and made the perfumes all about him sigh and bestir themselves . . . and all at once he knew why he had had these thoughts . . . why he had come . . . why the air was as it was . . . just why he had been born . . .

I cant describe those next moments. I dont need to—if you are young. Nor even if you are old in years but never have forgotten. That soft fever . . . tender delirium . . . eyes meeting eyes . . . and clinging . . . swift breaths . . . chaotic words . . . moments fleeter than thoughts . . . eternities in moments . . .

Nor even that twilight, sitting very close together on the dimming boardwalk, eyes shining out of the gloaming, breaths struggling with the fanning air, and "I love you" summing up the total of existence, past, present and to be . . . soft laughter . . . softer tears . . . stuff o' dreams . . . the poignant, tender mystery of youth in its first love . . .

I can tell you that when they separated that night they had decided to be married the next day. He said: "I cant live without you, Sheila . . . I cant . . . I cant . . ."

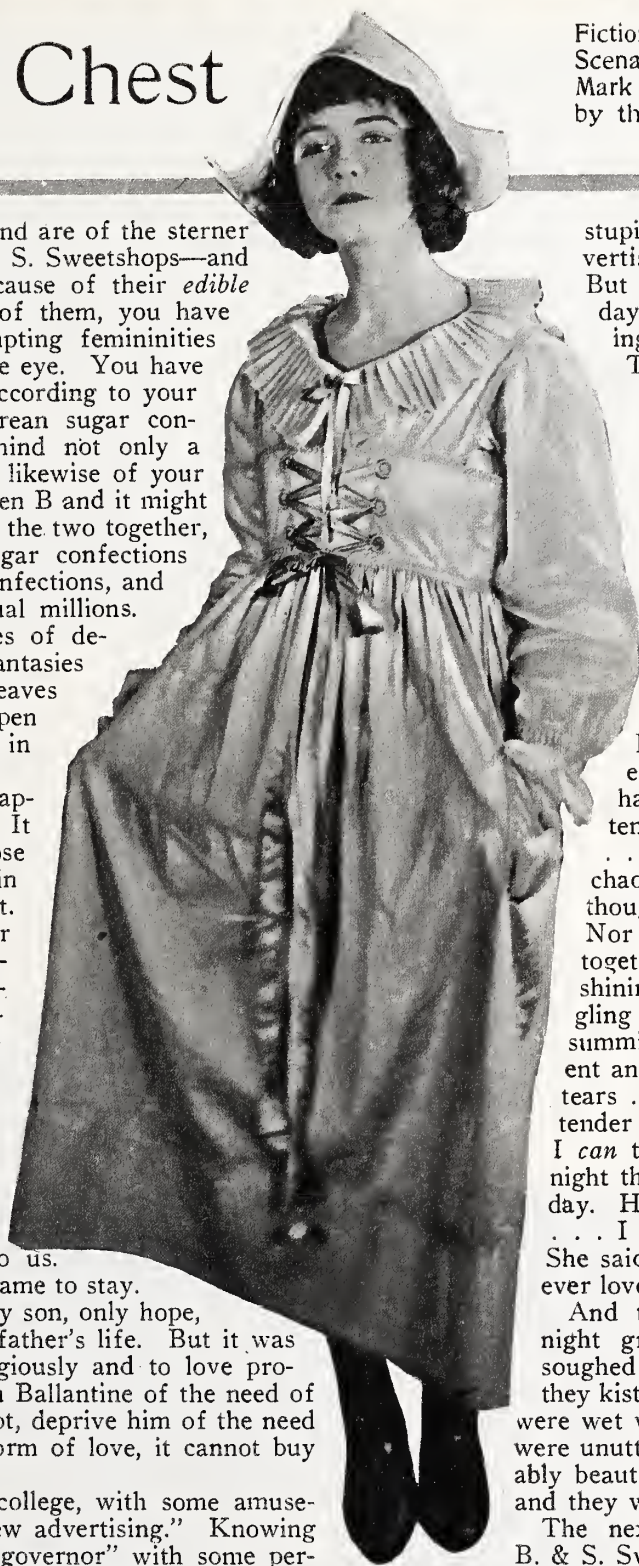
She said: "I love you more than any one has ever loved before!"

And they held each other close while the night grew wild above them, and the surf souged and drew away at their feet, and when they kist, more wildly than the night, their faces were wet with a saltier stuff than the sea. They were unutterably happy. And it was all unutterably beautiful. A miracle had come upon them, and they were set apart.

The next morning Sheila didn't go to the B. & S. Sweetshop. Tom had told her not to go there again. And she had the curious feeling that she wanted to be by herself, wanted to think, to realize it, to believe in it. She found that she couldn't, that her mind shied away from it as from something past all thinking.

After a while she came to a small vaudeville theater, and abruptly she came back to realities. Lew Pam was billed there, and Lew Pam was her Daddy. There is a great deal of difference in being one's *father* and one's Daddy. Lew Pam might be said not to have made good as regards the world in general—in the loving heart of his "little girl" he had made *more* than good.

Sheila didn't remember much about her mother, save that she had taught school, had been a lady, and had left her small daughter an exquisite old hope chest, quaintly and beautifully carved and filled with fairy garments woven of the trans-lucences of moonlight, the ephemeralness of stardust, priceless, timeless exquisitudes.





Twilight, sitting very close together on the dimming boardwalk, eyes shining out of the gloaming, breaths struggling with the fanning air, an "I love you."

hotel beds, heard her, with a mother's patience, stumble thru her prayers, brought her crude, impossible toys, decorated her Xmas tree, sacrificed for her and greatly loved her. Little things . . . but big enough to break the heart of pity when the warm hearts who do them are no more.

Lew Pam had decided to be "no more" for Sheila as soon as she was moderately well schooled and independent. He knew his own failing. He knew that he had not, and never would, make good. He knew that he could never be an object of pride to the beautiful woman his "little girl" had grown to be. There were times when he felt glad her mother had died. Her disappointment in him would have been a frightful thing to him. Sheila was a lady, and the world would find it out. Lew Pam believed in the world. He thought it pretty much on the level. He believed in it if it hadn't altogether believed in him. Nevertheless, when Sheila came to him, last night, an aftermath of glory on her young and glorious face, came to him and told him that the son of the B in B. & S. had asked her to marry him, go away with him, that she loved him . . . oh, *hard* . . . Lew Pam took his second-rate, not-much-account self and promptly and for all time shelved it. "You mustn't bring me in," he commanded, some of the long-ago, very occasional "Daddy" peremptoriness in his voice; "if you are happy, I am happy. If you're not, I'm not. You're going to have a hard

Sheila remembered all about her father. Little things like the tender way he had tucked her lean and shivering little body into strange,

his girl, his Sheila, was the daughter-in-law of the moneyed "B." He would feel that, in a sense, he had made good—with her, at least. Probably, if she forswore love now, she and he would just drift along with their sort of scummy little current, with their rancid little coterie, and neither of them would know an instant of anything save regret and the dull care of semi-poverty. And then . . . last night swept over her with its warm breath of the salt of the sea . . . the promise . . . its unutterable promise . . . and she turned to Lew Pam a face so poignant with tenderness that the comedian rubbed his eyes and sniffled in his nose. So this—this—was his little girl!

Before they parted he admonished her

enough time as it is, little girly, just because you took money for selling his goods from the B. of B. & S. I've heard Ballantine is a mighty square sort of coddler—but—this kid is his only son—and—he ain't going to fall for it, face down, Sheila honey. With a slapstick comedian playing cheap circuits for a pop . . . nix, kiddie, nix!"

Sheila didn't pay any attention to her father's description of himself. She paid attention to his plea for his own happiness thru hers. She knew that he would gloat and hug to his shiny chest the fact that

further—not to go away without first going straight to Tom's parents. "Honeymoons can wait a week or two," he told her, "you kiddies are so young. The old folks cant wait . . . I know . . . I know . . ."

And because she knew that he did, Sheila insisted upon going direct from the ministerial presence to the paternal one.

Both Father Ballantine and Mother Ballantine ran strictly according to type. They grasped the fact that their boy—was it only yesterday that he had graduated from knee-breeches?—their boy was *married*—and that the designing female who had so ensnared him had been a *salesgirl* in their employ—and that was enough. Father waxed profane, choleric and, finally, completely unintelligible, and mother fainted, with all the skill and dexterity of a long practitioner. After restoratives due and undue, sputtered explanations and frantic flappings of huge paws from Tom, a peculiar, arresting *stillness* from Sheila, order evolved out of chaos. Father discovered that the girl was distractingly pretty, and, at least ostensibly, a "lady." Mother took note that she was dressed with a complete lack of everything save a surprising taste and delicacy. Both of them began to assume a human expression.

The final upshot of a rather distraught conclave was that the "bad children" (said with reprov-ing emphasis) were forgiven—but that Tom must take his senior year at Harvard, and Sheila must

On the night before she left school for good, she knelt by the hope chest and tried to visualize the mother she had never seen



attend a finishing school to be personally selected by Mother Ballantine.

Tom protested with fervor and at length. Not much! Not for him! He was a married man. He would assume the responsibilities of such an individual. He would have his honeymoon. He harped, at length and rather childishly, upon his being defrauded of his honeymoon. It seemed to awaken no answering echo in the parental hearts, from which, he gloomily meditated, such a moon had long since waxed and waned.

Further despair settled upon his ardent and now frustrated young spirit when he observed that Sheila was taking, and not unkindly, the mandates being laid down to them. Scorn kindled in his eye as he fixed it upon her. Could it—could it be that she had married him because of the "B." in B. & S.? The mere surmise shot him with horror. Could it be even vaguely possible that she had forgotten that night by the sea—that immortal, immemorial night? Had she crushed the potent

flowers of it under her earthy young feet so that not even the overpowering perfume drenched her nostrils? Were her light feet *clay*?

When father and mother had gone into conference *à deux*, he told her all this, gloweringly. He accused her of being mercenary, of being cold, of being fickle. He accused her at random—he, who only that other night had muttered his soul's quintessence of passion against her lovely hair.

She couldn't answer him as she would have had she had the words. And she pitied his white and blazing face unspeakably. Yet she felt, because she was a woman, and was to be a wise one, that the two old people knew best. That they were pointing for their two impetuous feet a course leading thru the stars. A love that had flared like a rocket into the night . . . it needed testing, it needed trying. And then, when it had stood the testing, come, refined, from the trying, there would be distilled for them the attar of the rose of Paradise.

The following week Tom, still sullen, went back for his senior year, and Sheila went to Miss Perrin's fashionable school on the Hudson.

From her slim, dead, inexplicable mother Sheila had inherited a passion for a nicety of learning, and also for the niceties of living. Perhaps Lew Pam, with his loose career but his straight philosophy, knew this. Because she had

And at last he came . . . not Tom . . . but the man he had become

cause she had been so long gainsaid the girl loved, all the more, the

money the Ballantines lavished upon her—the money, that like a fairy godmother's wand, touched her, and lo!

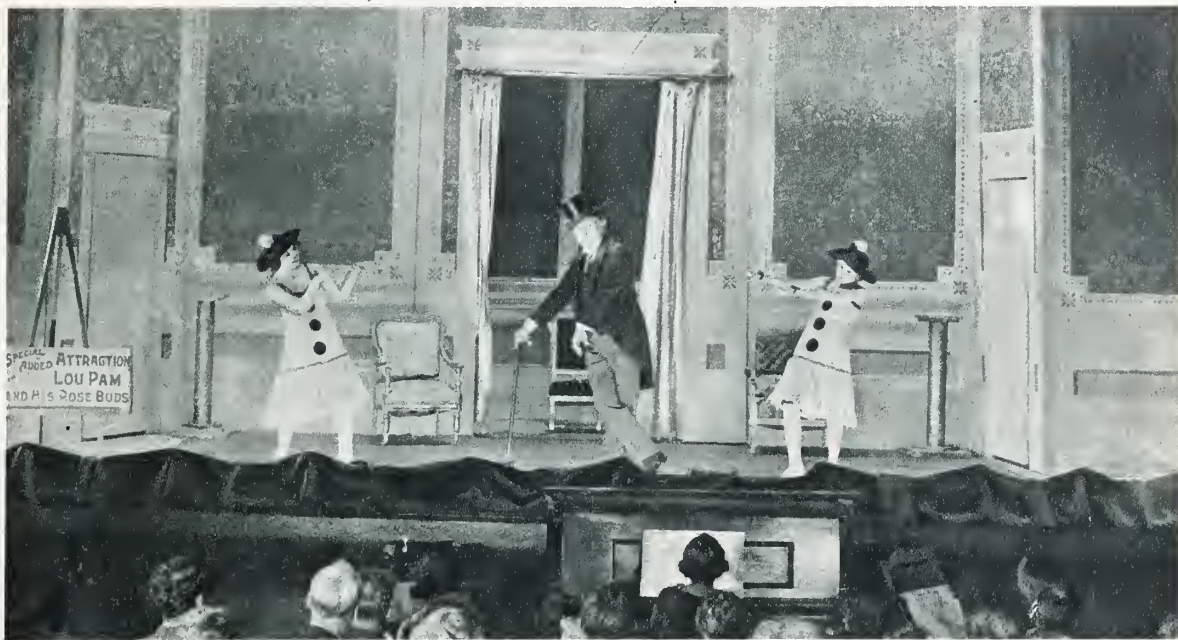
cobwebs clung to her slender body, furs weighed down her lissome throat, jewels sprang from her pretty fingers and gleamed that they were there. No more dark circles under her tender eyes, no more weary feet from long standing on the rose tiles of the B. & S., no more figuring, straining, planning, wrenching a dollar to buy the beauty she craved when it could not buy the grim necessity she needed. Affluence . . . ease . . . flowers . . . music . . . beauty . . . the frame . . . the frame for which she knew herself to be the perfect picture.

She could not help it that part of herself was lulled, was satisfied. She could not help it that she had been hungry and now was being fed.

Neither could she help it that every one was satisfied but Tom. Tom, it was dawning upon her, would be an omnivorously hard person to satisfy at best. Since cradle days life had poured forth her largesse upon him, and he was in a state of perpetual expectancy. He did not like it because she was happy and said so; he did not like it because the Lounsberys had taken her up; he did not like it because his mother made much of her after the Lounsberys did. He didn't, it appeared, care for her to have a coherent thought that did not have for its basis that pulsing night by the sea. Apparently, thought Sheila, she should have been born on that night and, coincidentally, ceased to exist. Her protracted state of being after that night seemed to have caused Tom nothing save torture.

Heretofore Sheila's life had been bounded by the stripling youths who spent their fathers' careless gold in the B. & S. Sweetshops for the doubtful

(Continued on page 64)



Ann Little and the Great Desire



and straightway thought to yourself, 'I have said that very thing before, but not within the memory of my present life?' Have you not experienced day-dreams wherein you saw clearly places and people and things that you knew full well you had never seen—in this life, yet these were as real to you for the moment as actualities of yesterday? Perhaps in these subtle ways those old existences crowd in upon the present, striking thru sometimes when the veil is thinly drawn.

"Have you never felt the promptings of the Great Desire? The one thing that it seemed to you was your most ardent hope on earth from the very day you began to think of things that mattered? You may say that these things are inherent from one's forebears, that they are simply inherited predilections. But this is an insufficient explanation, to my mind. I do not believe particularly in hereditary traits. More likely, I think, desires and peculiar aptitudes are the result of the persistence of past desires and aptitudes than of those passed on from one generation to another. I believe in the individual persistence. One man's thoughts and hopes and aims are his;

they are not another's.

"I do not believe in hereditary traits," says Miss Little; "I think desires and peculiar aptitudes are the result of the persistence of past desires and aptitudes passed on from one generation to another"

"Nothing that is worth while, nothing that is fine, or good or beautiful or right—ever is wasted, lost forever. Can we believe that the mind of

© Evans

ANN LITTLE was in a philosophical mood, and, as any one knows, when a person is in that mood the tongue gives utterance to the unusual, or else, the very trite. But Miss Little was not talking platitudes.

Possibly the fact that she was playing Naturitch, the ill-fated Indian maiden in "The Squaw Man," had induced the disposition to philosophic utterance. The Indians are known to have come close to the borderland of things hidden from most of us, thru their association with nature unfettered by the bonds of civilization.

Be that as it may, Miss Little opened the way toward a consideration of transcendental topics by asserting stoutly that a worth-while desire never fails.

"What we most desire in our lifetime," said she, "we may not always attain—in that period. But there are new lives for each of us—and some time, perhaps in the dawn of new centuries, we will be born again, and with us that desire will be still persistent."

"You mean," we asked, "that you believe in reincarnation?"

She smiled. "In a sense—but I do not believe in the transmigration of the soul, if that is what you imply. I do not think we come back as dogs or cats. Or that we will remember our previous existences, save in those occasional backward flashes of memory, such as we all experience at times. Have you ever visited a city for the first time, assumably, only to feel that there are familiar things there—a street corner, an old house—that you seem to know? Have you ever said a thing



By ADAM HULL SHIRK

a man, say like Abraham Lincoln, perished when the mortal was consigned to dust? Is it not easier to suppose that the mind never dies, but remains with the individual consciousness, to take new form upon the earth in time to come? Is it not easier to suppose that the mind of Lincoln may be living in the greatest man the world has known to date, President Wilson? That, indeed, the latter, with another name, another personality, is still the same individual, with advanced powers, who was the greatest man of *his* period, and that prior to Lincoln the same individual had been progressing down the ages, striving toward a full expression, the attainment of the Great Desire?

"Why do we find so many people in the world of merely average mentality, who apparently never achieve anything of note? Because there have been so many in each preceding phase of human life. We must grow with each stage of our progression, else we shall continue on in that same groove for countless aeons perhaps.

"We waste much of our force in idle living, talking, doing, striving for merely material things, losing our grasp on the spiritual, in evil deeds. Conceivably the mind thus employed may cause the individual to retrograde and come to a full

"Nothing that is worth while, nothing that is fine, or good, or beautiful, or right—ever is wasted, lost forever," believes Miss Little. "Can we believe that the mind of Abraham Lincoln perished?"



stop. It is without the spur of a good purpose, of the Great Desire. There must be many useless lives that perish. But nothing good can ever die.

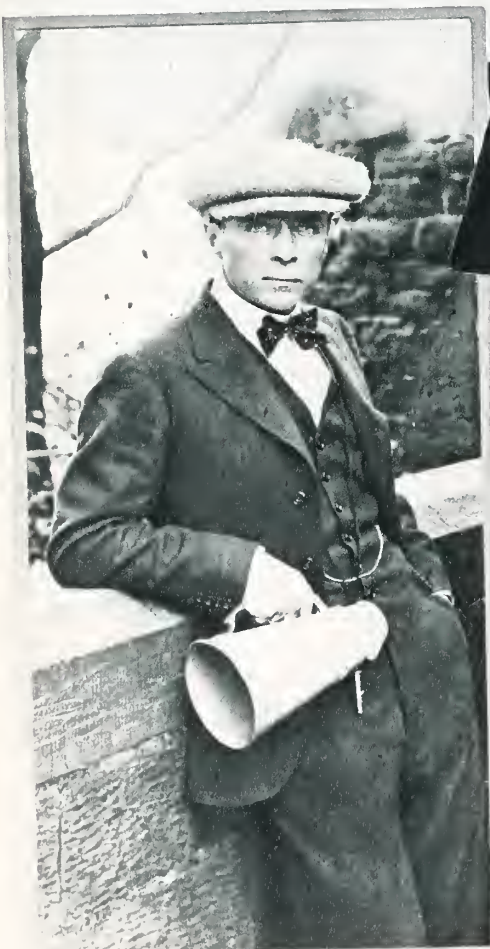
"Take the war. On the battlefield have perished many lives, no doubt, which had no impetus that will be sufficient to impel a persistence of the individual. In a word, they die and are ended. We can well believe that the brutal hordes of the Hun consist of many such individualities. But can we believe that the men who have fought for the good cause, for right, liberty, justice, honor, love and the freedom of the world, and who have laid down their lives in this cause—can we believe that they are ended? They have progressed, attaining at a bound the goal for which some of us may strive thru this and other lives to come. And they will be born again, in different forms, but with the same Great Desire, the desire for good, for justice and spiritual, not material power."

Miss Little paused and smiled, a little sadly.

"In my profession I know that certain things I feel and think are not the product merely of my education, my experience—in this short existence. And I know that if I do not feel I cannot act. No one can. Never to have felt sorrow, joy, anything of the deeper emotions, means that one's acting will be artificial. What prompts me to some height of expression in a rôle? Surely not mere mimicry, but the power to *feel*, possibly a remembrance of such feeling in a previous existence, breaking thru the veil and swaying my mind with old thoughts, old dreams, old hopes."

Herbert Brenon in Merrie England

Herbert Brenon has now been in England some eight months. Much of this time has been devoted to the filming of a propaganda production for the British Government. The photo-drama was written by Sir Hall Caine. One of the principal rôles is played by Marie Lohr, the well-known British actress, whose screen possibilities were discovered by Mr. Brenon. In the adjoining picture, James McKay, an American assistant, is shown at the camera



Mr. Brenon considers Miss Lohr an unusual screen personality. One of her biggest stage successes was scored in London in Frances Starr's original stellar rôle in "Marie Odile"

The Man Who Is Never Himself

George Fawcett Lives the Characters He Plays

By FRITZI REMONT

FOR twenty-seven years footlights, floodlights, Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts have shed their unrelenting rays over the plastic countenance of George Fawcett. And few character actors have to their credit the creation of as many rôles as Fawcett.

Not even a freakish October shower in California could dampen the anticipation I felt in hunting up the vicar of "The Great Love." But before we'd conversed ten minutes I had met a series of the delightful folk and had become intimately acquainted with the man who is never himself. For even off-screen this actor forgets that there is one George Fawcett and, utterly unconscious of self, tells his story to the accompaniment of characterizations droll and amusing.

"Let's see—autobiography," said Mr. Fawcett, with a chuckle, "that's the horrible history which never interests any one but the man who's writing about himself, isn't it? I'd hate to inflict anything like that on a long-suffering public!

"I was educated at University of Virginia, without a care in the world, had a very wealthy father, and never expected to do a tap of work for the rest of my days. Of course, I didn't want to be an ignoramus, and I enjoyed study, but equally alluring were the sports at the college. I was captain of our ball nine all the time I remained there, sang, acted, was in the glee club, and did everything well in the way of out-of-door sports.

"Then my father died, after a lingering illness, and when I was called by his attorney to listen to the reading of my dad's will, I was disagreeably surprised that the lavish living of years, together with enormous sums spent in travel and for physicians' services, had made the drawing of a will almost a farce-comedy.

"The lawyer said to me—well, I'll show you, I remember so well just how he looked and what he said. Sort of a short-necked fellow—went over to the door like this, tapped on the window-panes with pudgy fingers, and said to me, 'What are you going to do for a living?'

George Fawcett was gone! In his place stood a dignified figure with a noncommittal legal aspect, one hand rumpling his hair, the other drumming exasperatingly on the glass of the door. We'd left the Griffith studio and were 'way back in ole Virginia, waiting to see what twenty-one-year-old George Fawcett was going to do, *sans* fortune and *sans* vocation.

"Talk about the riddle of the Sphinx! Why, it was nothing compared with the question that old solicitor put to me. Work? I didn't know what it meant. I was strong and husky and certainly not afraid of it, but it was a poser to find out what I was going to do to make a living," continued Mr. Fawcett as he dropped into a chair.

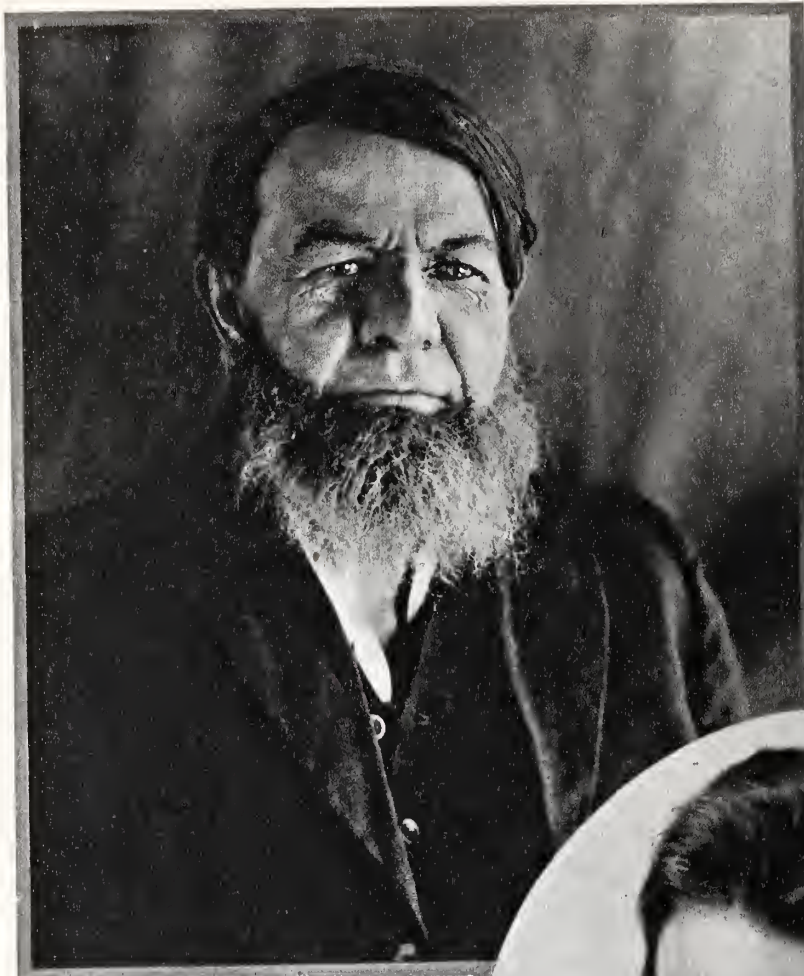
"I said to the old gentleman, 'Well, a friend of my father's has a big business, and he offered me a job as traveling salesman when I left college. I suppose that would be open to me now. But I don't know that I have any leaning toward salesmanship—it looks like a poor idea to me.'

"The lawyer coughed. Then he answered, 'I don't think much of it—what else could you do?' I scratched my head while he puffed at a dark Virginia cigar—see, this way. Then I tried out another theme. 'I might go West to the goldfields; there's lots doing in Nevada just now. I might be as lucky as the rest.'

"We both sat silent after that, so it dawned on me that the dea was not brilliant after all. 'Anything else to suggest?' said my father's adviser. Then an inspiration chased across my mind and I brightened considerably. 'Yes, I'm a good actor. I've done lots along that line in

George Fawcett, in his famous characterization of the lovable old French poilu in "Hearts of the World"





big, deep, chesty voice, shoulders back, slow stride, every word profoundly uttered—in short, it was always unnatural, the thing the public wanted to see—that which it called *acting*. To lose one's own identity in theatrical effects was the goal for which each strove."

Goodness me! I had actually lost George Fawcett again, just when I thought I had him. Instead, a frowning Iago stalked across the private sanctum of David Wark Griffith, reciting lofty lines of the past.

"Oh, yes, but then followed years of swashbuckling, the romantic school, wearing o' th' buskin, swaggering walk, and a 'ho, ho, and ha, ha, m'lady' style. I was with James Herne, I played in 'The Bells'—and you can imagine that called for an entirely different characterization, but still very theatrical. There was that old Jew I killed, the bells ringing, ringing, snow on the ground, and I stoop over like this, and—a shriek—'He's dead! He's dead!'"

Whew! I wiped the damp perspiration off my brow, for an old chair had been turned over for the sleigh, and, in my mind's eye, I saw the old Jewish peddler realistically killed, while a white-faced, trembling man drew back in horror with the pouch of gold.

There's no use talking, George Fawcett is so utterly absorbed in his art that he wasn't acting for me, he wasn't trying to show

Center—An off-the-screen portrait of the man who is never himself, while above and below are two contrasting character studies of Fawcett



college and in home theatricals, and people always said I had a natural bent that way. How about acting?"

"The lawyer brightened astonishingly. Last thing in the world I had expected, tho. He said, 'That's a good business. There's money in it, and you can have a letter of introduction from me to my intimate friend, John Albaugh, a producer.' I think he felt relieved to get rid of me so easily, old friendship for the family having prompted him to do all he could.

"Anyway, from that day to this I've never been without work. Sometimes there were a few days between engagements, but really I encountered no serious difficulties, slipped right into my proper groove and loved my profession. Oh, yes, I did have to borrow some money to get a start, for there were items of costume in those early days, as well as meeting living expenses, until the first pay-check fattened my pocket, but I paid it back—at least, I hope I did!"

"What was your first big play?"

"'Paul Kauvar.' In that I created a really fine part. We had a splendid company. Later I traveled with the famous Salvini, playing Iago to his Othello for one year. It was rather unusual, too, for the entire company read the lines in Italian and I spoke English, a queer way of presenting Shakespeare and a compliment to my ability, for he made this exception simply because of his liking for the way I essayed the rôle."

"So you really had your groundwork in the old school of acting, Mr. Fawcett?"

"I believe I am the only actor living today who can switch from one school to the other without difficulty. I was so thoroly drilled in the method then called 'theatrical' that, when the school of so-called 'realism' crept in, the school which we now use even in films, I found it a little difficult at first to readjust myself. This is the way we used to walk and talk—

what he *had* done, but his consummate mimicry and his constant living *in* his rôles has made them part of himself, a series of living companions thru whom he talks and with whom he communes.

"With the entrance of the new school of acting, I started out to master it. Gradually I gained confidence, and one memorable first-night in a big New York production, I had a part which called for my entrance to a room where a man and a girl were

(Continued on page 71)



Fame Found Her In the Subway

Helene Chadwick Sought the Elusive
God Success Via Advertising
Car Cards

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"Do you remember the old illustrated songs, where shy young girls gazed up into the eyes of handsome collar models, as they stood beside impossible gates draped with flowers in colors that exceeded the wildest dreams of the most advanced futurist?" she reminisced.

I nodded.

"Well, that was my first appearance on the screen—I mean as the shy young thing. When I was in the graduating class in school, the girl who sat next to me told alluring tales of the fun she had and the money she made posing for songs at a studio near her home.

Helene Chadwick started by posing for the good old illustrated song slides, then she became a model for advertising car cards

(Photographs of Miss Chadwick copyright by Lumiere)

OGENES had a wonderful start, but I have caught up to him. Perhaps it's because he had an old-fashioned lantern, while I had an electric flash, a 1918 model.

I wanted an honest man. That was my first. I have won a Croix de Colomb for discovering a movie player who told me the truth about her salary, about how she broke into the movies and about herself in general. She might have said:

"An advertising concern begged for a close-up of my picture. As soon as it appeared in the paper, the presidents of five Moving Picture companies sat on my doorstep all one night, pleading with me to save their companies from ruin by putting me in their ads for five hundred a week. I refused. They began to bid, and finally they got me at three thousand."

And I *might* have believed it—but she didn't. When I suggested that Helene Chadwick give me a close-up of the road ahead, she twinkled from her good-looking face to her hazel eyes.



The second horse Helene ever attempted to ride was for a movie melodrama. Miss Chadwick stuck—and got away with it

"Why don't you come up and try it some Saturday?" she suggested.

"Even at that age I had visions of appearing before the public, but I had not yet decided in what capacity. The copy-book said something about 'grasping the Golden Opportunity.'

"This is your opportunity," I said to myself. 'You'd better grab it while it's near.'

"I did, and every Saturday found me posing for pictures which would later flash on and off the screen in some little theater while an embryo Caruso would sing some ballad about 'parting at the garden gate.' If you could have seen some of those gates you would have understood the reason for the parting.

"Right after graduation mother had me start a secretarial course. Stenography, with its tantalizing lines and dots and curves, could never equal the camera in its power to charm me.

"Helen,' my mother said one day, in a tone that I knew meant 'Here beginneth the first lecture'—'I don't see any use of my paying for your course if you're going to spend half your time at studios.'

"I agreed with her perfectly and begged permission to take up posing in earnest for advertising, posters, subway and car cards, and so on, just to see what I could do with it. At last it was granted. Then I began. I drank coca-cola with a broad grin, just so the public would know I was enjoying it and go and do likewise. I exhibited my teeth kept in perfect condition by

means of a paste of which I had never heard. My hair fresh from the irons of a hair-dresser curled at the mere mention of Restorer Brothers' wonderful fluid. I radiated comfort after walking ten miles in a pair of shoes that pinched so I could scarcely keep from registering pain instead of pleasure.

"One day while I was posing for these innumerable things an advertising man suggested that I try moving pictures.

"What? Start as an extra, and stand around hour after hour waiting for some director to condescend to gaze at me and then pass by? Not if little sister knows it,' I replied. (I had already done some fashion posing for Vitagraph and had seen the life of an extra at close enough range to suit my ambition.)

"The advertising man said I wouldn't have to start that way. He knew that Pathé was looking for a girl of my type who was willing to work hard at a small salary until she had made good. I can't say that I had much faith in the proposition, but I went to see the man—and I got the engagement. It wasn't talent or anything as worthy, but six-tenths bluff and four-tenths independence. The contract said thirty a week to start. I was averaging sixty posing, and though I was willing, even eager to sacrifice the thirty for the sake of the work, I did not wear that eagerness as a hat-trimming. If a girl could only be born with the knowledge that a little independence goes a great way toward success, she would be saved many a heartache.

"And now for the bluff. 'Could I ride? Could I swim?' Of course I could. That was true in a way, too. I knew that other girls rode and swam. I could, but I just didn't. That was a nice distinction in words, wasn't it? Perhaps the secretarial course had done some good after all.

(Continued on page 73)



Now that life has just opened for me, I cannot help looking back with wonder upon the twenty years of my being . . . twenty years alone on 'Ception Shoals with no one but Dad . . . at least I thought he was my father until a few short months ago.

For those twenty years I never saw a single human being except him. Just the lighthouse, the rocks and the restless sea, rolling smilingly, half caressingly by day; pounding, shaking the foundations of the lighthouse by night. And the storms, with the elements battering against the Shoals! The loneliness of it all!

As far back as I can remember, Dad gave me old boots, trousers and a gray shirt. "You can play anywhere, child, but if you see a boat coming towards 'Ception, you hurry to me. Understand?"

I was timid . . . and I feared Dad. I couldn't understand myself. The one or two books that lay in the lighthouse living-room—the Bible, "The Pilgrims' Progress" and "The Life of Christ"—puzzled me. I wasn't a bit like the men in the stories. I tried to reason it out. I'd walk along the rocky shore and watch the sea and think. When I could attempt to talk to Dad, he would scare me into fear. "Silence!" he'd most shout. "The devil's prompting me. Don't talk about what you know nothing." Anything was better than to bring down that bitter snarl upon my head, so I'd go on climbing the rocks and watching the sea, wondering.

So passed the twenty years

until . . . one day

. . . a man clam-

ored unexpected-

ly upon the rocks

beside me. He

was younger than Dad . . . but dirty

. . . I hated his every appearance.

He stood gazing at me in wonder.

"Lord love me," he exclaimed; "it's the

id!" With that he climbed up beside me

and seized me in his arms. I shall never

forget my nausea. He forced his lips

against mine. A kiss, he called it. I

lulled myself away from him and ran to

the lighthouse. Dad was trimming the

umps. He noticed my appearance and

demanded, "Child, what ails ye?"

"A man—kiss me—why did he do it?"

exclaimed.

Dad seized my hands, almost jerking

me off my feet.

"It's the devil in you that attracts.

You're Faith all over again, and

you come rightly by a soul as

black as hell. Keep out of sight

when men come upon these

rocks. As for that d—d light-

house tender, Jim Smoot, I'll

kill him if he comes near you

again."

I ran away to my room. That strange, curious kiss had

stirred me. I knew not why, for I hated the man. Was I a

woman? Was this life, being kissed by a stranger, all grime and

filth and the smell of whisky? I knew the odor of whisky,

because Dad always drank a small glass of it on stormy nights.

I puzzled for days, and then one night, at sunset it was, a

vessel anchored off 'Ception Shoals. I watched them lower a

small boat, and I ran away to the lighthouse. From a window

I could see the strangers land. One of the men was Jim

'Ception Shoals

Fictionized by Frederick Russell from the
Scenario Based on H. AUSTIN ADAMS'
Drama

Smoot. There were six or seven like him, but at their head was a man . . . younger . . . clean . . . alert . . . different . . . I watched him, fascinated.

They entered the lighthouse, and I heard them talking downstairs with Dad. Not everything they said came to my ears, but I did hear the young man exclaim:

"Man alive, can't you do it for the sake of common decency?"

And Dad snarled,

"I'll have nothing

to do with women,

damn them! No

baby will ever come inside

'Ception light. That's final!"

With that they went away. I saw the small boat make its way thru the scarlet sunset to the bigger vessel. But that remained anchored.

Next day I went in bathing, as usual. Coming out, I climbed up upon the rocks . . . to rest in the sun . . . when I came face-to-face with the stranger from the yacht.

"By George!" he gasped in surprise; "you're superb . . . superb . . . who are you?"

"I'm Eve," I answered.

"The eternal Eve," he laughed. "I'll admit that. But just what particular Eve?"

"Dad keeps the light," I responded.

"That old catamaran," said the stranger, startled. "You can't be *his* daughter. Why, you're a captivating little girl!"

I didn't understand. "A girl?" I repeated. "Am I a girl? But can't you see I'm a boy?"

The stranger chuckled. "You're captivating."

But I was thinking. So I was, after all, really a girl. I felt myself blushing. I half started back.

"You're delightfully ingenuous, Eve," he said. "Haven't you been to school . . . don't you know anything of life?"

"I've never been away from these rocks," I confessed. "Just the sea. Nobody has taught me anything. I've just seen three people in my life."

"You *are* an Eve!" said the stranger. "Listen, child. I own that yacht out there. My chief officer took his wife on our last cruise. But a baby came . . . last night. I wanted to have her brought ashore here . . . but your Dad refused."



"But Dad has gone to the mainland for the papers and mail," I told him. "Bring her ashore now with the baby. She can have my room."

"What will your father do?" the stranger warned.

"I dont care," I exclaimed breathlessly. "I've just discovered I'm a woman."

So they brought the woman, Maude, ashore with the baby . . . a little ball of wailing pink . . . how I loved it . . . its every cry . . . its bewildered look. Then Dad came home and stormed terribly. But Maude and the baby remained.

It was Maude who told me of the sweetness of life. And at last I understood. As the days passed I learnt more of the yacht-owner, whose name proved to be Philip Blake. His yacht, the *Driftwood*, carried him about the world because he had grown tired of civilization. "I've hated the falseness of it all, Eve," he told me. "But you've changed that. I was really born that day you came out of the sea to me. You've transformed everything. Wont you love me?"

"But I know nothing of myself," I said. "Nothing of my history. I'm just coming to know life . . . and that's all."

"The past is nothing," he protested. "There's just you and the *Driftwood* and the many, many days to come."

So when Philip took Maude and the baby back upon his yacht so that they might be removed to their home, I had promised to become his wife. Promised! He told me he would return in a few weeks at most. Then there would be marriage and . . . happiness.

The days that followed were dream days. I walked over all the spots I had walked with him. At night I'd watch the moon and wonder what he was doing.

Finally Dad faced me, snarling. "Quit your moonin', child. Do you think that millionaire will marry you, eh? He aint wantin' to wed you, girl. You've a black soul like your mother. No good can come from you."

"I dont believe it, Dad," I protested.

"Your mother was my younger sister," Dad almost shouted. "Little did I think of the dishonor she'd bring down upon my head. But she fell in love with a young scoundrel named Luke Allen. A sailor with the fishing fleet, he was. I hated him from the first. I ordered him to keep away from Faith. Then Luke's boat was lost, and for weeks Faith went around in a mad daze, weepin' and carryin' on."

"I hoped he was dead and, sure enough, they found what was left of him lashed to a piece of wreckage days later. Faith went almost frantic, and that night told me she had planned to marry Luke that comin' month. That there was a baby comin'. It crushed my heart. I aint never been the same since."

"So I took Faith and got the job of keeper here on 'Ception. The baby—you—came. I'd have endured that, too, but Faith kept claimin' right to my face that you was the evidence of her true love with Luke. That there was nothin' to be ashamed of in you."

"Right then and there I told her that you, being the result of sin, would be kept away from the world. Faith tried to take you away from me; said she was going into the world to make her way."

The days that followed were dream days. At night I'd watch the moon and wonder what he was doing

I was in tears. Dad's distorted face frightened



me, but I felt I had a right to know. "What became of mother?" I asked.

"She enraged me," he went on. "'Faith,' says I to her, 'God has given me Eve to keep from a life of sin, and I'm goin' to keep her from it. I dont intend to have my soul damned for bein' lax.' But the devil possessed Faith, and that night . . . she . . . jumped from the east window up-stairs . . . a storm was beatin' like a hurricane against 'Ception. She hit on the rocks and was washed away. That's your sinful history, child."

I was heartbroken. "Poor mother," I sobbed. "So you're sidin' with her in her sin, are you?" he exclaimed, seizing me and pushing me so violently that I fell to the floor. "Well, you was raised here and here you stay. You're goin' straight."

"You cant keep me from the man I love," I answered.

"Cant I?" and Dad laughed bitterly. "I've already told him your history. Told him just before he went away. He knows you're a child of sin. You'll never hear from him again. He's done with you."

I dont know how I reached my room. I was dead at heart. Would I, too, climb out that east window up there into the storm . . . and forget? Days passed. Shall I ever forget the bitter loneliness of them? The wretchedness . . . the growing realization that Philip was not

writing . . . was not thinking of me . . . was not coming back . . .

Finally came the night of the big storm. Dad had been growing steadily feebler in the weeks that had passed, and he told me to tend the lights up above until morning. He even locked me in the place, alone, with the shrieking wind, the blinding, beating rain, the lashing thunder of the sea.

Then it was I debated if life was worth while—to go on and on without the one you loved, into the hopeless, loveless years. I almost opened a storm-beaten window. The ledge seemed so narrow, the black outside so cool, the end so quick. But I couldn't. The rocks down below were so cruel, the sea so relentless.

All these hours I little knew what was going on below me, in the room beneath. Unknown to me, the *Driftwood* had slipped behind the shelter of 'Ception to weather the storm, and Philip had managed to land in a small launch.

Then it was that Dad gave him back the letters he had written in the past weeks . . . the letters I had never known of. And he told Philip that I was dead . . . as my mother had died . . . on those rocks beaten by the sea.

And Philip, broken-hearted, had made his way thru the

"'CEPTION SHOALS"

Adapted by Albert Capellani and June Mathis, from the drama by H. Austin Adams. Produced in seven parts by Metro. Directed by Albert Capellani, under the supervision of Maxwell Karger, director-general. The cast:
Eve.....Mme. Nazimova
Faith.....Mme. Nazimova
Philip Blake.....Charles Bryant
Job Coffin.....Henry Harmon
Maudé Standish.....Nancy Palmer
Brad Standish.....George W. Davis
Luke Allen.....T. Morse Koupal
Jim Smoot.....Tom Blake

"They said you were dead," I whispered, afraid to touch him and find myself dreaming.

"You, too; he told me you were dead," he said.

"Don't you understand, Philip?" I said. "They've tried to keep us apart, but God wouldn't have it so. There is right . . . and beauty . . . and love in the world after all."

"This morning it was all empty and dreary," smiled Philip. "As lonely as before you came out of the sea that morning. Now you're with me and the sun is shining again, Eve."

"You've come back—knowing all about me?" I made myself ask.

"As if the dead past mattered, Eve," answered Philip. "There's just you and me. That's all that counts."

"But that letter?" I asked.

Shall I ever forget the bitter loneliness . . . the wretchedness . . . the growing realization that Philip was not writing . . . was not thinking of me . . . was not coming back?

"I wrote that thinking you were dead. I was going to cast it into the sea . . . a

(Continued on page 67)



storm back to the *Driftwood*. Little did I know of this until later, for, thru it all, I guarded the light on the top of 'Ception . . . the very light that had enabled Philip to land, the light that now flashed thru the storm to the *Driftwood*, rocking in the heavy seas.

Towards morning the storm abated and I fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining, the sea was rolling placidly, the storm of the night before was a mere memory.

I walked along the sands, when suddenly the lighthouse tender, Smoot, appeared. Smoot, as I knew, was now first mate of the *Driftwood*. I started, of course, at the sight of him and looked to sea. There, at anchor, was Philip's yacht.

"Philip has come back!" I exclaimed.

"Blake is dead," said Smoot, abruptly. "Died at sea. But he left this letter for you." With that he handed me a note.

There was just one word, "Eve," on the envelope. It was unmistakably Philip's writing. And, thru my tears, I read the enclosure:

"DEAREST—I cannot face things as they are. The wretchedness of life! I was just coming to realize the beauty of it all. The world is empty without you, Eve . . . Never can I take you in my arms again. There's just one thing—death.

"PHILIP."

"He's gone," continued Smoot. "Might just as well forget him, girlie. What about me?"

I turned abruptly to go to the lighthouse, half-blinded with my tears. 'Twas then Smoot seized me. That maddened my whole being. I fought like an animal, beating and scratching his leering face.

Suddenly, out of the madness of it all, I heard a voice—Philip's! Smoot staggered back and ran down the beach . . . There were just Philip and I . . . alone at last . . . close to the edge of the ocean.

"You've come back—knowing all about me?" I made myself ask

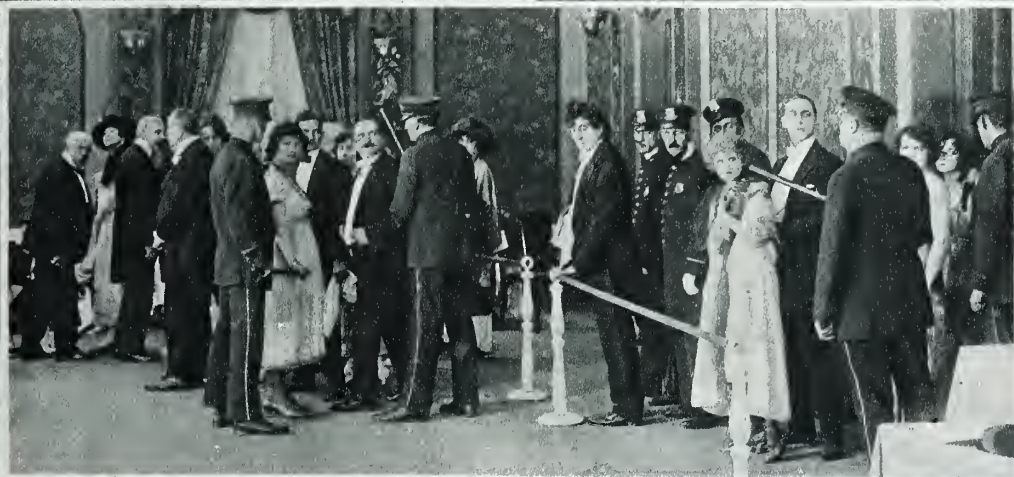


The Extra Girl Becomes a Newspaper Reporter

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"AND so they were arrested and summoned to court, and behold! I was there."

How would you like to weave a wonderful dream of stardom, your picture in THE CLASSIC'S Gallery, ermine furs, a limousine, a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and—and wake up to read that handwriting on the wall? But then when you have a "for sale in every part of the country on the same day" sharing your struggle each month, you can afford to relinquish all these things with a good imitation of grace. Think of the hundreds of extras who must go



Above, Emmy Wehlen and her director, Harry Franklin. At the left is the raid scene from "Sylvia on a Spree," and below is the courtroom interlude, with Miss Rosemon as a reporter.

home each night and confide their hopes deferred to the family cat!

Ever since Miss Wiggles was a pup I have been hunting for the sesame to the door of Metro's Sixty-first Street studio. I shudder to think of the years of struggling that might still be stretching before me if Director Harry Franklin had not shown wisdom in the choice of his assistant, Fred Warren. It was his discerning eye that selected me to support a courtroom bench in Emmy Wehlen's starring vehicle, "Sylvia on a Spree."

Now as an easy-chair a courtroom bench has many defects that unfit it for active service. I knew it—so did the other extras, for when the call, "On the set!" resounded thru the hall, each demonstrated his idea of soft wood by scrambling into the most likely looking seat.

A few minutes later Mr. Franklin appeared on the scene. It was

(Continued on page 78)



THE photoplay is taking a "much needed vacation."

Just at this moment the motion picture industry is passing thru the most remarkable period in its history. For the first time since the days of "The Great Train Robbery" studios are closed, actors are idle, the whole screen world is at a standstill. The producers have declared a five weeks' cessation of activities.

The wave of Spanish influenza closed a large percentage of the country's screen theaters, so the manufacturers—finding their market dwindling away—decided to close up shop until the germs moved on.

We might attempt to be humorous and remark that, if some one could have abolished tooth-picks, masked turnips, mimeographed movie press stories and war scenarios, our five weeks would have been perfect.

It isn't, of course, within the scope of this department to comment upon the shut-down. Altho it can't be entirely disregarded. But we do hope the producers are spending the five weeks reading scenarios.

To return to the screen:

Charlie Chaplin came to town in "Shoulder Arms," which, to us, is the one screen classic of the war. In fact, after watching Chaplin as a khaki hero, we can never take

Faire Binney offers a strong bit in the Civil War episode of Maurice Tourneur's "Woman"



The Celluloid Critic

another war drama seriously. Memories of Charlie drilling with the awkward squad, his well known feet the despair of a nerve-racked drill sergeant; of his combat with cooties; of Chaplin slumbering to sleep in a hut filled with mud and water; of— But why spoil the joy of fans by telling the humorous twists of "Shoulder Arms"? Let it suffice to say that Charlie captures William Hohenzollern, the crown prince and Von Hindenburg with neatness and despatch. And if there's any funnier scene than the episode where Chaplin camouflages himself as a tree and is pursued by a fat and worried Hun thru a forest, we would like to see it.

There isn't a single dull second in "Shoulder Arms," which shows in many ways just why Chaplin maintains his amazing grip upon the affections of fans. First, the comedian takes months to make three reels of comedy, developing his fun carefully, discarding here and building up there. He doesn't rush his productions out. He whets interest and has the public waiting for him. Secondly, he never duplicates. Every comedy is different, not only as to action, but characterization. All this in comment upon his business acumen. Above all else, Chaplin is a truly great actor. He is human—touching when he wishes to be. His little soldier in "Shoulder Arms" isn't a mere merry manikin going thru a maze of comedy situations. He is a human figure, sometimes even a pathetic one. Audiences do not merely laugh at him. They love him.

Some one has said that Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoon character, Ole Bill, personifies the British Tommy's spirit in the war. Charlie Chaplin's little soldier certainly personifies the American view of the struggle. "Shoulder Arms" marks the last appearance of Edna Purviance opposite Chaplin. And his brother, Syd, returns to the films as a bunkie.

The single other interesting event of our month was the admirable Maurice Tourneur's odd episodic production, "Woman." Mr. Tourneur, we are quite sure, started out ruthlessly to show the havoc women have wrought thru history, but that he tempered his idea the last moment, by showing the changes the war has created in femininity.

Anyway, Mr. Tourneur built "Woman" in a prolog, an epilog and five episodes. These five deal with Adam and Eve and the more or less well known apple; the Roman Emperor, Claudius, and his wife, the dissolute Messalina; the affair of the monk, Abelard, and the beauteous Heloise, which must have won a whole page in the magazine section of the medieval *American*; a fanciful Brittany coast legend of a mermaid and a fisher lad; and a Civil War episode in which a girl, for the gift of a little watch, gives a poor wretch to a firing squad. The prolog and epilog reveal the evolution of a modern butterfly into a Red Cross nurse.

"Woman," as one might expect of Tourneur, is a thing of rare screen beauty. Once or twice it reaches genuine heights, as in the poetic charm of the Brittany interlude and the quick grip of the story of 1864. One newspaper commentator truthfully remarked that Tourneur had conjured a series of

"Such a Little Pirate" rather dis- counted our first im- pressions of Lila Lee

genu- ine heights, as in the poetic charm of the Brittany interlude and the quick grip of the story of 1864. One newspaper commentator truthfully remarked that Tourneur had conjured a series of





by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

photographic ballads. Scene after scene of superb photographic beauty, fine balance and splendid light and shade sweep by. "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the director did "Woman" because he loved to do it and not because a gentleman at a roll-top desk in Times Square was holding a stop-watch on the production. Tourneur's cast is a big one, but Flore Revalles' Messalina and little Faire Binney's brief but vivid Civil War girl stand out.

Probably because we saw "The Woman the German Shot" (Plunkett-Carroll Productions) directly after observing "Shoulder Arms," the former didn't seriously sink into our interest. To us it was a mere adequately told recital of the now historic Edith Cavell tragedy and, like all historic recitals, lacks interest because the conclusion is known from the start. There is nothing especially inspired anywhere about "The Woman the German Shot," altho the acting of Julia Arthur as the martyred British nurse and the direction of John G. Adolphi are a shade above the average.

J. Stuart Blackton has presented the first of his new series of productions, "Safe for Democracy," a story by Anthony Paul Kelly, based on the "work or fight" war ruling. Here we find how the weakling son of a millionaire, who weds a stenographer in a vain effort to escape the draft, and a hobo are regenerated by being forced to work for the first time. Few of the nuances of the development are shown. The tramp abruptly drops his "dese" and "dose," immediately acquiring good English along with a desire for work, while the rich waster suddenly develops a fondness for shoveling dirt in a shipyard and for his young bride. In a word, "Safe for Democracy" is rather obvious. The direction is conventional, not going beneath the surface. Mr. Blackton has, however, almost made Ruby de Remer act, while Mitchell Lewis is excellent as the rejuvenated hobo. To our way of thinking, Helen Ferguson stands out as the sister.

Neither did "Lafayette, We Come" (Perret Productions) interest us. Leonce Perret, the French director, has endeavored to develop a spectacle around America's entrance into the war, making the love of a young American for a beautiful Frenchwoman the basis. The American enlists after coming to believe that his sweetheart is a spy. Later, after becoming blinded in battle, he finds that the spy and his sweetheart are distinct personages, altho they look exactly alike. Of course, he recovers his eyesight and his sweetheart. Perret is given to dramatic tableaux, which is typically French in method, while "Lafayette, We Come" is choppy and blurry in its handling of the story. Like all the other war productions, "Lafayette, We Come" makes liberal use of the news weekly presentations of parades and battle scenes. Mr. Pathé is certainly helping out a lot of directors this year.

E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli are satisfactory in the leading rôles.

"When Do We Eat?" (Paramount) is the title of Enid Bennett's story of a barnstorming actress who is stranded in "the sticks." The thing runs thru a

"Salome," with Theda Bara, is stupid. It moves turgidly and tediously

Chester Barnett and Gloria Goodwin in the Brittany seacoast interlude of "Woman"

series of preposterous incidents until the actress discovers that two crooks are about to rob the village bank. She foils them and aids the bank clerk, who loves her, into becoming a hero. Everything happens utterly without reason in "When Do We Eat?" The

direction is amazingly bad, with burlesque villagers, Keystone sheriffs, and so on. This would have been a good picture for the producers to have forgotten about during the influenza shut-down. "When Do We Eat?" is just plain stupid.

But if "When Do We Eat?" is stupid, "Salome" (Fox) is worse, because it is nearly three times as long. The story of the famous Biblical wanton should have provided a vivid screen panorama, but Theda Bara's "Salome" is uninterestingly inadequate.

J. Gordon Edwards' direction is on a par with the Bara performance. Just

once—with all his expenditure of money upon vast sets, waving armed supers, and so on—does he achieve anything like beauty of scene. That occurs when Salome comes to the grated well in which John is a prisoner.

"Salome" moves turgidly and tediously. The cast is weak, with the exception of Albert Roscoe, who gives a performance of John which, if immature, is at least earnest. The Bara characterization is a below-stairs conception of Salome.

(Continued on page 77)

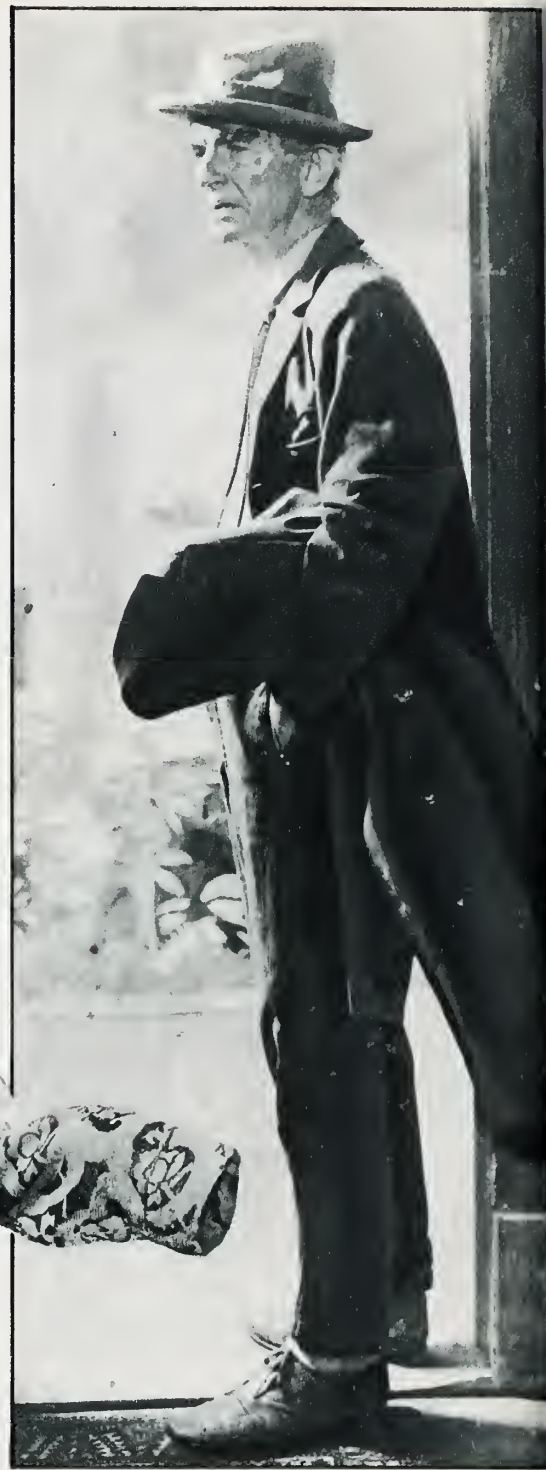
Charlie Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms" is the one screen classic of the war





Wilda Bennett, a charming figure in the New Amsterdam musical hit, "The Girl Behind the Gun"

H. B. Warner and the delicious Irene Bordoni in the piquant Boulevard farce, "Sleeping Partners," at the Bijou Theater



Frank Bacon gives a near-Jeffersonian characterization in "Lightnin'," the Gaiety Theater success

The Holidays in the Theater



Above, A scene from John Williams' admirable production of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband"; right, A glimpse of John Barrymore's tremendous portrayal of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theater; and, below, Jane Cowl and Orme Caldara in the delightful comedy, "Information, Please," at the Selwyn Theater





The Poor Little Rich Star

Tragedy Has Come to Little Viola D.

always knew it!" Husbands, 'sposin' you had wives who considered you "ab-so-lu-tely per-fect?" . . . 'Sposin'???

I dont know whether the Dana eyes, specifically, are famous or no. If they are not, they should be. They are her facial *chef d'oeuvre*—being extraordinarily large, extraordinarily brilliant and likewise of an extraordinary topaz-green. Also, they are in frequent and most telling use.

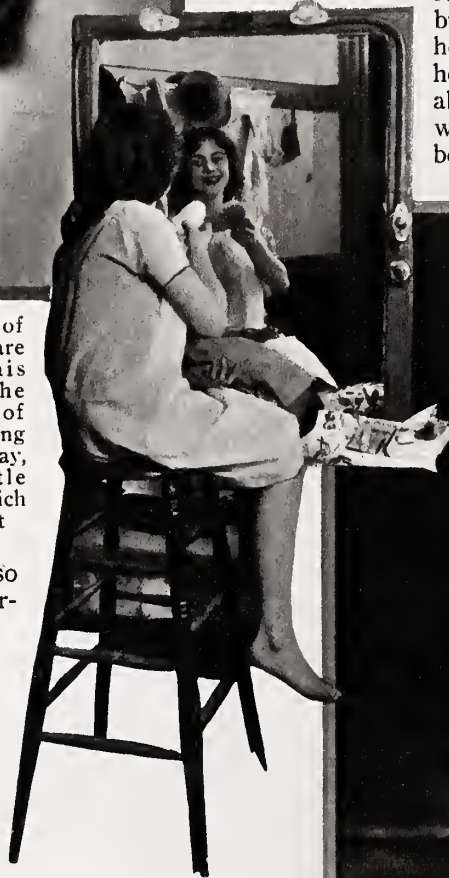
"I dont know," the diminutive Dana bewailed, 'why a double tragedy should happen to so small a person as me! Just imagine—I'm losing my husband, which, goodness knows, is plenty bad enough—and my director at one and the same time. I'm trying to be awf'ly brave about it, but it's har-rd!"

It was hard, even then; it is still harder for the tiny star now, but there was a spunkiness about her, a dauntlessness in spite of her fairy-like stature. She had about her the atmosphere of one who will not be downed, will not be felled, no matter what the ter-

"To sleep, to dream, and then to die," some time, some one has felt that and said it. It is sad, but so is it sweet. To love, to work, and then to die . . . this has not been said heretofore, but it is being *done* all thruout these days, when we are here today and gone tomorrow—and if it is still sadder, so, by the same token, is it far sweeter—so very sad, so very, very sweet that all of life must be perfumed because of it . . . perfume that brings tears . . . but tears that bring healing . . . and we who believe in the marvelous resilience of youth, if we are still to believe in anything, must believe that the perfume of her Beautiful Memory will bring healing to little Viola Dana. And it *will* be a beautiful memory . . . beautiful enough to vanquish pain. For when it was not a memory, but a vital and blessed fact, it shone out of her luminous eyes like stars and quivered in her jubilant young voice and radiated from her whole personality. It was her Topic Extraordinary. I, who was there for the sole purpose of having her ample autobiography, who was bestowing upon her what most Everywoman would have considered the golden opportunity of talking for two hours straight about Herself, heard instead that the beloved John was in the draft, that he was a perfect specimen, according to his draft board, and that he was the only one in sixty-two who *was*.

Adroitly, as I thought, vainly, as I soon discovered, I steered the frail conversational barque to her achievements, past, present and anticipatory, to the stage-versus-the-screen (an ever lucrative beginning), to Sister Shirley Mason, to preferences, to fads and foibles, to East and West, and ever and anon we came back to—"out of sixty-two other men, just think, ab-so-lu-tely per-fect!" As an addenda she said, with a snappy little snap of her big, big eyes, "of course . . . I

Two photographs of the Viola of 1919 are presented on this page, while, in the center, is a study of Miss Dana making up for the stage play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," in which she scored a hit



ror, what the blow. Sometimes it does seem as if a blow has the faculty of falling in the wrong place, and yet, we who are here, not knowing Why nor Whither, dare not say that, believing . . . And still—they



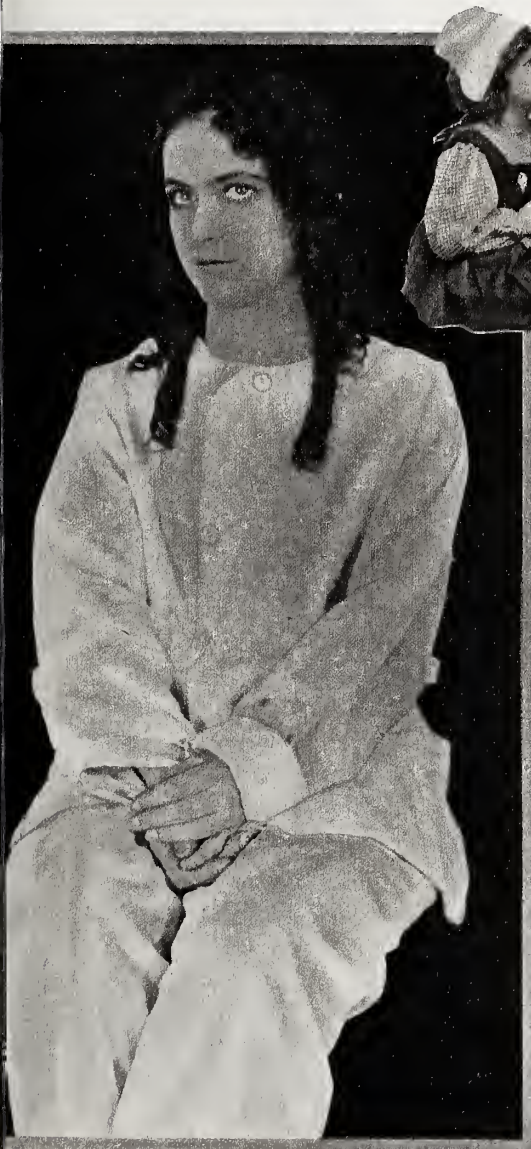
lunched together, every day; he was her director as well as her hubby and her pal. In every line, in every way, their interests communed, in play which was work and in work which was play. And now . . . pretty big "bit" for a *very* small person . . .

"What a remarkable dressing-room," I said, at random. At random is correct. I wondered whether the Dana was responsible for the colorful medley in which I found myself. The ceiling being a du Barry pink, the floors an azurean blue and the drapes a decadent purple.

"Awful, isn't it?" laughed Viola, returning from Over There with a palpable effort, "the du Barry was Emmy Welken's, the blue Miss Barrymore's and the drapes were Nazimova's. My manager thought I would like them, and had them hung here.

"I'm glad it—or they—are not your temperament," I murmured.

Upper right—A recent study of Miss Dana. Center—Shirley Mason as Little Meenie and Viola as Little Heinrich in "Rip Van Winkle," with Joseph Jefferson



Left, Miss Dana, in the good old Edison days. What photoplay was this? "The Portrait in the Attic," with Viola as Thelma

"But I *have* one," hastily averred the star—for, no doubt, reasons she, let X equal a star sans temperament.

"I'll prove it to you," she went on, and forthwith produced for the confirmation of her claim an auburn wig à la the Mary Pickford curls. This she dangled triumphantly and rather Bluebeardishly

before me. "For my new picture, 'Diana Ardway,'" she announced. "Diana has red, red hair, and she is supposed to be sort of an ingénue vamp. 'John,' I said, 'if I must be the naughty-but-nice child, Diana, I must have red, r-r-red hair!' 'Nonsense, Vi,' said John; 'your own hair will do nicely.' 'I must have the r-r-red hair, John,' I insisted, stamping my foot and being very, *ver-y* temperamentalish, and I rolled my eyes, and I pouted, and—well . . . " She dangled the wig, triumphant-like, again. "I got it!" she beamed.

She was very proud, too, because she said John thinks she has common-sense. "Most people dont," she naïvely informed me, "my family, and . . . you know . . . I suppose it's my size," she added. "But John does. When I go to California this winter I am to buy a house all by myself. And furnish it. And live in it. Here we just live in hotels, but we want a really, truly home, and we want it in California. I feel so big about it, tho, and sort of real-estatish and important. To think he trusts *me* with buying a *house*!"

I racked my brains, as I racked hers, to hit upon a topic that had not to do, firstly with John's height and breadth and subsequently with his expedition under Mars. I achieved the vague glimmer of a few sidelights . . . such as shopping, being her sole—or almost her sole—occupation and recreation—and *hats* the soul of that. Also that she helped small Shirley Mason to elope—was nearly taken for the bride in the excitement and married over again, the while Shirley was cowering tearfully in a corner. That, as she has not been working the past three weeks, she and John, Shirley and her Bernie have just been "staying out and having a good time." She is dreadfully afraid of growing *old*. "It must be," she whispered, wide-eyed, "the worst tragedy in all the world. I'm so *a-fraid* of it! I go to bed early every night and take such good care of myself. I'm twenty-one—but I dont tell *everybody* that." (Neither do I!)

(Continued on page 67)

Before and After Taking

"You see, Miss Gish, the magazine editor wants us to tell him what you and your sister do when you are not working." Thus spoke the hireling in the press department to the "Little Disturber."

"That's easy for you," said Miss Dorothy, "just tell him we go to bed and try to rest up for the next day."

"But he wouldn't believe that; he'd think we were giving him press stuff. You know the public thinks you only work about one day a month."

"Well, I *love* that. I work just as hard as any other girl who makes her own living, and when Saturday noon comes around I'm right there at the window for my little pay check. And I don't get time and a half for overtime, either."

"But don't you do something at home—cooking, or feeding the chickens, or something like that?"

"Not for a minute. I've all I want to do without trying to cook. Besides that, I'm a poor cook. We have a hired girl, or I mean a maid, who does the cooking, and we can't keep chickens. Come again."

"But you know how to do those things, don't you?"

"You just bet I do. I've done them."

"Well, that's good enough. We'll write the story and



take some pictures and send 'em out anyway, and show the people who don't believe you do anything that you are pretty busy."

"But how'll you get the pictures?"

"Like all the rest of 'em get the pictures. You'll put on the dust-cap and apron and do some housework. If the maid gets mad about it we'll tell her it's for publicity, and

Here's a little exposé of how those nice domestic scenes of stars in their homes are created. Would you believe that these pictures were faked? We-e-e-l-l!



By E. M. ROBBINS

she knows that's the last word."

So we went out to the Gishes and telephoned for the photographer-man, who is surprisingly on the job every

time any one is doing something that would look well in print.

The day was Sunday. "The Hope Chest" had been finished the afternoon before. Miss Lillian didn't have to go to work until 2.30, so everything started off right.

"First we'll take you cooking," said the P. A.



The bread and jam scene is the real thing, but as for Dorothy and the vacuum cleaner—read the accompanying exposé



"What do I cook?" asked the girls.

"Potatoes and roast beef, something to make you work harder."

And so we have a perfectly good photograph of Lillian basting the roast (all reports to the contrary, she knows how to baste them, too), and Dorothy peeling the potatoes. The maid had already peeled enough for dinner, so Dorothy decided that she'd Hooverize and just scrape the skin off the one she is holding. But here is proof positive that the Sisters Gish, who dwell within the star deeps, are earthly human beings who know the kitchen mechanism just like other girls.

"Is that enough?" they asked, when the camera-man had said "still" for the last time.

"For a start. What else do you have for dinner?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "I don't know what we'll have. That's up to mother and the girl."

"Let's look in the ice-box," said Lillian.

And the camera-man caught 'em again in a pose that looks just as if they were going to do the cooking themselves.

"Where do we go from here?" asks Dorothy.

"I've only ten more minutes," remarks Lillian.

The afternoon was progressing wonderfully. It was time to take Dorothy doing some sweeping.

Lillian said, "I must go now. Is the car outside?" It was not outside. Lillian sat down on the step and

(Continued on page 79)

The Parisian Wife

This Story Was Fictionized from the Paramount Photoplay of Eve Unsell

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE Wesley Place stood starkly on the wind-bitten hilltop, gazing disapprovingly out on the world beneath thru lowered shutters, like half-closed eyelids, its rigid porch columns showing a chill white in the brassy sunlight of the March afternoon. On the north a windbreak of dark fir-trees kept up a continuous sighing monotone which had never ceased from the moment the first Wesley planted them beside his homestead two hundred years ago.

Since then eight generations of Wesleys had lived their orthodox, colorless lives here, loved their pale loves. Out of these dark portals their coffins had been carried at last to the tiny family cemetery on the hillside, where their dust need not mingle with any less dignified. In all that time the breath of scandal had never touched their rooftop—until now.

In the gray light of the shrouded parlor the members of the family, hastily summoned to conference, gazed at each other obliquely, not quite meeting one another's eyes.

"I suppose," Lincoln Wesley, the lawyer, polished his eyeglasses delicately with his silk handkerchief, "Martin did not—hm—enter into any description of the—hm—party of the second part?"

His sister, Ellen, sniffed as she took the letter from her mother's fingers. "Listen to this," she laughed, unpleasantly. "She has hair that is what virgin gold would be if gold were alive—heavy—clingy—and her skin is a wonderful warm ivory. Her figure——" Ellen folded the paper jerkily, an angry red flecking her sharp cheekbones. "If my advice had been taken, Martin would never have gone to Paris. It's what was to be expected, that's all."

Old Thompson Wesley, Martin's grandfather, unlocked his dry, purple lips with a senile cackle. "A dancing woman—a

painted daughter of Babylon," he mumbled, "whose lips are as the ante-chamber of hell."

His wife, Myra, drew the lavender knit shawl closer about her bloodless shoulders with a nervous glance at the clock. "They'll be here in less than an hour," she fretted. "Whatever will people say when they hear a Wesley has brought a wife home from Paris? And her name, too—scandalous! What respectable woman ever had a name like *Fauvette*?"

In Ellen's pale-blue eyes gleamed the unforgiving malice of an old, unlovely woman for a young, beautiful one. "She shall regret what she has done," she said implacably. "We must open poor Martin's eyes. Mark my words, there are things in her past that he does not know."

It was into this atmosphere of frigid suspicion and disapprobation that Martin Wesley's Parisian bride stepped, when, an hour later, the station hack deposited them at the painted iron gate. A sullen sunset smoldered thru the crannies of the fir barrier and, altho the evening was windless, the continuous low plaint rose from their branches. The shadow of the

house lay sharp and distinct at her feet.

Martin, turning from paying the hackman, saw that her gray eyes were upon it with a look of fear and dread. "See," she told him, in her careful English, "the shadow—if we step into it, what of our happiness?"

He frowned away her fancy. "Dont be silly, Fauvette." His voice grew tender on the name and, suddenly catching her to him, he kist her with a sort of fierce awkwardness and swept her up the path and across the threshold of his ancestors.

"She has hair that is what virgin gold would be if gold were alive—heavy, clingy, and her skin is a wonderful warm ivory."

THE PARISIAN WIFE

Scenario written by Eve Unsell. Produced by Paramount. Directed by Emile Chautard. The cast:

Fauvette.....	Elsie Ferguson
Martin Wesley.....	David Powell
Tony Ray.....	Courtenay Foote
Thompson Wesley.....	Frank Losee
Mrs. Wesley.....	Cora Williams





"He shall not see me cry, *jamais, jamais*; he married a laughing wife and those gray, cruel ones down there shall not rob him of me"

"Mother—Aunt Ellen," he faced the three silent figures in the dim parlor, defiantly, "this is my wife—this is Fauvette."

The Wesleys saw a girl, incredibly lovely—the women of their family had not been noted for their beauty—a golden creature of glowing tints and young, warm curves; they saw, too, the fashionable clothes, the audacious tilt of her hat, which to their provincial eyes spelled nothing less than actual deviltry, and their eyes grew chill and hard as steel.

"I expect you're going to find South Quarries considerably different from what you're accustomed to," Ellen proffered a limp hand. "Martin'll show you up to your room and you can lay your things off. We always have supper at seven."

And this was the bride's welcome to her new home. Groping up the steep, narrow stairs by the flickering light of the oil lamp in her husband's hand, Fauvette pressed her eyes fiercely shut to keep back the hot, sudden tears. Daughter of an ardent race, sensitive to all the nuances of grief and joy, she had now the blank sensation of having had a door slammed in her face.

The guest-room was high-ceilinged, with chocolate wall-paper and black walnut furniture. Over Fauvette's soul washed a great wave of homesickness, priny with the bitter tang of tears. Then she looked at her husband, unconcernedly combing his hair in thick, wet spirals before the mirror, and her chin went up gallantly.

"He shall not see me cry, *jamais, jamais*!" she promised herself; "he married a laughing wife, and those gray, cruel ones down there shall not rob him of me."

(Fifty-seven)

In the agonizing weeks that followed she tried piteous, futile little wiles to win the Wesleys to her, but it was like a butterfly dashing fragile wings against a granite wall. Ellen and her mother ignored her as much as was consistent with their theories of good breeding, and treated her before Martin with a frigid politeness, cruel as only women—and good women—know how to be. The senile old father leered at her with rheumy, knowing eyes and babbled Scriptural quotations about "scarlet women." In church and on the street the village peered at her with prying, greedy glances and evil whisperings.

When Martin first heard the whispers he strode up the hill and across the threshold of the gaunt, white house and locked himself into the stuffy study, where Ellen heard his restless pacing and smiled triumphantly. Later she rapped and was admitted, to find him sullen-browed and blustering.

"Do you know what those evil-minded old cats are saying about my wife—about a Wesley?" Even in his anger the ruling passion of family worship was stronger than anything else.

Ellen spoke smoothly. "After all, can you blame them for wondering, Martin? A foreigner—and after such a short acquaintance! Of course, you know all about her, but to those of us who don't—well, you must admit it is not strange we—speculate."

A moment later the low doorway framed a vision so incongruous, so bewildering, that the dark, distinguished man sprang to his feet, with the tribute of an involuntary exclamation



Martin stared at her, startled. "Of course I know Fauvette did not—could not——" But his voice lacked conviction, and Ellen knew that she had guessed rightly. Martin had never questioned or wondered about his French wife's past until now. The seed was planted. She watered it skillfully.

"Of course, the French have such different moral standards!" she would say, blandly, or to Fauvette, "Such a pretty woman as you, my dear, must have had many admirers. Odd you should have—waited for Martin!"

It was with a sense of absolute terror that Fauvette caught her husband's eyes fixed on her one day with an expression of dark speculation. She set herself to fight his suspicion with the only weapons she knew, the ardent and innocent coquetties of her race, an eager response to his infrequent caresses, never guessing that they only served to feed the smouldering fires of his distrust.

Then, unexpectedly, a time came when her overtaxed patience snapped. Breathless with nervous hurrying, she had slipped into her place at the breakfast-table, dreading the silent glance at the clock and tightening of Ellen's thin lips that always reproached any tardiness. That they had been discussing her she knew instinctively even before Martin addressed her, tapping the opened letter in his hand impressively.

"Fauvette, my friend, Tony Ray, the novelist, is coming to spend the summer with us," he began, patronizingly, as one would speak to a very small child. "He is conservative and conventional, a member of one of the best families of Boston. We think it best to caution you in regard to your behavior while he is here."

Fauvette's eyes flashed under discreetly lowered lashes. "I understand, yes!" she smiled, dangerously sweet, into their stony faces. "You are afraid I flirt, yes? This Saint Tony must not be tempted. Very well. I will wear a black gown to dinner! I will fold my hands, *voilà!*"

The family and their guest were gathered in the chill decorum of the parlor that evening when the click of small heels

open admiration of the stranger's frank blue gaze, the cold incredulous anger of her husband's face, and the mischievous impulse of self-assertion vanished, leaving her hot-cheeked with shame and misery. As soon as possible after the dreadful dinner had dragged to a close she slipped away to her own room, where, a moment later, Martin followed her, his handsome, rather heavy features snarled with rage.

"I have been a blind fool!" he told her, thru white lips. "But when you came down tonight in that shameless gown I knew that I had married a wanton! God——" With a convulsive movement he tore at the velvet rose, stabbing his finger with its pin and leaving a red smear on her white breast.



was heard on the stairs, and a moment later the low doorway framed a vision so incongruous, so bewildering that the dark, distinguished man talking to Ellen sprang to his feet with the tribute of an involuntary exclamation.

Simple as the black tulle gown was, it spoke in every subtly revealing line of the boulevards of Paris, the city that worships beauty in women and gallantry in men. Above the amazingly low-cut bodice Fauvette's white shoulders and neck rose in all their naked wonder, her hair was piled in sophisticated waves above her daringly rouged, defiantly gay little face, and upon the swelling curves of her breast glowed a great crimson velvet rose.

In one swift glance she saw the horror of the women, the

She cried out with a pain more than physical, as tho his words had stabbed to the quick of her soul.

It was Tony who explained very gently the monstrous words of Martin's letter.

Tony Ray, noting Martin's black look and torn finger, the girl's hurt cry still ringing in the ear of his memory, nodded wisely to himself. "Ariel and Caliban," he mused. "Martin is a good fellow, but narrow and stubborn, of the earth, earthy, while she——" His long, sensitive fingers blundered in their task of lighting his cigar. Above the cynicism of his lips the man's tired eyes were wistful. "I knew her when I first saw her. She is my dream that never came true!"

(Continued on page 73)



When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which become sore, rough and ragged



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The wrong and the right way to manicure



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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By
FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, CAL. (Special).—Naturally the thing uppermost in the minds of the studio colony is the enforced lay-off on account of the influenza epidemic. While not so severe as in the Eastern States, all necessary precautions have been taken. Those who started pictures will be allowed to finish them before taking the four-weeks' vacation without pay. Many companies which finished a feature took the vacation immediately. By general agreement between the film companies, every one is forced to participate in this lay-off.

Nevertheless, we have had the sad issues to face here and there. Myrtle Gonzalez, who had been in ill health for a year, necessitating the resignation of her husband from the army, passed on after a few days' illness of influenza.

The Gish girls have been enjoying home life since the closing order came. Lillian finished her propaganda picture with Mr. Griffith. I saw her at the First National Bank, wearing an outfit that just suits her gold-and-white beauty. There was a white pleated skirt, a luscious belted black velvet coat, white Georgette blouse, and a huge black velvet hat simply trimmed with black velvet streamers that fluttered over her shoulders. With white boots and gloves, she was an immaculate-looking little maid.

Juanita Hansen has had
(Continued on page 79)

Will Santa Claus overlook Myrtle Lynn, Mack Senneter? No. Rollo, even Mr. Claus will not overlook this

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(Sixty)





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PREDICTING FOR 1919

HERE are our predictions for the screen drama of 1919:

Ingénues with curls will be popular.

The sun will continue to revolve in its orbit directly back of the blonde stellar cutie's left ear, thereby casting a glow upon the aforementioned blondeism.

Animals will be popular. There will be a strong partiality on the part of directors for canaries and doves.

Close-ups of beaded eye-lashes will be made in large quantities, thus contributing an intimate, human note to the film drama.

Doug Fairbanks will jump over a chair in May, 1919.

Bill Hart will play a bad man who reforms about June 9, 1919.

One hundred and nineteen scenario writers will get new positions, Hun spies having lost their vogue with the end of the war.

In December, 1919, Mary Pickford will be undecided between an offer of \$5,000,000 and one of \$6,000,000.

After looking the contestants over carefully, we respectfully offer the Modesty Prize of 1918 to Edgar Lewis. It was Mr. Lewis who announced his activities after this non-personal fashion:

"Edgar Lewis
'The Bret Harte of Motion Pictures'
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Six Edgar Lewis Super Productions, with the usual excellent Edgar Lewis cast of players.

EDGAR LEWIS."

A little portrait of a director named Edgar Lewis gave the final note of impersonal interest to the announcement.

The exhibitors are the backbone of the screen industry, we are told. Realizing this, we examine with interest the electric sign of a Boston movie house, which a few days ago read:

"Mae Terlincks in 'The Blue Bird.'"

What is a travel scenic, Rollo? A travel scenic is a series of tremendous significant glimpses of the inside of tunnels.

And you ask what is a film masterpiece, Rollo. A masterpiece is any photoplay with a full-page advertisement. It becomes a work of sheer genius when it has a two-page advertisement.

We think Harold Lloyd is a good comedian—and we'll keep right on thinking so while Bebe Daniels plays opposite him.

The old Answer Man started something when he launched his first department of replies to fan inquiries. The English screen weeklies are taking it up now. *Pictures* has a query page, from which we glean this information:

"ALMA, HACKNEY.—We have not heard that Mary Pickford has gone in for goat-keeping at her California home—tho it is quite likely. She loves animals."

When Doug Fairbanks conducted his remarkable one-man parade up Fifth Avenue on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, thereby picking up several paltry millions en route, he gave the best insight into the psychology of America that we can think of. When Doug called up from the street to J. Pierpont Morgan to drop a check out his window, when he leaped over subway kiosks for the benefit of the crowds and climbed into the windows of the Union League Club to solicit contributions he was the dream of every American boy come true.

Will Charlie Chaplin be as funny now that he's married?

Five million married men scattered around the globe await the outcome with anxious interest.

Maurice Tourneur had hardly given out the announcement that dancing is the best possible training for the screen when Earle Williams married Florine Walz.

"F. J. S.,
"Motion Picture Classic:

"Having accepted challenges all my young life, noted your challenge in your 'Double Exposures' paragraph, I promise you that in 'The Master Mystery' I shall escape from the Sunset Fade-out. In fact, I have already done so. Thanks for the suggestion.

"Sincerely yours,
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The Hope Chest (Continued from page 35)

privilege of gazing into the young eyes sweeter than the bon-bons, or the greater one of holding, furtively, the deft young hands—or by the hoi polloi met in drift-wood theaters in backwater towns of the States when traveling with Lew Pam. There had been heroes of romance, of course, but when all is said and done, romance breathing up from paper pages is hardly satisfactory to a hungry heart. Tom Ballantine had seemed the marvelous crystallization of a dream. He had seemed—oh, everything youth wants when youth is very young. But now . . . among other things achieved by money is a larger vision. Not always a truer one, perhaps; that depends upon the person, but a broader scope at least.

After a year at Miss Perrin's ultra-modern school, after vacations with the Lounsberrys, than whom Gotham boasts no higher strata, after the knowledge that young Stoughton Lounsberry was ready to barter his hope of heaven for the privilege of a smile from her, Sheila began to see Tom as Tom really was, and always had been, e'en on the immortal night—very young, very uncontrolled, very reckless and feckless, very lovable. A boy who might become a man—in time.

Sheila was very young herself, very young and with no one to turn to for the help her troubled heart needed. But down from the slender little lady who had committed only one sin, that of loving Lew Pam, came a nicety of judgment that stayed with her now. On the night before she left school for good she knelt by the hope chest and tried to visualize the mother she had never seen save thru the loving agency of Lew Pam's reminiscences. She saw her best, she thought, in the intricacies of lace and cobweb fineness contained in the hope chest. Only a lovely lady, Sheila pondered, could have called to life these fairy things. Only some one who must have loved her very dearly could have left her such a legacy. Sheila had always suspected that her mother had left her this chest with a purpose—to point the way to the girl to another life than that lived by Lew Pam. "She wanted me to know," Sheila whispered; "she wanted me to know . . ."

She thought, too, of the time Miss Perrin, who had become a very good friend of hers, had told her that there

was a fortune in the hope chest. "There is," Sheila had replied, "but not c money. All that I have of my mother have here . . ."

"It is more than a legacy," Miss Perrin had said, as her cold, aristocratic fingers touched the filmy things; "it is legacy of dreams . . . of dreams . . ."

"I know," said Sheila, and her bright tears had fallen on the laces and gleamed there, fairer than pearls.

Sheila was sorry to leave the school sorry to leave Miss Perrin, and Moll Lounsberry and all the others who had made her forget for this brief interval ought save the fact that she was a girl and life was very good. She knew that now she was going back to stand at the bar of the Ballantine approbation or disapprobation. She knew that she was to be examined, appraised, accepted or rejected. She was to be taken in or cast forth again. She was to be his wife—or not to be. Her mouth set in an odd little way. "I have a debt to pay whatever way I look at it," she said; "a big debt . . . I'm going to pay it."

Father and Mother Ballantine were unanimous in their approval of the finished product Miss Perrin had sent them. The girl had been lovely before . . . now she was epicurean. She had traded marks . . . wealth can give them . . . she was flawless. How much the seal of the Lounsberry affection had to do with the verdict pronounced must ever remain an enigma locked in the Ballantine breast. Anyway, Father Ballantine imprinted a salute upon her brow, waved a grandiose hand at the two young people, and pronounced, "Now go—to your reward!"

Tom's young face flushed, but Sheila turned very white. "Mr. Ballantine," she said, so softly the old gentleman had to bend his head to hear, "I owe you—a great—debt. I—I am prepared to pay it. I—I give you back—your son."

Mr. Ballantine sat down. He was not quite in the habit of having his golden, only son handed to him, as it were, upon a platter. He was prepared for obsequiousness, not refusal. He was plainly and badly flabbergasted. He turned to his wife mutely. The upshot of this conclave was that Sheila, with Tom's stern face smiting her to the heart, admitted that she *did* love him, *did*, and, in Tom's demanding ear, after the limp parents had exited, that she always had—never had loved "*that* Lounsberry"—would go on a honeymoon—and of course had never forgotten "*that* night."

Thus, on the Ballantine yacht, the *Pastime*, they recaptured for a golden, idyllic month the lost delights of the lost Arcady—lived and dreamed with the gods under a waxing moon—kist with the mouth of the sea opened to kiss them both—bound themselves round with roses red with the warmth of June—quaffed the ambrosial cup and could not find the dregs. Love bound the limbs of jealousy and blinded both his eyes. The

THE HOPE CHEST

Adapted by M. M. Stearns, from the story of Mark Lee Luther. Directed by Elmer Clifton. Produced by Paramount. The cast:

Sheila Moore.....Dorothy Gish
Lew Moore.....George Fawcett
Tom Ballantine...Richard Barthelmess
Ballantine, Sr.....Sam de Grasse
Mrs. Ballantine.....Kate V. Toncray
Ethel Hoyt.....Carol Dempster
Stoughton Lounsberry, Bertram Grassby

kingdom of heaven was at hand. But it was the kingdom of earth. Man has not the wisdom of the gods. He finds the gate of paradise, wrenches it wide, then closes it in his own face. After a month on the *Pastime*, Tom and Sheila returned to Newport, and Tom went to work in the factory built for the sole purpose of the sweet teeth of the world. Sheila wore delectable Lucilles, ran rolls-Royces and spent money deliciously. Every morning she convoyed Tom to the smoking stacks of the factory, every evening she ran down to convey him back. Life skimmed along as easily as her purring, upholstered roadster. Then, with the ghastly impact life has as a habit of inflicting, there came news of a train-wreck on which Tom might be, a hurried trip to the horrid scene and, not Tom, but Lew Pam, lying among the debris. He raised his arm to shield his face when he saw his dainty daughter and her young husband coming toward him, but he was too late. Sheila saw him, fell on her knees, tore away his concealing arm. "It's Daddy—it's Daddy—my own Daddy!" she moaned, and never knew that the eyes of her husband had ever beheld this man before nor his ears heard his name. "You *did* see him," she protested, as Tom muttered that he had never seen him, she should have told him. "You *did* see him—in a theater one day last month—don't you remember?—we went—he came out—you—you *laughed* at him, and I—I went out—"

"So that," mused Tom, remembering, was *why* . . ."

"That," snapped Sheila, unfastening the unconscious man's collar, "was *why*. He is so good as to get a doctor—quick—t once . . ."

"You *cheated*," said Tom, as he stalked away; "you—you—"

But Sheila did not hear. She was brooding to the man who had crooned so many tender times to her, holding, in her turn, his bruised head upon her chest.

While Lew Pam was mending at a sanitarium under the constant ministrations of his daughter and the kindly help of Roger Ballantine, Tom was drifting. Sheila had aroused his jealousy again, and it was strangling him. Aided by his too vivid imagination, he was conjuring up for her impossible people of whom, as he had been of her father, he was in painful ignorance. Wisely, Roger Ballantine deported him to the Far West. "You need," he told him, "distance to see a, my lad. You are growing short of sight. Go away—stay away—until your vision clears."

When Lew Pam got well Sheila turned to the hope chest. "I cant," she told Roger Ballantine, when he offered to help her until such time as "that young ss gets over it." "You are dear—but I cant. Miss Perrin is going to help me, and we are going to open a tiny shop and call it The Hope Chest in the hotel

(Continued on page 74)

(Sixty-five)



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MOTION PICTURE

Holt—Who Goes There?

(Continued from page 29)

range-rider in Oregon. You've seen me ride up to a burly steer and jump on! back as if you thought no more of than vaulting a fence back in New York? Well, that's about the only thing I've attempted in my life, and I got to be quite an expert. You see, one must land squarely, preserve his equilibrium, and convince friend steer that one's intentions to stay on his back are genuine. It sounds delightfully simple and makes a pretty snapshot when properly accomplished, but there's always the bull's mind to be considered. The little differences of opinion between rider and steer are calculated to give one an thing from a ravenous appetite to a broken leg, but it's all very diverting.

"How about bucking bronchos, like ride them?"

"Yes, much. Really easier to stick on than a steer. I liked the sport. I can hardly classify it as a stunt; in fact, do remember ever attempting any stunt worth mentioning."

"But you're in your element now doing a cowboy part, aren't you?"

"Yes, I like it for a change from drawing-room parts. I can't do sympathetic leads; they don't appeal to me at all. I like character leads, something that expresses force, whether for good or bad. The usual leading part is a goody-goody, subservient always to the feminine star's rôle, keeps one mooning around trying to win the lady's love with all the odds against one until the last reel. As Cash Hawkins in 'The Squaw Man,' which Mr. De Mille is reproducing, I have a part which just suits me. You know 'The Squaw Man' was done about six years ago by the Lask Company, but Mr. De Mille thinks such a fine play he has had it rewritten with much new stuff added, the parts enlarged, and is reproducing it."

"Your part in 'The Claw' was horrible enough," I remarked, "I should think but the queer part is that you got all the sympathy at the end, anyway. Show clever continuity writing, doesn't it?"

"Well, you see that was really the leading part. It had been assigned to Milton Sills, of course, but he absolutely refused to consider playing it. I hated the rôle of Maurice Stair; it did not appeal to him in any way. So I and I swapped parts, everybody was happy, and I enjoyed doing the character of the cowardly Stair quite as much as Mr. Sills loved the part of the brave soldier who wasn't ashamed to wear ear rings for sentiment's sake."

"Please, what is your chief aspiration in pictures?"

"Don't laugh—the idea sounds very presumptuous, but I do want to act with Gerry Farrar. Often I have a hunch that I'm to play with her before another year passes."

"You said 'family obligations' a while ago. Are there any pictures of the

(Sixty six)

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igations' that haven't yet seen print?" Jack Holt shook his head sadly. "My er two-thirds is a non-professional, ce she hates her pictures to appear where. I've tried to steal them, but a poor actor when it comes to play-crook at home. The pictures of our e girl, Imogene, are just as carefully rded as the white elephant in India. t see, Imogene's seven now, goes to ol, and is a very important young on around the Holt home—but I t see how I could get her pictures, I'd love to sneak them away—just show it *could* be done."

Which all goes to prove that Jack t is not playing *leads* at home, doesn't Perhaps that is why he is unspoiled free from vanity, too. His home is a very happy one, but it is distinctly irate from his profession—just a e castle where he is free to smoke a t old pipe and lay aside the claw-mer which particularly suits him on screen for a velvet jacket—that is e to contain a surprise for Imogene ne of its pockets.

The Poor Little Rich Star

(Continued from page 53)

t which confidential juncture John e for her for luncheon. Viola ad- ed her mole-skin collar, tilted her dy tip-tilted violet hat, tiptoed to the r on her absurdly dainty feet, gave estatic squeal, and—we were off . . . n Broadway in the midday sunshine, ing about the war . . . about peace . . . about plans and schemes and fu- s and projects . . . forgetting, as have a way of doing, that we are sient here . . . forgetting the ancient onition, "One shall be taken, the r left" . . . forgetting, too, perhaps, t we must all cling to, now, all re- ber, all hold on to . . . this is not . . . and There, the Divine Over e, there shall be no partings, no s . . .

"Ception Shoals"

(Continued from page 46)

sage to you . . . Smoot must have aged to steal it somehow." hen we went back to the lighthouse. searched for Dad everywhere, and e, by the lamps that alone of all gs in the world he loved, we found dead. So he never knew my happi- . . . the happiness of real love overcomes all narrowness and petti-

hurt me to find him dead. I had ted to bring sunshine into his em- red heart. But perhaps it was r so. After it was all over, I packed things and went aboard the *Drift-* d. s we steamed away, the light of ion Shoals shone thru the evening s. "With all its bitterness and trag- " I said to Philip, "I love it, because ve me you." Dear little Eve," he whispered.

(Sixty-seven)

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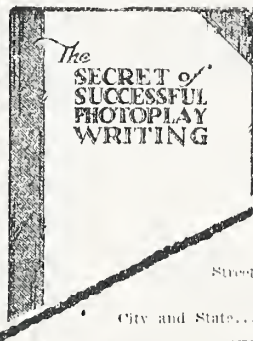
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Sessue of the Samurai—(Continued from page 23)

of the half-light of the doorways. Quaint, musty smells pervaded the whole picture. We fell to talking—at least I did—about the effect of peace upon the war books and war plays.

"How long do you think the public will be interested in war stories after peace is declared?"

"Ten," said Hayakawa, with the quick decisiveness of a sea captain ordering the moorings cast off.

"Ten what?"

"Ten days."

"How do you know?"

"We have had practical experience in Japan—twice," said Hayakawa. "After the Chinese-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars we saw our victorious soldiers come home. For ten days the public was wild over their stories. Then it was as tho some one had erased something from a blackboard."

And I knew that was all I was likely to hear that evening.

Another evening we fell to talking about motion picture acting.

Somebody was raving on about the limitations of motion pictures. "You never can put over a subtle story as you can with words."

"You cant tell a subtle story with words," retorted Hayakawa. "You cant tell anything with words."

"You cant tell it by screwing up your face and grimacing," contended the other man, who somehow felt his case slipping.

"That's is true," said Hayakawa. He was silent for a moment; then he made the longest speech I ever heard from his lips.

"In Japan we had a great actor; his name was Danjuro. I remember one time seeing him come into the middle of the stage and fix the audience with his gaze. He didn't speak a word. His face was absolutely immovable. Every trace of expression was gone from it. It was set like stone. He just stood there and looked, and as he looked you could feel the audience catch its breath. He kept on looking. The audience became so tense that it seemed as tho you must scream if he did not move. I remember that I myself was almost hysterical when Danjuro finally relaxed and released his hold."

"Bunk!" said the skeptic. "How did he do it?"

"I am afraid it would be too difficult to explain," said Hayakawa. "Perhaps I may best illustrate it by saying this: I always try not to move my face in emotional scenes. I came from an old Samurai family in Japan. In that caste it is considered to be extremely disgraceful to show your feelings.

"Under no circumstances must you lose your absolute self-control. For instance, suicide is very common in Japan. The rites of the hari-kari are very elaborate. The knife is thrust into the left side of the abdomen, drawn across the stomach for exactly six inches, then upward for one inch. It is considered

shameful if the suicide, in his pain and agony, shows that he was too agitated to make the cuts with exactitude. The dread of every Japanese boy is that, killing himself, his body may show that in his death agony he has thrashed around, kicked his legs around, thus bringing lasting shame to his family.

"In these ideas I was raised. I was taught that death was a mere incident that honor and poise were everything."

"Therefore, when in motion picture I have to portray, let us say a scene of hatred, I do not try to show it with my face. In fact, I try not to show it in my face. But I think in my heart how I hate him."

"But how do you get it over?" asked one of the actors in the group.

"It gets over in a way more subtle than I could say it in words," said Hayakawa.

"But how?" persisted the actor.

"I wish I could tell you," said Hayakawa, simply. "But unless you have studied Eastern philosophy, it is hard to make it clear. There are many forces that the East knows that are not to be put into words."

"For instance, let us speak of jiu-jitsu. I don't mean the kind of jiu-jitsu that teaches policemen; that is baby stuff; that is only the rough preliminary training. The real jiu-jitsu is of the mind, not of the body. After you have studied for years, they tell you one secret, two years more and another secret, and so on."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the actor.

"This to do with it," answered Hayakawa. "If you should try to shoot an old Japanese samurai, he would tell you to put down the gun. You would know why, but you put it down. You would know why."

"By the same token, I cant tell you why it gets over when I think that way, but I know why."

This is a little off the subject, but another time Hayakawa slipped us a little secret out of the mysteries of jiu-jitsu.

"The first time you go to your garden in the darkness and hear a noise suggests burglars and guns and this just do what I tell you. Draw in your stomach, right at the bottom of your diaphragm. Draw in until those muscles are as hard as rock—then see if you can make yourself afraid of anything in the world. When the old drill-sergeant at West Point tells the cadets to 'suck their stomachs,' he thinks he is making soldierly figures. In reality he is drawing upon a great psychological truth as old as the ages. He is insulating them against fear."

The charming thing about Hayakawa is that the next instant he steps back to the twentieth century and is a golf fiend, a trout fisherman and a good all-around companion.

In all his customs and manners
(Continued on page 72)

Florence the Oriental—(Continued from page 21)

en at the most we have only a half-
to do our work in.

But tomorrow afternoon they are
ing to take some scenes in which I do
appear, so in all probability I shall
home about five or shortly after. It
happened very fortunately, as I am
particularly anxious to get home in time
out the finishing touches on my hus-
d's birthday dinner, as we are having
ew friends to dine, to celebrate the
nt. But that will not take very long,
have made all the preparations well
advance. So I would suggest that
even five and six would be perhaps
best time to see me, if it is all the
re to you." And so it was settled.

star of the stage and a star of the
en all rolled up into one is a pretty
combination. But if you happen to
et a friend of Miss Reed's you will
find out that she shines just as
ightly in the domestic sphere.

ow when you go to Miss Reed's you
at not be surprised if, as you stand
ide the door, you overhear what
nds to you a most extraordinary con-
ation, something like this:

"Coffee!" it may begin, in clear, sweet
s. "My sweet coffee! What is there I
do for you? Have you been lonely
day long? Have you missed—"
as apt as not to be interrupted by an
trophe to muffins! "Oh, muffins,
you are," the same voice continues,
ting here so patiently. Have you
lonely, too? Angie, isn't it strange
a coffee is so black and that muffins is
ys so white?"

does all sound very strange until
hear another voice answer, "Miss
l, those dogs were both washed this
ning, and look at the difference be-
on them."

he mystery is solved, and as the door
es you see that "Coffee" and "Muf-
es are two white poodles, whose bright
iences have been shadowed by one
ow, the departure of "Tea," their
ier, to the land where all good little
go.

Miss Reed, not being at all an ordi-
r sort of person, has not at all an
ary sort of a home. Her drawing-
oi, for instance, which is her great
und pride, resembles more some spot
he Orient than any drawing-room
have ever seen in any home in New
oc. It is a Chinese room.

You feel instinctively as soon as you
it that it is a room upon which
care has been lavished. It is the
ce of beauty and at the same time
the acme of comfort. You dont
as you go into it that you are in
sort of an antique shop where signs
ung at regular intervals bearing the
ing, "Please do not handle."

Miss Reed has furnished this room
ely herself. She has delved about
aint old shops until she has found
exactly the furnishing she had in
n. When she couldn't find what she

wanted in New York, she waited until
she could get to San Francisco, where
the Chinese shops have all sorts of
rarities to offer. It took many, many
months to complete this room. The
lamps alone represent many hours of
patient searching.

After you have talked to Miss Reed
for a short time you discover that she is
entirely different from any star you have
ever met. She does not indulge in com-
monplaces. She does not tell, with con-
viction ringing in her voice, that the tech-
nique of the screen and the stage are two
entirely different arts, nor that while the
motion picture industry is in its infancy,
she has unbounded faith in its future,
nor does she make the hundred-and-one
stereotyped statements that burst forth
periodically from the mouths of stars
who feel that these remarkable dis-
coveries should be published broadcast
to a bewildered but admiring public.

Miss Reed is too genuine and too sin-
cere to resort to platitudes for her con-
versation. After an hour's talk with her
you get some glimpses of the real Flor-
ence Reed, and you will discover:

That she has a brilliant, vivacious per-
sonality;

That she has a lively appreciation of
anything that is genuinely good;

That good books, good plays, good
music form an important part of her
daily life;

That she knows music backward, hav-
ing once studied the piano with the idea
of using it professionally, but that she
abandoned it for a career on the stage;

That she considers Charlie Chaplin is
a genius, and that she fully expects that
one day he will be not only a great come-
dian, but one of the foremost actors in
America;

That she has a huge capacity for en-
joyment;

That she has a delightful sense of
humor;

That she is as lavish with her praise
of those members of her profession who
are accomplishing things as she is with-
ering in her scorn for those who fail to
take their work seriously;

That this season, for the first time in
many moons, she does not appear as a
"vampire" or a "bad woman" of any
kind, and that she is heartily glad of hav-
ing the opportunity of turning over a
new leaf;

That nothing gives her so much pleas-
ure as to hear good music, and that she
is a frequent visitor to Carnegie and
Æolian halls;

That she didn't know that she had the
reputation of being one of the best
dressed women on the stage, but that she
thinks that any actress who neglects to
make a study of the science of clothes is
making a grave mistake;

That if you want to arouse her ire
these days, all you have to do is to ask
her what she is doing with her spare
time.



"The Moving Sands"

The glass of time, that you invert to-
day, watching its sands so relentlessly
sifting without pause or hesitation, marks
merely another year that has gone on
its way and taken its troubles and vexa-
tions along with it. Do not waste a
single sigh of regret upon time that has
passed.

Old age is not made up of passing
years nor sifting grains of sand. It is
made up of worry and neglect; and the
finger of time that writes wrinkles upon
the face of beauty may be robbed of its
sharpness by just a little carefulness and
the love of keeping your natural charms
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nign, constantly rejuvenating the skin
and keeping it always dainty, delightful
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Cream. The first time that a man tries
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had." He will be as enthusiastic over
"Perfect" Shaving Cream as you are
over Perfect Cold Cream. Surprise him
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comforts they will appreciate.

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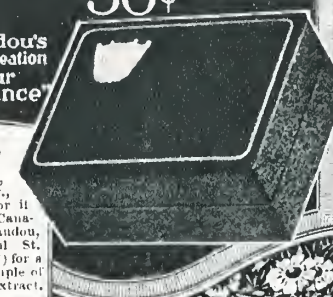
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Where There's an Alice Brady There's a Way—(Continued from page 25)

to me relinquishing my vocal training. He would not help me in the theatrical world at all. So I ran away with a Schubert show in which Fritzi Scheff starred, getting a small part. When we came back to town, Dad saw me. He realized my determination—and has been my pal ever since.

"I have been doing pictures three years. At first I thought I should never get used to it. There was such a lack of inspiration in registering before a camera! Such a want of human response! Such a need of applause! But I love it. I love it now. And that is why I give my best.

"The celluloid world, however, I find is hard and heartless. It doesn't want people who 'keep' their ages, or who do not 'show' their ages. It wants those without ages. It will not stand for wrinkles and big pores and soft chins. It is cruel. It demands youth first, then beauty. I know too well that we cannot all be Mary Pickfords and Norma Talmadges, and therefore, because of my silly, irregular features, I have to work a great deal harder. You cannot imagine how many disappointments my nose has caused me while I have been reviewing my reels!

"There are numerous things which on the screen look trivial and of inconsequence. But those are the details that encompass so much labor. For instance, that picture of mine, 'The Death Dance.' Do you know that every evening when my camera work had been finished, I would go to my master and be given instruction how to dance? Oh, I can kick and prance about, of course, but that tango had a most peculiar tangle of steps. It certainly took a while of rehearsing before it was filmed. So there you are! Devious details diligently done flash on the screen one second, flash off the next, and"—she pertly tossed her head and stretched her chin to a bewitching angle—"look like nothing."

"Hello, there, Teddy," she greeted Conrad Nagel, the young man who plays opposite her in "Forever After." "Have you come to fetch me? Well, I can't go, I can't go, I can't go," she jovially whimpered, twisting her skirts about her, putting her finger in her mouth and laughingly chiding him as she does in the play. "No, sir, I can't go out tonight. So run along, Teddy." She stamped her foot. "Teddy, do you hear?" Roguishly widening her eyes and giving the dimples a chance to dominate again, "I'm busy. Don't you see? Woof!" And away reluctantly went Mr. Nagel.

"He's a nice boy," Miss Brady smiled, turning to me. "That is one reason that I gave the party. He was to have left for the navy today, but we managed to get him thirty days' leave. Awfully young, only twenty-one. That is why he was not called before, altho he wanted so badly to go. He——"

"Miss Brady," interrupted the maid, "here are some more flowers for you."

"My! It's big and heavy and——" as the papers were torn away, the exclamation ensemble was—"beautiful!"

"Aren't they just heavenly?" came from the depths of the blossoms and ferns. Miss Brady was ecstatically submerged in their fragrance.

But before she had time to ask, "What do you think?" and before I should have had time to answer, a United States Army officer approached. "Look her, Alice," he sternly said, "we will not allow this much longer. Your party, your friends, your absence. A little fun for you, miss, and with you. Come along. He lifted her off the ground, into his arms, curtsied, as best he could, his excuses to me, and carried her off to the dance floor. There was a rousing cheer—I could hear it from my post—and clapping of hands. Then, before I had a chance to realize I had been left alone, I, too, was out there, one-stepping with Mr. Nagel.

The music was mighty good. It was a victrola they were using. As soon as one record was finished those in charge immediately put on another. They did not want to lose a moment. They did not want to stop. *They did not want to give up Alice.* Conrad Nagel laughed into my ear, "Isn't she the bully sort? fierce worker, tho. Do you know, if she had her way now, she'd just as lief be rehearsing Saxon Kling's part with him. See that light-haired chap over there? That's Mr. Kling. He is going to take the part of Ted when I go."

During the fifth and sixth encores I stopped in the center of the floor to chat with Mrs. Russ Whytal and Frazer Hatch (Mr. and Mrs. Clayton in "Forever After"). As the music struck up and we began to sway onward, Mr. Whytal sallied, "It makes us both happy to see Jennie acting frivolous for a change."

A few hours later, when I was leaving for home, Miss Brady came up to me and took my hand. "I hope you enjoy yourself," she dimpled. "I was quite surprised with the music, myself. This is the first time I have not had a batch of mesmerizing musicians. But we shouldn't we learn to get along without them? *C'est la guerre!*

"I did not tell you much, did I? Even then, it was impossible to talk a great deal when there was so little to talk about."

And so I left this busy young woman. I rode home thinking Miss Brady bona fide, 100 per cent Yankee. She comes that way by her parentage. Her mother was French. Her Dad, (one cannot possibly call William Brady anything but that when thinking of him in connection with his Alice), is Irish. And she is peculiar in the fact that she does not try to take advantage of her heritage. She is not the least bit socialistic. She is not a whit of a snob. *Here is a girl who loves to work fifteen hours a day and who doesn't have to do it!*

The Man Who Is Never Himself—(Continued from page 40)

outing. Doesn't sound remarkable or thrilling so far, does it? But you must remember that we were just entering upon the so-called 'quiet school of acting' and, therefore, what happened made a big impression. I was madly jealous of the man involved, and entered tensely, spoke my lines in a low, repressed voice, acted as we do now on the screen, with emphasis, but always slowly and *thinking* of the hatred and jealousy, which changed my whole being."

The broad arm-chair in which Mr. Fawcett had been sitting suddenly converted itself into a tête-à-tête, one of those foolish, gilded things with brocaded seats that were in vogue twenty years ago. There wasn't any fuss, no explosive opening of doors, but a jealous individual at white heat came over to that cooing couple and hoarsely whispered words which burned themselves to one's memory. And the timid lover accepted the "Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" invitation and departed.

"The next morning I was famous. I went mean by way of newspaper fame, it among the profession, among the big directors along the Rialto. They said, 'Who is this chap Fawcett?' I think I let about everybody in the profession within a couple of days. The papers mentioned the little scene, and I felt I was a made man. Unfortunately, I was young enough to let it go to my head, and within the month following I was sitting all over the place. Say, I was simply rotten! Then I woke up. I saw the immense power of that style of acting, but also the necessity for effacing one's own personality and living, breathing the part.

"After that I did 'Blue Jeans.' I was Svengali, of course. Everybody has been a Svengali at some time of his life. You get it just like the measles and whooping-cough, but some recover more quickly than others. I've known men to suffer in that way for fifteen years straight running. Lackaye created the role in New York at the same time that I created it in the second big show put out, mine being on the road in all Eastern cities. Then I did 'In Old Kentucky,' played with the Palmer Stock Company of New York, next was a season with Maude Adams in 'The Little Minister,' went to England for three years, came back and did 'The Squaw Man,' and have been in any number of plays of note for many years past. I am careful in drafting a part. I study it from every angle—what would the natural man do in this or that situation? That is how an author writes. He places his characters in every conceivable condition and position with relation to other characters, and asks himself questions constantly. I am a firm believer in this method. Then I always actually *live* the part during the time I am essaying it. I could not conceive being myself and apart from the character. Even at home I must eat, think, work, dress and in all

ways live as that character naturally would. That is my creed—not to live my own life as George Fawcett, but honestly to give every thought force and every moment of time to the character I am, for the sake of realism and naturalness."

"You're evidently a firm believer in working on the psychological side of acting."

"Without psychology no man can be a great director or actor. One must have that psychological insight, that intuitiveness, which enables one not only to read the thoughts of another, but to see his possibilities. If I want to act the part of an Irishman I've got to know him well. I must study his make-up mentally, talk as he does, absorb his mannerisms, smoke, eat, drink as he would. I've been an Irishman for six weeks at a time and hugely enjoyed it. Bill Hart has cultivated this trait for years—there is not much variation to his plays, but his characters! He's *lived* every one. Why does he have such tremendous appeal? It's his *sincerity*. You can't be an actor and just *act* a thing. You have got to live and feel it. Bill Hart comes into a room in that sincere, loving fashion, just like a big, clumsy, lumbering Newfoundland dog. It's his helplessness in love that appeals to women, his strength in love that knocks the men flat, his childlikeness in love that makes the kiddies love him. He can put it right over on the screen. If you think *right*, it comes thru the camera. There are lots of things which will cover deficiency in stage productions, but on the screen you've got to feel and think right in order to make your work effective."

"How about directors? Might one not feel all this and still be hampered because made a mere puppet by a director?"

"Nearly every director has some special talent. With one it is photography, with another handling of mobs, another revels in melodramatic effects. The ideal director has a sense of authorship, a sense of photography, he is a psychologist, he is susceptible, resilient, plastic, and, above all, he is a true actor. To my mind, Mr. Griffith more nearly approaches the ideal today than any living man. His great power lies in visualizing the entire production before he takes a single shot. As for me, I am able to visualize but the one important scene in which I am playing. From this I go on to the next, and so on. This makes restricted vision. Mr. Griffith is like the architect, who can even see the trees surrounding the beautiful building he has in mind. Naturally, then, he would make fewer mistakes in direction. He has the art of suggestion, leaving it to the audience to supply that which is not actually put on the screen. He understands the power of suspense.

"For instance, in 'The Great Love' I had but a negative part, that of the

(Continued on page 80)

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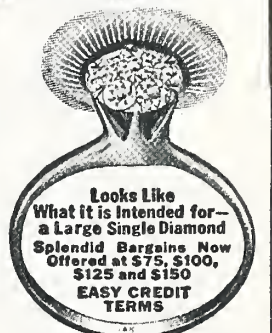
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my right eye for a good game of solitaire."

"Well, I'd sacrifice a month's pay for a good pic-
ture of Marguerite Clark," sighed Private Charles
Newton.

What else can you folks at home do? Of course
that's the cry of the universe just now. Everyone
is anxious to think of something new and novel to
send to the khaki laddie at the front. And here it
is! Just the thing to help an energetic, red-blooded
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or \$2.00 and we'll send four packs. Don't you
want a pack for yourself? They're worth every
bit of 75c a pack!

A Pearl in the Rough—(Continued from page 17)

hand-colored, but even the color didn't
hide my acting. They had me in crino-
lines. Shall I ever forget? I'm no
bonehead trying to kid myself. When I
get into a drama a lot of extra hands
and feet sprout out all over me, and I
don't know what to do with them. I
either overact all over the place, or I
stand still and they push me around like
a tea-wagon. But, darn it! I want to be
an actress in spite of that."

"Are you going to try?" we prompted.

"Dunno," said Miss White, thru the
smoke. "The serial stuff, altho it is un-
grateful, has its good points. Every-
body knows me—in France, South
America, Cuba—everywhere. I get let-
ters from every conceivable place. A
bagful of stuff a week. I don't know
why they keep up. You'd think all the
people that intended to write would
have written by this time and gotten over
it. But the stuff keeps coming."

Miss White frankly admitted that no
one had touched her popularity in se-
rials. "Funny, too," she philosophized,
"I don't make it. Plenty of good people
have tried. But they don't catch on. It's
mighty hard to pass somebody who is es-
tablished in a certain type of work.
You've got to be about four times as
good as the original before the public
will consider you. The girl that passes
Mary Pickford will have to be half a
dozen times as able."

"Look at me," continued Pearl. "I
was on the stage before I tried pictures.
Then I was canned by Lubin and I came
to Pathé. The serial did the stunt for
me and I'm famous. There you are."

"Don't you like fame?" we asked.

"Do I like to be famous?" repeated
Miss White. "James, the smelling-salts!
Of course, it's pretty nice. It's all there
is to life. People recognize you every-
where you go. I have a couple of cars,
and somebody has wished a country
place on me, which I only rent, thank
God! Folks give dinners in my honor.
I'm going to one at Sherry's when I
finish work tonight. I didn't know I'd
have to work tonight when the dinner
was planned. But if a man wants to
spend money, I wouldn't disappoint the
rest. Besides, I'll get there before they
adjourn."

Pearl paused. Another cigaret was
borrowed. Likewise some matches.
Just the shade of seriousness puckered
the White eyebrows. "The thing you've
got to watch out for is going broke when
you're old. Look at all the people that
go down and out at the finish. The man
who built my country place is blind now
and penniless. That's terrible!"

We talked of many things, finally of
marriage. "Look at all the flivvers,"
said Miss White. "No wedding-bells for
Pearl. You can't do it in the movies. I
know how tired I am when I get home
after periling all day. I'd pick a fight
with St. Peter. No, it can't be did."

Miss White casually mentioned that
she never—well, hardly ever—went to

the movies to see herself. "I used to try
it and drag along some friends," she
said. "Then they'd trot out the worst
episode of the whole serial, and I'd re-
solve never to go again. Now I stick to
my resolution. What's the use? I know
I'm not acting."

Then Miss White made a genuine con-
fession. There is a chance that she may
leave Pathé. She may do one more
serial for them—and she may not. But
one thing she swore to, she'd like to
drive a war ambulance.

"I know it's taking a chance with pub-
lic favor and all that," said Miss White,
"and I know how hard it is to come
back. But the darn thing attracts me."

Which rather sums up this Pearl in
the rough. A good sort, not trying to
pose, frankly not interested in much of
anything, not really understanding her
own popularity, yet accepting it without
question and yet wondering how long
the fates will be kind.

In parting, Miss White tried to give
us some letters from her admirers.
When we protested, she inquired, "Say,
what's your mission in life, anyway?"

Which quite left us speechless. While
we tried to look into Pearl's laughing
eyes and moralize upon our lifelong pur-
pose, Miss White added, "I mean, what
are you here for, an interview?"

We admitted the accusation. "How'd
I know?" said Pearl, plaintively. "If you
can make up something out of the stuff
I've told you, you're going some."

Then, departing down the studio stairs,
we heard Pearl inquiring of some one in
the distance:

"Have youse got a cigaret?"

Sessue of the Samurai

(Continued from page 68)

conversation he is American to the
finger-tips, but one always feels that in
Hayakawa there is the soul of some
stern old Samurai, who has returned to
earth and got into the body of a ver-
y up-to-date young man of fashion by mis-
take. One always feels that this hand-
some, attractive young clubman is reach-
ing back into dim mysteries of an old
philosophy that we wot not of. I see
him in spiffy neckties and vest-chains
with golf-sticks poking out of the ton-
neau of his car, but beyond I see old
Samurai temples and queer Samura-
i swords, strange aromas of Oriental per-
fumes.

Hayakawa is modern Japan. He is the
proud old Samurai caste in patent leather
shoes and spats.

The spirit of the old Japan which me-
died with a contemptuous smile and
killed any one who touched its sword.

But the manners and thoughts of mod-
ern America.

We think we have taught them a lot
but they call upon life forces of which
we know nothing.

A very interesting and charming
young man—this actor, sailor, philoso-
pher—Hayakawa.

ame Found Her in the Subway

(Continued from page 42)

"In the first production I was a Western girl. Between my engagement and that picture I had been on a horse once. In the opening scene I was given a lively little terror to ride. I mounted bravely enough, for now that I had bluffed so far, I just simply had to see it thru. The horse started down the road on a mad gallop, bearing me with him. Nothing but determination preserved the friendly relations between us. The country road stretched far away in a long, innocent line. Perhaps my companion would stop to view the scenery before we reached the end of it. We were approaching a road with a dug-out on one side. The horse suddenly decided that it looked cooler there than it did on the main road and made for the trees, dug-out and all. It didn't take him long to cover the ground, but I had time to swallow my heart three times before I felt the branches of the trees brushing my hair. As I struggled for strength to send it upon its fourth downward journey, the horse stopped abruptly, as much as to say: 'Pretty spot, isn't it?'"

"Just then other members of the company rode up and congratulated me upon my riding. Were they making fun of me, or didn't they really know? I danced hurriedly around the group. Sure enough, they were all in earnest. They had mistaken sticking for riding." "But, of course, when you once got your start the going was easy, wasn't it?" "Not easy enough to make a popular allad. My contract said I was to do features. One day, after a new play had been cast, I found I was decidedly not a whole scenario. I sought Mr. Gas-

ser. "My contract says features," I told him. "Now I'm not complaining, but for the sake of the family can you enlighten me just a little as to where I stand?"

"And then he told me the truth. I had not had sufficient experience to do the parts for which my contract called, and, rather than spoil their productions, the company would pay my salary until the expiration of my contract and let me stay at home. I thought it over, and it didn't take me long to see the light.

"I'd never get anywhere doing that," said. "I'll play anything you want me to, even to bits, until I make good and you feel you can trust me with leads." "Did she make good? Well, the day I met her she said she would try to make up to her delay in reaching screen success by having tea with a real live scribe. She was all excitement, because the next morning she was to start her two-reel little features.

"In this day, when there are so many young picture players all trying to reach the top, I think it is well for a girl to identify herself with a certain line of work. If I become successful as the two-reel girl that will be something, won't it?"

(Seventy-three)

The Parisian Wife

(Continued from page 58)

From that night life became a nightmare thing to Martin Wesley's Parisian wife. He moved his belongings into another room, and night after night the girl lay motionless in the cavernous bed, listening to the unending plaint of the fir-trees, watching the uneasy shadows writhing across the ceiling in an agony of wakefulness.

It was Tony who explained very gently the monstrous words of Martin's letter that came after a week's absence in Boston, words that might have been written in vitriol on the quivering page of her heart.

"I can't bear this any longer. It was a mistake from the beginning and the sooner the ending comes the better. I've suffered this last month as I didn't know a man could suffer—when I think of that pale gold head of yours on my breast—if I could only be certain, only know! But I cannot. You can get the divorce with the enclosed hotel bill for evidence. I pray God I may never see you again—"

A poor, selfish, ignoble letter enough that seemed to flay the girl who listened, leaving the small oval face a-quiver with uncontrollable pain. The man, watching, felt his muscles tauten with the primitive male desire to kill, but his voice was carefully casual.

"Those stories of yours you showed me—do you know, I believe with a little help you could make good in New York. They've got what editors pray for every night on their knees, a perfectly fresh point of view."

Fauvette took the hotel bill that showed her husband's name linked with a strange woman's as tho it were some soiling thing and tore it to bits. Then she looked into Tony's face and smiled a tortured, gallant smile. "I will go to New York, and I will succeed!" she said quietly. "But I shall need you to help me, *mon ami*."

A great wave of hope swept Tony Ray's heart, but the eyes that met hers were brotherly. "Of course, I'll help you!" he promised, matter-of-factly, and with the words he made a solemn vow in his own soul that there should be no bill rendered for whatever he did for her.

It was necessary to remind himself sharply of this vow more than once in the months that followed. She was so helpless and alone, so perilously, unfairly beautiful.

On the gala night when the Biggest Magazine accepted one of her stories, Tony took Fauvette to dine in a very splendid hotel, whose lights and music and flowers seemed to have been made as a background for the glowing youth and loveliness of her. From some inscrutable woman-impulse, she had elected to wear the black tulle dress in which he had first seen her, and in spite of her new triumphs, her gray eyes were misty with memories. Seeing which he talked gaily and inconsequentially until

(Continued on page 78)

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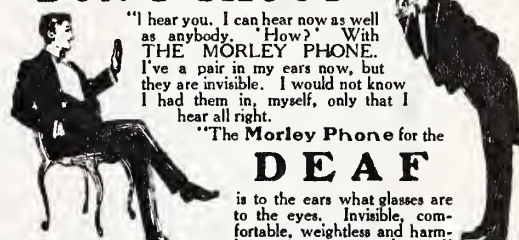
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OPPOSITE CITY HALL

Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl

(Continued from page 27)

Well, anyway, "I love this circus atmosphere," she said. "It seems natural to me, somehow or other. None of my people were ever connected with a circus, nor, in fact, with any other branch of the profession, but I've been 'on the go' ever since I can remember, just the same. We used to move regularly twice a year. I've lived all over San Francisco."

She has six brothers and three sisters, all living.

"You can imagine how much it resembled 'the biggest show on earth every time we moved,'" she added, laughing.

Her first moving picture was made in August, 1913, by the Kalem Company and was called "The Perils of the Sea." It was, she says, the first of the "nature pictures" and was a drama.

"And now," she went on, "I'm going back to drama again. I'm glad, too, I've been doing comedies for so long that I'm sick to death of them. I want heavy emotional rôles, with perhaps a touch of comedy."

Just then there was a knock on the door.

"We're ready to shoot when you are, Miss Rhodes," came cheerfully from the other side. (This is a polite way of telling a star to hurry up.)

"All ready," she answered.

She had just had time to grab a bit of lunch while changing from one costume to another. On the way down stairs we talked about war posters and cartoons. Probably it is the "trouper" in her which makes her so interested in these things and in the ballet school she is attending "for fun."

Oh, yes, she is taking French.

Her eyes and hair are brown, she is about five feet tall, and all of her gestures are quick and impulsive.

The last I saw of her she was standing in front of the tent bidding a tearful farewell to the clown, while from the 'cello and hand-organ floated the strain of Tosti's "Good-by."

In the springtime of her youth Billie Rhodes has deserted two-reel comedies and become a star.

The Hope Chest

(Continued from page 65)

here on Long Island. I shall be happy—and—I'll wait—I promise you."

Sheila waited. Waited thru at least two dozen perfervid proposals from Stoughton Lounsbury—waited more than one red moon—waited, and never despaired. And at last he came . . . not Tom . . . but the man he had become.

"I've come, Sheila," was all he said to her, but it was enough.

"Yes, you have," she told him, giving him her eager lips again, and he never knew what she meant when she added "for the first time—Tom . . ."

(Seventy-four)

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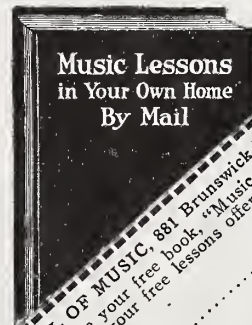
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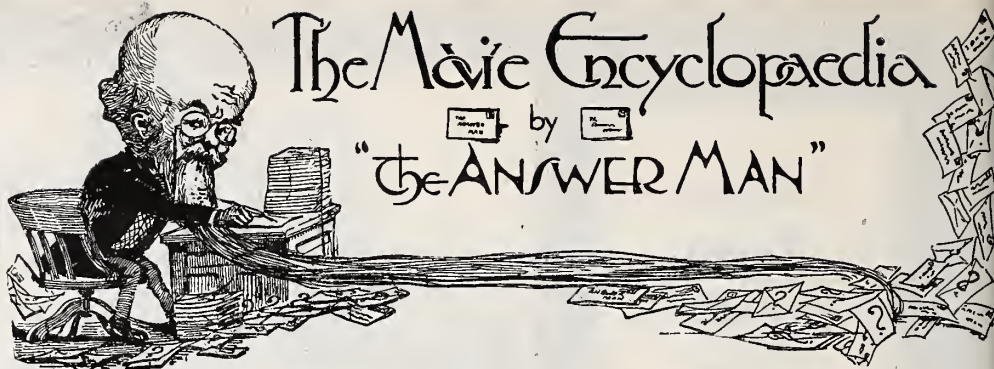
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This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

LITTLE VIRGINIAN.—Glad to see you again. Just as you say, hand in hand thru life we'll go; its checkered paths of joy and woe with cautious steps we'll tread. Write to Madge Kennedy and Olive Thomas. You can reach the Bushmans at the Vitagraph studios, Flatbush, Brooklyn.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Yep, I'm a regular Johnny-on-the-spot. Gail Kane and Norman Trevor played in "The Daredevil." Norman Trevor has always been a stage favorite of mine. We might sell you one for 25 cents.

JOHNNY JUMP-UP.—Pauline Frederick was Dolores and Pedro De Cordoba was Pedro in "A Daughter of the Old South." Dave Smith is a director. You give me that Tremolo feeling with the vocabulary you use.

BILLIE K.—But you must put the name that you wish to appear in the Magazine at the top of your letter. See "Pals First." You say you would like to see Mary Pickford play "Elsie Dinsmore." Why dont you write it? I really haven't time to write personal letters.

ARKANSAS GIRL.—Too bad, but law is like a book on surgery; there are a great many desperate cases in it. Mary Thurman is getting there fast. I'm sure you would like Mary McAlister. She is just full of life and pep, and she says she loves everybody. You want me to tell you whether Pearl White still wears the bracelet on her ankle. Wow! I draw de line at de feet.

MISS P. R.—Never heard of the concern. Sorry, madam.

JUST B.—So you think I am a snappy old thing. Just so, I am. Never too old. Surely I wish you luck. Alfred Whitman was with Universal last. Pie, that's my middle name, and a pie from you—well, sweet mamma! Your letter was a gem. Few things engage the attention and affections of men more than a handsome address and a graceful conversation.

CADET G. W.—Try Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FLORA.—Well, why do you go with her? People say, you know, that our reputation, virtue and happiness greatly depend on the choice of our companions. Select and be careful. There are hopes.

HULDAH B.—Bessie Love was Sue, Jack Gilbert was Ira in "The Dawn of Understanding." Alice Joyce was Florence and Walter McGrail was Blinker in "Everybody's Girl." Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas.

ANNEXING BILL.—You always get a reply here, Bill. I have no record of where George Forth is—anybody know? Creighton Hale with Metro. Stop in again; you'll always find me here in waiting.

ERNEST A. L.—Yes, but most wives have their own secret service. Better change your mind.

BEATS.—Ralph Ince directed his wife, Lucille Lee Stewart, in "Five Thousand an Hour," for Metro. Hale Hamilton was Johnny. Why did Charlie Chaplin wear a mouse-trap

in "Shoulder Arms"? Fool question 9,999,999. Perhaps to catch the cooties. Our editor says that this is the best farce ever produced.

A. K.—Send along the picture. Call me anything you like. Sure thing, we have a few fleas around here. Where there's a dog there's fleas. Some fleas have nerve, all right. L. Rogers Lytton played in "The Forbidden City." He was the emperor.

A. M.—Of course Bill Hart can lasso. Tom Mix is with Fox. Well, the outward pretensions of some people are enough to bring tears to a pair of glass eyes.

JESSIE M. LITTLETON.—Commodore J. Stuart Blackton was the founder of the M. P. Magazine, but not of the Classic, and he now has no connection with either, except as a good friend and well-wisher. You say you had the Flu and it wasn't so bad.

ARTHUR V. P.—Tom Mix and Kathleen Connors had the leads in "Ace High." The constitution of the United States provides that the President shall be elected for a term of four years. He may be re-elected for any number of terms, but custom has set the limit of two terms. Woodrow Wilson may be elected president of the United Republics of the world.

PICKFORD FOREVER.—Some day when I get time and have plenty of space I'll tell you who Nat Goodwin's wives were. Shirley Mason is in Los Angeles, for Paramount. Yes, Arthur Ashley and June Elvidge in "The Stage Mystery."

PEGGY, 20.—Yes, but a walking-stick has stood for many things. Yes, indeed Lillian Walker is quite some business lady. You will see her on the screen again soon. Oh, yes, Nazimova wrote that letter. Yours was great.

COROT.—You say "Words are paints; the voice, the brush; the mind, the painter; but science, practice, genius, taste, judgment and emotion are necessary." That's true, and so, how can anybody become a player without these attributes? Ira M. Lowry was the director of "For the Freedom of the East."

LITTLE JOE.—The word "Catholic" is from the Greek, and secularly means universal or impartial in respect to time and place, and ecclesiastically not limited to one people, like the Jewish Church for example. Bessie Barriscale as Rachael, Ella Hall was Billy, Gloria Hope as Magsie and Edward Coxen as Joe in "The Heart of Rachael."

S. P., GALVESTON.—Well, there are lots of song publishers in New York who supply vaudeville players with songs—Irving Berlin, Witmark, Stern Brothers, Leo Feist, etc.

PATSY FROM CORK.—I would not like to see you do the serpentine dance. It reminds me of the dance that Eve did for Adam. So you call me the bottomless pit of information. Nay, say not so. My hallroom is pretty warm tonight, yet the winds are howling outside. I always manage to keep warm. You say \$9.50 isn't a penny enough for a man with a physical as well as mental task in kidding the world. Dictionary, please.

EDITH MC.—On bended knee I ask your forgiveness. So you don't think I'm courteous and that I don't know politeness. Stop in some time and I'll let you read a few of these billet-doux and see how they affect you.

ME ONLY ME, EDDIE.—Never felt better in my life, for at this writing the greatest thing in my life has happened—an armistice has been declared, ending the war. Never forget the day—November the 11th, 1918, the biggest day in history. You suggest that the ex-Kaiser be exhibited by Barnum & Bailey, and that he be kept in a cage. I'm afraid he wouldn't get very far alive. Eddie Polo is with Universal.

SAFE T.—You say a whistling dog or crowing hen always comes to some bad end. Which end do you mean? And whom do you refer to? Louise Fazenda was the hired girl in "Her First Mistake." Chester Conklin, I guess, was the mistake.

CALAMITY JAKE.—Where's Jane today? Thanks for the fee, all donations thankfully received. You say, O for the life of a star! You'd surely be up in the air then. Easy, boy, easy. Marcia Moore was born in Chicago in 1898.

SERIOUS NELL.—Alice Brady was Lola, Ormi Hawley was Kitty in "Her Great Chance." But no fear should deter us from doing good. That may be all right, Nell, but love sought is good, given unsought is better. Nazimova is Russian, Petrova is Polish and Mary Pickford is Canadian.

A. D. S.—Come again—even the door-mat says welcome. Nothing to answer in yours. Ask me some questions—that's why I'm here.

SOCRATES.—There may be always hope of acquiring the ornaments of knowledge. Oliver Goldsmith, the famous author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," when a boy at school was considered by his tutors to be such a blockhead that they despaired of ever being able to teach him anything; and other great men have been equally stupid in boyhood. You're young yet, so don't give up. Creighton Hale was Philip, Emmy Wehlen was Doris and Wanda Howard was Kate in "His Bonded Wife."

SEPTEMBER EVE.—Certainly I do not play pinochle. I look upon it as a small collection of pasteboard cards entirely surrounded by Germans and steins of beer and a terrible waste of time. Monroe Salisbury and Margery Bennett in "Hugon, the Mighty."

MILLIE T. D.—*A votre sante.* Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston in "The Light of the Western Stars." Bigelow Cooper is with Paramount. Member him with Edison? No, I don't talk with my hands—only Jews, the French and women do that, and I am neither.

JIMMIE T., BOSTON.—Sarah Bernhardt, being born on October 23, 1845, is 73, while Lillian Russell is 57, and she is just as good-looking as ever.

LITTLE MARY.—You ask "Who was Hamlet?" You go to Sunday-school and you don't know that? Peggy Hyland and George Clark as Susan and Peter in "Marriages Are Made."

HELEN T. B.—The term "Union Jack" is applied to the national flag of the British Empire. It consists of three crosses combined on a blue field, viz.: the cross of St. George for England, of St. Andrew for Scotland, and of St. Patrick for Ireland. You are much mistaken when you say I snore; I have no small vices—all large ones.

TILLIE M. T.—Yes, I saw Charlie Chaplin throwing the limburger in "Shoulder Arms." And did you see his feet—and did you see the way he was toeing the other fellow around? Great picture all right, and I laugh even now in my sleep when I think of it.

NICKABOBATOTATO.—Surely I remember you. The editor doesn't read the verses as they come in now. He has several assistants. Yes, James Kirkwood is directing Evelyn Nesbit for Fox. Marion Davies is with Select, 729 7th Ave., N. Y. C. Mitzi Hajos is playing in "Head Over Heels" on Broadway. We won't be able to start THE PLAYERS magazine while the war is on. The War Industries Board won't allow it. Stop in again some time.

(Seventy-seven)

Desperate Desmond (Continued from page 19)

yes I was, and he said, 'And do you rope horses, and chase cowboys over hills, and do you—do you, honest injun, do all those things?' I nodded 'yes.' 'Gee, fellows,' we heard him exclaiming, as we got under way, 'that was William Desmond, an' he ropes cowboys and rides horses, and saves girls. Gee, fellows, aint it great?'

"If you care to, I would like you to say that I thoroly enjoyed doing 'The Pretender.' I had a bunch of honest-to-goodness cow-punchers with me in that picture, and they were the finest lot of boys I ever knew."

As we left our table, I noticed that Bill Desmond tipped the waitress two dollars, because she had exclaimed, worn out in these strike-filled days of New York, "I am only an amateur waitress, sir," with tears of vexation in her eyes, when she could not bring the alligator pear salad we had ordered.

And I was glad, for my judgment of William Desmond was confirmed. Happy he is and carefree. Irish and prodigal. Generous to a fault, loving life and all its beauties, never morbid.

"There is nothing I like so much as a sweet, natural girl," said Desmond, explaining his generous tip. "She was a fine girl. I could tell it by her expression. I admire the real qualities of womanhood. I had seven sisters, you know."

Desperate Desmond?

If you'll pardon the alliteration, we'd like to call it Dimpled Desmond. But we won't, 'cause he hates 'em—the dimples.

The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 49)

"Such a Little Pirate" (Paramount) disappointed us because it discounted our first impressions of Lila Lee in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe." Here Miss Lee is quite colorless. The story, to be sure, is much at fault, being trite and enemic; i. e., the search of an old seaman, his granddaughter and a handsome young sailor for buried treasure. This drama, too, makes use of the draft slacker as a scoundrel. There is one point of novelty, a chimpanzee, who gives the subtitle writer an opportunity to introduce some really funny captions in orang language. Theodore Roberts offers a bully performance of the old seaman and Harrison Ford is likable as the young lover. But we give first histrionic honors to Mr. Orang.

Just why Norma Talmadge isn't as vivid as she was quite baffles us. There was an incisiveness about her, a distinct—shall we say?—sex attraction that reached from the screen. That is now lacking. For one thing, Miss Talmadge doesn't seem inspired. She doesn't ring true. And she should stop imitating Alla Nazimova.

Select expended considerable on her latest, "The Forbidden City," but never once does the thing seem real. Miss Talmadge plays both a mother and her daughter, dualling just now being quite popular among stars. The mother, a Chinese girl, is put to death after she has had a baby by a young American. The baby grows up, is ostracized by the Celestial maidens, and then, by one of those movie coincidences, falls in love with the ward of her unknown father. She runs away to

(Continued on page 79)



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The February Magazine

A Fairyland of Film Fantasy,
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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The effervescent Doug is caught in an irrepressible moment which results in a lively story.

VIOLET MERSEREAU

After a year's absence from the screen, Violet has staged a charming return. Her fans have put in a session of Watchful Waiting.

TOM MIX

The daring cowboy star was not always a star. Wars and bad men were his passion in the olden days.

MARY CHARLESON

All about Henry Walthall's fascinating leading lady who will appear with him again under his new affiliation.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

Elliott is such an every-day sort of person, with no eccentricities or hobbies, that it was hard to get a satisfactory interview—but we did.

GLORIA JOY

The newest baby star gleams with an individual glitter. She is unique.

WILLIAM FARNUM

This story of the virile Bill makes one think of the big and rugged lands of the Northwest.

RUTH STONEHOUSE

Ruth began by being a foil for Bryant Washburn's vile schemes, and, since his reformation, she is a foil for Houdini.

Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York

The Parisian Wife (Continued from page 73)

the waiter had left them, then leaned to her, touching her hand.

"Is it still Martin, dear?" he asked her, gently. "I had thought perhaps after all these months—"

She shook her head with a sad little smile. "It is still Martin. It will always be Martin. I do not know why, but it is so."

That night Tony Ray wrote a long letter, which two days later Martin Wesley read, first with sick anger, then bewilderment, and last with a dawning humbleness. It told him of the wonderful love that he had thrown away because he was too poor and mean of soul to keep it.

"I have been a pitiful fool," he thought, heavily, "and I have found it out too late, but I must make what amends I can—"

It was late on the following afternoon when Martin Wesley came out into the acanthus-shaded yard behind Fauvette's studio, to find it gay with summer dresses and laughter and the clatter of tea-cups. Tony Ray, standing beside the hostess, was the first to see the silent figure in the doorway. He hurried across the pavement and drew him into the shadowy studio. For a moment the two men faced one another in silence, then Tony spoke, harshly, "Have you the right to be here in this room, Martin?"

The other did not pretend to misunderstand. "That hotel bill was a lie"—his voice was dull, hopeless—"but there are more ways than one of being unfaithful. I—I listened to their whisperings, I, who had promised God—"

His voice broke in a groan. He covered his quivering face with his quivering hands and stood so, not knowing when Tony left him, not hearing her when she came.

Fingers light as moth wings on his bowed head—the old magic scent and sweetness of her hair—he looked up, caught her to him with a cry, "Fauvette! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

For one moment the past, the present, the suffering and parting of the barren months was forgotten, everything but the nearness of her, the wonder of her flower lips against his own.

Then, remembering, he let his arms fall at his sides. "I came to ask your forgiveness, Fauvette. I am ashamed—"

"Hush!" she said; "it was that terrible old house, and the black fir-trees always moaning—and the shadows." She shuddered; then the gray memory slid from her face, leaving it sweet and rose-pink and shy like a bride's. "Was that all you wanted of me, Martin—forgiveness?" she whispered.

With a little, broken laugh, he caught her in his arms. Thru the dim pathways of the park late that evening Tony Ray wandered. But this time his face was serene and calm, as of one who had won thru to the other side of sorrow and had left self behind.

The Extra Girl Becomes a Newspaper Reporter

(Continued from page 47)*

while he was mentally arranging us with a view to obtaining the most artistic effect that a tiny grain of powder gave me a gentle little push up the ladder.

"I need three reporters," announced the director, "two men and a woman."

Of course, I didn't mean to sneeze at that particular moment, but you all know how at times powder will produce that result.

"I'll take that young woman over there," Mr. Franklin decided, recognizing the screening possibilities of that musical sneeze, and I was forthwith escorted to the reporters' table, which, you will admit, is an added mark of distinction in this world of extras. Such is the luck that often attends the shooting of a leaping sneeze on the wing.

"Who's been winning whose affection from whom?" I inquired of my neighbor reporter.

"Oh, this isn't that kind of a court," he informed me. "This is a night court, where they have raids and everything. Emmy Wehlen, who is Sylvia Fairpont, surprised her fiancé, Jack Bradley, one evening by announcing:

"'Before I settle down I'm going to see something of life—some of the gay places. I want you to take me to dinner tomorrow night at the Beauliau Inn.'

"Jack was properly shocked, for the Beauliau Inn is the most notorious restaurant in New York City. He was wondering how he could possibly grant Sylvia's request when he met Madame St. Claire, a clairvoyant, to whom he related his predicament.

"'Give a woman what she wants, let her have her own way and she no longer wants it,' was her advice. 'Take her to the Beauliau Inn, hire a couple of private dining-rooms and get some people she doesn't know to create your own wickedness. Give her enough vice to sicken her.'

"Jack went the clairvoyant one better and arranged for three of his friends to dress up as policemen and conduct a false raid just to cure Sylvia of her hankering for the white lights."

"Oh, so this is only a fake court, and we're only—" I suggested, beginning to doubt the reality of my day's engagement.

"Shush! This is the sure-enough thing," Cook's chief guide hastened to reassure me. "You see, one of the hired funmakers in the next dining-room accidentally dropped a beer-bottle out of the window and just missed hitting a real policeman who happened to be in the vicinity—this is in the movies, remember—and everybody was hailed to court, policeman and all. That's why we're here."

I was so relieved. I am always troubled with an unnatural hankering to know why I am where I am.

"What are you—a lady reporter?" a

(Seventy-eight)

spectator nearby inquired with a friendly show of interest.

"Yes—thanks for the compliment," I rejoined, only to be greeted with a bewildered stare.

And then the judge began to try his cases. He was a dignified judge, with a full realization of the importance of his position. His pocket, we soon found, needed small change that morning worse than the City Hotel needed guests, for no matter what the offense, the punishment was always the same:

"Ten dollars fine."

"Meet you after court, Judgie," one of the reporters whispered. "Keep it up and you'll have a roll by night."

And now he called the trembling Emmy and her companion before him.

"Your name?" he thundered, just as much as this particular judge could thunder.

"Sylvia Fair——"

"Tell him it's Smith," whispered her companion, who insisted upon being original at any cost.

"Smith," Emmy faltered.

"Young woman, I should send you to the Island," the judge commented, pleasantly, when he had heard her case. "People who frequent places of questionable character deserve punishment, but as this is your first offense you may go free. Remember, the next time will mean thirty days on the Island."

Anyway we are glad we succeeded in slipping by Metro's telephone operator, while Miss Wiggles is still able to enjoy her daily bone, and we are glad we were chosen to be a reporter. Henceforth our coat-of-arms will bear the motto: "When in doubt, sneeze!"

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 77)

Manila, meets her father, who is governor-general, and marries the young chap.

"The Forbidden City" drags dramatically. The Chinese atmosphere varies in effectiveness. Sometimes it is quite obviously the camouflaged Occident. Thomas Meighan is stodgy as the lover, who becomes governor-general by the simple expedient of becoming gray at the temples, while Reid Hamilton is stiff and uninteresting as the daughter's sweet-heart.

Somehow "The Romance of Tarzan" (National Film Corporation) rather stirred our risibilities. Herein the redoubtable Tarzan, raised in the jungle by apes, invades civilization, falls in love, becomes involved with a vampire lady and goes back to the peace of his jungle wilds. Then the fair young ingénue comes to him and all ends well. All this sounds uneventful enough, but Tarzan, in civilization, has an invigorating habit of tearing off his coat at odd intervals and musing up a whole ballroom. While we suspect that E. R. Burroughs only tried to write a pleasant romance, the movie makers of the Tarzan sequel seem to be trying to point the moral that nature produces morality, while civilization doesn't.

Elmo Lincoln plays Tarzan with all the histrionic skill of a physical culture director. And who—oh, why—the close-ups? Enid Markey is colorless as the heroine.

"Shootin' Mad," the first of Gilbert "Broncho Bill" Anderson's "return-to-the-screen" dramas, is quite hopeless. Mr. Anderson doesn't seem to believe that the photoplay has advanced since he left it.

(Seventy-nine)

Before and After Taking

(Continued from page 55)

called out, "Oh, mother, I'm hungry. I want something before I go to the studio."

"What do you want?"

Dorothy settled the question by immediately announcing:

"Bread and jam."

And without even realizing that they were doing so, the Sisters Gish had given the photo-man the chance he was looking for.

"Here's where we get the real home atmosphere," came a murmur from under the focusing cloth.

"Oh, gee!" cried Dorothy; "you're not going to take this, are you?"

"Oh, there's the car!" cried Lillian.

"I'll be late if I don't go now."

So Lillian sped back to work, and Dorothy finished her bread and jam in silence.

"What next?" she said.

"Well, you can sweep out the dining-room. That will tell the world that you are industrious. Where's the broom?"

"We don't use a broom in the dining-room. Some salesman was here last month, and now mamma has a brand new vacuum-cleaner."

"Can you use it?"

"Yes, but I don't like to. I tried it for an hour just for fun, but it's really work."

"Fine; let's go!"

And here's Dorothy with the V. C.—and an awfully tired expression. She says the expression is not muscular, but purely mental. But it looks real, anyway.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, thank you."

And Dorothy started upstairs to take off her towel dust-cap that she had used for costume. Just half-way up the stairs, however, she stopped to wipe new-blown dust from the bannister, and, without her knowing it, the shutter opened and closed again. And thus did the younger Gish sister close her day of housework.

"Good-by!" she called, from the head of the stairs.

"Good-by!" we answered.

"Oh—and be sure to tell them that we 'love the great outdoors.'"

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 60)

a slight case of flu, but is out electioneering for Judge Thomas P. White, who is a friend of hers.

At Big Bear Lake Dorothy Phillips almost lost her life when Big Sam, the tallest tree there, crashed down after being struck by lightning. Dorothy escaped being crushed by just about two inches to spare, having jumped to one side when the tree was almost upon her.

On Hollywood Boulevard Madame Yorska may be seen daily taking an outing with her beautiful young daughter. "The Infernal Net" is being produced under the direction of Matzene.



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The Man Who Is Never Himself

(Continued from page 71)

smug, self-satisfied clergyman. Could anything be more negative than self-satisfaction? That very setting furnished a big background for the other characters, tho one might say it was a small part compared with others assigned to me by Mr. Griffith. It is in this very exploitation of the negative and positive characterizations that Mr. Griffith excels. When I act with some of the other directors, I may suggest, or I may assume more, but with him I feel that the entire responsibility rests with him and I am glad to leave the big issues in his hands. He confers with us all, we interchange opinions, but first and last he is our *director*.

"And yet we are but on the threshold of picture-making. Even in spite of the fact that we have witnessed superb productions. The director is the real power behind the throne, and it is he who must unfold possibilities of the films. It is not humanly possible for any man to be a good actor one day and a director with a reputation on the next. Time, experience, wide reading, travel—all these things are needed in addition to the help given by an art director. That is why I believe very young actors make a great mistake to jump into direction. They lack the assets. Today the fault lies not with the audience or the story—it is faulty direction."

But the man who is never himself doesn't want to be a director. He would rather *live* a thousand characters than direct their moves thru the megaphone.

Have a Hart!

(Continued from page 32)

As he is real, so is he all-embracing, tolerant and wise. One knows that he would be square. One feels that he would be just. Nor is he the radical, believing, as he does, with a faith at once simple and strong in the biblical God of his fathers. He told me that the rôle of an atheist he once played was the hardest thing he was ever called upon to do, because neither his heart nor his sincerity were in it.

I call to mind words written about a totally different type of man—"A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck, much Antony, of Hamlet most of all, and something of the Shorter Catechist." They are hardly applicable, with the exception of the last—"and something of the Shorter Catechist." He calls to mind an olden day while taking on the vestments and the manners—and certainly the *profession*—of Today. He is the impossible meeting of the East and West. He is Blue Blazes Rawdon and Riddle Gawne and likewise Mr. Hart, Hotel Astor, New York (in which rôle, perfectly taken, I saw him). He is the strong man in whose very tenderness lies the greatest portion of his strength.

(Eighty)



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The Hand of Blackton

on March 12, 1896, drew this sketch of Thos. A. Edison during an interview with the great wizard. The subject of the interview was the wonderful new invention known as "The Edison Vitascope". *Blackton*, the young newspaper artist, wrote the article and illustrated it with pen and ink sketches. *It was the beginning of the history of Motion Pictures.* Shortly after that historic interview J. Stuart Blackton turned his knowledge of things artistic into the making of "Pictures that lived and moved upon the screen" and "*The Hand of Blackton*" has, since 1897, wielded a potent influence in the Photoplay Industry.

"**The Common Cause**," latest of the Blackton Productions, is now showing in all prominent theatres. It is a "*different kind*" of a War Story. It depicts the *Human, Wholesome, Cheerful* side of the *Great Conflict*. It carries a *Punch*, a *Laugh*, a *Thrill* or a *Heart-Throb* in every one of its Seven Thousand feet of Film. And like the "*Battle Cry of Peace*", "*Womanhood*", "*Safe for Democracy*" and other famous Photoplays reflecting "*The Hand of Blackton*" it carries a message to the *People of the Allied Nations* and a warning to their *Enemies*.

The world's Common Cause is the New Democracy of Courage—the new tie of Common Blood, shed for that Common Cause on a Common Battleground. The Sons of Freedom, be they American, British, French, Italian or any other Nationality, go into Battle, and to Death; "Singing and Smiling", content to give their all, that the Monument of Victory may be finally raised as their Tribute to the Common Cause.

These, the Allied Fighting Men—the "Doughboy", the "Devil-Dog" Marine, the "Tommy", the "Poilu"—the Men who Fought the War and Finished it, are living, breathing characters in

J. STUART BLACKTON'S latest screen masterpiece "The Common Cause"

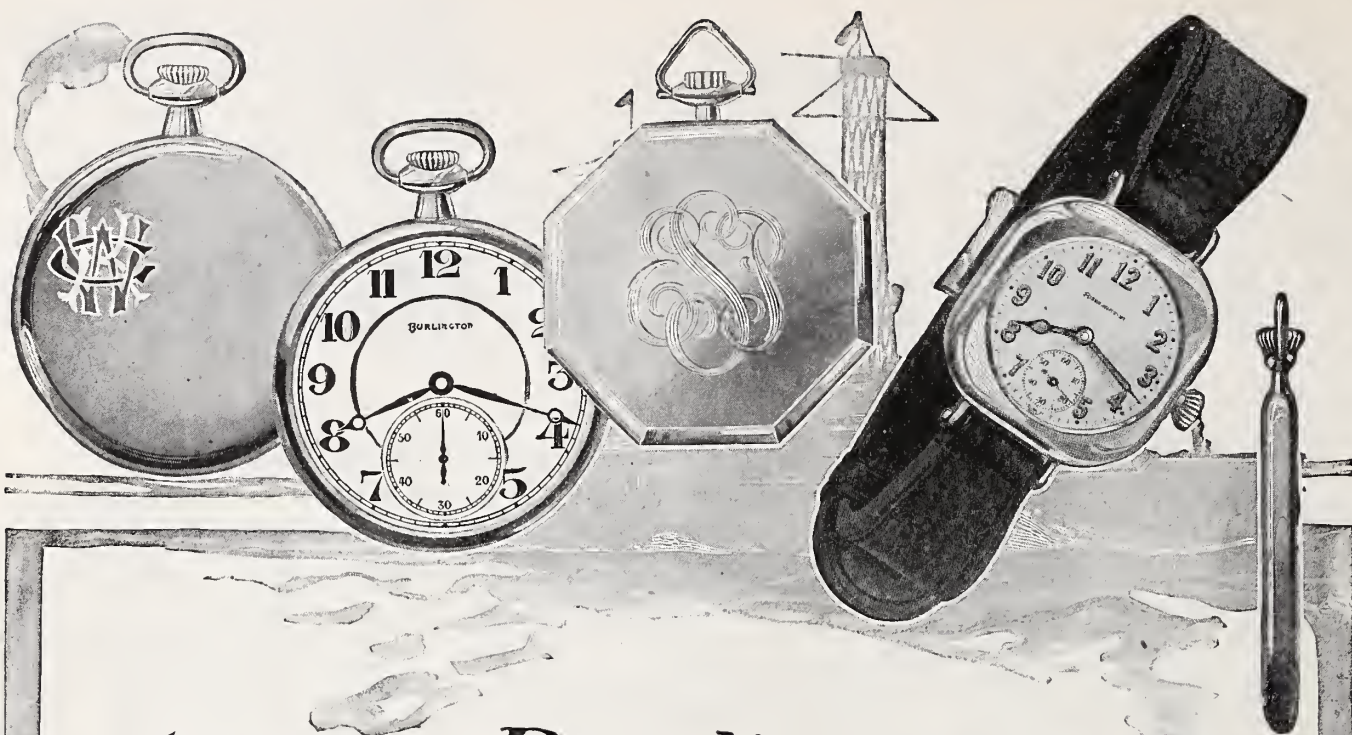
Pictures with the mark of "*Blackton*"
are worth while.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, Inc.

Studios, 423 Classon Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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New York City





6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

A WATCH has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to “make good” on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it’ll stand up anywhere.

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And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only \$2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the **rock-bottom-direct-price**—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

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Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

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Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

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More Shells—Fewer Casualties

BACK of every war activity lies — coal. Ships, shells, guns, transportation. For all these we must have—coal.

The more coal, the more shells with which to destroy the machine-gun nests of our enemies—and thereby save the lives of our own boys. The larger the supply of coal—the shorter the war and fewer casualties.

Our annual output of coal has increased a hundred million tons since we went into the war, while no other nation has even been able to maintain its output during the war.

Another fifty million badly needed tons can be saved—to help shorten the war.

Save coal.

Close up the unused rooms and turn off the heat. Put on storm doors and windows—put them on early. See to it that the weather strips fit.

Don't heat your home above 68°. A higher temperature is unhealthy, anyway.

Burn wood where you can.

Keep an eye on the furnace—don't leave it all to "the man."

If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

Save light and heat, save coal.

To learn to operate your furnace efficiently, get from your local fuel administrator a leaflet entitled "Save Coal in the Home."

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United States Gov't Comm.
on Public Information

*This space contributed by
The Publishers of Motion Picture Magazine*

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

1916

FEBRUARY

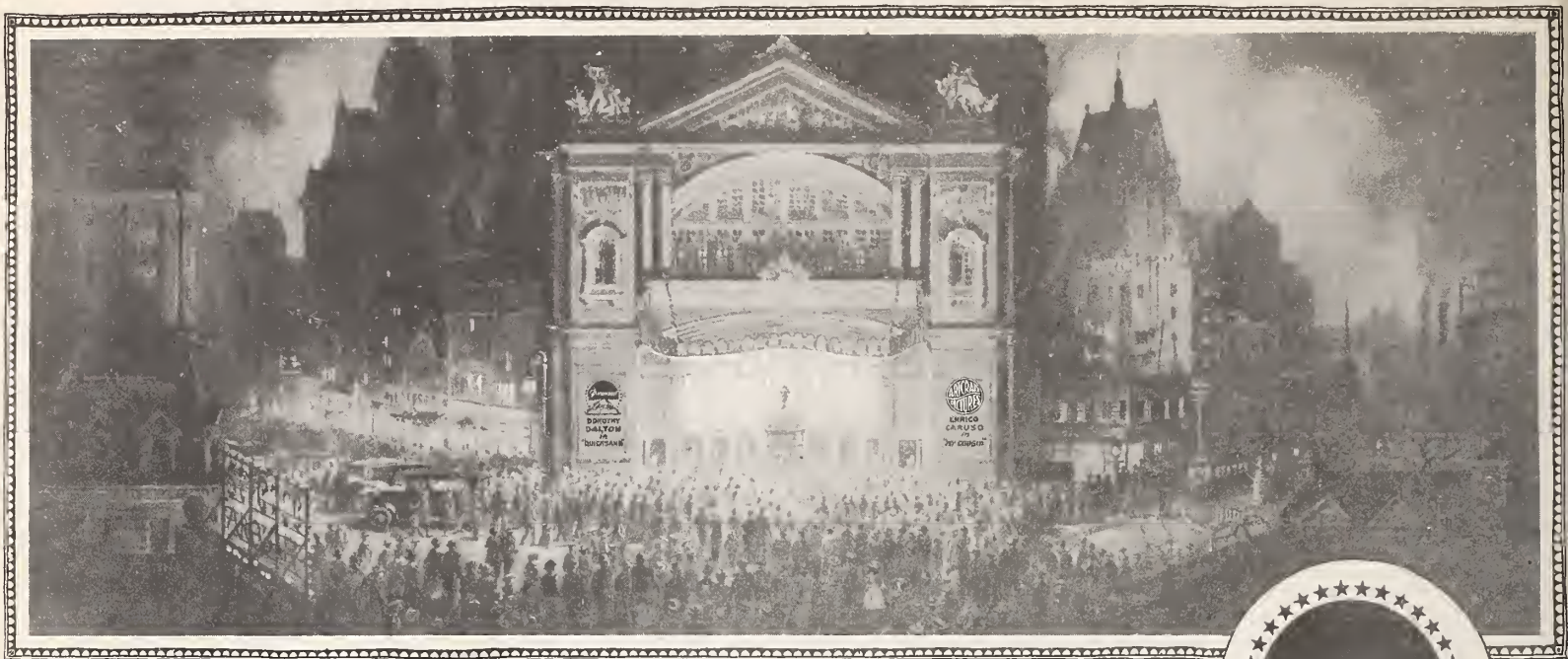
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in the hands of
the editor, who
will proceed over

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CLARA KIMBAL YOUNG





The mother-tongue of America's millions — the modern motion picture.

BABEL crumbles before the motion picture screen. "A universal language," said President Wilson. The language of the eye and the soul. And the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. has taken this universal language and placed it on a plane where it enriches the life of the whole nation with a perpetual new joy.

This season, for example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is giving to America even finer pictures—pictures attuned to the spirit of the time—208 Paramount and Artcraft Pictures generously laden with the joy of living, with romance and adventure, with song and laughter, fun and frolic, rare entertainment for high hearts.

It is the emotions that are the universal language, and it is the emotions that the motion picture speaks and sings to, whether it be the emotional depths of patriotism or the dancing shallows of merriment.

Paramount and Artcraft touch the deepest chords in you! Such is the power of "Foremost stars, superbly directed in clean pictures."

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Verify for yourself wherever you see these trade-marks the trade-marks of "the universal language."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General

NEW YORK

FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES



HERE are the latest productions of Paramount and Artcraft Stars, listed alphabetically, released up to January 1.

Save this list. Check the ones you have seen and ask your theatre manager when the others are coming.

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"THE SQUAW MAN"
Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson in
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"
D. W. Griffith's
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"
William S. Hart in
"BRANDING BROADWAY"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"SPORTING LIFE"

Paramount

Enid Bennett in
"FUSS AND FEATHERS"
Marguerite Clark in
"THREE MEN AND A GIRL"
Ethel Clayton in
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"
Dorothy Dalton in "QUICKSAND"
Dorothy Gish in "THE HOPE CHEST"
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in
"GOODBYE BILL!"
(A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production)
Charles Ray in "STRINO BEANS"
Wallace Reid in
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"
Bryant Washburn in
"THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID"
Supervised by Thos. H. Ince

TRADE MARK



FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK

\$300,000 a Year Paid by Business Men For His Money-Making Advice

ONE hundred thousand people are paying this enormous sum for the help and advice of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such famous mental-culturists and psychologists as Bergson, James and Royce. As a result of his help, these people are increasing their earnings by leaps and bounds.

Here are a few instances:

One man writes that a single day's study of Prof. Haddock's advice netted him \$300. Another man says that, after reading Prof. Haddock's helps, his first week's profit was \$897. A third man was helped to close a \$2,000 deal which had been hanging fire for months. Still another man increased his sales from \$200 a week to \$7,500 a week. Another remarkable case is that of the young man who increased his earnings from \$25 a week to \$1,000 a week as a result of Prof. Haddock's advice.

And what sort of help does Frank Channing Haddock prescribe? He simply teaches men how to increase their will power. He maintains that the one outstanding weakness in every failure and in every partially successful man is a weak will power. He claims that, through disuse, our will power has become dormant to such an extent that when we want to use it we are unable to. It is just like a hinge that has grown rusty from lack of use—it won't swing when you want it to, even though that is its natural function.

Undoubtedly there are tens of thousands of men, who have every faculty necessary to success, yet who do not succeed. They plod along year after year earning but a bare existence. There are other men with no greater knowledge of business affairs, with no greater advantages of education, with no greater desire to win success, who become wealthy.

Prof. Haddock states that the difference between the successful man and the average man can be measured by the difference in their will power. Two men may have a million dollar idea. One man has the will power to put his idea across and the other hasn't. The brain capacity of each man is the same. One man has the force of mind to capitalize to the fullest extent what he knows, while the other is timid, afraid, lacking in self-confidence.

Is it any wonder that thousands of people every year ask for Prof. Haddock's advice on how to increase and capitalize their will power?

The secret of success is no secret at all—it is a **knack**. Once you learn the knack of turning all your efforts into money, your fortune is assured. And that knack is interpreted by thousands of people as Will Power.

Money is being made in practically every business on the face of the earth. Somebody is making it. You see it all around you. There is money in your business. If not, why do you stay in it? Isn't it because you are afraid—you haven't the will power to "take a chance" by changing jobs?

It is most probable, however, that there is money in the business in which you are

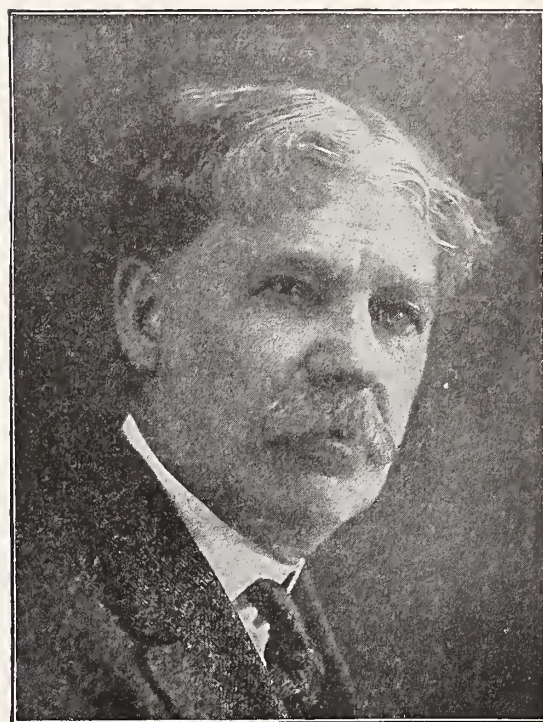
engaged. But you are carrying out the will-power of others. You are making someone else wealthy, someone with more will power than you possess! Every year you learn more about your work, and you earn a few dollars more per week, but what does it amount to? What will you be earning five years from now, if you don't do something startling with your brain?

Hundreds of thousands have found that their will power is their one weak spot—is the one thing that had been holding them back. It may very likely be the one thing that is holding you back. Isn't it worth finding out, particularly at this trying time when only the men with strong dominating wills are able to forge ahead?

Prof. Haddock, after twenty years of research and study, has prepared a series of rules, lessons and exercises which are scientifically designed to develop the brain faculty called will power. These rules, lessons and exercises do for your will what physical exercises do for your muscles. They are mental gymnastics, yet they are amazingly simple and easy to perform. The very first day you begin to feel like a new being. There is a new light in your eye. There is a new determination in your soul. You feel that success is just within your reach and you are going to get it. You begin to look upon life from an entirely different angle. Obstacles that looked like mountains begin to look like tiny mole-hills.

These rules, lessons and exercises in increasing your will power, prepared by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock have been placed in book form by the Pelton Publishing Company. I am authorized to say that you need send no money in advance—that you may examine the book for five days free. In other words, if after five days reading, you do not feel that this book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your book for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for thousands—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dic-



tionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to so many others.

You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid by readers of "Power of Will" who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that has won fortunes for so many readers and for which a million dollars has already been paid?

The cost of paper, printing and binding have almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.

43-S Wilcox Block

Meriden, Conn.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.

43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$3 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name

Address

CityState

The MARCH CLASSIC

Important Features:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

An intimate, human story with the world's greatest comedian; the sort of chat that leaves you feeling that you yourself have talked with the star.

WALTER McGRAIL

The popular Vitagraph leading man has been chatted entertainingly for the March Classic. You will find him as likeable in real life as he is on the screen.

MITCHELL LEWIS

The famous 'Poleon of Rex Beach's "The Barrier" has just been promoted to stardom. Film fans will be decidedly interested in Mitchell, who has made a name for himself in vigorous character rôles.

CONRAD NAGEL

Coming rapidly into screen prominence is Conrad Nagel, who has just scored on Broadway in Alice Brady's stage hit, "Forever After." But the films are winning Nagel rapidly from the footlights.

These are a few of the bright things of the March Classic. Among the month's fictionized photoplays will be Clara Kimball Young's "Cheating Cheaters," a bully mystery-crook drama.

The cover will be a striking painting of Theda Bara.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke)

Clara Kimball Young has been a screen celebrity since she burst into prominence with her Anne Boleyn in Vitagraph's "Cardinal Wolsey," back in the film's palmy days. Both her mother and father were players, and Clara had turned naturally to the footlights. She started as a child and finally reached Broadway in 1911. A chance photograph shown to J. Stuart Blackton resulted in Miss Young being engaged by Vitagraph. Her subsequent success was meteoric.

	PAGE
Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Betty Carpenter, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Love, Mae Marsh and Anna Case.....	11-15
Keeping That Appointment with Theda Bara. Tea with the famous vampire star 'midst incense and Oriental hangings.....	Frederick James Smith 16
A Fool of Fortune. Anthony Paul Kelly and his adventurous career.....	Barbara Beach 18
Sliding Down the Banisters to Success. Marjorie Rambeau and her odd career.....	C. Blythe Sherwood 20
The Interesting Life. Warner Oland leads it off the screen.....	Janet Service 22
Temperance Drove Him to the Movies. The story of Maxwell Karger, Metro's director of productions.....	Charles Jameson 24
Mae Murray Makes Believe. A charming chat with the little star.....	Alice Bennett 25
She's Cornered the Laugh Market. Who? No other than Mrs. Charlie Chaplin.....	27
The Return of Florence Turner. The famous "Vitagraph girl" is back in the films.....	Elizabeth Peltret 28
A Twentieth Century Priscilla. Interviewing the piquant madcap, Miss Dean.....	Fritzi Remont 30
The Strenuous Monroe Doctrine. Salisbury loves the Great Outdoors.....	32
The Heart of Wetona. Norma Talmadge's latest photoplay told in story form.....	Faith Service 33
Starward, Ho! In six months Faire Binney has established herself in the films.....	Faith Service 36
The Good Old Golden Rule Days. School excitement at the Sennett studios.....	38
And He Wants to Be a Playwright! Dick Barthelmess longs to dash off the Great American Play.....	Mary Keane Taylor 39
Fame Via Matrimony. The romance of Florence Vidor.....	Olive Carew 41
Good Gracious, Annabelle! Billie Burke's charming new photoplay fictionized.....	Frederick Russell 43
Glorious Gloria. Otherwise Miss Swanson.....	47
The Mid-Theatrical Season. New photographs of the successful stage plays and players.....	48
The Celluloid Critic. The new photoplays in review.....	Frederick James Smith 50
"Big Bill" Duncan. Characteristic glimpses of the virile star.....	52
Maggie Pepper. Fictionized from Ethel Clayton's latest photoplay.....	Dorothy Donnell 53
The Extra Girl Invades a Mimic Boarding House. A Gladys Leslie picture in the filming.....	Ethel Rosemon 56
Double Exposures. Humorous comments on the film world.....	Conducted by F. J. S. 58
Gossip of the Pacific Coast.....	Fritzi Remont 60
The Movie Encyclopedia.....	The Answer Man 75

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

(Four)

THE AVALANCHE OF PORTRAITS HAS STARTED

In The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine's

Fame and Fortune Contest

Opening on December 1, the flood of portraits from contestants in the biggest contest ever conducted by The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine has almost engulfed the judges. Every mail brings hundreds of pictures. In many instances, contestants are sending a half dozen portraits.

No contest ever managed by any motion picture publication has ever attracted the interest of The Fame and Fortune Contest. Portraits are being entered from every corner of America. Remote towns, tiny hamlets, big cities are contributing their share. And pictures are beginning to come from distant parts of the globe.

HAVE YOU ENTERED? Better submit your portrait at once and, if you are lucky, get in upon the honor roll, from which the final winner will be selected.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

IMPORTANT—CONTEST NOW OPEN TO MEN

After considering the hundreds of requests from men of all ages thruout the country, the judges and managers of The Fame and Fortune Contest have decided to throw the doors open to men. Men will be bound by the same rules that bind the feminine contestants. Any man who has not played prominent rôles on the stage or screen may enter. Every one will have an equal chance. The managers of the contest are now considering the method of making the final award. It is possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine.

THE JUDGES ARE NOW EXAMINING THE PORTRAITS

The judges of The Fame and Fortune Contest are now going thru the thousands of pictures entered. Every fifteen days following December 1, the judges are to select the six best portraits entered during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequent numbers of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine.

The duration of the contest will be announced shortly. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

MARY PICKFORD
THOMAS INCE
CECIL DE MILLE

MAURICE TOURNEUR
Commodore J. STUART BLACKTON
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
EUGENE V. BREWSTER

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.....
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address..... (street)

.....(city)..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

When born.....Birthplace.....Eyes (color).....

Hair (color).....Height.....Weight.....

Complexion.....

STOP! Look and Listen

HERE IS THE BIG NEWS:

You Are All Invited to a Surprise Party

It will be held in the NEXT ISSUE of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. No matter how interesting you have found the Magazine heretofore, in the March 1919 issue you will be given the surprise of your life.

Put in your order for your party early; otherwise you are likely to get left, for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is selling out so quickly these days we can't even keep copies for our own files.

People have learnt that in no publication is there such up-to-the-moment news, such exclusive portraits of their screen favorites, such intimate personality stories of the celluloid stars, as in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. But even these wise ones will be surprised with the NEXT ISSUE.

In the first place, you will enjoy a feature article on

HOW LONG IS THE LIFE OF A STAR?

This article contains the views of practically every big person in the picture industry as to the length of time a star can remain at the top notch of popular favor. Whatever you do, don't miss reading the opinions of Jesse Lasky, R. D. Rowland, Walter E. Green, Nazimova, Elsie Ferguson, and many others, on this vitally interesting subject.

And then we offer

THE KITTY GORDON TREAT

Miss Gordon, in especially posed photographs, will give a veritable fashion show for your benefit in the next issue of the Magazine.

For the first time you will meet the real

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Every period of Miss Young's career and the complete life story of this favorite screenite will be told in unusual photographs and interesting text.

MARGERY WILSON

Will have her story told to you, in the NEXT MAGAZINE, in a manner which is as charming as her own personality. This interview will be illustrated with some of the most beautiful photographs we have ever seen. These alone are worth getting and keeping for your scrapbook.

And besides, there will be a complete account of how night photography is accomplished, an account of what Motion Pictures have done for the navy, and three choice fiction stories; for the first time in screen history you will see your favorite star posed with her mother. We have procured these precious pictures with great difficulty—don't miss seeing them.

This is just a sample of the Surprise Party in store for you when you buy the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Come early and avoid the rush. Otherwise you may miss out. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is selling like hot cakes. So much so, in fact, that we are unable to supply the demand.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic farce.

Central.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Effe Shannon and Shelley Hull, who are both fine. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

Hippodrome.—"The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morosco.—"Remnant." According to Hoyle, and some of the learned (?) critics (notably those of *Times*, *Sun* and *Post*), this play will never, never do. Fortunately the public and the critics don't often agree. The repartee in this comedy sparkles like a Shaw or Wilde, in sentiment and romance it equals "The Cinderella Man" and "Daddy Longlegs," the humor in it rivals that of "Peg o' My Heart," it exceeds the joy spirit of "Pollyanna," and the cast is as strong as any of these. It may not be perfect in construction, and it may lack atmosphere, and maybe Florence Nash's mannerisms are not true to type (she is wonderful, nevertheless), but this play will charm and delight practically everybody but the critics.

Playhouse.—"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

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"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

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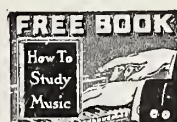
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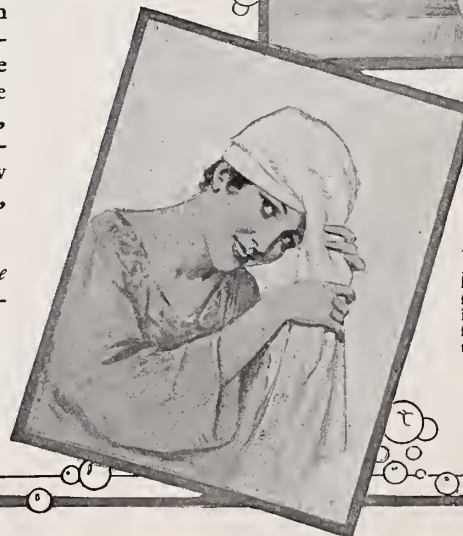
Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rinse thoroughly



NEXT apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes



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Dorothy was born in Chicago and educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart. She decided to become an actress, much against the wishes of her father, who wanted to make a lawyer of her. But Dorothy rejected the Portia ambitions and went on the stage. She finally was graduated from vaudeville to pictures. Stardom under the Ince banner came quickly.



BESSIE LOVE

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MAE MARSH

"She is Madonna in an art as wild and young as her sweet eyes; a frail dew flower from this hot lamp that is today's divine surprise," penned Vachel Lindsay of Mae Marsh in his "The Chinese Nightingale." Miss Marsh is now at work on a new series of Goldwyn productions on the coast and great things are promised.



ANNA CASE

Now famous on the opera and concert stage, Miss Case started life seriously handicapped. Born of poor parents in a tiny New Jersey town, Miss Case had to fight every inch of the way. So her success is deserved in every way. Her screen debut under the International flag is being watched with interest.

Keeping Th Theo

By FRED



FIVE minutes passed—ten—fifteen! The veil of incense whirled and circled about us. A stone Buddha grinned from the table. A portrait of Theda Bara, looking pleasantly over a pale Polar bear, gazed at us in the eye. Fantastic tapestry designs of peacocks draped the walls. Close by

were queer Oriental candles, half-burned. A golden lucky horseshoe, presented by an enthusiastic Western regiment, graced a side wall.

The incense gathered and curled about us. We investigated the room with the grim purpose of turning it off—if possible. But it swirled out thicker and thicker in clouds from some mysterious side room.

Twenty minutes!

Then came a distant rustle and tinkle of bracelets. Thru the gray of the burning incense came Miss Bara. In clinging crimson velvet. Embroidered here and there with gold. ("Perfect," we recall saying—to ourselves.) She took our hands and murmured something about the fireplace and tea. Suddenly out of the smoke-cloud emerged a Japanese

Miss Bara is a young woman who thinks and has a sense of humor. We doubt that she actually takes her press-agent occultism too seriously. Still, there is a vein of the mystic about her. Yet, beneath the incense and the perfume and talk of peacock feathers and the science of numbers, is a very likeable—and vivid—
young person



Appointment With Theda Bara

ES SMITH

servant. He lighted the gas grate, drew the circular couch closer to the fireplace and we sat down. A tiny tea-wagon appeared from somewhere and Miss Bara began.

"Perfumes fascinate me," she sighed, holding up either hand esthetically to her nostrils. "I've just had two new odors created for my use and they quite captivate me." Then she went on to say that few people know the value of perfumes, which should express the personality, the time and the mood exactly.

"A mighty good start," we said—again to ourselves. But perhaps we failed to register vivid interest in perfumes. Anyway, Miss Bara shifted rapidly to other subjects. Suddenly she stopped and her famous eyes considered us seriously.

"When were you born?" she asked, and we confessed.

"I was born in November," she said. "If you had been born two weeks earlier I couldn't have sat here ten minutes with you. Our stars would be in conflict."

We sighed with relief.

Miss Bara talked of dreams and their interpretations. Once, Miss Bara, we remember, dreamed that she was a vestal virgin in ancient Greece—or was it Rome? And we've quite forgotten the interpretation.

Miss Bara serves us with a cold and odd sugared

toast. "Mr. Petes"

appeared. "Mr.

Petes" is Miss

Bara's newest

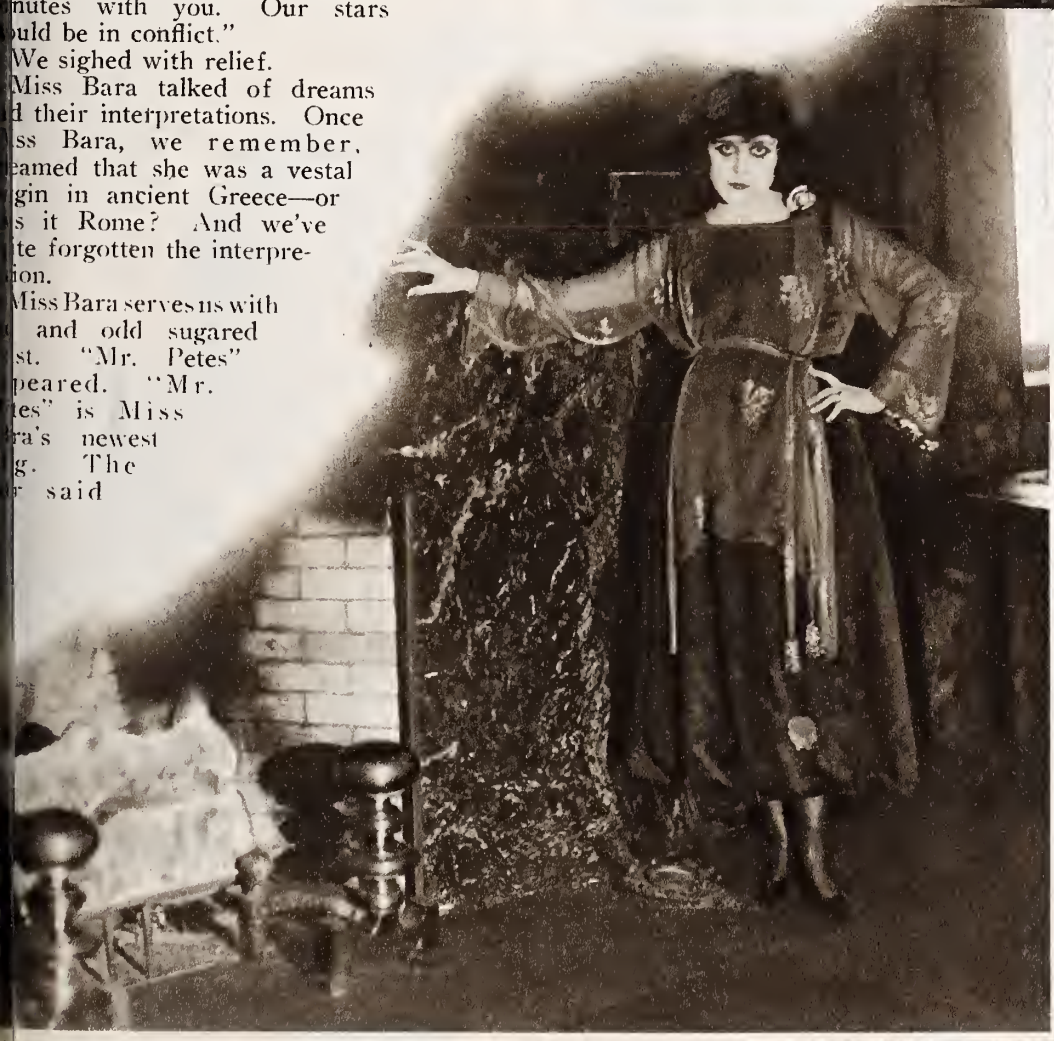
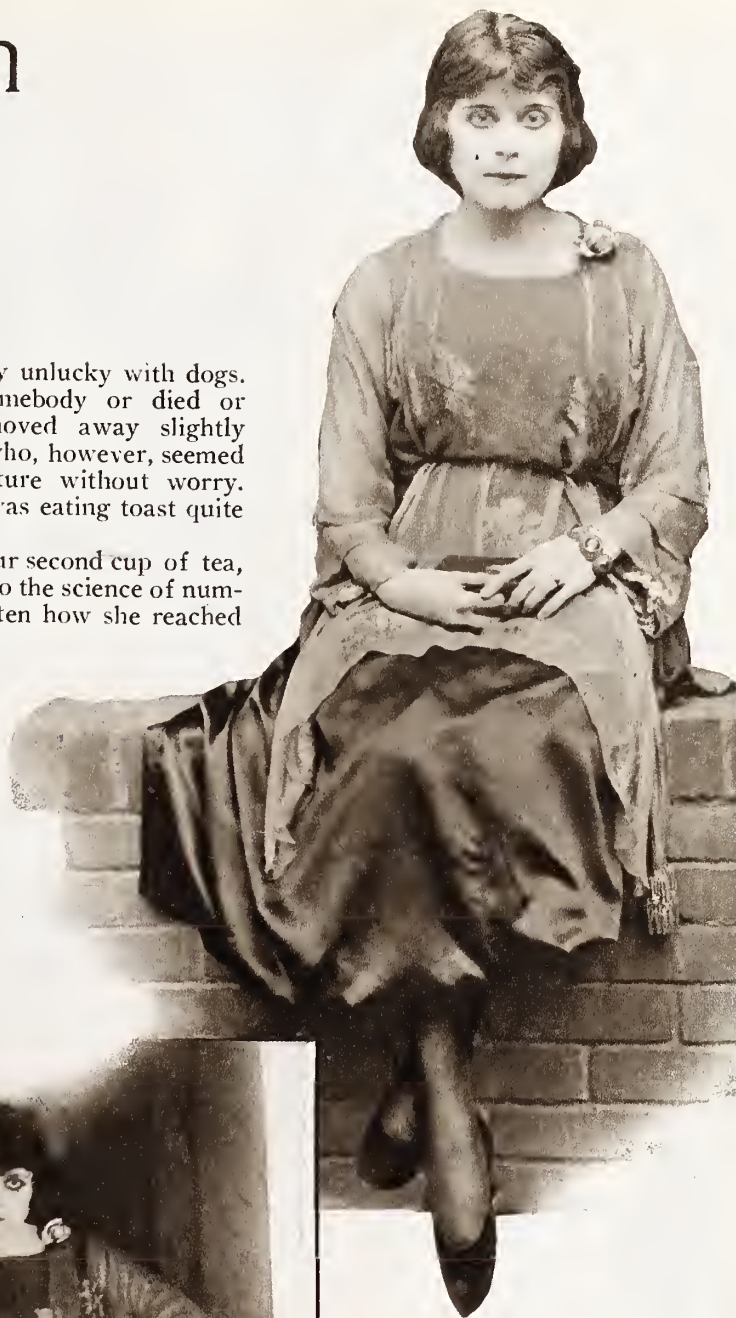
gig. The

editor said

that she was terribly unlucky with dogs. Either they bit somebody or died or something. We moved away slightly from "Mr. Petes," who, however, seemed to consider the future without worry. At the moment he was eating toast quite unperturbed.

In the middle of our second cup of tea, Miss Bara delved into the science of numbers. We've forgotten how she reached it, but, according to numbers, fate has destined

Miss Bara is going to appear on the stage—soon. It is her dearest desire. When her present screen contract has expired, she will turn to the footlights with something big and mystic and vampirish



her to get her success wholly thru herself. After some figuring she got our number, explaining that our success would come partly thru ourself and partly by working thru others.

Which left us even more relieved, but still somewhat hazy. Probably noting our labored breathing, Miss Bara had the Jap servant turn off the gas logs and shortly the incense began to dwindle away. We started to think clearer.

Our talk wandered on to many things. Miss Bara's occultism began to give here and there before a healthy humanism. We commenced to sense her real self. Somehow we felt that she had done her duty by her press-agents and was becoming the real Theda Bara.

But she did tell us how she sends contributions to a little church in the mountains of

(Continued on page 78)

A Fool of Fortune

By BARBARA BEACH

I want to tell you about Tony Kelly's characteristics, also some chapters of his life, for two reasons. First, he is an author who has succeeded on his own at an age when most men are just beginning; and second, his history contains a corking human interest story.

"Don't say I am a genius," said Kelly, in response to a remark I made to him. "I'm not. But I read the newspapers, I know my history, and I have hundreds of ideas which I can scarcely wait to work out on paper."

There, in a nutshell, is the secret of his success. He works his ideas out on paper. Long before his enthusiasm has waned he has Underwooded and sold a scenario, a play, a vaudeville sketch, while other able writers would be content to dream their ideas into production.

Doing, not dreaming—that is the simple difference between success and mediocrity.

Anthony Paul Kelly was born "in the upper front parlor," to quote his own version of an important event. To those prosaic humans who wish further information, I may add that the upper front parlor was located in Chicago.

Two glimpses of Anthony Paul Kelly's stage success, "Three Faces East," with Violet Heming and Emmett Corrigan in the leading rôles. The hit is now running at the Cohan and Harris Theater

Tony's parents must have had visions of saintly years ahead for their son when they gave him the

Anthony and the Paul part of his name. I know they had hopes of his being a priest, at



TODAY Anthony Paul Kelly, playwright and scenarioist, refused an offer of \$5,000 from Mary Pickford to scenarioize "Daddy Long Legs."

Four or maybe five years ago he was starving in a Los Angeles boarding-house.

Truly the mills of the gods grind—speedily.

The Mary Pickford offer was refused because Tony, as every one along Broadway familiarly calls him, considered "Daddy Long Legs" too fine a play to be put into scenario form by anybody who cannot be Johnny-on-the-spot when it was produced, attending to all the fine details.

And as, at present, Kelly is a C. P. O. (Chief Petty Officer—a C O P, as he laughingly puts it) in the American Navy, stationed in New York, it was an impossibility for him to traipse out to California, where "Daddy Long Legs" is to be photographed.

But to be able to refuse \$5,000—there's the rub, as our bard of Avon would put it, and at the age of 26—there's another!



Thus Anthony Paul Kelly Characterizes Himself

least, for he attended St. Paul's Academy and Loyola College with that avowed intention.

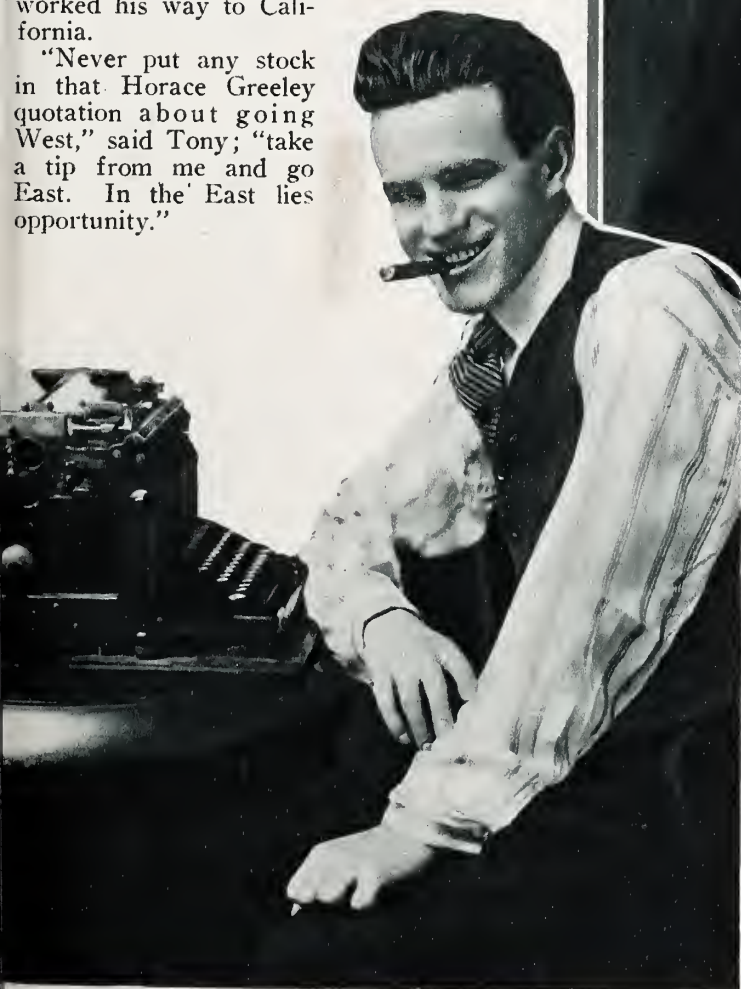
But the best laid plans, you know—at any rate, Tony was expelled from one for hitting a companion, by mistake, with an apple, and from the other for playing craps. The second expulsion of his son proved too much for the Celtic pride of Kelly père and Anthony was disowned. The parental door was shut in the prodigal's face, and it was up to young Tony to make good on his own.

He was a stripling then—he is now—a youthful, slender figure with snappy, Irish eyes and hair that refuses to behave. For a short time he remained in Chicago as a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter; then he went West to participate in an engineering project, just outside of Phoenix, Arizona.

The sole recreation of the men out there was to ride into Phoenix and see a movie. The shows then were one- and two-reelers and so mighty scarce that Tony and the boys saw the same show over and over again. Young Kelly considered this all wrong and determined to increase the supply of scenarios. Out on the dry desert he sketched a plot and submitted it to Vitagraph. His first script was purchased for, I believe, the munificent sum of fifteen dollars.

Thus it was that the bee for writing started buzzing again, and Kelly worked his way to California.

"Never put any stock in that Horace Greeley quotation about going West," said Tony; "take a tip from me and go East. In the East lies opportunity."



Tony started out to be a priest. Then he became a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter. Next he worked on an engineering project in Arizona. After that came the scenario idea and near-starvation in California

These were the days before the war, and California was swamped with well-known writers. For weeks Kelly hunted in vain for a position; then he hunted for a job, equally in vain, until the time came when he owed his landlady four weeks' rent and had spent his last nickel.

"The only reason the landlady let me keep my room," said Kelly, "was because I had no baggage she could turn to account. So she let me stay sort of like an investment. If I got my job, she got her pay."

It was on a Friday that Tony had spent his last nickel for food, and on the same day he got an offer from the *Los Angeles News* to write on space, beginning Monday morning.

All day Saturday the lad drank water to fool himself into thinking he had eaten. Towards evening he was consumed by such a terrific hunger that he screwed up enough courage to enter a restaurant and ask the proprietor to allow him to wash dishes for a meal. He was turned out with the curt refusal, "We've got too many men now."

(Continued on page 77)

Sliding Down the Banisters to Success



"No," Marjorie Rambeau laughed, over her dainty cup, "I never was stage-struck. For a San Francisco girl, I was unusually slim and frail, because I had sprouted so rapidly. I am not an inch taller at present than I was when I wore pig-tails. So, as a means of strengthening my health, I was sent, when a child, to the Paul Gerson School of Acting. They had an exceptional gymnasium course, and their dancing and calisthenic and fencing branches were, at the time, the best in the country. It just happened, that's all"—offering some Parisian pastry—"that it was my lot to go on the stage. I had never given it a thought, remember, and yet, one day, a Mr. McLane came to the school to ask if he might choose a pupil to go on the vaudeville circuit in one of his sketches. He spied me as I was sliding down the banisters, and turned to the director, claiming I was the one he wanted! I was a youngster of twelve. I had never acted before. And yet he wanted me to play the part of a wife of thirty-four!" Miss Rambeau's musical trill of joy re-trilled thru the rooms of her apartment.

"Of course, with little or no theatrical aspirations, I was tickled at the idea, and because Mr. McLane was so sincere in his conceptions that I had possibilities of being an actress, and his promise that he would make me a good one, mother—for she had been asked to accompany me—let me go. Well, for the first time in my life—it was then that I donned long skirts, corsets, high heels and put my hair on top of my head.

"I loved it. Mr. McLane felt that, so the next year he put me on in a play which happened to be none other than Dumas' masterpiece—only, I am sure I am not speaking at random when I say that that was the first time, I believe, 'Camille' had ever been played by a girl of thirteen! Mr. McLane vowed he would make me the youngest leading lady . . . and it is so . . . out West . . . altho it was in stock . . . that is what I became." Miss Rambeau flourished the radiation of her smile effulgently. "There! What have I been doing? Rambling or about myself! Oh, my dear . . . I think that will do for a while." And she buoyantly arose and glided over to the victrola. "Here is a new record I want you to hear. I think it will please you."

It was a pretty thing. A gossamer tune, most exquisitely wafted by the lambent wand of Heifetz. After that she gave me another of his idylls, and then came Galli-Curci, Kreisler, McCormack. Each one of them exhilarated her, then sobered her, in turn. She smiled at the seriousness of her felicity. After a while she said, "Please don't think me one-sided. Jazz music gives me a good time, too. Whereupon for a half-hour the two of us experienced thrill upon thrill of sinking to the depths of uplifting, harmonious discord."

Marjorie Rambeau as she appears in "Where Poppies Bloom." A San Francisco girl, Miss Rambeau was sent to a dramatic school. One day she chanced to slide down the banisters. A theatrical manager was standing at the bottom and he engaged her on the spot—to play a wife of thirty-four

"I guess it's that way with every one," she confided. "our want of extreme. Why, my music cabinet just like my fancies for food, or as my childhood goals used to be, either a good or all bad.

"Which reminds me of Alaska. There, there are only two kinds of women

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

good or bad. How I came to discover that was when I was sixteen years old. Mother and I and the company in which I had been starring were stranded in one of their mining villages, due to the neglect and disappearance of our drunken manager. Without him, we had nothing to do and were absolutely with no funds. The people of the center waited to see whether or not we would succumb to their cabarets. They were skeptical about the legitimacy of our purpose. They did not want to dare any more chances, so many times had they been fooled by the bad. After two weeks, mother and I were the only ones left. The others had by some way or other managed to reach Fairbanks. Doggedly we held out. One offer on top of the other, to sing and dance in the halls, were refused by us, until finally, when the cultured and wealthy inhabitants of the place realized our sincerity, we were, of a sudden, swamped with invitations to visit their homes, and even give private performances. You see, as soon as they came to



Once, stranded in Alaska, Marjorie Rambeau opened a school for dramatic expression in the wilds. Miss Rambeau owned her own dog-sled, in which she rode home at night after instructing the miners' kiddies in the art of acting

make sure exactly which extreme we were, the good or bad, they acquiesced their acknowledgment.

"Life, following that, was wonderful. They gave a big benefit for me, and I remember now how, for almost an hour, I could not speak, after they had come to my cabin and let \$438 fall into my lap! They sug-

gested I organize a school of dramatic expression; they even presented me with the wood for the construction of the building. Their tiny children came . . . I taught them how to sing and recite and dance. The women joined and learnt how to give pageants and tableaux. And the men—well, they were just God's men . . . big and clean . . . and boyish . . . and bright . . . and ever so eager to learn. As for me, oh, it was fabulous—like some of the moving pictures I see now! I was so happy . . . there with those *real* people . . . the kind who came running from miles away if they thought the smoke of their friend's chimney wasn't blowing right! I had my own dog-sled, too, composed of eight gorgeous canine specimens, and many a night I had to travel around alone—with this to say as a conclusion, that never, in all my two years' existence up there, was I once insulted

(Continued on page 80)

The Interesting Life

By JANET SERVICE

Mrs. Oland, the introducer of Strindberg into this country. With it all, above it all, a liver of the interesting life in what he terms the interesting world. It is rather epochal.

Every occasional once in a while one meets a person, or persons, one chances upon some life, some mode of living, that makes one sit figuratively back, fold one's arms over one's suddenly wistful heart and say, "So there are people like this! Life *can* be this vital, absorbing thing!" And, if one is wistful, one is still glad. One is conscious of added depth, a richer, more glowing color, a refulgence of atmosphere. This, in greater or lesser part, came to my mind when I spent my aforesaid evening last week with Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland.

They have a charming studio apartment in the West 80's—

an atmospheric thing, rather wide and airy and unencumbered, with various of Mrs. Oland's unframed canvasses on the walls, a huge black table, a parchment lamp. Here they spend their winter months when they are not in California. During the summer they live at the Englewood Club, and golf vigorously and enthusiastically. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oland have a fine enthusiasm, a contagious zest, which communicates itself, and hence successfully, to whatever thing they may be doing.

After a summer of sports they come back,

WARNER OLAND leads it. Or rather, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland lead it. I say Mr. and Mrs. advisedly, for inasmuch as they work together, play together, plan together and dream together, so are they seen together after one has talked with them and left them and viewed them in retrospect, immensely individual, inseparably blent.

If you, whoever you may be, were going to spend an evening with a "werry, werry heavy willain," what would you expect? What would your anticipations be? Not being overly acquainted with willains and their pet habits and pettier idiosyncrasies, I don't recall precisely what I *did* expect, but I have several concepts of what I *did not* expect; i. e., I didn't anticipate a wife, certainly not one devoted and very much and very charmingly devoted to. Whoever heard of a villyun with a wife, and who—oh, who ever, *ever* heard of a villyun with a *happy* wife? I didn't expect home atmosphere. Monte Carlo, y'know—Paris—New York in her harlequin hours. I didn't expect a penchant, totally unconcealed and unashamed, for pig's knuckles and Bass ale. Trouffles, I would have thought, and, say, dripped absinthe. Nor golf, virtuous recreation, nor a craving for farming, for the raw earth, from which the decadence of a villyun should have so far removed him. I found all of these things. I found a great deal more, a great *depth* more.

Now no one, of course, thinks any the less of a man who is villainous with Pearl White for reels an' reels an' reels. Just as no one thinks any the less of Rupert Hughes because he is not Tolstoi. Each to his separate sphere. Still, honestly, neither does one find oneself supposing that said serial seducer is a producer and a lover of Ibsen, art, Russian and otherwise, but inevitably the best and most progressive of art, a follower of the Czecho-Slav question, and, with

The Olands have a charming studio apartment in the West 80's—an atmospheric thing, wide, airy and unencumbered. Here they spend many months of the year. That is, when they're not roughing it on a farm in Massachusetts



Warner Oland Leads It—Or Rather, Mr. and Mrs. Oland, for They Work, Play, Dream and Plan Together

with renewed zeal, to their interesting world. Quite frequently they visit their publisher on his (I think they said) Massachusetts farm. Mr. Oland feels that the mainspring of all art, of all expression, whatsoever its medium, of all beauty, is the tremendous poetry of the raw, magnificent earth. The miraculousness of growing things. The rhythm of the labor of the earth. On a farm, sharing in enough of the actual work to make the fruits thereof a personal triumph, with yet some time for the cities, for dreaming and doing, is his conception of the absolutely ideal life. It might be termed "a gentleman's farm," yet, to hear Mr. Oland speak of it, of his ideal of it, one gets a more tremendous canvas, a vaster, richer vision. That is his ideal of *living*.

His ideal of *art* is to be able to produce Ibsen and Strindberg on the speaking stage or the screen as he conceives them. Such an ideal is immensely difficult of achievement. Not every one appreciates Ibsen and Strindberg. Still fewer appreciate Ibsen and Strindberg at their most subtle. A paucity of appreciation means a paucity of remuneration, and so . . . "one may be able to starve in a garret," said Mr. Oland, with the little, whimsical smile he rather oddly possesses, "gracefully and with a certain vicarious pleasure not in New York. Not in America. We have no place here, no status, for the lean, emaciated devotee of shrines who perishes for an ideal. One must have the means that ideals may flourish."

For all of Strindberg and Ibsen, for all the higher culture and the connoisseurship he possesses, Mr. Oland in no way disparages the movies. He thinks their immensities of growth and achievement are practically limitless. At the same time, he does not think that, aside from the camera, anything original has yet been done. "But," he says, "the possibilities—no other medium has power to convey what the screen might convey—little subtleties too fine, too shaded for the cruder medium of oil, or words—shadings of things only possible to the mobilities of the human face—blendings—exquisite things—these are the things the screen might do. But it never has."

"Wherein the fault?" Thus I inquired.

"Largely the scenarioist, partly the demand. A great deal, because the movies persist in imitating the stage, from which they are, if they but realized it, a thing apart, a separate thing, just as big a thing, just as important a thing—but absolutely *different*.

Oland's ideal is to be able to produce Ibsen and Strindberg as he conceives them. Indeed, he introduced Strindberg to the American speaking stage. Now he finds that being a villun in the movies gives him time and the opportunity to dream the dreams he cares most about.

Below: Mr. Oland, Pearl White, Henry Gsell and Director Seitz returning from location



"As a charity they have been invaluable, their good incalculable. They have filled to overflowing, in some cases, lives which have known no lessening of care before their advent."

Mrs. Oland is even more ambitious for her husband than he is for himself to "put on" a production of Ibsen or Strindberg. When, so Mr. Oland amusedly told me, "The Better 'Ole" left the Greenwich

Village Theater Mrs. Oland immediately wished him to take over the theater bodily and begin producing. She told me, with zest, of the characters he gave when with Madame Nazimova in her Ibsen repertory at the Bijou some years ago.

But it remains to be seen what Warner Oland will do. He is, it seems to me, if I may use so flippant an expression for a state of mind which has nothing at all of flippancy

(Continued on page 71)



Temperance Drove Him to the Movies

By CHARLES JAMESON

MAXWELL KARGER calls himself a vagabond. Today he is director of productions for Metro. Four years ago he was broke. He even worked for a few weeks as a department store floor-walker. Five years ago saw him first violin of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra. But let us begin at the beginning.

This man, who now checks up and supervises every photodrama of one of the screen's biggest producing organizations, was given an unusual musical education. Maxwell's proud parents little thought that their offspring would find his future in their despised nickelodeon. But such is fate.

Karger studied at the Ziegfeld Conservatory in Chicago and in due time became first violin of Theodore Thomas' orchestra there. Next he was for several years first violin of the New York Metropolitan orchestra. But he began to get discouraged.

"I suddenly came bang up against the realization that I couldn't do anything really big with the fiddle. It came to me after a recital given by Ysaye. I resigned my position."

"And then?" we prompted.

Karger smiled. "You would never guess what I turned to. It was selling refrigerator machinery for breweries. I went West, then I toured South America as a salesman. Back to America I came—

just in time to be hit by a prohibition wave.

"Business went to smash. I looked around in a hurry—if you have a wife you have to hurry in a situation like that. I got a job as floor-walker to tide me over, and then I landed a position as first violin with the Philharmonic. The world war had just started, and the exit of a German musician left the post vacant. That was in 1914.

"My old haunting belief of my failure with the fiddle pursued me again. I became restless. I knew B. A. Rolfe, who had once played in an orchestra with Jesse Lasky. Rolfe and Lasky had



Maxwell Karger believes that there are two lines of advance just ahead of the photoplay. First, the development of a new line of young authors; and, secondly, a better systematization of business methods in the studio.

Metro, was interested in the company, and, when Metro was organized with Rowland at the head, I went with them. That's the story of my career. I might say that

temperance drove me to the movies, reversing the usual supposed process. "Today we are working on our 100th picture," continued Karger. "That means eighty pictures a year. Consider the difference between the problem of stage and screen producer. The theatrical manager finds a successful play and his worries concerning a star cease after three seasons. We have to fit a picture with eight dramas a year—and all of them must be of average merit or the movie public will turn to other favors. 'Revelation' would have lasted Nat Ova for at least two years behind.

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(Continued on page 79)

(Twenty-four)



Mae Murray Makes-Believe

By ALICE BENNETT

MAE was in a very great hurry the day I talked with her at the Claridge. Her apartment there had taken on the aspect of a checking-room in the Customs House in anticipation of a very conscientious Customs House official. There were so many, many trunks, and they were spilling forth so many, many things. Mae appeared to be happily oblivious, save for the fact that she was just a trifle out of breath. She wore a rough, little trotteur, a Tam-o'-Shanter atop her golden curls and a velvet and fur cape. Most of the time she talked she rummaged hastily for pictures.

"We're trying to get our passports to London, you know," she said, "and then, Mr. Zukor is making plans which have not quite matured, and so I don't know exactly—in fact, at all—what I am going to do. It is quite uncertain at present. We are here just for the purpose of making plans for the next year. It's"—she sighed hastily—"a locking period. Oh, yes, London, of course. There is a tremendous field there. It's amazing how little it's really been done. And our two private backs seem to think a company with a star already a little known (modesty of Mae!) would go better and more quickly. But if it takes too long to get our passports, I shall have to give it up. It may take six weeks. That would be too long—without salary." She made a little moué and a deprecatory gesture. "Money is important," she declared, as though stating a totally new and vivid viewpoint, "and, it's funny, but the more one makes the more one is anxious about it. That's the way it is with me. Yes—" Mae has an odd little way of finishing up a sentence with a "yes" and a little, running laugh. Then she added, pensively, "I shall miss the children." I started. It was a most matronly statement, most maternally delivered. "The children" was a sweeping assertion. "A curious sense of humor, this," I thought, and took stock

again of the highly unmatronly, Tam-o'-Shantered little person. "Oh," said I, "married—"

"Mrs. Bob Leonard, you know," she came back, opening the tenth innovation trunk, "last August. I'm quite a bride, you see. Yes—"

I felt for my head. "I've been doing too much of this interviewing," I thought, weakly. "The—the children?" I queried.

Miss Murray suspended activities. Hurry was forgot. One could see that the subject nearest, and likewise dearest, to her heart (groom no doubt generously accepted) had been touched. She perched upon the fur-encumbered bed. Her fair face, her gray eyes took on a look of happy abstraction. "Two little girls," she said, reminiscently, "four years old. I noticed them first about the studio. They seemed to be so neglected, so at odds. I offered to take them home to live with me, and their parents consented. You should have seen them blossom out. It was wonderful. I've taught them to dance, and they have a governess, and every evening Bob and I hear their lessons and their—their prayers. They call Bob 'Daddy' and they call me 'Matsie.' We just all play together, all the time."

"I can believe that," I cleverly observed.

"I haven't legally adopted them, and I'm afraid I won't be able to," she resumed. "You see, they have been with me in quite a few of my pictures, and they have really done very well and shown a great deal of talent. Being around me all the time, they have ceased to regard movies, or acting, as

"I love kiddies better than anything else," says Mae. "Perhaps because my own childhood was so—was, well, rather lonely. I left home when I was only eight. And then there was a convent—and I ran away from that to a friend in Chicago—and then the stage at once."

anything extraordinary, and so have lost all self-consciousness. And then they are little beauties. Their families know all this, and think it means money in the future, so, of course, won't let me have them. But I shall keep them for as long as I can.



And here, in New York, I am adopting legally a little two-year-old boy for my very own. I love kiddies better than anything else. Perhaps because my own childhood was so—was—well, rather lonely. I left home when I was only eight. And then there was a convent—and I ran away from that to a friend in Chicago—and then the stage at once. So I don't feel as if I have ever really been a child with a child's world—and yet, in a way, I have never been anything else. But that's why I want to give to other kiddies some of the real little-kiddie things."

Mae has just adopted two little kiddies. "You should have seen them blossom out," says Miss Murray. "We just all play together, all the time. We have cookies and pink lemonade and popcorn. Oh, you should see 'us.'"

Mae was mounted. "We just play all the time at our California home, anyway. We give parties at each other's houses—Kitty Gordon's you know, and ours, and Eva Tanguay's and others. You should see us. We have all the kiddies, too, and we all play puss in boots and hide and seek and mostly, pin on the donkey's tail. That's our favorite. You should see Eva doing it—always wrong. At the last one I laughed so hard I had to sit right down on the floor and rock back and forth, I was laughing so. Then we have cookies and pink lemonade and popcorn. Oh, you should see us! Yes—"

"It's only make-believe of course, sheer make-believe. We're big and we know it. Toyland is behind. The kiddies aren't really mine—the games we play—and everything. Make-believe. But—gosh it's fun!"

"Even on the screen," I vouchsafed, "you have a large kiddie following."

Mae nodded her blonde (I think it is bobbed) head.

"I used to do the sweet simple things altogether, of course," she said, "but lately the directors and the company have seemed to think I should do the heavier, dramatic stuff. Not so much money in the little folk, I take it. My ideal would be to effect a combination, the heavy picture with the soft, simple

relieving lights running all thruout."

Thus spoke the lass who was once famed in the Ziegfeld Follies as the Nell Brinkley girl, after that artist's pen creations. Then came the dance craze. Mae *could* dance. She waltzed beautifully, fox-trotted exquisitely, hesitated divinely. One of the biggest roof gardens in all New York engaged her as special feature and Manhattan came to worship.

Then Mae returned to the Follies of 1915 to be featured. She was engaged for her dancing, but the libretto called for a burlesque on the motion pictures. Who says that fat doesn't play funny tricks? Mae was cast for the leading rôle.

The opening night came. Miss Murray's dancing scored, of course, but the movie burlesque startled several screen magnates "killing an evening." Next day she had three offers.

She is the busiest little person, this make-believing Mae that either you or I ever, ever saw. She rushes from morning until night, and probably, from all indications, from night until morning. She plans and schemes, and certainly telephones, since that intrusive instrument summoned her at least eight times during my brief, particular stay.

And now, perhaps, it is over the sea and far away! I can picture her atop the riggings, bobbed curls valiant to the winds, making a make-believe of it, of dragons green and pirates bold, and mighty waves that roll an' roll!

"But when I come home," she was saying, softly, as an addenda to my unspoken thoughts, "there'll be the kiddies waiting for me—and that is the best of all."

She's Cornered the Laugh Market

Think of having the world's highest salaried comedian smile at you across the table for 365 mornings out of the year! That's the lucky fate of Mildred Harris, who has led the universe's funniest feet to the altar



Mildred Harris, alias Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, a star in her own name, really needs no introduction. Here she is snapped outside of her mother's place in Hollywood, also a glimpse of said Mater and the worshipping child of a neighbor



The Return of Florence Turner

I had, for some mysterious reason, expected her to be at least medium height, whereas she is very small, not over five feet. Her voice is low and "throaty"; I know from the feeling of surprise I had that I must have expected it to be high and clear. Probably, the intellectual element always present in her work had made me unconsciously overlook its humanness, and so expect an almost typical "highbrow."

However this may be, I can never think of Florence Turner without at the same time thinking of "My Old Dutch," the exquisite picture she made in England from Albert Chevalier's famous song. Not even her disappearance (her going to England was disappearance to the great bulk of the American public accustomed to seeing its favorites at least twice a month; in the case of Florence Turner it was more often than not twice a week) impressed me so much as did that picture. And yet it contains no grand battle scenes nor clashing mobs; nothing but the simple story of a

cockney peddler and his "old Dutch," (the term means wife in England). The scenes are very real and very human and never dull; such scenes as linger in one's memory long after more magnificent spectacles have been forgotten.

"My Old Dutch" is still running in England," said Miss Turner, when I told her how



Above: A recent study of Miss Turner in one of her beloved Italian characterizations. *Center:* a new portrait of the famous "Vitagraph girl;" and, *Right:* Miss Turner when she was at the height of her Vitagraph popularity

APIONEER, the gold rush, the early days of "the movies," a mobile gypsy face whose owner could seemingly turn it "inside out" for slapstick comedy or rightside out for emotional drama with equal ease, (in Scotland, where they did not know her name, they called her "India Rubber Gertie"), the days when moving picture stars certainly did work, (manual labor, oh, boy!), the girl whose work made Vitagraph pictures so good that, in sheer desperation, the Biograph Company had to put D. W. Griffith in charge, the star you loved the best of all—Florence Turner.

I saw Florence Turner one afternoon recently when she had been in Los Angeles something over a week. I was sitting in a big armchair on the mezzanine floor at the Alexandria, looking down on the lobby and wondering if a bell-boy in flu mask really was all nose or only looked that way, when I saw her step onto the balcony from the elevator. The first thing I noticed about her was that she had not changed at all, and then, while I was introducing myself to her and asking for an interview, I noticed that she was oddly unlike my mental picture of her.

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

much I enjoyed it, and she added, "It is my favorite, too, and the kind of picture they like most of all 'over there.'"

We sat down on a davenport just opposite the elevators on the other end of the horse show. It was an advantageous seat. Being in a corner, we could see the entire balcony and almost the entire lobby without ourselves being conspicuous.

"Oh, look!" said Miss Turner, suddenly. "Isn't that Mrs. ———?" (naming a woman—not a moving picture star—very notorious in L. A.) It was. We watched her in silence as she crossed the lobby and disappeared in the direction of the Spring Street entrance. Then we both laughed.

"We were talking," Miss Turner remarked, with exaggerated severity, "about 'My Old Dutch.'"

I awoke to a consciousness of my duty, and anyway, I wanted to know.

"Are you planning to produce that type of picture here?" I asked.

A little quirk appeared about one corner of her mouth.

"Yes," she answered, with a now-I-am-being-interviewed expression, and then, seriously, "I want to make comedies; or perhaps I should say comedy-dramas to distinguish my ambition from slapstick. I've just finished a picture which I made in Spokane, Washington, called 'Undermined,'" she went on. "In this play I was a

Upper Right: Miss Turner as she appears in "Undermined," filmed recently in Spokane, Wash. Center: One of the most popular of her old Vitagraph portraits. Below: A scene from "Undermined."



young girl in the first part and an old woman in the last. I like such rôles. For that matter, I like any sort of character study—Italian or cockney best of all."

Suddenly her quiet manner fell from her and she was all animation. There was about it no suggestion of pose. It was as if an enthusiast would say, "Listen—here is something I know you will like!" She is intensely interested in people; more so, I fancy, than in events; hence her love for character parts.

"I wish you could see the cockney of today," she said.

"The poorest people in England now are those who only a short time ago were rich. The others, those who, before the war, suffered the most incredible hardships, are now riding around in taxis and wearing furs and diamonds. (Continued on page

72)



A Twentieth Century Priscilla

By FRITZI REMONT

had been hauled out of a desk-drawer stuffed with everything from a special brand of tobacco to carbon sheets, shoe-laces and chewed-off lead-pencils.

"Me, I love a nut!" said Priscilla Dean, contemplating a cluster of chocolate filberts.

"Ya-ah, I *heard* you were engaged to be married," vouchsafed the good-natured male incumbent of the inner office.

Priscilla's dancing eyes rested disapprovingly on the mere male who had dared to misunderstand her, and then the little star carefully selected another bonbon.

"Call me a bromide if you like, but, to use a trite saying, 'I'm wedded to my art' and haven't any intention of being engaged to a—well, a good many men *are* nutty, so perhaps I ought to forgive you for that remark after all."

"Art makes a better provider than many a husband; dont you think 'so, Miss Dean?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't be where I am now. Yep, I'm unmarried and happy——"

"I don't think you're telling the whole

Above is what the irrepressible Miss Dean terms her favorite portrait, while at the right is a glimpse of Priscilla at the San Bernardino Orange Show.

You may have marvelled at Miss Dean's wonderful coiffure in "The Gray Ghost." Perhaps you spent hours teasing your locks into an imitation of her fuzzy top-knot. Perhaps you admired "The Hand That Rocked the Cradle" and wondered where Priscilla got her experience as an infant nurse, but you've missed the main part of that young lady's sprightly personality if you haven't, with your own eyes, observed her sprightliness in action.

The scenic setting on the day of our mad little interview wasn't exactly magnificent. Publicity offices are like newspaper dittos, bare-floored, square-desked and uncomfortably chaired, for the most part. The thing which saved this particular cubbyhole from being utterly masculine was a huge, pink-ribboned box of chocolates, which



lost of All She Loves to Travel Fast—Be It in Auto or 'Plane

truth. Isn't it so that you and Eddie Ricken-
bacher are engaged to be married?" went on the
remorseless male, as he twirled about in his chair.



"Engaged, nothing! He taught me how to drive a car, and I got speedomania—you know that's a very contagious disease. Then, too, he took me up in the aeroplane. It's the most delicious sensation; that is, I mean going up and being up in the sky. Coming down, you keep catching your breath, and it feels as if you were in an elevator that hadn't any safety catches. But oh, I wouldn't miss an experience like that for all the candy in the world."

"Didn't you feel any fear a-tall the first time you drove thru the clouds?"

"I haven't been afraid of anything since I was a wee girlie. Why, do you know that I traveled about alone since I was four years old? Of course, there was the company, but I wouldn't let a soul touch me. I used to dress and undress myself, had a bed all to myself at the hotels, and, whenever anybody tried to boss me, I used to stick out my tongue and stamp my foot and let them know I was perfectly capable of managing myself."

"Why, in one show I played the part of a little crippled lad. In the first act I'd come on wearing a crutch on the left side, and in the second act, I'd emerge with the crutch on the right, and nobody ever knew just *where* I was supposed to be lame. When they scolded, I laughed. When

(Continued on page 71)



"Me marry!"
confides Pris-
cilla, "nothing
doing—I'm
wedded to my
art! I'm satis-
fied with 'Pep,'
my little red
roadster"

The Strenuous Monroe Doctrine

Salisbury Loves
the Great
Outdoors



The Bluebird star owns a big ranch near Hemet, Cal., a few miles away from the actual scene of "Ramona," in which he made his screen debut as Alessandro. Here Salisbury raises everything from avocados, alias for alligator pears, to apples, and from horn toads to horses



Salisbury is the idol of the Soboba Indians, whose reservation adjoins his ranch. The tribe has named one of the tiny redskin kiddies after him, the star himself officiating as godfather. Once in a while, Monroe invites the whole tribe to a showing of his pictures at the Hemet Opera House



The Heart of Wetona

Told in story form from the Scenario based on
GEORGE SCARBOROUGH'S Play

By FAITH SERVICE

TIME passes and things change. In keeping with most of the maxims handed down to us, dreary and dust-laden with age, this one is true only in part. There *are* things which do not change; things which have not changed since the celebrated Stone Age, when our ancestors ran about in goat-skins and a leaf or two and lived conjugally, or otherwise according to their several temperaments, in caves. Love is still love; lust lust. Young blood is red; death grim. A thin moon wanes and waxes; the seasons flush and fade. Men and women scheme and plot, custom persists. All this is true, equally, of —th' Avenue and a Comanche Reservation in the farthestmost of the Far West.

In Chief Quannah, the ancient tribal customs, ceremonies and rites were as vast, as deep and as sacred as ever they had been to his first Comanche forefather executing his war-dance on an unblazed trail. Neither time, nor white men, nor schools nor a white woman whom he had taken to wife had been able to uproot from his bronzed breast the habits of his fathers long since tracking big game in their Happy Hunting Grounds.

Some twenty years ago there had been a white girl captive of Quannah's tribe. Quannah had been young then, very young, lithe as the lissome bow he bent to speed his arrows on their deadly flights, hewn as the silhouetted rocks standing forth from Big Moose Mountain, ardent as the eager sap in the young birches, swift as the rushing torrents of the liberated river. The white girl captive fell into the way of looking on the young Quannah. After a while she was offered her freedom. Quannah offered it to her. She stood by the bank of the torrential stream. She thought of home, of the men she had known there. Something keener than Quannah's arrows stabbed her in her heart. Suddenly and swiftly she was against Quannah's thudding heart. Suddenly and swiftly she was born again into a world more wonderful than she had ever dreamed. Thus love. When the Comanches liberated their captives, the white girl stayed behind.



After awhile there was a little one. Quannah said in his young stern way that she must be named for the names of his people. "We will call her Wetona," he said. The white young





he whispered and, when he laid her away from him, she was dead.

The little Wetona, golden as the sun, black-haired as the sweep of the black eagle's wing seen in the sunlight's fiercest glint, strong as the mountain cheetah, and blue-eyed as the white girl who had been her mother, grew up with the Comanches, learnt their ancient rites, then went to the Eastern college to fulfill the white blood that was in her.

Wetona wanted to love the East. It had been her mother's home. When she left the reservation for the college years she had a secret thought within her that she would never come back. Quannah was completely absorbed in the ways of his tribe. His last moment of great exceeding tenderness had sped his white girl captive over the brink. And she did love it—while she was studying and fulfilling her father's promise to her mother. Then came her time for choosing. And all at once it seemed as if her mother's voice spoke within her as it must have spoken when she elected to stay there in that farthestmost West.

When Wetona left the reservation for the college years she had a secret thought within her that she would never come back

There came to the heart of Wetona a myriad, million voices. There awoke in her an illimitable longing. She thought of the tepees sending their thick gray ghosts to heaven during the evening meal. She thought of the fat, bronzed papooses kicking bare, sturdy legs in the blaze of the sun; she thought of old Quannah, stolid and immobile by his evening fire, smoking

mother loved him very much. A name didn't matter half so much as her love. So the little half-Indian girling was christened with due Comanche ritual, Wetona.

Not very long after, the white girl came to die. Perhaps it was as well. Quannah was reverting more and more to the ancient rites of his tribe. His white bride was wholly white, apart from her love for him which had stepped across the unspannable bridge of race and denied it. As she made patiently ready to go forth into the mysterious dark she called Quannah to her and begged that the little Wetona be educated in an Eastern college. "For my memory's sake," she pleaded, "for our dear love's sake, my Quannah, my wonderful chief." Quannah gathered her, slight and over-frail, to his granite chest. His hard, infrequent tears fell on the whiteness of her cheeks and won them back to transient roses pale; "I promise,"

Often it seemed to her that she was tortured, had been tortured, ever since she met Tony Wells and he had awakened within her this fever which consumed her



his pipe o'peace. She thought of the rushing river, the grim granite of the mountains, the long, lean stretches of the plains, and a nostalgia swept over her that sent her scurrying for her trunk and the express office: "The voice of my people," she whispered to herself.

Quannah was habitually silent when Wetona told him she had come home to stay. But every so often, smoking his pipe that night, he removed it from his stern lips and chanted weird snatches of grim song.

After awhile the rushing river began to pall, the silences of forest, the mightiness of hills. Wetona took to going down to the reservation. After a while she spent all of her days there, and frequently returned late of an evening. The Indian women muttered and nodded, but she was the Big Chief's daughter, and he, in his wisdom, would know what was right and what was wrong for Wetona.

In the Spring of the year came the Corn Dance Ceremonies of the Tribe. It was of tremendous import to Quannah. "It the oldest rite we know," he observed the night before it first came up for discussion; "we must keep."

A Vestal Virgin had to be chosen to bring sacred food to the Holy Man. Little River and Eagle declared Wetona to be the one. Quannah smiled in satisfaction. He did not say so, but it had been a long dream with him—to have his daughter carry sacred food to the Holy Man. It would be a great moment, a great hour for him. He thought that, no doubt, the spirit of his young wife would return to look upon their daughter in her beautiful innocence performing her beautiful mission.

When he went to Wetona with the command his eyes were more lightened than ever she could remember them.

"Father," she said, after the fashion of the East, "how your eyes shine. Like eagles seen after dark. Strong eagles, nesting."

"I happy this night," said Big Chief Quannah; "you, my girl, to be the Vestal Virgin at the Corn Dance. I wait long years for this, and now it come to me. Long years I wait, my Wetona. I not know much big, great joy after she go and take her very great sweetness from

me. I not know tenderness of any woman since. Tonight I feel happiness. She nor I not been in vain, Wetona, since our baby go, a Vestal, to Holy Man."

He stopped because his daughter's golden face shone out of the deep darkness like a moon-flower, or like . . . like . . . a chill seized upon him . . . like her face from that immense divide. She didn't speak, but Quannah knew it was because she could not. He could see her lips moving almost listlessly there before him in the suddenly oppressive blackness. A chill of premonition agued him, but he resisted it, shook it off. She was the daughter of the Big Chief, spotless, proud, royal, irreproachable. She was the daughter of that sainted thing who had come into his life for one scented hour and left him forever her own.

"Wetona," he said, and because he felt very broken he sounded stern and harsh; "Wetona . . ." Then an inspiration seized upon him. Perhaps she was appalled by the great honor. Perhaps she felt a maidenly modesty of unworthiness, of shyness. That was it. It was. It had to be.

"No be shy, Wetona," he said, more kindly. "It big honor, but you Big Chief papoose; the honor belong to you."

Wetona broke from him, shuddering violently. There, in that spectral dark, the Comanche blood rose like a tide within her and smote her with a dreadful fear. The thing she had done rose up with it and paralyzed her. When her voice came it was torn from her throat in shreds. "I—not I—virgin," she got out, and averted her tormented face. "I—I—

white man's—girl—cannot—Holy Man—Great Spirit, Great Spirit . . ." And she flung her desperate body on the ground and shuddered and was still.

Quannah was still, too. He was still because he was making a bloodthirsty vow. When he had done he bent over the rigid form of the girl. "Who—who this man—*who?*?" he demanded, and Wetona sickened at the threat in his speech. But she shook her head. "I never tell that," she said. Quannah gripped her shoulder. "You tell," he rasped, "you tell." Wetona quivered and was silent.

Quannah stood very still
(Continued on page 64)



He had cared for her during the week and she had become used to him. If she withstood the test—well, then, dreaming were worth the while and the sweetest of dreaming truth

THE HEART OF WETONA

Adapted from the scenario of Mary Murillo based on George Scarborough's play. Produced by Select Pictures, starring Norma Talmadge. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin. The cast:

Wetona.....Norma Talmadge
Hardin.....Thomas Meighan
Anthony Wells.....Gladden James

Starward Ho!

Airy Faire Binney is on the
Threshold of Fame

very young person, indeed, in the roseate dawning of being a Vogue.

She resembles Ann Pennington physically. She must, because she informed me that I was far from being original in noting the similitude—and so huge and omnivorous are the capacities and capabilities of femininity in its 'teens that heaven knows what or whom she resembleth histrionically, artistically or popularly.

She has a nice background, Faire Binney. Her child-days and school-days and high-school-days (what there were of them) were spent in and about Concord and Boston, in the musical home and atmosphere of a very musical aunt and uncle. She played about the grounds of the home of "Little Women" and chummed with the various grand-nieces and grand-nephews of the gentle "Meg" and the aristocratic "Amy." She skated on the same river made vivid by "Laurie" and by "Jo," and bicycled on the road made history by Paul Revere. But, all these influences notwithstanding, Faire decided, two years ago, that, if she were to be an actress and she just *were*, she had better begin, so she said farewell to the girls and boys

who looked in amazement upon so ambitious a young person.

"Of course," she reminisced, in the happy fashion of one for whom such reminiscences are no more than insubstantial memories, "I had no idea of beginning anything at once. I planned to study. And then study some more. I had had the hard and steep and endless ladder pounded into me from childhood. When I was very tiny—oh, 'bout eighteen months, I guess—I used to hastily anticipate a lecture on 'bumps' by saying, very rapidly, 'I know *all* about the hardships. I know they are perfectly tragical. But *I don't care!*' I've had that feeling all along. That, so long as I once got there, I just didn't care. I was prepared for anything—for the very worst. I was optimistic, even while I was religiously pessimistic. Of course, Connie cheered me up some, and yet, paradoxically (small stars say *big* things) she depressed me. When I heard of her success I thought, ruefully, 'lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' But I thought, too, 'this

is just one of the hard,

Faire Binney's child-days were spent in and around Concord and Boston. She played about the grounds of the home of "Little Women" and chummed with the various grand-nephews of the gentle Meg and the aristocratic Amy

steep rungs I've heard so much about.' My friends thought it would be so much nicer for me to play at being a *débütante*, or, at

THERE is nothing in the whole of life comparable to a *beginning*—young green of May—a baby—an unfolding rose—the inception of song—dawning. The most delicious, the most sung and storied locale of locales is the immortal and imperishable segment of ground "Where the brook and river meet." On that especial and particular segment stands, poised, willing and alertly ready, Faire Binney. Immediately behind, how translucent and purling a brook! Immediately before, who knows how valorous a river!

The fluttering of the wings of a newly fledged Popularity is, or should be, a phenomena dear to the heart of the psychologist, the student of that *rara avis*, Humanity. It is a vision as delicate as the infinitesimal whirr of the humming-bird, as flush as a ripe peach, as hardy as Hope.

It may be known chiefly by early morning 'phone calls, immaculately kept press notices in spandy new scrapbooks, enthusiastic trips to photographers and plans only equal in cosmopolitan conquest to those of the late lamented Wilhelm and son. Comparisons are odious!

Airy persiflage aside, we found Faire Binney, before whose still enraptured vision the pinions of new Popularity are somewhat rapidly and dazzlingly unfolding, a real, half-incredulous, wholly anticipatory, confident, hardily ambitious young person. A



By FAITH SERVICE

most, to charm the ear by dainty nocturnes on a baby grand. I didn't agree. Most always, I dont."

And so she set forth to conquer Gotham, her courage in her hands.

Amazingly enough, Gotham, so adamant to many a knocking hand, proved, or rather, is proving, quite silklike to Faire. Of course, sister Constance, now dancing upon accomplished toes in "Oh, Lady! Lady!" was, anyway, an instrument of Fate when she took little Faire along with her to interview Maurice Tourneur. But, after that, there was just nothing to it! Faire had a test made, and then was one of the sisters, real, honest, born-that-way sisters in "Sporting Life," had a part in the Civil War episode of "Woman" and is beginning work at date of this writing with John Barrymore in his new comedy, entitled, I believe, "Here Comes the Bride." Which means, of course, Famous Players, a contract, "an' a' that, an' a' that!"

Not much by way of biography, for which I am grateful, since I abhor to write biographies, but a great deal by way of potentialities cannot be written but must be *sensed*.

I sensed a great deal . . . the early morning, you know . . . at home . . . things happening . . . such as a jocular 'phone call from Anthony Paul Kelly, responsible for "Three Faces East" and multitudinous known scenarios . . . mail . . . wardrobe to be selected . . . photographs to be taken . . . all the other fascinating insignia of the aforementioned budding Popularity. And Faire, in much the same state as the bewildered child who gazes upon the display left by Santa Claus, sees, yet does not see, must, perforce, believe, yet cannot. "It seems too good to be true," summed up Faire, and yet, with a determined tilt of a small, determined chin, she added, "But I shant stop—not till I've gone as far as there is *any going!* I've made up my mind to that."

Faire has bobbed, juvenile hair, a plump, childishly contoured face, wide, gray eyes and a round, not *too* slender figure. She has, in what might be contradiction to these attributes, com-

mon sense and a mind of her own. She may *look* as tho she subsists upon lollipops for her bodily sustenance and

Faire, altho she may look as tho she subsists upon lollipops, has a mind of her own, and a bank-account, along with views upon marriage, children, suffrage and Labor



the "Dottie Dimples" for her mental—but she doesn't. Not at all. She has her own bank account, is "independent," is going to manage all her own affairs, and has viewpoints about marriage and children and suffrage and labor, and, no doubt, theosophy, ceramics and the Syrian movement had we had time to touch upon all these little details. But we had no time. The Bird of Popularity is a rapidly ascending fowl, and upon his flight there are many things attendant. One lone interview could not detain him for a whole morning—and it didn't. We gleaned before we left the apartment in the East 50's, however, that just as soon as Faire is possessed of the Arabian Nights salary of a star she is going to buy an airplane *first*, give all her friends the time of their lives next and travel round and about the globe third. Three nice, modest little ambitions, which we have no reason to doubt will be realized.

"I want to do everything there is to do," said Faire, "whether it be pleasant or unpleasant. When I die I want to feel that I haven't passed by a single pleasure, a single pain. To be a great artiste—one *has* to, dont you think?"

I did.

"I want to go everywhere there is to go. I want to feel everything there is to feel.

(Continued on page 70)

Teaching, as Chester Conklin finds it, seems to be as dull and prosaic as being a king in Europe these days. Here he is absorbed in the task of imitating a blotter



The Good Old Golden Rule Days



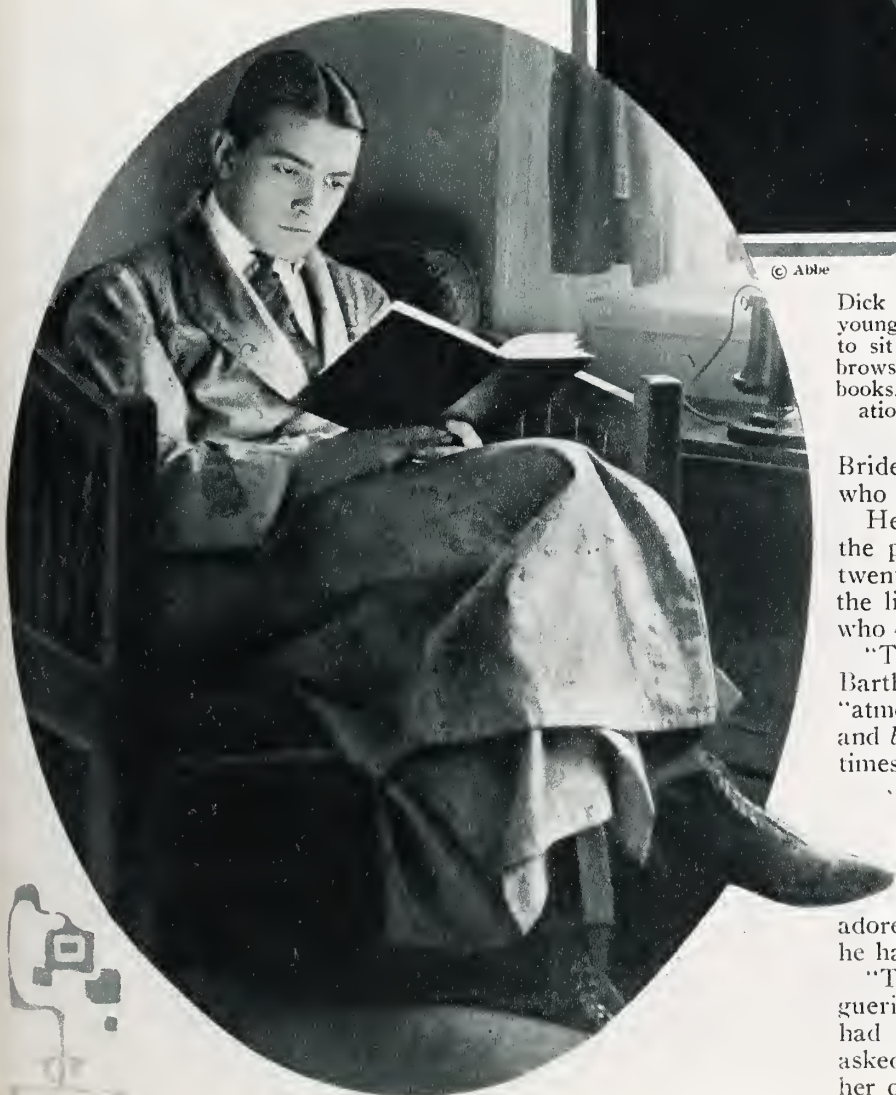
Professor Conklin seems to be spurning the affections of Pupil Louise Fazenda. The professor, it appears, cares not for the freckled lady with the shattered heart

And He Wants to Be a Playwright!

Dick Barthelmess Disdains Stars and Longs to Dash Off the Big American Drama

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

IF Alla Nazimova hadn't wanted to learn English so badly, this story might never have begun auspiciously for Richard Barthelmess. But, Allah be praised, she did. But the little lady from the land of Samovars and Steppes had a very dear American friend, an actress named Caroline Harris, who offered to teach her the so troublesome English. Caroline happened to mention her young son, Richard Barthelmess, one day, and Nazimova desired to meet him. At that time young Dick was in his junior year at college, but during vacations he had played in stock companies in Canada and at eighteen had been an assistant stage director. Besides, he danced and dressed very well. was a serious young gentleman of a studious



Dick is a studious young man. He loves to sit in his den and browse among his books. His one relaxation is dancing

turn of mind, and made an exceedingly favorable impression on the Russian actress.

So, when Madame Nazimova invaded the silverscreen under Herbert Brenon's direction in "War Brides," the boy was given the rôle of the younger brother who goes to war.

He's only twenty-three years old now, but he has, in the period since "War Brides," done nineteen plays in twenty-six months. Curiously, he has appeared opposite the littlest stars—speaking *figuratively*, not financially—who ever flickered across the silversheet.

"The Eternal Sin" followed "War Brides" and Richard Barthelmess found himself a personality, instead of mere "atmosphere," for you see, like others he had to start in and *buttle* and do odd jobs in some minor pictures, sometimes playing in two features at one time. Directors

began to comment on the work of the "clever kid," as he was dubbed, and it wasn't long before the boy had an opportunity to play opposite the tiny lady of his dreams, Marguerite Clark.

That was a big moment in his life, for he'd adored the four-feet-ten of prettiness from afar ever since he had attended the movies.

"To think that I should have been married to Marguerite Clark countless times in pictures and then have had to give her up to a soldier. Aren't girls queer?" asked Mr. Barthelmess very seriously. "I worked with her over four years and she was always the dearest girl.



pretty fine parts with the biggest stars on the screen, but the smallest in size. I did 'Nearly Married' with Madge Kennedy, and you know it isn't very far from the sidewalk to the top of her shiny brown head. Then there was Ann Pennington, saucy Ann—she's delightful to woo in the movies. We did 'Sunshine Ann' together. Gladys Hulette is, another pretty little girl with whom I was associated in 'The Streets of Illusion,' but I can assure you I retained all my illusions about Miss Hulette, for she's a REAL girl as well as a very clever little actress. Then they called me to do a part with Gladys Leslie.

"The last thing I did back East was 'Three Men and a Girl,' directed by Micky Neilan in the Adirondack Mountains. We had a dandy vacation there, too. Then Mr. Griffith sent for me to play with Dorothy Gish and to do a propaganda picture for him at the same time."

"Hurry up, Dick, we've got a few re-takes scheduled for you,"

Dick has played opposite most of the tiny stars of the screen, starting with Marguerite Clark. Here he is making love to the irresistible Dorothy Gish

shouted Director Elmer Clifton, and off hurried the young man—who-was-to-have-been-a-dramatist, to change suits for the next scene. Yes, Dick (Continued on page 70)

so helpful and sweet. I never could say enough about Miss Clark to make you know her as I knew her. She's an angel to play opposite to, and we had such fun doing the 'Bab Stories.' Those were certainly happy days," sighed the youthful cavalier of dames.

"Did you ever have any thrilling happenings with Miss Clark?"

"Well, that drowning scene, the shipwreck in 'The Valentine Girl,' was rather unpleasant, but people really thought it worse than it was. It was very cold, you remember, snow and ice and sleet, and I was to be in real ice-water in midwinter. I got around it by wearing a full rubber suit under my outer clothing, and Miss Clark was so afraid I would get a chill that she thoughtfully provided a physician, had two huge prize-fighters to rub me down, and medicines were poured down my throat until I was hustled into a cab and driven home and put to bed. There were enough precautions taken, I can assure you, but it was just an example of her consideration for all the people who played opposite her. Why, I didn't even get WET. That was about the only play in which I appeared wearing short trousers, too."

"You've always played opposite very small stars, haven't you, Mr. Barthelness?"

"Yes, you see I'm small, only five feet seven inches, so they have given me some-



Fame Via Matrimony

By OLIVE CAREW

EVERY road leads to Rome, they say, so why not the Highway of Matrimony? It's true that few players make a success by starting along that perilous pathway, but the exception still proves the rule and Florence Vidor is one of the notable exceptions.

You know most of the girls go into pictures and their beauty captivates either a star, a director, or a wealthy private citizen—and that's why they marry. But here's a little Texas girl who was born at Houston in 1895, educated in a convent school, and hardly out of it before she met big, handsome King Vidor. The courtship was short and Mr. Vidor started to support the school-girl bride thru his earnings as a motion picture director in an independent Texas company. He was just a year older than Florence, born at Galveston, full of ambition, and restless over the poor conditions which confronted a producer in Texas.

It was difficult to get players down there when a large cast was needed, since one couldn't 'phone an agency for types, as in California. That brilliant idea having once found entrance in the Vidors' think-tanks, they decided to sell out and come to Los Angeles.

Now, of course, Florence had not the slightest idea of acting. She had passed thru the usual stage of taking elocution and music lessons in the convent, and had done her bit as a player in the little French plays given there.

California seemed quite entrancing at first, there was the fitting up of a home, taking sight-seeing trips, house-keeping and looking forward to a cosy dinner *à deux*



Miss Vidor, altho married to a director, started out all unknown to her hubby and got a job as a movie extra. Then all of a sudden came her phenomenal hit as the girl in the guillotine cart in William Farnum's "Tale of Two Cities"

each night. But Los Angeles is a mighty poor place in which to make friends, for every one is so busy with his own affairs, and we've been so accustomed to seeing strangers arrive and shortly after silently fold their tents about them and steal away, that we are not keen on intimacies. Consequently,

Florence found time dragging heavily on her hands. The little home was easily kept in order, reading and sewing palled on one who had been accustomed to loving attention from friends, teachers and family, and she began to wonder what on earth she could do to amuse herself.

So one day, without telling Friend Husband, and not being able to think of anything else, she decided that ACTING any old thing would be better than sitting about the house lonesomely. You see her entrance into the movie field wasn't romantic at all—it was the outcome of a longing for work to do and some one to talk to.

She applied at the Western Vitagraph and, since she was young and pretty, she was taken on as an extra. When she told Mr. Vidor, he was quite satisfied, for he knew how much she missed her parents and sister since he was busy all day at another studio.



Miss Vidor played small parts but seemed to make no particular progress. However, she was intensely interested in the motion picture art by this time and decided to stick and to make a success. Even then, Fate did not seem particularly anxious to boost her, and she was doing nothing but "atmosphere" at Morosco or Vitagraph—that is, filling in at café scenes, doing French maid parts, or afternoon callers. Besides one of the business force at the studio said to Florence one day, "Say, you don't look a bit like a maid and every time they show you in a picture as a maid, somebody will think you're some friend of the director's whom he had to use. Why doncha cut this business?"

Again, Miss Vidor did some tall thinking. She went to her director and said she would quit, that she'd rather not act at all than do *atmosphere*.

Starting out again, she had a little try-out at Fox and nearly every one is familiar with her jump into favor—or was it a RIDE? Anyway, she wobbled about in a guillotine cart in "Tale of Two Cities"—and found herself famous. She played "The Intrigue," and "American Methods" and, shortly after that, was asked to support Sessue Hayakawa.

Which almost brings us up to the day when I called on her at Lasky, where she is rounding out a contract and being promised better things when it's renewed.

You know those big appealing dark eyes of hers? Well, they are bigger and browner than ever.

Florence doesn't disappoint one a bit off screen. Nay, she's prettier, more vivacious than on it. She



On this page are some varied screen glimpses of Miss Vidor. "Anything so it's acting," confesses Florence. "I'm wild about the movies now. I don't care whether they make me a gypsy, a half-breed, a Japanese, a Belgian—or anything!"

has a streak of deliberation, is a good reasoner, talks effectively, and likes to place her "character" in every possible environment and action, in order to decide what would be done in different circumstances. Probably this is one of the chief reasons for her success.

"It's rather unusual for a leading woman to use make-up for distinct characterizations; do you like it?" I asked.

"Anything so it's acting—I'm wild about the movies now. I don't care whether they make me a gypsy, a half-breed, a Japanese, Belgian—or anything!" laughed the little girl in a blue crepe de chine frock, with Brussels lace collar and cuffs.

Anything is good on Florence Vidor. She couldn't spoil her looks if she wore sack-cloth and ashes. She has a little humorous twinkle about her mouth, suggesting her ability to play comedy deliciously. Then there's the sadness of her eyes when she emotes, and one knows she can do heavy parts. Indeed, Cecil De Mille has used her frequently in parts which are hardly those of straight leads.

"What helped you most in attaining your present acting ability, Miss Vidor?"

"It wasn't a WHAT, it was several big men in the profession. First there is the unfailing kindness of Mr. De Mille, and the helpfulness of Marion Fairfax, who writes my parts as big as she dares, and who makes suggestions, talks her stories over with me, and is always ready to make a change which will give me a better opportunity to bring out a point in the characterization.

"Then, I've learned so much from Mr. Hayakawa that I could not begin to tell you about it all. I think he is the most wonderful
(Continued on page 74)



Good Gracious Annabelle!



Told from the Scenario Based on Clare Kummer's Comedy
By FREDERICK RUSSELL

THE house detective of the Hotel St. Swithin gazed at Annabelle Leigh with mingled admiration and doubt. Wasn't she delightfully pretty in her smart gown? And hadn't she just tried to cash a check for five hundred dollars at the hotel office, altho her bank account was already overdrawn?

John J. Mc-Larkey, the aforementioned hotel sleuth, rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Across the "Peacock Alley" of the hostelry,



utterly oblivious to his presence, sat the mysterious Annabelle, her piquant nose at a defiant angle. As he watched, two friends appeared, and Annabelle dashed forward to meet them with a cry of glee.

"You're late, Maryllyn," she exclaimed. "I've been waiting almost for hours, starved. Let's rush in to dinner."

"Dinner listens good to us," laughed Maryllyn; "doesn't it, Charlie?"

"It was Charlie who suggested it. 'Poor chap, he looks so lonely,' Charlie said."

The new-comer with the slightly up-turned mustache nodded enthusiastically. Together the three hurried thru the lounge to the famous St. Swithin dining-room of gold and blue. Some distance behind came the hotel sleuth.

The head-waiter welcomed Annabelle with enthusiasm. "Everything is ready, madam," he smiled, leading the way to a table laden with orchids and special floral decorations.

"My word, Annabelle," said Charlie, beneath his breath, "you've struck it rich—you're going it strong."

"Hardly," replied Annabelle. "You haven't heard the worst."

"If this is the worst," sighed Marylyn, "lead me to it. Listen, Annabelle, do you know that Charlie and I are both broke? Just now between us we barely scraped up the taxi fare outside the golden door of the St. Swithin."

A dazed look came into Annabelle's eyes, and then she burst into giggles. "And I was going to borrow the money from Charlie to pay for this spread. I'm flat broke myself. My allowance is overdue for some queer reason."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Charlie, nervously twitching his tango mustache. "Who's going to pay for all this?"

"Dunno," said Annabelle, subsiding into giggles again. "Suspect it will be the dear old St. Swithin."

Meanwhile the dinner was being served. A passing glance at the roguish Annabelle would never have revealed her doubt of mind. Just one person guessed the problem—Mr. John J. McLarkey, pausing doubtfully at the door. "It's going to stand somebody back about sixty bones," said the sleuth to himself, consideringly. "I hope the lad with the hesitating mustache has the wherewithal."

At the table the three were hastily trying to formulate a plan. "Stay here and keep on eating," whispered Annabelle. "I'm going to look thru the hotel for a handsome young millionaire or something. There must be a financially sensitive soul around the St. Swithin somewhere."

Out into the lounge walked Annabelle pleasantly and consideringly. At first glance, the gathered St. Swithin guests looked quite unprepossessing. Besides, the few plainly affluent gentlemen had dowdy ladies—their wives—naturally—in tow.

Suddenly in a corner, at a writing desk, she noted a handsome clean-cut young chap. He was busily engaged in writing,



"Annie Postlewaite," lied Annabelle glibly

but Annabelle quickly recognized him as John Rawson, a mine owner, reported to be fabulously wealthy.

Annabelle walked leisurely across the room to the desk and paused doubtfully. Rawson glanced up and hastily jumped to his feet. "Would you like to use this desk, madam?" he inquired. "My letter-writing can wait."

"No-o-o," sighed Annabelle.

Rawson smiled reassuringly.

"Of course, I know who you are, Mr. Rawson," Annabelle went on, rapidly. "I—we—thought you looked lonely and we've decided to invite you to our little party."

Rawson looked about doubtfully. "It's in the blue and gold room," smiled Annabelle. "In fact, we're already eating. But won't you come? It was Charlie who suggested it. 'Poor chap, he looks so lonely,' Charlie said. And they made me come to invite you because—because—"

"Because you would have considerable influence," smiled Rawson.

Back in the blue and gold room, Annabelle led the mine-owner to her orchid-laden table. "He came, Charlie," explained Annabelle to the upturned mustache one, her left eyelid wavering just for the fraction of a second. "You were right about his being lonely."

Whereat Rawson seated himself. Charlie breathed an audible sigh of relief. Every one knew of the mine-owner's enormous wealth. Marylyn leaned back comfortably. And Annabelle beamed.

Back at the door, Detective McLarkey sighed with relief, too. "Sure, the manager's a boob. The girl—Lord love her!—is all right. What do women know about checks, anyway?" For McLarkey knew that Rawson could buy the St. Swithin if he wished and take it home with him as a Christmas present for his manager.

Back at the orchid-laden table, Charlie was insisting, not with undue firmness, however, that the check be given to him. But Rawson had seized upon it and given it, with a hundred-dollar note, to the waiting waiter. "This is my lunch," smiled the Westerner to the piquant Annabelle. "Haven't you kept me from being lonely?"

At that psychological moment, to use Annabelle's own words, a bell-boy, paging "Miss Leigh," appeared upon the

"GOOD GRACIOUS, ANNABELLE!"

Adapted from the scenario based on Clare Kummer's comedy. Produced by Paramount, starring Billie Burke. Directed by George Melford. The cast:

Annabelle Leigh.....	Billie Burke
John Rawson.....	Herbert Rawlinson
George Wimbleton.....	Craufurd Kent
Ludgate.....	Thomas A. Braidon

scene. Annabelle hurried back to the lounge, to find Harry Murchison waiting. Murchison was something of a friend of both Maryllyn and herself.

"Good gracious, Annabelle," burst out Murchison, "I'm being sued for divorce."

"Condolences or congratulations?" inquired Annabelle.

"Don't be funny, Annabelle," snapped Murchison, "because *you're* the corespondent."

"Corespondent!" exclaimed Annabelle. "How—why—"

"Don't ask questions," interrupted Murchison. "I don't know how on earth she's doing it—but she is. That's why I rushed here. They're going to serve you with papers, and your only chance to escape going to court and everything is to go away at once. I don't dare talk another second. If they found me here it would be all over with your reputation. But go some place until it blows over." With that Murchison disappeared.

Annabelle dropped helplessly into a chair. Murchison's fat and jealous little wife couldn't have picked a worse moment to launch her thunderbolt. Here she was, flat broke, and scandal galloping towards her, perhaps just around the corner.

Suddenly voices drifted to her dazed ears. Finally she pushed aside her mad thoughts to listen.

"Of course, it's all ridiculous," said Annabelle. "Because I'm married now!"

"It's this way," a



pompous-looking man was saying. "I'm valet for George Wimbledon—you know, the Wimbledon of Long Island. I've been up today to find a good cook and a gardener, and here I've spent nearly the whole of it touring the agencies. And not a one have I found." Ludgate went on to tell his troubles,

while an impish smile flashed across the face of Annabelle. Finally she giggled enthusiastically.

She watched the valet until the other man had left him and then hurried across the lounge. "You are Mr. Ludgate?" she said. "I overheard your remarks to your friend. I'm looking for a position—as cook. In fact, I've just left my last place and—and—happened in here to rest before I went to another agency."

Ludgate studied Annabelle with startled eyes. "You a cook, ma'am? I'd never have thought it. You must have made a fortune making munitions."

"A little," said Annabelle, roguishly. "Moreover, I have two other friends who are looking for jobs, too. One of them is a master gardener."

"Fine!" said Ludgate, pompously. "I'll be glad to talk to 'em."

"Fine!" said Annabelle. "I'll get 'em. But first, do I get the job?"

"You'll do, Miss—er—"

"Annie Postlewaite," lied Annabelle glibly.

She hurried back to the table. Rawson had gone. "They've just paged him," Maryllyn explained; "he's coming back immediately."

"Listen," explained Annabelle, hastily. "I'm being named as corespondent in a divorce suit being started by Harry Murchison's fat little wife. Of course, it's terrible, and I've just got to get away, so I won't be served with papers and things. But I didn't know how I could do it until just a moment ago, when I signed up as cook for the Wimbledons of Rock Point, Long Island."

"Cook?" said Charlie, aghast. "You're joking!"

"I'm not," snapped Annabelle. "I'd rather cook than sit in a courtroom and have that Murchison cat think she was hurting me. So

"You're all engaged," announced Ludgate. "Mind you, meet me at the Pennsylvania Station at 8:15. I shall have the tickets. Bring everything. You will start work tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said Annabelle.

"I'm right glad you happened to overhear me talking, Miss Postlewaite," concluded the valet, smiling heavily into the impudent eyes of the new cook.

Ludgate had hardly



Annabelle was sitting in her room three hours later when she realized that the whole estate was in a hubbub of excitement

I'm starting for my new work tonight. Now think fast. You're both broke. This Ludgate valet person who hired me wants a gardener. That would do for you, Charlie, and I think he'd hire you, too, Maryllyn, as a maid. Let's all go down and try out the adventure."

"It's ripping!" exclaimed Charlie, enthusiastically. "I'm for it. It's jolly and all that sort of thing."

Annabelle ushered her friends into the impressive presence of Ludgate, who studied them critically. "You *have* been making money," he remarked. "I've heard that munitions paid well, but I never realized it before. Well, the war's over and you want to come back to your old work. Fine, fine! That's the spirit." He paused to consider Charlie critically.

"You're a good gardener?"

"Know it backwards," answered Charlie. "Orchids and all that sort of thing."

gone when Rawson appeared. Charlie and Maryllyn excused themselves, leaving the millionaire alone with Annabelle.

"I've a favor to ask of you," began Annabelle. "I'm going out to Rock Point, L. I., and I'd appreciate it if you would see that the hotel sends my things out there in a rush."

They say that fate is a queer and fickle creature, but she surely took a hand in the adventures of Annabelle. Seeing the hotel detective, McLarkey, a second later, Rawson called him. "Will you send up to Miss Annabelle Leigh's apartment and see that her things are taken care of properly? She's going to Long Island. Here are ten dollars to cover any expenses."

"You're just the man I want to see," responded the sleuth. "You said a few days ago that you'd like to rent a place somewhere in the country. I've found it for you. A friend of mine, a Mr. Ludgate, is willing to rent you the country place

(Continued on page 73)

Glorious Gloria



Just now Gloria Swanson is coming into decided prominence with Paramount. The fact that Gloria was born in Chicago shouldn't be held against her, since she went all the way to Porto Rico to be educated. Miss Swanson made her first hit at Triangle-Keystone, where playing in the film farces meant skilled agility or—an extended rest with someone taking your temperature every hour

The Mid-Theatrical Season



Frances Starr contributes a vibrant performance in Edward Knoblock's "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco Theater. Adjoining is one of the big scenes from the drama, with Lionel Atwell appearing opposite the star



Bertha Kalich is a picturesque figure in the problem play, "The Riddle: Woman," which is holding forth at the Fulton Theater

Roi Cooper Megrue's "Tea for Three," a Maxine Elliott's Theater has been pronounced one of the best comedies of the year. One of the reasons is Margare Laurence, who gives a delightful performance



The Maeterlinck genius of mystic symbolism and imaginative poetry makes "The Betrothal," at the Shubert Theater, a singularly beautiful thing. Reggie Sheffield and Sylvia Field are excellent in the foremost rôles



The Hippodrome show, "Everything," has many delights, but none pleasanter than little Marion Saki, the Japanese dancer



"Glorianna," at the Liberty, is one of the danciest of musical comedies. Here are three of "Glorianna's" chief dancers: Elsie Lawson, Emilie Lea and Marguerite St. Clair

The Celluloid Critic



"Getting Together," it would have attracted wide interest a few short months ago. Now the reaction has set in, and we doubt—and doubt strongly—if war plays and photodramas will continue in popularity. The most serious fault of "The Common Cause" is a wandering story which possesses no grip. Anthony Paul Kelly was not able to better the chief weakness of "Getting Together." Vaguely the story revolves around Orrin Palmer and his pretty wife, who have drifted apart thru the young woman's interest in another man, Edward Wadsworth. Finally, of course, the young people are reunited in a field hospital, Wadsworth, now tested and proven worthy by battle, himself bringing them together. There is an incidental comedy vein running thru, of the flirtation between an English Tommy and a dashing "blue devil" for the heart of a saucy French tavern maid. This interlude is made to stand out vividly thru the able comedy playing of Lawrence

WE doubt if the motion picture world has ever witnessed a more listless month than the one just passed. Slowly emerging from a sleep of five weeks, screen productions are almost completely devoid of interesting features.

To us, possibly the most interesting moment of the four weeks came with the belated presentation of Enrico Caruso on the screen. The famous tenor's initial celluloid attempt, "My Cousin," (Paramount), was to have appeared some weeks earlier, but the film shutdown pushed it back nearly a month.

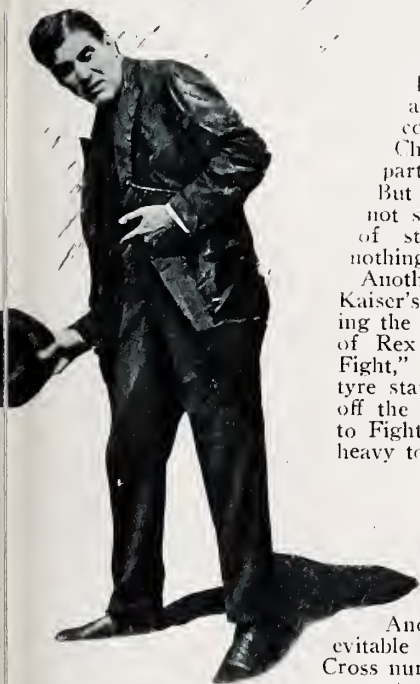
Caruso's debut was made under singularly happy conditions. First of all, "My Cousin" is a simple, direct little story in which the singer not only has a chance to play himself, thinly disguised under the name of Carulli, but to portray a happy-go-lucky sculptor of the Italian quarter. The sculptor brags that he is a cousin of the great opera tenor, only to be ridiculed thruout Little Italy when he comes face to face with the great Carulli in a restaurant and isn't recognized. The poor sculptor loses everything, even his sweetheart, Rosa, until touched by tragedy, the great Carulli comes to Little Italy during a fête and honors his "cousin" with an order for a bust. Then all the quarter falls down to worship before the happy sculptor and, of course, Rosa returns, too.

Caruso succeeds in playing himself with distinction and without affectation, but his real success is scored as the poor cousin. Here he is spontaneous, unctuous, easy before the camera. It is a sensitive and excellently limned characterization. Carolina White is very good as the señorita of the poor sculptor's heart. Edward Jose's direction is right in the spirit, probably the best thing he has ever done.

It is singular how quickly, now that the war is ended, that stories of the world struggle seem out of date. Consider J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause." Built up from J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith's wandering and episodic stage play,

Above, Herbert Rawlinson, Sylvia Breamer and the Blackton children in "The Common Cause." Below, Mildred Harris in "Borrowed Clothes"





Grossmith as the
Tommy with a pen-
chant for Hun hel-
mets.

The battle scenes are adequate. Sylvia Breamer is singularly beautiful at times as Mrs. Palmer—when she isn't wearing singularly ugly costumes. Herbert Rawlinson is a masterful Palmer and Huntley Gordon a rather colorless Wadsworth. Little Charles Blackton makes a tiny part stand out.

But "The Common Cause" would not startle because of its weakness of story—even if timeliness had nothing to do with it.

Another photoplay hurt by the Kaiser's lack of foresight in continuing the war was Goldwyn's adaptation of Rex Beach's story, "Too Fat to Fight," with the rotund Frank McIntyre starred. Based on a story fresh off the *Cosmopolitan* press, "Too Fat to Fight" tells of a fat American, too heavy to get into regular service, who finally "makes" the Y. M. C. A.

Every one has laughed at him, but when he proves his bravery in battle, even to the losing of a leg, "Dimples" Dalmryple develops to be a hero.

And, of course, he wins the inevitable ingénue, serving as a Red Cross nurse. Goldwyn went to a lot of expense to make "Too Fat to Fight," and it was mighty unkind of William Hohenzol-

ern to give up just at the moment of releasing it. At the Rivoli the audience looked at it rather listlessly, when, a few days before, it would have made a smashing hit.

The gentle atmosphere of "Little Women," (Paramount), based on Louisa M. Alcott's widely read story, appealed to us strongly. Here is a delightful picture—sans vampires, punches, and all the usual essentials of the photodrama. Even if "Little Women" doesn't hold its niche in your heart as a novel, it will get you as a picture.

The atmosphere has been caught delightfully. Is it necessary to explain that the "little women" are the four daughters of an elderly New England clergyman who has gone to the war as a chaplain? How they maintain the home, comfort their mother and struggle thru the problems of youth form the incidents of the story. Director Harley Knoles has developed the quiet little theme in the whole with sympathy, altho he has missed out here and there in trying his effort to cram in everything. This has meant the slurring of some of several characters. Dorothy Bernard is delightful as Jo, and Conrad Nagel is a very likeable Laurie.

The best thing about Willard Mack's "The Hell Cat," (Goldwyn), is the way Geraldine Farrar photographs. She hasn't celluloided so well since "Joan the Woman." Otherwise "The Hell Cat" is a hectic story. Miss Farrar plays the Irish-Spanish daughter of an old ranchman. An untamed savage of a man is fascinated by her, murders her father and takes her to his hut. Ultimately she revenges herself by plunging a dagger into the scoundrel's heart. And, of course, the man she loves comes to her in the end. So they start anew, forgetting the past. Director Reginald Barker and Mr. Mack have succeeded in getting thru

"The Hell Cat" without giving offense, but the story does not possess grip or punch. The best that can be said of "The Hell Cat" is that it presents Miss Farrar to better advantage than she has been presented in some time. Tom Santschi as the villain and Milton Sills as the faithful lover have little real opportunity.

"Borrowed Clothes," (Universal), arriving just at the moment the star, Mildred Harris, had married our own Charlie Chaplin, attracted more attention than would otherwise have been allotted to it. "Borrowed Clothes" is fearful stuff, the plaintive tale of a poor, persecuted shopgirl who is tempted with beautiful clothes by an unscrupulous young fellow. Eventually the chap reforms and marries little Mary.

The whole development of the story, from scenario writing to Lois Weber's direction, is false and untrue. It is far from life.

Right, Madge Kennedy in "A Perfect Lady." Below, "Little Women," with Dorothy Bernard as Jo



Big Bill Duncan

Once the Vitagraph serial star was an instructor with McFadden's physical culture school and, later on, he toured the varieties with Sandow, the strong man. Then he decided to relax and be a mere actor. But even that palled. Next the movies came along, and as they permitted the mingling of muscles and histrionics, Bill went into the game with a vengeance



MAGGIE PEPPER

tionized from the Scenario
ed on Charles Klein's Play

By

DROTHY DONNELL

Then followed en-
chanted days, colored
by the memory of boat
rides to Coney Island

"A COLLEGE education is like an auto, it may get you there and it may not, and often plain horse-sense will pass it on the road," Maggie Pepper remarked, curtly. "I don't know much about geometry or Greek verbs, but I do know suits."

Hargen, manager for the Holbrook department store, indulged in a sneer which lifted the corner of his small black mustache disagreeably. He was one of those who wear their paltry authority like a hired dress-suit that does not quite fit. Besides, he had an old score to settle with this pretty shop-girl, who had long ago given him to understand that he was *persona non grata* as far as she was concerned.

"Unfortunately, you are too late, Miss Pepper," he said, suavely. "My sister, Alice, has already picked out some one for the place—a friend of hers, I believe."

Maggie Pepper stared at him bewilderedly. For two years now she had hoped and planned, worked with an earnestness ridiculously disproportionate to her meagre wage for this promotion until it had become a part of her. She drew herself together, quivering, ready to fight at bay for the child of her brain.

"You can't sell suits as if they were



with those common, impudent shop-girls! I wish he'd fire every one of them. You can't tell me anything good of girls who dress as well as they do on twelve a week."

The door opened stormily and Maggie Pepper hurried in and straight into the young man's arms, blind with slow, reluctant tears. He caught a glimpse of bright hair, drooping scant lips, white cheeks a shade too sharply outlined, a chin that might have been a man's, a throat that could never have been anything but feminine; he felt the warmth of her slim body, and she was gone, leaving him staring after her until his fiancée's voice, as sweet, sounded in his ear.

"Of course, Joe, if you're not coming——"

Frowning, he followed her rustling silks and jeweled hats into the manager's office. He was conscious for the first time of a vague wish that Alice wouldn't use so much patchouli, and that transparent blouse was so obviously seductive.

"Well, Holbrook," Hargen smiled, with a sort of uneasy familiarity, "been taking a look around, eh? How soon are you going to drop the incog and take to grinding out little gems of thought for your employees, such as, 'Every Smile Makes a Friend,' and 'Fidelity Our Sales Insurance Policy'?"

In her pretty sitting room she clasped Claire to her breast. "Your old auntie has been foolish, but she's going to be very, very wise from now on!" she told her

Joe Holbrook thrust big hands into his pockets and jingled some keys there. "What were you doing to that girl that was just in here to make her cry?" he asked, bluntly.

A swift glance passed between Hargen and his sister, and the small black mustache

potatoes or prunes. You gotter *know* them linings and buttons and pure wool and mixed! You got to be able to see ahead, instead of looking backward and wondering why that lot of brown velour checks didn't go in a stripe season, and why women wouldn't touch the bunched gabardines that make 'em look three inches bigger around the waist! See how the department's been running behind this season. Why, Tracey's sold four suits to our one, because they've got real salesgirls instead of friends of the manager's sister! I could make the suits and coats the biggest thing in the store—in the city! I know just how I'd do it—new plate-glass cases, French gray fitting-rooms, a couple of models, maybe, and modern fixtures. Why, the forms you got now are the same ones Eve saw when she went to look at the latest thing in fig-leaves!"

She had forgotten herself in her flooding enthusiasm, and her voice, raised above the limits of painfully acquired ladylikeness, pierced thru the flimsy office partition to the ears of the young man who had been about to push open the gilt-lettered door. His companion, a girl who wore her sex flauntingly on her sleeve, laughed pettishly and pulled at his arm with an air of conscious proprietorship.

"Why John has any words

Without a word she sprang at him, dragging the hand that held the pistol down with all her slender strength



slanted insinuatingly. "She was impudent and I fired her," he explained, smoothly. "Trying to tell *me* how to run the store! If I hadn't been such a soft-hearted donkey I'd have sent her away long ago. Her sister was caught shop-lifting here last April—had a couple of mink muffs speared on each leg, and her daughter, who was with her, was wearing a four hundred dollar set of squirrel. They let the kid off, but the woman's in the pen for a year. A bad lot!"

"Oh," Alice shrilled, "how awful! But it was easy to see what *she* was." She opened her bag and applied a small pink puff to her cheeks with the aid of the mirror inside. "Joe and I are going

over to the Cosmos for lunch, John. Want to come along?"

"Excuse me one minute," Holbrook said abruptly. "I've something I want to do first."

They saw his broad back disappear thru the doorway, and Alice flung her bag temperately to the floor. Her prettiness had vanished, leaving her small, highly colored face marred with fine lines of malice and cruelty. "Now you've done it, you fool!" she said, in a suppressed tone. "He's going to take her back. I hate women with yellow hair and baby blue eyes—they can always wind a man around their little finger! The first

thing I'll do"—she gestured vindictively—"the first thing I'll do when Joe and I are safely married is to fire that little blonde cat!"

"But until you're married," advised her brother, "you can afford to forget and forgive anything. A fit of temper might be expensive, Alice, to the tune of two and a half millions."

In the deserted suit department Holbrook found Maggie putting a pile of dejected-looking suits on hangers, as one might lay away the garments of a dear dead child. He stood a moment in the shadow of a cloak rack, watching the square, capable hands at their work, noting the resolute set

of the small, grim little chin that would not quiver in spite of the tears that dripped down onto the plain linen shirtwaist. There was something gallant about the poise of her, something capable and strong.

"I beg your pardon——"

She did not start, but looked at him without stopping in her work, and, seeing his friendly smile, her face grew hard.

"No," she said, grimly, "I'm not your Little Bright Eyes, and I don't want an auto ride in the park nor supper at Sherry's nor an ice-cream soda. I talk suits from eight to six and I think suits from six to eight, and my motto is

'Strictly Business'——"

Joe Holbrook interrupted. "That 'suits' me!" he laughed. "You see I happened to overhear part of what you were saying to John Hargen, just now and it interested me. I wish you'd tell me your idea for making over this department. I'm—er—in the selling line myself, you see."

Instantly the ice of her manner melted. She looked at him with a blue glow in her gaze and swept her hand out in a gesture of explanation about the bare, bleak room. "Can you see how wrong everything is? You can't slam suits at a woman—you've got to coax 'em! A place like this

makes them feel poor and stingy and disagreeable. They make up their minds before they see a suit that it won't fit, and the color isn't becoming, and, anyway, maybe they can fix up the old one to do another season, now that eggs are so high. I'd finish the show-room with wicker and rose silk curtains and lamps and flowers so it would flatter them into thinking they were millionaires. I'd——"

Breathlessly she swept on from point to point of her creed of suit-selling, amazing him with her acumen, her unconscious insight into human foibles and weaknesses. Untutored as she was, her scheme was sound, and he suspected that it was even brilliant.

(Continued on page 68)



"Not—me?" said Maggie Pepper faintly. "You couldn't mean me—"

MAGGIE PEPPER

Adapted for the scenario of Gardner Hunting, based on Charles Klein's drama. Produced by Paramount under the direction of Chester Withey. Starring Ethel Clayton. The cast:

Maggie Pepper.....	Ethel Clayton
Joe Holbrook.....	Elliott Dexter
Ada Darkin.....	Winifred Greenwood
Sam Darkin.....	Tully Marshall
Claire Darkin.....	Edna May Wilson
Jake Rothschild.....	Raymond Hatton
John Hargen.....	Clyde Benson
Alice Keane.....	Marcia Manon
Mrs. Thatcher.....	Fay Holderness

The Extra Girl Invades Mimic Boarding-House

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"MISS LESLIE! Oh, Miss Leslie! Will some one please page my star?"

The camera was waiting—so were we. A look of anxiety was beginning to creep into Director Joseph Gleason's face as he gazed intently down the Vitagraph corridor. Suddenly there was a gurgle of mischief, and slowly from a refuse can that was reposing just off the set appeared the golden head of the original "glad girl."

"Were you waiting for me?" she asked, innocently. "I was trying to find out how it would really feel to be something some one had thrown away—for instance, an old glove or a tomato-soup can."

"Well, now that you know, how about a good imitation of Beth mopping up the boarding-house stairs?" laughed Mr. Gleason.

You have guessed it, faithful followers of my film fate—I am back at my starting-place. For weeks, even months, I tried to return home to roost, but alas! every perch was always filled, and then, one evening, just "'twixt the dusk and the daylight," I met Director Gleason. When he answered, "Yes, I am casting for my new picture," I looked at him with that dazed expression you have often noticed on the countenance of a jelly-fish when brought face to face with a dish of blanc-mange. Of course, I expected to hear him add, "But you're not the type I need."

Gladys surprises Director Gleason and camera-man Jules Cronjager by emerging from an ash can. Below, an example of music soothing the savage star

Alarm crept into my heart as the old familiar words failed to fall upon my waiting ear. I had yet to discover the huge bump of originality that hides somewhere behind Mr. Gleason's smiling



It's All in the Filming of Gladys Leslie's Latest Photoplay

face. A look of understanding passed between the director and the star, who was, fortunately, just studying the script—and lo! I found myself engaged as a boarder in Mrs. Gamp's *Maison de Hash*—no references required.

I like the boarder character better than any other rôle in which I have yet been featured. Perhaps it was the friendly I'm-glad-you're-here spirit that went from the star right down thru the little company. Before the first day was over I felt that I had known every member for a long time, and now that the engagement is ended I am just waiting for Mr. Gleason to start another picture for perhaps—but that will be another story.

Jessie Stevens conducted the house at which we were paid so much a day to board. She was one of those tons-of-prevention landladies who personally preside at each meal. The table may at one time have groaned under the weight of steaming dishes, but when we gathered around it had become Herb Hoover's pet grandchild.

Gladys, as Beth, the little slavey, did all the work of the house and, according to the rules laid down for moving picture slavies, was the butt of the ill-will of mistress and boarders. If the hash was burned, it was "up to Beth," but if it wasn't—well, it was just luck. We all had to admit, tho, that it was really her fault when, the first day, she became so interested in Denton Vane, who was playing Superstitious Louis, that she gave him a bath of tomato soup.

(Continued on page 60)

Above: Denton Vane pleads with Gladys to give the camera-man a chance, while, below, Miss Leslie listens to Author Lawrence McClusky and Director Gleason discuss some stunts.





Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

PROBABLY by this time the fate of the ex-Kaiser has been decided. But if it hasn't, we still submit our original suggestion: sentence him to look at all the Kaiser pictures produced during the war.

Now that the war's over, there'll be no more letters to the stars from the trenches via the publicity offices, no more pictures of stars will be found tacked up in dug-outs, and no more actors will be planning to go across—soon.

We've always believed in conservative screen advertising. Thus we pleasantly note the lines boosting "The Tidal Wave": "Every reel detonating with substance for a super-picture! Every one of its leading characters of irresistible attraction! Every one of its more than a score dramatic situations big enough for the big spot in any spectacular drama! Get on your toes for a first look at the most absorbing! most timely!! vivid!!! stupendous!!!! thrilling screen wonder play of the year!"

THINGS WE'RE WILLING TO
HOOVERIZE ON
Mitchell Lewis' under lip.

Last month a photoplay was produced which wasn't written by Anthony Paul Kelly.

Monte Katterjohn has just made his monthly announcement that big, vital film dramas are coming and that the day of the doll-faced ingénue is passed.

Now comes "The Married Virgin," with this enticing billing:

"The handsomest lounge-lizard that ever infested a *thé dansant*."

Peace hath its triumphs, no less than war. Observe the mad efforts of the producers to turn their war pictures into reconstruction dramas.

The screen industry has reached the point where a producer advertises the remarkably few productions he has made during the past five years. Witness D. W. Griffith advertising that he has only turned out five pictures in five years.

THE VAMPIRE

Vamp on, thou deep and dark-browed heavy, vamp!
Ten thousand censors frown on thee in vain;
Still dost thou writhe as if thou hadst a cramp.
And still against thy steel-ribbed corset strain
Ev'n as some fat poodle on his chain
Doth choke and strangle when he seeth a bone.
Woe to the juvenile who must remain
Thruout the op'ning reel with thee alone—
He sinks unadvertised, uncaptioned, and unknown.

And I have loved thee, Vampire, from the day
When first they biographed thy scarlet sins;
I love thine unconvincing negligée,
I love thy spider-gowns, thy leopard-skins,
Thy gold snake-bracelets and thy scarab-pins,
Thy cigaret, thy chaise-longue, thy pet Chow,
Thy feathered headgear, and thy wicked shins . . .
Time marks no change upon thy baleful brow;
Such as the first director film'd, thou rollest now!—JEWELL PARISIL.



Now that S. Jay Kaufman, of the *New York Globe*, is writing scenarios, and Louis Sherwin, the critic, is special Goldwyn publicity promoter, we have to look to Tyrone Power for our caustic comments on the films. Says Tyrone: "In the movies I have seen a director take a handsome young plumber's assistant and make a leading man out of him in three months." And he goes on to say that "motion picture acting is merely making 'faces.'"

Directors seem to have a vague idea about the sun. Otherwise, why does the sunlight always hit two players, facing each other, directly in the eyes?

Dramatic uplift item—Eileen Percy is learning to play golf.

An exhibitor up in Ottawa, Canada, on playing "To Hell with the Kaiser," fixed his theater lobby up to look like hades. We've seen a lot of lobbies that looked that way.

Note the Universal's exploitation of Mildred Harris' marriage: "The national screen star, whose marriage to the world's greatest comedian is now making fortunes for exhibitors." As our office-boy says, it's an ill wind, etc.

For cleansing, one cream— For protection, an entirely different cream

To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two creams are needed—an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection

THE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care both to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

Cleanse the skin each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, refreshed feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

Protect the skin each day

Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.



At a moment's notice, Pond's Vanishing Cream brings your skin new freshness. As a protection apply a little before going out into the cold

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 136-S Hudson St., New York	
Please send me, free, the items checked:	
<input type="checkbox"/> A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream	
<input type="checkbox"/> A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream	
Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount, to cover postage, packing, etc.:	
<input type="checkbox"/> A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream	
<input type="checkbox"/> A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream	
Name.....	
Street.....	
City.....	State.....

(Fifty-nine)



The nightly cleansing and massage with Pond's Cold Cream keep the skin clear and smooth.

Rub it lightly into your skin. It is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. It contains no oil. At once it disappears without leaving a trace of disagreeable shine. By taking this simple precaution, you can keep your skin lovely all winter.

The very first application will show you how much your skin is benefited.

Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will grow hair or down on the skin. Try them both for a week and notice how much lovelier your skin looks.

Free sample tubes

Tear out and mail the coupon today and we will send you sample tubes of each cream free. Or for 10c., to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you larger tubes of both creams, containing enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 136-S Hudson St., New York City. If you live in Canada, address 136-S Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.



The Extra Girl Invades a Mimic Boarding-House

(Continued from page 57)

"Have the soup cooled a little so it won't scald Denton," Mr. Gleason had directed, when he was preparing for this scene. "Tip the plate a little, Gladys, so a few drops will trickle down his coat-sleeve."

But Gladys, with the naturalness that characterizes all her work, let the plate choose its own angle and bestowed a generous helping over Denton's arm.

"Oh, don't mind me," the bathed one laughed, when the camera had stopped grinding. "I'd really just as lief have it outside as in."

"Must we eat it, Mr. Gleason?" a fastidious boarder inquired, giving the soup a disdainful glance that sent the color up to his face in a becoming rosy flush.

"Of course you must, and if you enjoy it you may have a second plate—off stage, tho, for this isn't that kind of a boarding-house."

When we had partaken of dinner presumably to our entire satisfaction, the dishes were changed and, presto! we were just finishing breakfast. What a saving of time and energy it would be if Mr. Gleason could pattern the scheme and introduce it into real life! Over our eggs we were discussing the happenings of the previous evening, when Miss Riggs' savings had been quietly transferred from her stocking—which, I must hasten to explain, was at that moment reposing in the depths of her trunk—while she was down in the parlor exhibiting a cut-glass bowl she had procured at a great bargain. Of course, all the evidence pointed to little Beth as the culprit.

The next day—next in our work, I mean, for it really happened between the evening and morning meals—found us piling into Beth's little attic-room in the wake of Mrs. Gamp, who thought she, in turn, was in the wake of the stolen money. Being a hard-hearted set of boarders, we gazed with icy contempt at poor little Beth as Mrs. Gamp threatened her with the House of Correction.

When I asked Casting Director Frank Loomis, who came up to watch the attic scene, what had become of all the little extras who shared honors with me in "The Sixteenth Wife," he informed me that most of them had done what many of their ancestors did before them, married, while others had been lured to the out-loud theater. (Who, WHO, I ask you again in caps, can live on ambition alone?) Tho I missed the old faces, my hours of making up were lightened by four very pretty young women who shared the dressing-room with me and regaled with a discussion of the woes of a film career—and then, of course, there was Mother Dixon.

"It's the first day I've worked in over a month," one of them volunteered.

"Same here," another added. "And just wait until I tell you what happened to me. I had two calls during that time, and both days I was up on the roof hanging out some clothes. I haven't

washed a thing since, and every time a laundry wagon passes the house I get a sick headache."

But up from the dressing-room and back to the set where the parlor was awaiting us! We had adjourned here after the evening meal. Some were sitting over in a corner gossiping, while I was trying by the light of a haughty gas jet to read an ancient *Saturday Evening Post*. And then Mrs. Gamp appeared and insisted upon singing to us. Evidently we had had a few samples of Mrs. Gamp's entertainment in a previous existence. Anyway, we registered pleasure to her face and annoyance to her generous back.

"Fine, Jessie," Miss Leslie called, with a clap of her hands, the minute the scene was ended.

"Miss Leslie thinks you're good," Mr. Gleason passed the word on.

"Now don't go by that," Miss Stevens laughed. "No matter how rotten I was, that dear child would think I was fine. It's her perfectly lovely loyal disposition."

I had noticed that Miss Leslie took a keen interest in every scene, whether she was in it or not. Her cheery word of praise floated down the studio to principal and extra alike. She was genuinely pleased when any one put over a good "bit."

"This is my pet," she said to me one day, with her arm twined affectionately around Miss Stevens' neck. "Jessie was at the studio when I first started in pictures—not here, but with another company—and she used to fight all my battles; didn't you, Jessie?"

"Of course I did. I'd fight the battles of any young girl who was trying to get to the top. The girls are all so lovely to me. When one has—well, gone a part of the journey ahead, one is inclined to feel a little lonesome, but the girls always see to it that I am not without attention."

"I wonder why," commented Denton Vane, who happened to be passing. "It must be hard to be pleasant to any one with your disposition."

Every morning the general cry led by Miss Leslie was, "Any letter from Billy today?"

Billy is Miss Stevens' son, a young lieutenant "over there," and his letters are public property at the studio.

And, speaking of letters, Miss Leslie's favorites are not the proposals from the grown-up men fans, but the appealing, often sadly misspelled missives from the kiddies all over the world. She is such a genuine youngster herself—and she is always herself, with no attempt to imitate any one else on the screen—that she can appreciate the point of view of the eager little writers—and she always answers them.

"One of my treasured possessions is a tiny little handkerchief—the ten-cent store variety—that a little tot sent me 'with all my lube.'"

Gossip From the Pacific Coast

By Fritzi Remont

LOS ANGELES, CAL. (Special)—Now that the flu scare is over, all our theaters have put on new duds and decorated their buttonholes with buds, and are looking for silver coin in floods. It's been a hard pull. Funny side of the condition was shown in electric signs over the theaters. One bore the words, "All dressed up and no place to go," and another said, "We will open on Monday—MAYBE." Many meetings were held by theater owners, special committees waited on the City Council and Health Officer Powers, all to no avail.

The Metro studios closed down for six weeks, but Bert Lytell is back, honorably discharged from an officers' training school at Waco, Tex. He will hibernates on his ranch at Napa for a fortnight, then resume work. It is planned to have ten companies listening to the camera's happy chirp before the new year is out of its swaddling clothes. Mme. Nazimova is doing "The Red Lantern." Edwin Carewe, formerly Harold Lockwood's director, is now directing Viola Dana. It was a curious trick of fate that bereft Viola of her husband-director and Mr. Carewe of his star, and the new amalgamation promises big things, rising, phoenix-like, out of its ashes and sorrows.

Ince companies have been working steadily. Dorothy Dalton shot one of her biggest scenes in Judge Hauser's Superior Court room. This was during the enforcement of health ordinances, yet one hundred and fifty people were gathered in the courtroom. Of course, this is much better than building up an expensive set and has the added value of authenticity. This is one of Miss Dalton's highly emotional scenes, and a large crowd of spectators endeavored to gain entrance to the courtroom, the aforesaid one hundred and fifty persons being members of the cast, producers and supers. By the way, Dorothy is mighty proud of her Boston terriers, which resemble those little glass paper-weight "dawgs" with the "diamond" eyes. "Roxie Jane" has won six ribbons and is descended from famous English stock, and her daughter, "Honey Blossom," is to be entered in a number of shows this spring, at which Miss Dalton is quite confident of walking off with first honors.

Enid Bennett has done another desert romance. While out among the cactus palms, Director Fred Niblo came across a skeleton, and the camera-man got a good picture of "the quick and the dead." *Quick is right*—everybody says it's wonderful the way Mr. Niblo rushed into the directing game and put out a fine product. Maybe Enid isn't just crazy about her big husband!

One of the big workers out here is Harold Percival, art director for Ince. Did you ever happen to think what it means to design sets for every play put on in a big studio?



How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife



"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted. "You have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared

for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguishers:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends.

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy."

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*, I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent in a week and 1000 per cent in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

What the Course Did For Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite detail of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in a *proper* procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"Enclosed please find check for \$5 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly."

"As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Dept. R-642

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Publishers of *The Independent* and *Harbor's Weekly*
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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

Name

Address

M.P. Classic 2



Ethel Clayton

*Tenderly helping to care for the
wounded officer.*

"The Mystery Girl"

Paramount Picture



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Nature often provides a beautiful complexion, but it cannot be depended upon to keep that complexion attractive without assistance from you. Even noted beauties realize this and give their complexion untiring care.

Every day you should use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It is softening and cleansing and it guards the delicate fabric of the skin texture from the effect of cold and wind and dirt. Its distinctive therapeutic property keeps the skin in a healthy condition.

Get your jar today.

Englewood, N. J., Aug. 13, 1917.

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

I find that Ingram's Milkweed Cream does just what you claim for it. It conserves one's complexion perfectly under the most trying conditions. I would not be without it.

Ethel Clayton

Mail Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Buy It in Either 50c or \$1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveta Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.





Shirley Mason

"It's 'Goodbye Bill' for good, if Shirley's dainty little finger leans too hard on the trigger."

"Gosh Darn the Kaiser"
Paramount Picture



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

The raw, rough winds of winter will play havoc with your complexion unless you give the skin proper care daily. Cold, as you know, coarsens the texture. Wind roughens and reddens it. You owe it to yourself to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, not once but twice a day during inclement weather.

This famous cream, which has been the favorite of beautiful women for many years, not only softens and cleanses the skin but has in addition a distinctive therapeutic effect upon the tissues. It actually tones them up and keeps the skin in good condition. Ask for it by its full name at your druggist's.

Buy It in Either 50c or \$1.00 Size



Ingram's Velveta Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it *stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.

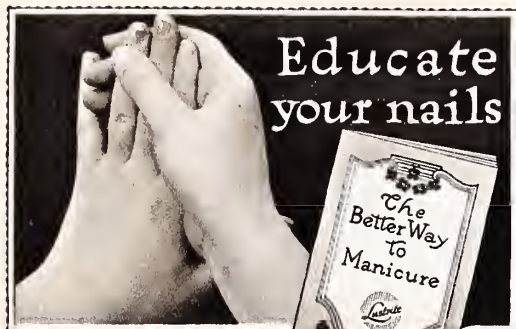
Miss Shirley Mason is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Mail Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.



Educate
your nails

Lustr-ite them

Exquisite nails are the reward of training. "The Better Way to Manicure" tells how to give your nails the charming shape and finish you have often admired on others, without cutting the cuticle or removing it with injurious acids.

Your copy of this instructive book, with sufficient Lustr-ite Cuticle Ice to soften and train your cuticle, will be sent you free on request.

The five essentials for manicuring the Lustr-ite way are:

Lustr-ite Cuticle Ice Lustr-ite Nail Bleach
Lustr-ite Nail Whitener Lustr-ite Salve Enamel
Lustr-ite Nail Cake

On Sale at All Department and Drug Stores

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The Heart of Wetona—(Continued from page 35)

above her. His repression fastened about him like a cloak, shrouding him in silence. She knew that repression. She understood it because she was of him and of his people. She feared it because she was of the East and her mother's people.

They stood so for a long time. Then Quannah began to question her again. Each word smote her shuddering flesh like a missile. At last he got from her that the man was not of their people. He was, she said, a white man. Quannah pressed the advantage he felt he had gained. But Wetona was mute. She had told all that her heart allowed. "I never tell name," she said, and her tears soaked into the earth her head was pressed against and went to join the sobbing, restless waters of the river. "I never tell," she said.

Quannah left her there. After he had gone Wetona slipped from the wood with the unexpectedness, the agility of a deer. She knew her father and she knew the Comanches. It would be death—death by slow torture. She was the daughter, the outraged daughter of their chief. The purest blood of the proud Comanches had been violated in her veins. Yes, it would be torture. Torture! And it would be slow, very slow, and cruel—oh, cruel! Wetona shuddered. Not for herself. She could stand torture. She felt that she could stand it. Often it seemed to her that she was tortured, had been tortured, ever since she met Tony Wells and he had awaked within her this fever which consumed her. It was fever. It was consuming fever. And it would not let her be. It drove her to strange ends, forced her to commit strange sacrilege. It tore down traditions with hot and vandal hands; it smirched modesty in her white face; it brought the head of Wetona to the dirt where her heart was wallowing. It was for Tony Wells that she shuddered as she sped thru the night to the white man's place. She knew that fear made a baby of him. He would be direfully fearful of her father's threat.

On the way she bethought her of John Hardin. Big John, who could do more with the Comanches than any agent the reservation had ever had. John liked her, too; she felt intuitively certain of that.

John Hardin was smoking his pipe in his professionally littered office when Wetona sped over his sill and stood before him. Just before her coming he had felt sad, sad and depressed. Ever since Wetona had left the Comanches to go to her Eastern college, and he had seen her standing on the platform of the train, blue eyes brilliant in her golden face, he had treasured her memory to the point of putting all other memories from him. "Some day," he had promised himself, "some day she will come back. She will be a woman grown. A wonderful woman. She will be strong as the lusty young pines and swift as the torrents of the river. She will have the

blade-keenness of her father's people and the soft tenderness of her mother's. She will be a bride worth wooing, infinitely worth winning. She will be mine."

He rose when she entered and stood looking down on her from his superior height. "Something is wrong?" he asked, kindly.

Wetona drew a long, shuddering breath. "Very wrong," she got out. "Next week Corn Dance. I was chosen for Vestal Virgin—I—oh, Mr. Hardin, the tribe—it—they go for Tony Wells. Please, please, if you care for me so very little bit, please not let them take him, Tony Wells. Please. If they take, Wetona die—tonight—"

John Hardin knit his brows. She had torn a dream out of his heart that had been the finest he had dared to create. Well—"Of course," he said, "what I can do I—" He got no further. Quannah stood on the threshold of the room. His lips were drawn away from his teeth. His eyes glinted white in the deepening gloom. When his voice came it was a snarl, with a tang of red blood to it. Quannah was already, figuratively, on the warpath.

"You he," he spat forth, ambiguously, "you, John Hardin. We swear by John Hardin, poor fool Indians; we say he keep faith, this agent, he white man clean to his bone. All time you vile, you low; you take chief's daughter and make street thing of her. Come, Quannah fight. Quannah fight this honorable John Hardin for his daughter's honor."

John Hardin had dealt with Comanche Indians a great many years. He seldom made a misstep. He knew that if he fought the aged chief now one of two things would happen, Quannah would be killed, in which event he would lose Wetona for all time, and doubtless, his own life, since it would call the tribe upon him; or he would be killed, in which case it would leave Wetona to the dubious punishment of her people. He shook his head. "Not now, Quannah," he said. "Let me atone in some other way."

Quannah knit his brows. Then he looked up. "Wetona child of the white man, too," he said. "I read, I know, white man hurt girl, atone by marriage. John Hardin marry Wetona and make good Wetona's name."

Wetona gasped. John Hardin smiled. "Stand aside, Quannah," he ordered, "while I talk the matter over with Wetona."

Quannah snarled, but obeyed, poising his rifle so that he covered John Hardin squarely over the heart. Hardin spoke rapidly. "You are in a bad mess, Wetona," he said, kindly. "The best thing you can do is to marry me. This will appease your father and your people. You can still see—still see—him. After a while, when the tribe is settled down again, we will go to the East and you may divorce me. You will be—a little

sister to me, Wetona. Will it be so hard?"

Wetona felt a sudden tightening of her throat. She took the big hand in both of hers and kist it. "Not hard—easy, John Hardin," she whispered.

Dusk deepened into night. In the thick dark Quannah and Wetona and John Hardin walked to the home of Pastor Wells. Tony Wells was called upon as witness and the ceremony proceeded. If there were any pangs for Tony, he gave no sign. John Hardin was firm and very quiet. Wetona alone looked broken and distraught. She could not have stood by while Tony married another girl under her very eyes. She could not have helped him into a noose that would take him out of her reach forever. What sort of a love had he given her, she wondered, that he could do this thing? It came to her that John Hardin would never have let her go had she ever loved him in the way she had loved—still, God help her, loved—Tony Wells. John Hardin would have fought for her. He would have taken her tho she was in the very maw of red death. It would be a fine, a tremendous thing, the love of John Hardin.

After the ceremony Quannah stepped into the light the flickering chandelier gave down. "You no more Comanche, Wetona," he said, "and you, John Hardin, when the tribe know truth, that you marry Wetona to make big wrong right, any Comanche kill you on sight of you. I give you two days take girl and go. I, Quannah, give you two days to go."

The gas jets flickered wildly in Wetona's eyes; the sparse, neat furniture, the ugly wall-paper, the pastor's smug countenance, Tony's sullen eyes, all revolved more and more chaotically. Only one thing seemed to stand still in the sickening convolutions—John Hardin's face. Then that, too, blurred and lessened and she was in the dark.

When she came to she was muttering thickly, "Tony, Tony—" and some one was saying, very, very kindly, "Wetona, little heart, little heart."

Wetona sat erect. She was in John Hardin's home, and he was kneeling by her, stroking her throbbing temples with his capable, strong hands. Wetona stared at him wildly. "We must go," she said, tensely. "You heard Quannah, my father. You heard, John Hardin—we must go!"

Hardin smiled and shook his head. "Not I," he said, calmly, and rose from his knees to light his pipe and drop into a chair beside her; "not I, Wetona. I am here as agent and to quell any uprisings. I shall stay, and, if there is one, quell it. Quannah feels that you have been wronged. He believes I—I am guilty. He told me to make the white man's restitution. I have done so. Right is now on my side. Quannah is, or should be, appeased."

"He is not," whispered Wetona. "There is blood-lust in his eyes. And back there the tribe are getting ready

(Sixty-five)



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their warpath regalia, their feathers, their—their tomahawks——”

Hardin reassured her, and for a week it seemed as tho the Comanches were going to let the insult die. John Hardin went about his duties, untroubled and unapproached, and Wetona played at keeping his house and watching for Tony, who must surely come and make this travesty of living right with her.

At the post a week or so after the ceremony Hardin encountered Tony Wells. Wetona had looked very frail that morning. “Wells,” he said, and was surprised to find his voice so pleasant, so casual, “Wetona is—with me, as you know. Run over and see her. She is—lonely.”

Tony Wells did not meet his eyes. “I will,” he said, evasively. “Fine!”

When Hardin got home that night Tony Wells was there. Wetona’s eyes had brightened and her cheeks had reddened, but somehow she did not look as Hardin felt she should look being with her love. “I am a fool,” scoffed Hardin, to himself. “The wilds have made an idealist of me. I need some good healthy materialism knocked into me.”

Later in the evening Hardin sought Wetona and Tony. “I’m running into town,” he said. “I shant be back before ten at the earliest. You can remain, Tony.”

The pastor’s son nodded. He wet his lips. Hardin sickened and turned away. A moment later Wetona was by his side. “Take me with you, Mr. Hardin,” she was pleading. “Somehow I—I—Wetona rather go—with you.”

Hardin hesitated. The temptation was very sweet, very dear. The ride thru the night and Wetona. Wetona, who had chosen to go from her lover—with him. It held possibilities of a tremendous joy. His heart leaped in his breast. Then, in the dark, he shook his head. He wanted Wetona, but he wanted her utterly. This test, when she was overwrought and excitable, was not enough. He had cared for her during the week and she had become used to him. There was no proof here. She must go thru a greater testing, a longer, stronger temptation.

The hard words of denial were taken from him by the precipitate appearance of Comanche Jack, Hardin’s firm friend and sworn ally. “Master,” he gasped, gripping Hardin’s arm, “tribe—it come—take John Hardin—torture at stake for—for——” He saw Wetona, pallid in the dark, and checked his words. “Make haste, John Hardin,” he said; “they on warpath for fair.”

Hardin smiled. So the fight was on. On—and in his house were Wetona and Tony Wells. Tonight, then, was to be the crucible, the melting-pot. She loved Tony Wells—did she, or did she not?

He drew them inside. “We will get what sleep we can now,” he told the amazed Indian and Tony and Wetona. “Later we shall need what—strength—we have.”

“Sleep—now?”

Hardin nodded. Only Wetona noticed that his face was very white.

An hour later Hardin leaned over the gallery, and his eyes shone with a strange light into the darkness. Stealthy footsteps were coming from the direction of Tony Wells' room. They paused, and Wetona's door opened. Hardin held his breath. Wells was speaking, thickly. Then came Wetona's voice, broken, frightened, singularly clear and poignant, "Leave go, Tony Wells, this is not love you have for me. Now I know. I know. This not love, but a base thing. John—John Hardin—not take girl this way. You want my lips, my arms about you, my hair, the touch of my hands; for my heart and the part of me that feels, that hurts, for that part you not care. Love do care. You not love me, Tony, not as I want love—now—"

Tony laughed, coarsely. "So many words, Wetona," he said. "You were mine, you still are, you always shall be. You are as weak now as you were the first night I took your lips, you wild thing, you beauty."

Wetona's voice answered him. It had a hissing sound. "All my love for you, which was not love at all, it go," she said, "and hate—it is hate I feel for you—here—now!"

John Hardin's eyes were bright with unshed tears. The strength of mountains was in him and the triumph of might. He leaned far over the railing. "Tony," he said, "what you're going to do is pack your grip and get out of Oklahoma—tonight—and never let Wetona's name pass your lips again. She is my wife."

There, in the dark, on those words, Wetona's eyes met his—and he was satisfied. She was his wife.

Before Tony could make good his escape the Indians were about them, surrounding the house, shrieking and yelling for John Hardin to show himself. Hardin knew them well enough to see at once that there was no play in them. He ordered Comanche Jack and Tony to their posts and prepared to fight. Tony shook with an ague and would have made good his escape had not Wetona intercepted him, lips curling, and ordered him back to his place. "You are a dog," she snapped.

The fight was on when Quannah rode into their midst, his stentorian voice raised in command. The shouting and firing ceased, and Quannah made known the fact that he had found Tony Wells, not John Hardin, the guilty man. Then the old chief entered the house and shook Hardin's hand. "You better man than Quannah," he said. "May the Great Spirit bless you!"

The tribe got Tony Wells. He never left Oklahoma, nor did he ever breathe the name of Wetona.

Inside the quiet house morning pried with pale, pink fingertips, but she did not wake John Hardin, who slept in his great, old chair, nor Wetona, who lay against his heart.

(Sixty seven)



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Maggie Pepper (Continued from page 55)

"Splendid! he applauded at the end, 'corking! Go ahead and try it out. I'll back you to the limit!'"

She took the card he handed her, read it, stiffened. Even before she spoke he knew that her tone would be chilly, formal, curtly businesslike, as of an employee speaking to an employer. For a moment, thinking him only a clerk like herself, the bars had been down, but not now.

"You are the—Mr. Holbrook? You'll have to excuse me. I guess I had no business talking that way. You see, I've just been discharged!"

"But you're hired again, from this minute," Holbrook smiled. "You're not going to leave me in the lurch? I—I want you to sell suits for me—to manage the department."

She held out her strong, white hand and shook his as a man might have shaken it, but the soft fullness, the sweet curves of her throat, they were all woman, he thought. "I'm not going to thank you for my chance," she said, slowly. "I'm not very handy with words, but I know suits and I can sell them, believe me."

"I do believe you," Holbrook answered, "I do believe you."

There was no doubt that Maggie Pepper could sell suits. The sales statements that came to his desk every month testified it in curt figures. The crowds of shoppers that filled the dainty new *Salon De Paris* bore witness to it. But beyond that fact he knew no more of the woman who lived behind the disconcertingly businesslike exterior than at the beginning.

She piqued his curiosity. He found himself more and more often speculating about her, vague troublous imaginings as to how it would seem to have those clear blue eyes look at him as if at a man instead of a piece of office furniture. He was not used to being regarded impersonally, was Joe Holbrook, and it worried him; it even began to interfere with his appetite.

He thought it was curiosity that he felt in regard to his inscrutable little sales manager—thought so until one afternoon as he paused by her office door with a memorandum for her, he heard the gruff sound of a man's voice within, then the low murmur of her reply. There was no mistaking the intimacy of their tones, tho he could hear nothing of what was said, and suddenly he felt a hot wave of resentment surging over him.

What manner of man had the right to sit in her office and talk to her personally, pleadingly? Was she married? Perhaps. Had she a lover? What life did she step into when she passed out of the store doors?

"It's not my business," he told himself, angrily. "I'm hiring her to sell suits."

But still he lingered, and suddenly he heard a strange, gaspy sound that crumpled the memorandum in his fingers. "You wont, eh?" the gruff voice said,

with ugly emphasis. "You wont give up the girl? Well, maybe I can persuade you to change your mind!"

Joe Holbrook flung the door wide and stepped inside. And a queer little thrill of relief mingled with the black rage that filled him at the sight that met his eyes. This man, with his sallow, unshaven jowls and slack lips, who stood clutching Maggie Pepper by the throat, had no claim on her. Whatever she went to meet when the revolving doors of the store freed her at night, it was not to him.

He gripped the flabby shoulder muscles and swung the man free of her as he might have shook a rag. There were dirty prints on her white collar, red marks on her wrists, but she managed to smile faintly up at him.

"Dont hurt him, Mr. Holbrook. He'll go quietly now, wont you, Sam?"

The creature at the end of Holbrook's arm wriggled spinelessly. "Leggo of me!" he blustered, with a kind of fawning bravado. "I aint done nothing to her that any man with feelin's of a father wouldn't have! She's got my child, that's wot. An' she wont give 'er up." He wept alcoholic tears at the memory of his wrongs. "Feelin's 'f a father—on'y child—on'y shingle child I got."

When Holbrook returned from escorting the bereaved father to the freight elevator he found Maggie Pepper quietly at work at her desk. A faint flush crept to the line of her bright hair as she met his eyes. "I must explain the situation. Mr. Holbrook," she said, painfully. "The child he spoke of is my niece, Claire, a girl of sixteen. I have had her with me for a year since her mother—was away, and I am very fond of her." Under the commonplace words, what a rushing tenderness, a very flame of mothering! Then he felt himself shut out once more. "This afternoon Sam came to tell me that I must give her up because he had found a husband for her! A husband—that baby! And when I refused he threatened me. But I do not think he is brave enough to actually harm us."

His voice was a trifle thick. "Miss Pepper, couldn't we be friends? Ever since I first saw you I've wanted to be, but you put something in between——"

"Not I," she smiled up at him sadly. "It was already between—I only tried to keep it there. It isn't that I'm a snob, or humble, Mr. Holbrook. Perhaps it's because I'm too proud, but what I've got in life I've worked for, starved for, suffered for! I used to pick up lumps of coal from the railroad track when I was able to walk—it's been a struggle ever since, and your life has been so different. It's that that is between us—our lives."

"That's the first time I ever heard you reason like a woman!" Holbrook laughed. "Come! We're intelligent human beings—at least you are! Why not make the experiment?" He bowed with mock solemnity. "Miss Pepper, will you feed

the elephant at the zoo with me next Sunday afternoon?"

She did not reply at once. For the first time he saw in the clear blue of her eyes the shadow that is cast by fear. Then, a little difficultly, she smiled. "We—will try."

Followed enchanted days for the little suit saleswoman, colored by the memory of boat trips to Coney Island, silent strolls along Riverside, bus rides down a Fifth Avenue purified, made glorious by the white moon. They never spoke of business in these hours when Life seemed to be left behind in the garish world of day, they never spoke of themselves. All the shy fancies, the quaint imaginings that the sordid years had never destroyed in her, came quite naturally to her lips, and he found himself replying in the same speech. Out of chance words and phrases he pieced a knowledge of her spirit, courageous, sane, with the deep tenderness that men long for in the women they love.

But that he did not know yet; even on the night when she told him, bravely smiling, that this must be their last outing, he could give no name to the dull misery and revolt that ached in his soul.

"I have heard that they are talking," Maggie's voice was steady. He at least must be spared the hideousness of what she had heard. "We've had some good times—haven't we? But they mustn't make bad times for anybody else. The girl you are engaged to might not understand. I have had an offer to go to Japan to take charge of the importing end of a silk firm, so I'm leaving the store."

Later, in her pretty sitting-room she clasped Claire to her breast with such fervor that the girl was vaguely troubled. But when she questioned her, Maggie only laughed. "Your old auntie has been foolish, but she's going to be very, very wise from now on!" she told her gaily.

The child gazed at her with round, innocent eyes. "You are pretty old, aren't you, Aunt Maggie?" she breathed, with unconscious cruelty.

A sharp ring of the door-bell startled them. Thrusting Claire back with sudden dread, Maggie went to answer it and returned with a whimpering woman, whom the girl greeted as "Mother."

"Sam is on the loose again, Mag!" Ada Darkin wailed. She was a faded woman, with the scar of a perpetual frown graven between washed-out blue eyes. "He's got hold 'f a gun somewhere an' says he's goin' t' use it on anybody that interferes with his rights! I'm scairt of him this time."

Maggie patted the plump shoulder next her reassuringly. "I'll handle Sam. You better go into the kitchen—" A second peal of the door-bell interrupted the words. Ada began to tremble.

"That's him now, Maggie. He'll kill us all! He's just drunk enough to be ugly and not too drunk to aim straight."

Joe Holbrook, stepping thru the door that Maggie opened, misinterpreted her look of stunned surprise. "I couldn't

help coming!" He caught at the firm white hands eagerly. "Maggie, I can't let it end like this! Listen, dear, I—"

"Hush!" breathed Maggie. "Oh, hush!"

Along the corridor sounded the shuffle of unsure footsteps. The color drained from her cheeks. If Darkin should find Holbrook here he would not hesitate to use that knowledge to blackmail him. She cast a hunted look around and her eyes fell on an open door.

"For my sake!" she begged him, with swift inspiration. "What if you should be found here? Don't come out, no matter what you hear."

She closed the door on his expostulation and whirled to see Sam Darkin's face, seamy with fury, leering at her over a leveled pistol. "Now don't—try—stallin' me, girl!" he warned her, as he advanced, swaying, toward where she stood at bay, guarding what was more precious to her than her life, the safety of her sister and niece and the reputation of the man she loved. "I know they're here, an' I'm goin'—fin' 'em. Get away fr'm that door—quick!"

Without a word she sprang on him, dragging the hand that held the pistol down with all her slender weight. In utter silence they grappled together, with only the soft, muffled pad of their feet on the carpet and their heavy breathing to tell listening ears what was happening. Maggie's brain was whirling, but one thing remained clear in the tumult of her thoughts. Somehow she must get Darkin away and let Holbrook escape—somehow, dear God! she must save the man who had given her a glimpse of a new heaven and a new earth from the consequences of his recklessness.

Darkin's foot slipped and they fell against the table with a force that sent the metal lamp crashing. The bedroom door opened, and Joe Holbrook stood outlined against the light. With a dreadful laugh, the other man flung Maggie aside and leveled his gun.

"I'll get you, anyway, you damn interferer!" he screamed in a flat high tone, and fired. Joe Holbrook fell as a tree falls and lay very still in the rose-pink glow of the frivolous dressing-table candles.

When Claire and her mother, screaming aimlessly, ran into the room they found Darkin gone and Maggie, very white and calm, already cutting Holbrook's coat away from a wound in the shoulder.

"Don't do that," she told them sternly. "There's clean sheets for bandages in that drawer, Ada, and Claire, get the brandy from the bathroom closet. He isn't killed—maybe even yet we can keep people from knowing."

Still fighting against odds, Maggie Pepper, heavy odds!

It was towards dawn when Joe Holbrook opened heavy eyelids and smiled weakly up at the face bending above him.

"Hush, don't try to speak!" Maggie whispered. "I'll tell you everything"

(Continued on page 70)



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And He Wants to Be a Playwright--- (Continued from page 40)

Barthelmess had shown decided ability for plots at a very early age and his mother determined to give him the advantages of a college education. He attended Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, and hasn't given up the idea of play-writing. He believes that his practical knowledge of play construction gained from motion picture work, coupled with his experience on the legitimate stage, will fit him for better work in the drama later on.

Sauntering out on the Griffith stages, a funny sight met the eye. A stage within a stage made the set. About four feet from the floor one saw a hall-way with stairs in the rear. Here Richard Barthelmess stood with a hand-bag and a Charles Ray expression, as he crushed a Fedora in his right hand. While the camera-man focused and Director Clifton critically examined the set, the funniest jazz-band ever exploited began sweet yowls.

Seated on a broken chair, an artist on the "cordeen" jazzed away blithely, keeping time with his puttee right. On another chair nearby Buddy Harron, the famous Robert's younger brother, was playing drum with two chair-rungs beating a lively syncopated tattoo on an arm-chair. On the other side of the stage an electrician drummed with two more chair-rungs against the supports of the stage-lights. It was too much for the dance-loving Mr. Barthelmess. His face remained sadly grave, but his knees began to twitch and sway and before long he was jazzing away unmindful of the trials of focusing.

"All right," said Mr. Clifton, "lights, action. There, that's fine, Dick." Soft music on the accordion this time, drumming omitted, and Richard Barthelmess addressed a farewell speech to nothing in particular until his director shouted "out!" and the grave leading man gave a last sad look at the rough floor and with a shrug and backward glance, made his exit.

There's one thing about Mr. Barthelmess, a thing so different from that which one expects from a leading man, that it's noteworthy. He rarely smiles. I've heard it said that he kisses the girls with his eyes. Perhaps it is his gentle aloofness that appeals.

Richard Barthelmess is twenty-three, handsome—and has a big reputation as a dancer. Mr. Griffith has said of him that he is "easy and smooth in his work, fairly glides into a part, and is never rough in his conceptions."

Whether he's been spoiled by his association with such charming little stars as those who have twinkled at him the past five years, so that he can't quite come down to earth and fall in love with an ordinary twentieth century maid, or whether it is because his much-loved mother is making the bungalow too attractive and his den too comfortable to be left for outside attractions, or whether his strongly developed idealism has painted for Richard Barthelmess the

image of a twin soul not yet materialized, it would be difficult to say.

There's just one sporty inclination which Dick permits himself to foster, and this leads him to Vernon weekly to see a good prize-fight or boxing bout. He has lots of books, he enjoys driving his mother out in a new touring car, and he's imbued with the idea that motion picture acting is a very serious proposition.

But he *does* love to write letters, so perhaps some day he'll woo and win some little star by the fountain pen route. As for those whom he has wooed on the screen, they are mostly wedded now. Such is the sad fate of a leading man!

Maggie Pepper

(Continued from page 69)

that's happened. An hour ago the police telephoned that Darkin had been drowned after leaping from a moving ferry-boat. There's nobody else knows you're here, and they mustn't know."

"Why, Maggie?" Holbrook asked. "Are you afraid they'll think that you—"

"Me?" She looked at him wonderingly. "Oh, no; I don't matter! But your life mustn't be spoiled, and Miss Hargen wouldn't believe you came just because you were sorry for me."

He laughed at the divine simplicity of her, then, reaching out, captured the firm, steady little hand in his own. "Maggie, little, wonderful Maggie!" he cried, unsteadily. "It doesn't matter what anybody understands or doesn't understand. I'm not engaged any longer—that's what I came to tell you tonight, that and one other thing. Put your head down close and I'll whisper it."

Three magic words, old as Time, young as Youth. A great flame of color swept her face to the white, curving hollows of her throat. "Not—me?" said Maggie Pepper, faintly. "You couldn't mean me—"

In his eyes she read the truth of the wonderful thing that had come to her, and suddenly all the hard-learned control and poise that she had won from the grudging years fell from her, and she laid her head with a little sob on his breast like a tired child that has come home.

Starward Ho!

(Continued from page 37)

This world seems to me just now to be a tremendous playroom with a workshop directly in back. One must work in the workshop, then wander about the playroom, doing what one chooses, pausing where one pleases, then going on—always going on."

"Marriage?" I suggested; "permanence?"

"Oh, that!" the small, ascending star laughed. "That's the very last toy in the playroom," she said, "and nothing is permanent."

O Youth . . . O Youth! O Popularity—thou Bird of Paradise!

A Twentieth Century Priscilla

(Continued from page 31)

Some of the company laughed, I scolded. I was a contrary child if God ever made one. In fact, my mother and some of the actors said I was a little devil. Whatever the influence that ruled me, it surely did protect me. I led a life free from accident and fear, feeling very important with my own little purse.

"I love to travel and to travel fast. That is why the automobile and aeroplane appeal to me so strongly. It does seem such a pity that the authorities wont allow you to travel eighty miles an hour in town. When I see a straight road and feel little old 'Pep'—you know, my tiny red roadster—dragging at the leash, I just want to let her go till there isn't a hairpin left in my head."

It's easy to understand why Priscilla Dean wants perpetual motion. She is so full of animal spirits that you're disposed to wonder how she changed from comedy to drama. Her eyes dance and dart—they're not still a moment save when she sleeps. She has the sauciest eyes you ever tried to look into. Just imagine a man trying to propose to mirthful eyes like those of Priscilla Dean!

"You're nothing but a baby vamp right now!"

"I wish I could have played 'Upstairs and Down.' I surely did envy Juliette Day that part. I could just feel myself in it. But that's the way—one always has to do things which are the opposite of one's day-dreams. Dont you think Fate might hand out a few more prize packages and consult us about the sort of plays we want to do? Just think of me playing in 'The Hand That Rocked the Cradle!'"

"How did you happen to get into it at all?"

"I was doing comedy out here at Universal, and, as I walked across the lot, Lois Weber spied me and said, 'There's a girl I want.' That little cue landed me as the mother of three children. Funny, wasn't it? But then lots of queer things have happened in my time; for instance, playing with the Ben Greet players. And do you know, I've the distinction of playing at every university in the United States? Not many girls have had the opportunity to see all our famous universities. I think that was one of the finest experiences to look back upon—and it was fun to meet so many college boys, too."

No, Priscilla Dean doesn't look as if she'd essay Bill-of-Avon rôles. As Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" she might be a perfect type. Having mused audibly on this line, it wasn't astonishing to hear the star of "Why, Uncle!" explain that she loves shrew types and is now doing stories embodying such. With her naturally irrepressible spirits, her wit and sparkling personality, the taming of Priscilla Dean on or off screen must be a fascinating task for any lord of creation.

Miss Dean, who is just twenty-one, was a musical-comedy girl before going

into pictures. Even now she's entertaining at the various theaters which show her pictures. Not that she likes the idea, but Californians insist on seeing their stars at close range, and so Priscilla prefers to dance her way into favor rather than make a set speech. Her early training in the musical-comedy world was with such noted artists as Ada Lewis, Otis Harlan, Laddie Cliff, Ethel Levey, Grace La Rue, Justine Johnston and Taylor Holmes.

Priscilla dotes on a bull pup, a huge white Angora tabby and the luscious rose-gardens back of her home. During the early part of 1918 she boosted the Eighth National Orange Show at San Bernardino. So many demands were made on her booth that oranges gave out and Priscilla resourcefully handed them lemons. Not that any one minded, for when Priscilla Dean smiles and turns her impish eyes, it's impossible to remember what is being eaten anyway.

Then, too, an infantry regiment at Fort Travers, Texas, has been calling this star of mystery plays "godmother." Every week of her young life she has mailed "the makin's" of cigarets to her boys, as well as boxes of ready-rolled smokes. Sub-chaser No. 308 recently presented her with a unique swagger-stick, made entirely of shells, and while it's a good protector from Johnnies, the "weapon" certainly presents a curious contrast to the demure Priscilla cloak of dark blue cloth, with Puritan lines, which envelops one hundred and thirty pounds of live-wire loveliness surnamed Dean.

Yet, strange anomaly, Priscilla off-stage enjoys taking her liveliness out all by its lone. She doesn't care for public life or café appearances, can get along beautifully without society stunts, and has the best times ever just with her car, her cur and her cat. For the saucy Priscilla is a happy bachelor maid.

The Interesting Life

(Continued from page 23)

to it, "on the fence." On one hand is the feeding of the inner craving, the working for the ideals of stagecraft and of art which absorb him. This means renunciation in a certain sense, a chance of non-appreciation, struggle, deprivation. On the other hand, serials, comforts and, largely, dreaming and enjoying. Perhaps, in time, the two will be blent. But whatever the case, whatever the outcome, there is a big personality there, interests immensely worth the having, a nature which appeals because, one takes it, there is charity for all and malice toward none, a life done on a generous canvas, a love of the truly epicurean which is a force no matter what, no matter when its material expression. A man who has brought out of the Land of the Midnight Sun something of its searching analysis, who has taken unto himself here the qualities of a true democracy. A man, an artist and—a husband.



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The Return of Florence Turner

(Continued from page 29)

Of course they spend the money they make in munitions on things that they do not need but have always wanted."

She gave an indescribably funny imitation of two women meeting on the street, commenting on each other's finery.

"Imagine," she went on, becoming serious again, "rough, stained hands loaded with diamonds; coarse, weather-beaten faces set off by gorgeous furs. To me, that is the real comedy and is destined to be the great tragedy of the war. For what are they going to do now? They have not saved anything and have not gained any education. You can hear all your life that comedy and tragedy are very close together without actually realizing it until you see something like this!"

Real life comedy-drama! Florence Turner has seen much of it since she first sailed across the ocean six years ago! I noticed against the pale pink of her gown a gold medal. She explained that it had been sent her from the trenches by the Royal Fusiliers.

From this the conversation naturally turned to her work when she "went on the road," entertaining with her impersonations at innumerable camps and hospitals.

"One experience will never, never let itself be forgotten!" she said. "You know my vaudeville acts were all character studies of one kind or another—principally comic. The one I liked the best was a study of a cockney girl watching a melodrama, substantially the same scene I put in 'My Old Dutch' except for a few exclamations. I played it in a strong spotlight. I was having so many performances a day at so many different hospitals that I soon lost track of where I was going, and so, one day, when I went out on an improvised stage to do that pantomime, I saw by the light of the spot intended to show me up that my audience was blind. There were hundreds of young soldiers sitting there in rows with bandages around their eyes—"

She changed her act, of course, improvising dialog at the last moment.

"They are all so splendid!" she said.

Florence Turner is one of those fortunate ones who may be called first-nighters at the Play of Life. She seems always to be in at the start when precedent is to be overthrown and new habits of thought established.

She was born in New York City and is of French-Italian extraction. Both her mother and grandmother, with whom she still lives, were on the stage. Her first and (for a time she made the fatal mistake of stealing a scene from the star) last appearance was with Robert Mantell in "Romany Rye" when she was three years old. She said nothing about it to her mother or grandmother, but evidently she had determined in her baby mind that she and not Mantell was going to star. The fatal scene came. It showed a group of immigrant children

being examined by a ship's doctor. It seems that, being the smallest, Florence Turner was given a big dish-pan to carry. Just as the doctor (Robert Mantell) came on the stage, she pushed herself in front of him and declaimed, to her grandmother, without giving him time to say a word:

"Teedje, I've got the dish-pan."

It "brought down the house," but the next day she got "the can."

Her next start, however, was more fortunate. Certainly it constitutes invaluable advice to stage or screen aspirants.

"I was going to school in Brooklyn," she said, "when I read that a large number of extras would be needed by Sir Henry Irving for the mob scene in 'Robespierre.' I went to the theater without saying a word to my people about it.

"The stage manager was naturally picking the large girls. He gave me just one look, remarked, 'Too small,' and told me to go home with the others he could not use."

But she did not go home. Instead she slipped out of sight and prepared to watch.

"Now remember," he said to those he had selected, "Robespierre has starved you, robbed you of everything you had and guillotined your husbands, sons and brothers. You (picking out a girl on the regular extra list of the theater) will lead. I want you to go after him as the you were going to tear him to pieces."

The result was tame beyond description. And then, with his temper at the breaking point, he caught sight of Florence Turner behind a piece of scenery. No, he did not give her a job right then. On the contrary—

"You!" he said. "Didn't I tell you to go home?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Well, then, what are you doing here?"

"I thought that you might change your mind."

"You did, did you? Well, I haven't changed my mind. Now get out!" and he went back to his mob. But the young girl with the blood of generations of stage people in her, just naturally didn't get out. She only went as far as the stage door, turned back and, on tiptoe found a new hiding-place.

For hours the rehearsal went on, becoming more instead of less unsatisfactory. At last, when the born actress hiding could stand it no longer, she stood out and once more stood before the stage manager. He threw up his hands in despair. "My G—d!" he gasped. "Are you here yet?"

There was a shriek of laughter.

"I know," she said, without paying any attention to the others.

Perhaps it was the laughter as much as her spunk that decided him.

"Lead it then!" he said resigned. "You couldn't be worse than the rest."

(Seventy-two)

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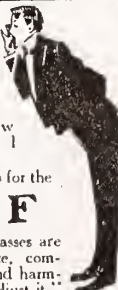
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The words were scarcely out of his mouth when she let out a shriek which made him jump fully six inches and made for the man who was temporarily representing Sir Henry Irving and Robespierre. She yelled that he had guillotined her husband and starved her children, (she was about fifteen years old), and proceeded to kick, bite and scratch like a young wild-cat. When they pulled her away they had to, in all sober earnest, drag her across the stage while she fought them to get back at him. When the stage manager had gotten over his laugh he explained that she need not be quite so realistic, but she got the place and for six weeks led Sir Irving's mob.

The next year she went on the road as a chorus-girl, and when the season was over she received a card from Jesse Lasky, asking her to call on him.

"That was before Mr. Lasky even thought of being a motion picture magnate. He was a producer of vaudeville acts and offered me a place in one. But it was in the chorus, and I told him that I couldn't take anything less than a part. I'll never forget how nice he was. He wished me luck and said that he hoped I would get my part. As it happened, I did. Then, a few months later, I joined Vitagraph."

She became Vitagraph's brightest star. Do you remember? But of course you do! Her pictures were everywhere. If one went to the movies at all, one saw her at least once a week.

"There was a time," she remarked, "when I was the whole Vitagraph 'stock' company. Every one else was 'extra.'"

That was in 1907, when, as a stage child, coming from a theatrical family, she must have found her prestige in the then untheatrical world of the cinema practically unbounded.

"The heads of the firm (J. Stuart Blackton and Albert Smith) did everything themselves," she went on. "Our work was new to us as to the public, and so we went about making pictures as children play games, throwing ourselves into what we were doing at the moment with the most unbounded enthusiasm. I remember my first picture. It was a slapstick comedy (all we made was slapstick). I'll always believe that I was afterwards starred because I could run faster than any one else. Anyway, that first picture was called 'How to Cure a Cold.' We began it at ten one morning and finished it in time for lunch!"

"But the great sensation of those days was our masterpiece, 'Francesca da Rimini.' It was all of a thousand feet long. Woman, it was gorgeous! We had twenty-five supers, specially engaged, and all the men from the film-room dressed up in early Italian costumes. They didn't have a thing on properly; they looked more like accidents than courtiers! Albert Smith took the picture. We didn't have a camera-man, and Commodore Blackton took the stills and acted—everybody, including our director, acted. Edith Storey, then a little girl ten or eleven years old, played a page.

"I remember that during the throne room scene, our marble, which was only painted canvas, kept developing wrinkles at the most unexpected and inconvenient moments. The property-man, having stayed up all night to make it and being rather tired, had put it on crooked! And yet, wrinkled marble and all, 'Francesca da Rimini' was a good picture! We made up in sincerity what we lacked in conveniences. Mr. Smith went abroad and wrote us that it was the talk of Paris."

When D. W. Griffith took charge of the Biograph Company, Vitagraph had to work as never before.

For five years Florence Turner and Maurice Costello were co-starred, and the question of the day was, "Are they married?" "So far I've escaped marriage entirely," she said, when I reminded her of this. Then, with her popularity at its height, she went to England.

"It was the only thing for me to do," she explained. "I wanted my own company, but I couldn't fight the trust here; it was altogether too strong. My pictures had always sold very heavily in England, so I knew that I must be popular there."

Needless to say, she was.

Some of the pictures she produced abroad are: "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy (adapted by Henry Edwards); "Doorsteps" (from Edwards' stage production of the same name); "East Is East," by Captain Philip Hubbard, of the English Army, and "My Old Dutch."

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 46)

of George Wimbledon at Rock Point, Long Island, during the owner's absence."

"Rock Point!" exclaimed Rawson, recalling Annabelle's destination. "That's odd. What's he asking?"

"One thousand a week, but it's cheap at the price," said the detective. "It's the show place of Long Island."

"I'll take it," snapped Rawson. "Hunt up this Ludgate and I'll settle the details."

Next morning found Annie Postlewaite, alias Annabelle, Michael Grove, alias Charlie Christy, and Mamie, alias Marylyn Miller, installed in the servants' quarters of the Wimbledon country home.

It was after breakfast that Annabelle came face to face with Rawson, who flushed guiltily. "I've rented the Wimbledon place for at least a week," he explained. "I hadn't known where to go until you mentioned Rock Point, and having been given such a bully idea, I managed to get this place. Since you're visiting down here, we ought to see a lot of each other."

"We will," said Annabelle, grimly. "I'm the cook here."

"The cook!" exclaimed the Westerner, laughing. "If you only were!"

"But I am—temporarily," confessed

(Continued on page 74)

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Fame via Matrimony

(Continued from page 42)

actor! Have you noticed how he only uses the upper part of his face? He can work his eyebrows independent, giving his expressions so much force. He can tell you a story with his eyes, or a slight curve of an eyebrow. He is a true artist, so beauty-loving, so eager to bring out the highest ideals, and no one could act with him as I have and not improve.

"At first, I seemed to learn but little at the other studios, but from the time I worked for Morosco, Fox and then Lasky. I've just slowly climbed with very loving hands to push me along. You can imagine just HOW kind and helpful people are to me, how eager to give me a lift instead of a kick, so I've had a very lucky experience in the pictures, I think."

"Mr. Vidor is directing for the Brentwood Corporation, but we can always drive to the studios and back together and now my folks have all moved to Los Angeles, so I've forgotten that I ever knew loneliness. There is nothing so fine as congenial work, and I'm glad that I stuck to this, tho at first there seemed no prospect of my becoming a real actress. I wasn't discovered, pushed along in the beginning, or even enthused over by any one—I just had to make a career or die of loneliness at home. It just goes to show that you can achieve things if you only put your mind to them day after day."

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 73)

Annabelle, going on to tell him of the impending divorce suit. "Of course, it's all ridiculous, because I'm married now."

"Married!" groaned Rawson. "That worse yet."

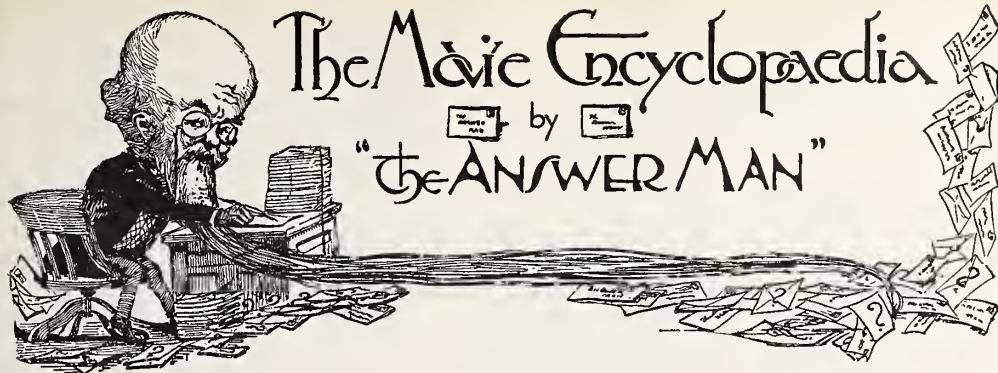
"Well," sighed Annabelle, "I'm so of married. I lived with my father in Arizona until I was sixteen. Dad died suddenly, and one night a drunken mine dragged me out of the house. I was terribly frightened, but just then an old bearded man we used to call 'The Hermit' came along and knocked down my kidnapper. He made me come to his cabin for the night. I tried to tell him how that would compromise me, and what do you think he did? Dragged me to a parson's and married me out of hand. Of course, he just wanted to protect me, but when I began weeping that night, he took me to the railroad station and started me to some relatives in California. Then what do you suppose happened?"

"Your husband struck it rich," said Rawson.

"How did you guess?" asked Annabelle. "That's just what happened. I became terribly wealthy and began sending me checks each month. No letter nothing else. But each month the allowance came. So it has been for seven years. But his last month's check didn't turn up, and that's why I'm cook for the..."

(Continued on page 76)

(Seventy-four)



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARJORIE B.—My stars! No, I never go skating, but I like to watch the young folks on ice. Cant you investigate further? Louise Huff and Jack Pickford played in "Seventeen." I hope you will always keep your rosy cheeks. Which reminds me that there are three things that women throw away—their time, their money and their health.

BLUE EYES.—*A votre sante.* Ruby De Remer was Miss Ashton in "We Should Worry." Yes, she is very pretty. Some think Henry Clay was the greatest American orator. I have not heard of William Jennings Bryan for many years—does he still live? Dont care what you say—love and you shall be loved.

ANNETTE.—All I can say to you is that you will have to write direct to the players.

A READER.—So you have been suffering from the toothache. Very sorry. You say you dont see why we weren't born without teeth. Well, if you will look up the authorities, I think you will find that we were. George Walsh in "On the Jump."

LOIS WILSON ADMIRER.—Speaking of widows, which are you, the bereaved or the relieved? No, it's not true; England, France and Germany and the other big nations have marines. We're not the only country with a unit known as marines. Yes, I always use glasses. Sight is a good thing, but insight is better.

LENA C.—Marguerite Clark, now the wife of Capt. H. Palmerson Williams, is back at the studio, playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Antonio Moreno is not married.

JUST B.—You seem to be very proud of your ancestry. I hope that is not all you have to be proud of, otherwise you would be like the potato, the best part underground. I do not believe much in ancestors, for, having come first, they are the young people, and have the least experience. A river becomes narrower and more insignificant as we ascend to its source, and becomes muddy, feeble and corrupt at its mouth. Shall I go on, or have I said enough?

NORMA C. M.—Enrico Caruso, or just plain Caruso, was the sculptor as well as the singer in "My Cousin." Taken in California. Corinne Griffith and Walter McGrail in "Miss Ambition." Virginia Kirtley was the lead in "A Law Unto Himself." Arthur Shirley in "Bawbs of the Blue Ridge."

CUTIE.—So you think I am a literary failure because I have not risen higher. I suppose a literary failure is a man whose brains are unfit for publication. Albert Signer was in "Mothers of France."

ZISCA G. B.—Thanks; I took your tip and read every word of your letter. And I did not regret it. When you come to America, you must look me up.

MARIE.—You must have dictated that letter. Let the heart dictate and the head confirm. You say you imagine you can smell onions on my breath. Onions—sure I love them. An onion a day, they say, keeps doctors away—and everybody else. Eat an orange at night, and an apple in the morning, and an onion at noon, and you'll never die.

(Seventy-five)

CLAUDIUS.—Enjoyed your poetry immensely. You know what Elbert Hubbard said of poets—a poet is one whose ideas of the beautiful and the sublime get him in jail or Potter's field. And some say poets are like birds—the least thing makes them sing. But the bird that cant sing and insists on singing should have its neck wrung. But as for thee, O Claudius, sing away.

MARIE.—Cant tell you how to become an actress, other than to enter the Fame and Fortune Contest.

UNCLE BOB.—Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Little Mary McAlister is living in Chicago, and her last picture was an Essanay. So you would like us to report the causes of divorce as well as the causes of death. Want to be one of our reporters?

BETTY R.—Hobart Henley has signed up with Goldwyn for some time as a director. He would apparently rather receive a director's salary than the fan's praise. Ernest Truex and Shirley Mason in "Good-by, Bill." Yes, Earle Foxe in "Peck's Bad Girl."

CALIFORNIA BEA.—Many of our women are not so pretty as they are painted. Your suggestion is very good, and I have passed it along to the editor. The Sinn Fein came into existence about twelve years ago. The phrase means "For ourselves alone." The organization is traced back to a series of articles by Arthur Griffith.

TOM F.—Ethel Clayton in "Vicky Van," and Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife." That was Thomas Santschi and Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

ANDREW M.—So you have women barbers in your town. That's sad, because no man wants to be cut by a woman. Iowa Billy Rose—well, we haven't any information on her.

PATRIA.—Can you remember Mabel Normand when she was getting \$25 a week with Vitagraph, playing with Flora Finch and John Bunny? That's only imagination. Yes, Norma Talmadge finished "The Heart of Wotona" in California.

LILLIAN AND GRACE C.—You say, "What is to become of us when you die?" That's not bothering me; what I'm worrying about is what's to become of *me*. Did you see Earle Williams and Grace Darmond in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"?

OLIVER McL.—Surest thing you know—77, bald and whiskers. That's my picture up above. I hardly sweep the floor with my beard, tho. John Barrymore also played in "The Man from Mexico."

SWEET 16.—Thanks for yours. You're right: Democracy, the hand that rocks the thrones, rules the world. "Battling Jane" is an Artcraft picture. You're a splendid little talker. Men speak of what they know; women of what pleases them.

WM. HART FAN.—Surely write to Wm. Hart. He'd be glad to hear from you. Recall that chat with him in last month's Classic? Women his greatest weakness! He was in "The Cold Deck." You want more Letters to the Editor. They tell me it's hard to get good ones, altho I dont find it so.

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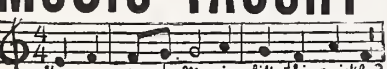


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Good Gracious, Annabelle!
(Continued from page 74)

Wimbledon—or rather for you. That Ludgate has taken advantage of his master's absence to quietly rent the place to you."

Rawson laughed. "He's a scamp, this Ludgate, but he's given me my chance to be near you, hermit or no hermit. Did this hermit ever give you anything but money—stock, for instance?"

Annabelle thought for a moment. "Why, yes, the day he married me and then put me on the train for California, he pushed two shares of his mine stock into my hand. But I was broke only two months ago and sold them."

"I cant tell you how I know about it," went on Rawson. "But I have found that this Wimbledon has those two shares. That was one reason why I came East. I need those two shares to get a final controlling interest in your husband's mine, 'The Bluebell.' I shall find a way somehow."

At that moment the valet, Ludgate, considerably perturbed, appeared. "I'm in a terrible predicament," he said to Rawson. "Mr. Wimbledon has returned for a day or two. I shall have to return your rent money to you or ask you to wait to occupy the place until he leaves again."

"Neither," said Rawson. "I shall stick—posing as a servant. Let's see. Hire me to be captain of his yacht."

So another make-believe servitor took his place in the Wimbledon retinue.

The millionaire had hardly set foot on the estate when he noted Annabelle. He sent for Ludgate.

"Who is that beauty?" he demanded.

"That," said Ludgate, "is Annie Postlewaite, the new cook."

"Cook," exclaimed the rather intoxicated Wimbledon. "Ludgate, you have marvelous discrimination. Send her here."

Annabelle appeared a second later. "Ludgate says you wish to see me. Is it about the dinner, sir?"

"Dinner be hanged, Annie," said Wimbledon, unsteadily. "What'd I care about food when I can look at you? Why—why—didn't you come to work here before?"

"I've been making munitions," fibbed Annabelle.

"I'll bet you're richer'n I am," giggled Wimbledon, bibulously. "Money wont tempt you then. But Annie, where'd you get that last name—Postlewaite, or whatever it is? How'd you like to change it?"

Wimbledon's head was nodding unsteadily. He was half asleep. Annabelle sat down quietly and waited. Finally, the Wimbledon head toppled forward, its owner in a drunken stupor. Quickly Annabelle slipped to his side and secured his wallet. She looked thru it quickly and, in a side folder, found the two missing mine shares.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her and started. It was Rawson! She slipped the wallet back into Wimbledon's pocket, retaining the certificates.


(Continued on page 78)



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A Fool of Fortune

(Continued from page 19)

Came Sunday! And with it a hunger for which one would steal. Until four in the afternoon Tony Kelly stood its gauges. On the sideboard in the dining-room stood a bowl of fruit. For a long time the boy looked at it, while his mad hunger craving ate at his vitals. Finally his hands reached feverishly out and closed over a bright red apple, a pear, some grapes.

As he stood guiltily trying to stuff his booty into his pockets, the swinging door opened and the kitchen flew open, and the landlady, a Mrs. West, confronted him. Her countenance screwed into a mask of propriety and righteousness.

"That fruit, Mr. Kelly, belongs to me. It's kept solely for the members of my family."

If he could have passed out then, he would have. But with his whole soul yearning for food, he replaced the fruit and speedily vanished into his own room to consume more water.

On his Monday morning's mail he received a check from Biograph for fifty dollars, for a scenario. The first thing Kelly did was to get it cashed by the Los Angeles editor for whom he was going to work. After he had eaten he returned to the boarding-house and brought out Mrs. West. Pulling out the book of bills, he said, "I am leaving you my money, Mrs. West. How much is my bill?"

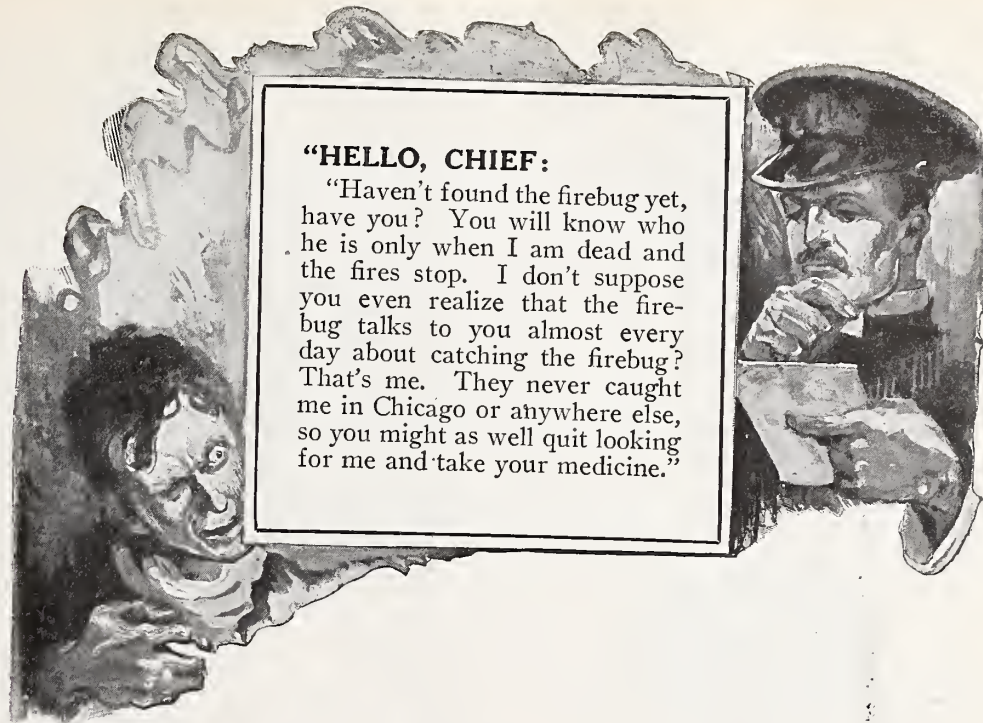
On this day the sight of her saucer-eyes as she saw his roll of the long roll is one of Tony Kelly's most satisfactory memories.

From that time on his scenarios became more and more popular, and for some time he was in the script department at Essanay.

Today he is doing films for Uncle Sam. He has, perhaps, a more intimate knowledge of the United States Government than any other individual not in politics. He is a regular walking dictionary of history, past and present. He is a successful stage play, "Three Days East," on Broadway, three vaudeville sketches being produced, and the most important people in pictures seek him out to do their scenarios for them. Through it all, he remains intensely human, jolly, companionable. He loves to be because he looks at it clearly and through a glass darkly. He is enthusiastic, versatile and adaptable.

"Oh, this," he says, as if he were shaking the ashes from a cigaret that had little taste for, "this that I have is nothing compared to what I have to do—only the beginning, I hope."

Justin Farnum has a new leading lady, Irene Rich, a Los Angeles girl with attractions and who worked as extra quietly and unostentatiously for two months. Frank Keenan and Farnum both noticed her work and recommended her for advancement after working with Louise Glaum some time



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(Continued from page 17)



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North Carolina when she desires something very particularly. And it always comes. Sometimes, however, she changes her mind after the contribution is sent and it's awkward how the thing materializes anyway.

We noted the address of the church carefully.

The evening darkness gathered. But the Jap did not appear to switch on the electric lights, and we sat in the dusk. Miss Bara began to show a genuine sense of humor. We pushed five Oriental cushions from the cluttered couch and began to be really interested.

"Did you see me as Cleopatra?" inquired the vampire de luxe.

"I certainly did," was our enthusiastic confession.

At which Miss Bara laughed. "I liked that best of all my screen rôles. But do you know what my Jap said of me? 'You fat on the screen, Miss Bara, not a bit fat off!' I think the boy was disappointed."

And the Jap is honorably correct—at least about the off-the-screen part and minus the disappointment. Miss Bara isn't the statueque person you might expect. She is of average height and quite, quite slender. And genuinely girlish.

Miss Bara devotes a lot of time to reading. Really! We know, because she talked intelligently of books. She had just finished Arnold Bennett's newest story, "The Pretty Lady," the war-time adventures of a French courtesan in London.

She loves her sister, Loro, deeply, and insisted upon having her meet us. Loro is a younger sister and very, very blonde. So Miss Bara told us. Loro hadn't returned by the time we departed.

Criticism—that is, unkind criticism—hurts Miss Bara very much. She told us so. Some critic had just intimated that her Salome was a fleshly conception and not the mental lady who must have upset the Biblical court.

"I ask you," demanded Miss Bara plaintively, "how can I portray a mental Salome? Can I show my mind working for the camera? Will I have subtitles tell my brainy sayings? Or will I go thru the dance of the seven veils with a finger thoughtfully pressed to my forehead?"

And then Miss Bara told us a secret.

She is going to appear on the stage—soon. It is her dearest desire. The right play hasn't come along yet, but when her present screen contract has expired, she will turn to the footlights with something big and mystic and un-vampirish.

Other things she told us, too. She loves New Orleans most of all the places she has visited. The atmosphere and romance of the old city appeal to her. She hates the lurid titles they give her pictures. She thinks it rather mean to intimate that she looks "that way" on the screen because she is near-sighted.

She laughs at her vampire fame and doesn't take it seriously. Indeed, she is a young woman who thinks and has sense of humor.

Let us confess that Miss Bara interested us tremendously. We doubt, of course, that she actually takes her present agent occultism too seriously. Yet there is a vein of the mystic in her. But we are thoroughly sure of her healthy, alert mind. For beneath the incense and the perfumes and talk of peacock feathers and the science of numbers is a very likeable—and—vivid—young person.

Just before we left Miss Bara handed us a little Egyptian scarab to examine. Suddenly she glanced at the palm of our left hand.

"Whoops!" she exclaimed. "What love line——" And then she began to tell us all sorts of things about ourselves most of them startlingly true.

"This is your interview," we murmured, hastily withdrawing our telltale palm.

"You ought to take that to a good palmist. I never saw——"

But we departed. The elevator gazed at us all the way to the ground floor with a steely eye. In the lower reception hall three others considered with odd but unmistakable interest.

Hastily slipping on our gloves—cover further palm revelations—we hurried into the night.

Even outside, queer, faint flashes of incense still clung to us.

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 76)

"What are you going to do with them?" he inquired.

"I'm going to send them back to the rightful owner, my husband. If you want to buy them, you will have to go to him."

But Rawson merely smiled.

Annabelle was sitting in her room three hours later, when she realized that the whole estate was in a hubbub of excitement. Wimbledon had discovered the loss of his mine shares and summoned the police. The detective promptly arrested the last servant engaged, Rawson, the supposed yacht captain.

To shield Annabelle, Rawson, withholding his real name, admitted the crime. Then it was that Annabelle went to Wimbledon and told him the whole story.

Wimbledon ordered the detective to bring Rawson to his library.

Rawson looked at Annabelle.

"Perhaps I should explain. I wanted those two shares because—because I am the hermit!"

"You—the hermit?" exclaimed Annabelle. "Good gracious!"

"Does it please you to meet your husband like this?" whispered Rawson.

"I love it," sighed Annabelle, "and you!"

Temperance Drove Him to the Movies

(Continued from page 24)

footlights. One week after we had finished it we had to start Nazimova on 'Toys of Fate.' 'Revelation' was past and done.

"This belief that screen producers do not equal stage managers is all a fallacy. We are up against problems that would swamp a footlight producer. For instance, where are we to find eighty stories a year? You know—and I know—that Metro, like other companies, does produce bad pictures at times. It can't be helped. We are working on schedule; a good scenario may melt away in the filming, just as a poor one may turn out a celluloid winner. But, either way, it is made and must fit its place in the schedule."

Karger believes that there are two steps of advance just ahead of the photoplay. "Where are we to get our eighty stories, let me repeat?" he went on. "I believe, and I believe firmly, that a young line of authors is to develop. These men will have no style, they will not be authors in the present sense of the word, but they will possess the power to visualize, the ability to tell a story without conversation, in a word, the photodramatic sense. The average five-reeler, being crammed with movement and incident, has meat enough for three spoken plays. On the other hand, the photoplay can frequently visualize three chapters of a book in twenty feet. Yet books, averaging more plot, make better picture dramas than stage plays.

"When I go to see a photoplay I no longer criticize the story. I know the producer's problem. It's all very well to tell us to get the big literary men to write the scripts. They can't do it. Style—the formation of a sentence—is everything to them. They fail to grasp the fundamentals of a scenario. They persist in taking ten pages to show how John Blank got to the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, which we tell in a screen flash. They will not take us seriously.

"This gradual development of the newer screen writer is one angle of the photoplay's development. The other will come thru a better systematization of business methods in the studio. When I entered pictures I quickly came to a realization that the weakest link in the production chain was the director. The director had grown up in the early days. He was usually a graduate player, and a screen player at that time was a stage failure, for the films were in low estate.

"Consequently many of these directors were incompetent. Nearly all of them were dizzy with their success. Where they had been getting fifty dollars a week they were getting five hundred. A company would be assembled at nine o'clock in the morning and Mr. Director wouldn't arrive until after lunch.

"I saw, as many others did, that this must stop. We at Metro have been doing our best to master the situation.

(Seventy-nine)



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"The day of the director's unlimited power has passed. Today—and tomorrow—the director will be in the position of an opera singer. He will follow his dramatic score carefully, giving it all the color and beauty in his power, but he will not take liberties with it."

Sliding Down the Banisters to Success

(Continued from page 21)

by one of the men, drinkers and gamblers tho they may have been.

"I promised myself, and mother and I promised each other, that some day we are going back. Then we'll see old Bill Williams, the kindest, dearest Irishman that ever sleighed those parts in furskins. He was the one who drove us away the week we left. I shall never forget his concern about our comfort.

"I have so much to be thankful for, so many people to whom I owe my gratitude. There is Mr. McLane, for instance. Unpolished tho his methods of teaching may have been, often, of late, I have wished I had him here to give me his crude idea of the rudiments of a certain action. That is why I do not regret one bit of sorrow I have had to undergo, or any of the hardships I had been forced to combat. All those difficulties have made me stronger in the end, and now I cannot help but sense that it was right for me to suffer. Yes, of course, it was hard. Because I was led to big things right at the beginning does not signify that there were no knocks. There was youth, you know—youth, with its assets and handicaps. Many were the disappointments and discouragements, but, as I said, I feel now that they were all given to me with a dose of whyfore. They have taught me, so subtly and thoroly, how to appreciate what is worth appreciation.

"That is the way I feel about the movies. I wanted to do the interesting work they provide. I got what I wanted, so it must have been right, and I must have worked and wanted tremendously hard, because I get to love them more and more every day."

(Eighty)



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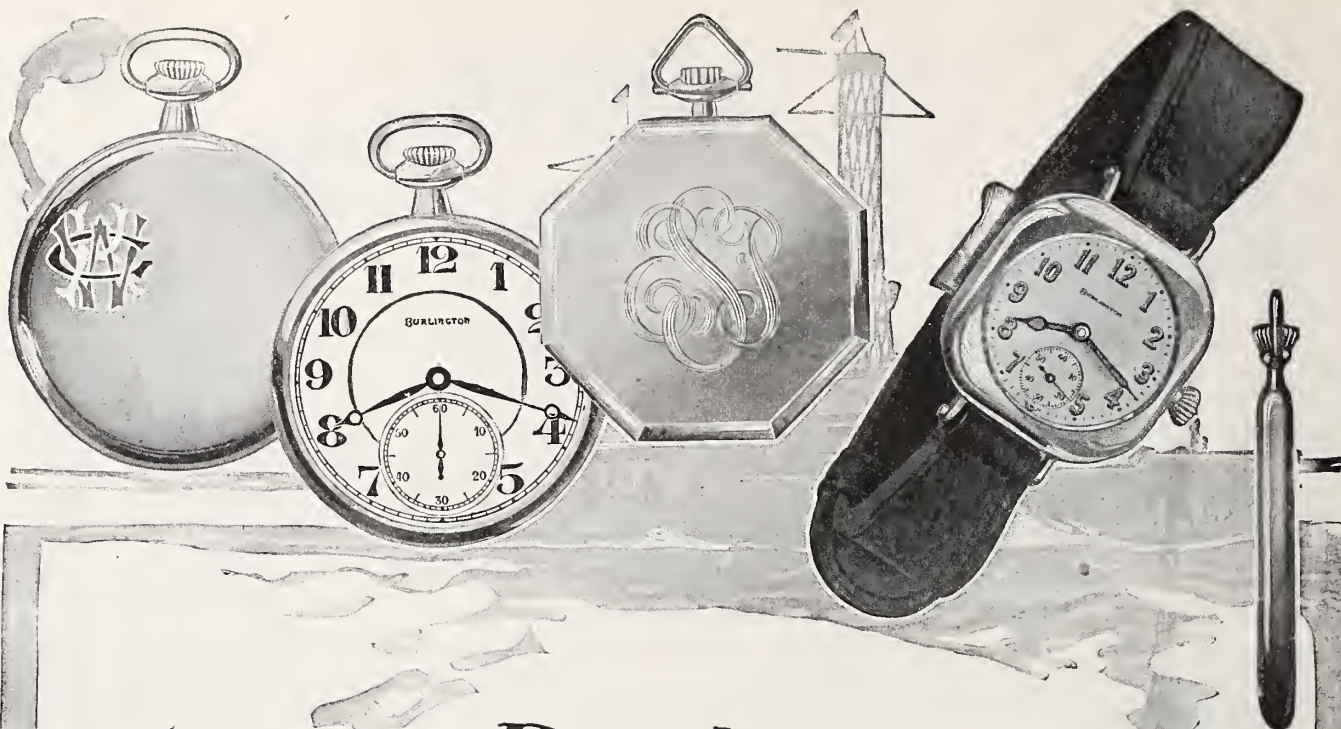
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Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions
listed alphabetically, released
up to January 31st. Save
the list! And see
the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride"
Enid Bennett in "Fuss and Feathers"
Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife"
Lina Cavalieri in "A Woman of Impulse"
Marguerite Clark in "Little Miss Hoover"
Ethel Clayton in "The Mystery Girl"
Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksand"
Pauline Frederick in "Out of the Shadow"
Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest"
Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden"
Vivian Martin in "Jane Goes a-Wooling"
John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in "Good Bye Bill"
Charles Ray in "The Dub"
Wallace Reid in "Too Many Millions"
Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within,"
with a Special Star Cast
Private Harold Peat in "Private Peat"
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Sporting Life"
"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's
famous book), a Wm. A. Brady Pro-
duction
"The False Faces,"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Don't Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"The Romance of Happy Valley"
William S. Hart in "Branding Broadway"
Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone in "Under the Top"
Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"Camping Out"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"Cupid's Day Off," "Never too Old"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"Impropaganda"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in
Paramount-Drew Comedies
Paramount-Bray Photograph
One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes
Travel Pictures One each week

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TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever lived around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like then. Seen the Old Town lately?

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In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

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- Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

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What Makes Men Fight

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If This Happened on Your Wedding Night
She had gone to change into her travelling dress. A few moments later he found her in her room—the woman he had just made his wife—with his best friend. What would you have done? What did he do? Find out from the story by O. Henry.

(Three)



For years you have read of O. Henry—you have read these advertisements and thought that some day you would own a set for yourself. And you have put off the sending from month to month. The time for that is gone. Now—today—you must order your set of O. Henry to get the low price and the Jack London FREE.

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With a touch that brings a lump into your throat and a stifled sob, he tells you of the underpaid drudges—the future mothers of America—who suffer rather than be bad—and of others. He shows you that the tired little shop girl, smothered behind a pile of shirtwaists, is a sister to the débutante smothered in the cushions of her big limousine with the same desires, impulses, little vices, the same tragedies and joys. He shows that though he never met you, he knows your life inside out, backwards and forwards—he has written all about you somewhere in these twelve magnificent volumes.

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Watch Your Nerves

by

PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though re-

peated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves" in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 91, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

MOTION PICTURE CLASS

Gossip From the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

THE première of "The Greatest Thing Life" came off beautifully, and a crowd of house greeted Mr. Griffith and his playe demanding a curtain speech from the mas director. The production was preceded by original prolog written by Jack Lloyd, p ility director for Mr. Griffith, and recit behind the scenes by George Fawcett.

The stage was set for a beautiful table during this recitation, and dancers fr Denishawn completed a mighty pretty ent tainment.

In the audience studio folk outnumber society swells. Upstairs sat the fans, who more adoration than cash for a Griffith p toplay. Kitty Gordon swept in regally, we ing her fifteen-thou' sable cloak, its lustr beauty making everybody chance a disloc spine for just one peep.

Winifred Kingston arrived just ahead Elliott Dexter. She wore a street suit black and white, small turban of black a ditto footgear. Jeanie MacPherson, Ad Shirk and Kenneth McGaffey, well known prominent writers of the Lasky studio, ca in for a share of attention. Bill Desmo just a bit gray over the ears, seemed ha somer than ever.

In the lobby, one noted a most entranc sandwich, for Marcia Manon was squeezed between May Allison and Lillian Walker, th blonde prettiness enhanced by Miss Manc dashing darkness and vampirish hair-dressi All wore gorgeous befurled evening cloe

Carmel Myers and her mother came in ha some furs, one of the New York purcha By the way, Carmel had a funny experie lately when going to a masquerade ball v her brother, Zion, of the Universal City p ility staff. They wore "twin" costumes— striped suit and cap of the criminal. Speed along, as they were a little late, a traffic stopped them and they were held up for t next morning. In fact, the copper wasn't clined to believe their story about the strid suits being "fancy dress" and accompani them to their host's home, where identifica was completed. Next morning, after the t the young folks slipped into their prison outfit and had their pictures taken for poste to gloat over.

Melbourne MacDowell visited the Bru lot just before Xmas, to hobnob with his pal, Herschel Mayall. Mr. MacDowell is of the "grand old men" of the films, his pearance being much like that of Her Standing. We are wondering if Fanny l-enport (Mrs. MacDowell) would have yied to the film lure if she'd lived. Surely t never was a handsomer Baron Scarpia u Mr. MacDowell.

Bessie Barriscale has had a grand wearing chaps. She's got all the fixi enough to make Roy Stewart and Bill groan with envy. Her spurs look like t little things we used years ago to trim crusts and make fancy vents in the t crust, but Bess is such a mild-tempered thing that she hasn't the crust to dig 'em her horse, much less irritate an unoffer bit of dough.

Alla Nazimova is doing a wonderful in "The Red Lantern," a Chinese Boxer rising play. One set, a street scene, \$18,000 to build, and at least 1,500 people be employed in it. It's the biggest thing "Intolerance." The madame plays a Ch girl and her half-sister, and dies maki supreme sacrifice for the sister and their It's a bit mixing when they do these rôles, dont you think so?

One of the nicest things about May Al gained from personal observation, hence many are privileged to know of it, is tha is so utterly "hail fellow, well met" in studio work. She knows the first nam all the workmen, takes keen interest in families, and you'll hear her pretty little calling, "Hello, Mike," "See you later, J" "How's the baby today, Jimmy?" Miss

(Continued on page 7)

THE April Classic

The foremost writers of the motion picture world are now contributing to THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, many of them writing exclusively for us. Among them are such well-known authorities on the photoplay as Kenneth Macgowan, Harry C. Carr, Hazel Simpson Naylor, Elizabeth Peltret and Frederick James Smith. In THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC you will find the liveliest articles, the vividest interviews and the newest pictures. Among the April features are:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The April CLASSIC will carry the brightest, most intimate chat with the famous comedian that you have ever read. At last the many-sided, real Charlie has been caught by an interviewer. With the chat are a number of exclusive new pictures taken for THE CLASSIC.

OLIVE THOMAS

The fair and vivacious Olive has been chatted in piquant fashion for the April issue. Caught just before she departed for the coast for her newest series of starring features, Miss Thomas gave an interesting and humorous interview.

GRACE DARMOND

The dazzling blonde of the screen tells an absorbing story—one that will grip you from the very first words. Miss Darmond is as interesting as she is pretty.

A gripping and striking article on the photoplay will be contributed by Kenneth Macgowan.

There will be a dozen or so snappy personality stories with just the people you are interested in. The best of the month's photoplays will be ably fictionized. One of these will be the newest Charlie Ray photo-comedy.

And THE CLASSIC, famous for its beautiful pictures, will outdo itself.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Cover painted by Leo Sielke from photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston)

Ever since her first screen vampire in "A Fool There Was," Theda Bara has held a vivid place all her own on the silverscreen. The world of the photoplay has perhaps no more oddly interesting star. Her many striking characterizations from "Carmen" to "Cleopatra," from "Du Barry" to "Salome," have caused widespread comment. Theda was born in Cincinnati, her father being Polish and her mother Swiss. Bara is in reality her grandfather's name.

	PAGE
Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Alma Rubens and Billie Rhodes.....	11-15
The New Studio Art. The entrance of imagination and artistic ideals into the production of photoplays.....	Kenneth Macgowan 16
After the War—What? What will be the subject of the next big screen drama?.....	Frederick James Smith 19
Sunlight on White Velvet. An impressionistic chat with Marie Doro.....	Hazel Simpson Naylor 20
The Den of a Modern Villain. The Hollywood home of Donald MacDonald.....	Mary Keane Taylor 22
The World of the Footlights. Scenes from the newest Broadway stage plays.....	24
Emergency Nagel. Opportunity has always knocked on Conrad's door in a hurry.....	C. Blythe Sherwood 26
Little Comrade. Vivian Martin's charming new photoplay fictionized.....	Dorothy Donnell 27
The Brownie Who Became a Star. The story of big Mitchell Lewis.....	Fritzi Remont 31
Sis Normand. Mabel in her newest vehicle, "Sis Hopkins".....	33
The Sixteenth Curley. Pauline was blessed with numerous brothers and sisters.....	Fritzi Remont 34
The Quest of (Mc) Grail. A novel interview with Walter told in verse.....	Alexander Lowell 36
The Silent Star of the Silent Drama. How the famous Helen Keller acts for the motion picture camera....	Maude S. Cheatham 38
Cheating Cheaters. Clara Kimball Young's fascinating crook mystery drama told in story form.....	Faith Service 39
Can This Be Mary? The celebrated Mary Thurman makes her first appearance in drama.....	43
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review.....	Frederick James Smith 44
The Greeley Expedition to the Zoo. Evelyn takes a day off.....	46
The Stagnation of the Screen. Herbert Brenon believes the photoplay is at a standstill.....	Charles Jameson 47
Caught in Dressing-Room No. 10. Capturing Harry Morey in his lair.....	Harold Bennett 48
The Mysterious Miss Clayton. The elusive Paramount star and her adventures.....	Elizabeth Peltret 50
The Extra Girl, Anita and John. An Emerson-Loos comedy in the making.....	Ethel Rosemon 52
The Fame and Fortune Beauties. The second honor roll in the international contest.....	54
The Lion and the Mouse. A short story based on Alice Joyce's newest screen play.....	Olive Carew 55
Double Exposures. Humorous comments upon the screen plays and players.....	Conducted by F. J. S. 60
The Movie Encyclopedia.....	The Answer Man 78

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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Well, Whatdoya Thinka This?

Here's a Find for the Aspiring Photoplaywright!

We have just the very books you've been wishing for! The very books you've been wondering why someone hasn't written! The editions are mighty limited, and the spryer you are, the more certain you will be of your copies.
"Here Lies" is a little book of infinite value for those who think they've an original idea. This little book tells all about the plots long abused and worn threadbare. We have only 400 of these on hand, and to the aspiring playwright this little book, for 25c, will bring a wealth of knowledge usually acquired only by years of study.

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Because of the limited supply, we will sell both copies for 65c. This is an investment you can't afford to lose. Mail your money today.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordonni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic farce.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal." Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull, who are both fine. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming plays of the season. Lola Fisher makes a hit in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

Where Poppies Bloom." Melodramatic war play of a woman who discovers that her husband is a Hun spy. Action takes place on the Flanders battle line. Marjorie Rambeau is very emotional in the star rôle.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter, by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"A Tailor Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering intime.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Flo-Flo." This glorified burlesque caught Broadway last season. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

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Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Gossip From the Pacific Coast
(Continued from page 4)

son is entirely unaffected, is easy to meet, has the gracious Southern manner, and couldn't make an enemy if she tried a hundred years.

We saw Bert Lytell on Broadway, shopping for the merry twenty-fifth. He's another who has a cheery word for the lowliest scene-shifter on the lot. A little bird whispered that Bert surely did work hard at the Officers' Training Camp, that he bought about every book on military tactics extant. Mr. Lytell never does anything half-way; he's a fine orator, a good student, and he made up his clever mind that if he had to give up pictures for the army, he was going to be as good an officer as it was humanly possible for him to be. He has a complete library of military books and is still reading them concentratively in odd moments.

Jack Pickford has taken up quarters at the L. A. Athletic Club and is trying to content himself without home cooking.

Earle Williams won the first point in his defense of the heart-balm suit brought against him. His lawyers entered a demurrer to the complaint, stating that it did not present facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action against Mr. Williams. The judge sustained this demurrer and allowed ten days in which to file a new complaint. It's another case of "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"—and it isn't much fun to have one's honeymoon interrupted by a lawsuit, now is it?

George Fisher is released from Camp Kearney and is getting ready for his reentrance to the flickerfield. He's got a lot of good camp stories on hand, but the funniest was about a rookie who'd come from a very small Middle West town and was horribly homesick. In fact, he mooned about so much that he'd be in a trance half the time.

One day they were drilling on the field, and the sergeant gave orders to rear march. The dreamy one paid no attention, got everybody out of line and was rudely awakened by the sergeant's irritated voice:

"What in h— are you doing *here*?"

The startled rookie's mouth quivered, and he said, tremblingly, "P-p-please, sir, I-I-I-I w-w-uz d-d-d-drafted, sir!"

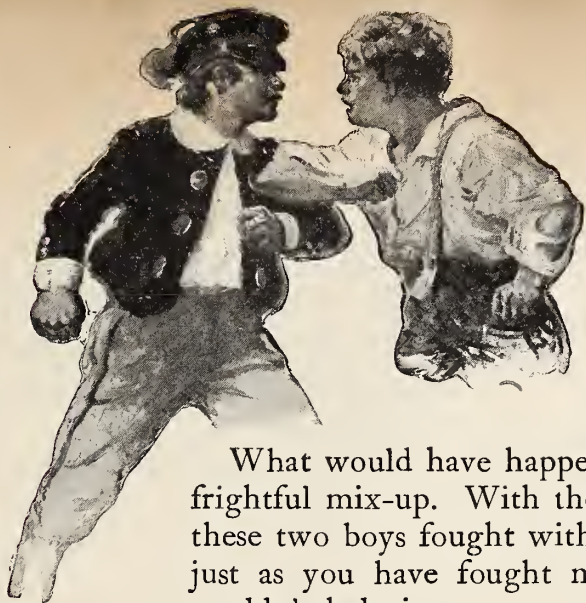
And the whole company had leave to laugh it out.

George Fisher, Jack Pickford, Owen Moore and Jim Kirkwood had a sociable reunion dinner at the Hotel Alexandria one night in December. They are old pals, having worked under Mr. Kirkwood's direction many times.

The Christmas cards of the Gish girls were particularly beautiful. Both bore a kalogram in silver and green, and the heavy card was bordered in the same colors. Lily's had an embossed white lily with green leaves, and bore the wish, "May life be glad and good to you, and all your Christmas dreams come true," while Dot's message was a little longer, reading, "May Christmas bring you content and merriment and the coming New Year peace and happiness." Margarita Fisher had a card bearing her signature in gold, and Pat Dowling sent an unique effort, bearing a little sailor, who recited quaintly, "Now that our w. k. Uncle Sam has dropped an 'At Liberty' notice in our Christmas stocking, we must admit we've never been fired by a better boss. The season's greetings from Pat Dowling." Mr. Dowling will be back in the publicity field soon. He's done mighty good war work along that line, helping out all the Red Cross and other entertainments, in addition to his strenuous training at the naval base, San Pedro.

Douglas Fairbanks stopped traffic on the Saturday before Xmas, while he rode about encouraging the street-corner W. S. S. workers, who had booths capped by Liberty Bells, which were rung after each sale. He advertised for two thousand aides and got them without difficulty. Everybody wanted to be honored by the personal handshake of the stunt king.

Margarita Fisher did a similar stunt. She leased an entire town on the Mojave Desert, the little village of Rosamond. Awfully stylish name for a desert town, dont you think?



What would have happened next if you were a boy? A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys fought without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

“You’re
Afraid!”

“I AIN’T afraid.”
“You are.”
“I ain’t.”
“You are.”

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to the world the glory of our inspiring Americanism—the serious purpose that underlies our laughter—for to Mark Twain humor is only incidental—and he has made eternal the springs of its youth and enthusiasm.

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made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

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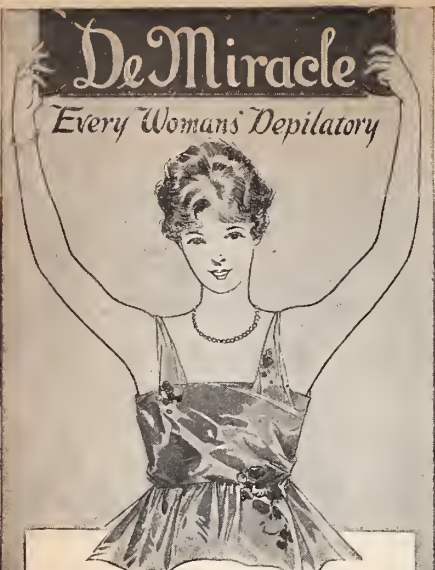
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Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

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How One Evening's Study Led to a \$30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training that Any One
Can Follow with Results from the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I HOPE you won't think I'm conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to what my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact, I know others who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as the average man, thinking that I was doing my bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old chum of mine, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He moved into a fine new house, bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally the first thing I did when I noticed these things—for he had said nothing to me about his sudden good fortune—was to congratulate him and ask him what had brought the evident change in his finances.

"Bill," he said, "it's all come so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing that has made such difference in my life lately began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person's mind to a leaky pail, losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leakproof, most of us kept filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we ever reached the place where the contents would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that when memory fails, experience, the thing we all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as

only as great as our power to remember.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a 'leaky pail.' I had never been able to remember a man's name thirty seconds after I'd been introduced to him, and, as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be done. I had recognized it as a fault, but never thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man's memory in one evening. What you call my good fortune today I attribute solely to my exchanging a 'leaky pail' for a mind that retains the things I want to remember."

* * * * *

Powers' story set me thinking. What kind of a memory did I have? It was much the same as that of other people I supposed. I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I remembered important things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to improve it, as I assumed that a good memory was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something particularly I wrote it down on a memorandum pad or in a pocket note-book. Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my reminder. I had been embarrassed—as who has not been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I had previously met what his name was, after vainly groping through my mind for it, so as to be able to introduce him to others. And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. The men around me who were doing about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this thought gave new significance to the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn't dodge the fact that my mind, as well as most other people's, literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped away from me? The only value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constantly forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to remember just what they wanted to say. Many decisions involving thousands of dollars had been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation and thus used poor judgment. I know now that there isn't a day but what the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would

have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation which shortly before had published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life. In the very first lesson of the course I found the key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret that I had been in need of all my life was mine. Mr. Roth has boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. And the farther you follow the method the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could easily memorize a list of 100 words and call them off backward and forward without a mistake. I was thunderstruck with the ease of it all. Instead of study, the whole thing seemed like a fascinating game. I discovered that the art of remembering had been reduced by Mr. Roth to the simplest method imaginable—it required almost nothing but to read the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory, and I enjoyed the course so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income today is close to \$30,000. It will reach that figure at the beginning of our next fiscal year. And two years ago I scarcely made what I now think of as a decent living.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless. Every experience, every business decision, every important name and face is easily and definitely recorded in my mind, and each remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. Of course I can never be thankful enough that I mended that "leaky pail" and discovered the enormous possibilities of a really good memory.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is \$1,000. But in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever been sold before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal \$1,000 course.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes triple the powers of your memory, and how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory in one evening, that they are willing to send the Course on free examination.

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David M. Roth

When Mr. Roth first determined to exchange his leaky mind for one that would retain anything he wanted it to, it was because he found his memory to be probably poorer than that of any man he knew. He could not remember a man's name 20 seconds. He forgot so many things that he was convinced he could never succeed until he learned to remember. Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can instantly name on sight. Mr. Roth can and has hundreds of times at dinners and lectures asked fifty or sixty men he has never met to tell him their names, businesses and telephone numbers and then after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name, told him his telephone number and business connection. These are only a few of the scores of equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth can do, and yet a few years ago he couldn't remember a man's name twenty seconds. Why go around with a mind like a leaky pail when, as Mr. Roth says, "what I have done any one can do"?



A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH Painting by Charles Chambers

You, too, can have the charm of *"A skin you love to touch"*

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant. Everyone admires it. Every girl longs for it. To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all you need to do is to give it the proper care for its needs.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. New skin is forming every day as old skin dies. If you give this new skin the right care *every day*, you can keep it fresh and radiant. Such things as blackheads, blemishes and

unsightly spots, you can, with the proper treatment, correct.

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ANITA STEWART

Anita is a Brooklynite—or, rather, was. She was born there, educated at Erasmus High School and entered picture work at Vitagraph thru the aid of her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince. "The Wood Violet" marked her first screen success. She has been soaring ever since. Now, like her fellow Vitagrapher, Miss Talmadge, she's a First National star.





NORMA TALMADGE

Norma is now a First National star—and everythin'. We can remember when she was a mere child at that university of the screen—the Vitagraph studios. Norma grew up in Flatbush, attained film success, and joined Triangle. Then Select won her over. Just now she's one of the most popular stars in America.



GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria is looked upon as a real dramatic discovery these days, so it's only fair that fans know her complete moniker: Gloria May Josephine Swanson. She was born in Chicago, but hurried away to Porto Rico to forget and go to school. She entered pictures via the George Ade fables. After that came a strenuous Keystone period.



ALMA RUBENS

Alma was born in 'Frisco of French-American parents. Without stage experience, she invaded the screen with Triangle in "The Half-Breed," in which Doug Fairbanks starred. Her beauty stood out in the support of Fairbanks, Bill Hart and others and she soon attained stardom in her own name. Now her pictures are being released thru the Robertson-Cole Company.



BILLIE RHODES

Billie recently stepped from one- and two-reel comedies to stardom with the National Film Corporation of America in five-reel features. Billie's prettiness and personality stood out thru the avalanche of custard pies. Fate smiled—and Billie's now a full-fledged dramatic star.

The Studio

By KENNETH

FOR a year and a half a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters has given all of his days and a good part of his evenings to the moving picture industry. It is perhaps fairer to the industry—that part of it represented by Goldwyn—to say that

eighteen months it has bought, at a good stiff price, the talents and labors of one of America's leading painter of mural decorations and designers of interiors.

The artist is Hugo Ballin.

It is taking small chances on the twenty-five hundred prizes and twenty thousand names in "Who's Who" to say that outside William Brady, he is the only directorial force in the movies today who can find his name in the 1910-11 edition of that list of American notables. At that time he had already won such prizes in the world of the fine arts as the Architectural League medal and the Thomas B. Claxton Shaw and Hallgarten prizes. He had decorated the homes of many millionaires and art lovers. He was soon to paint the mural decorations of the Wisconsin State capitol. And he had never seen a photoplay. And that was because Alice would have said—there were no photoplays to see.

Seven years later the photoplay world could look back

Center, a new portrait of Hugo Ballin; top, an example of an exterior selected by Mr. Ballin in Florida for Goldwyn's "Thais"; bottom, an instance of Ballin's art in "The Silver Star"



ew
t

DWAN

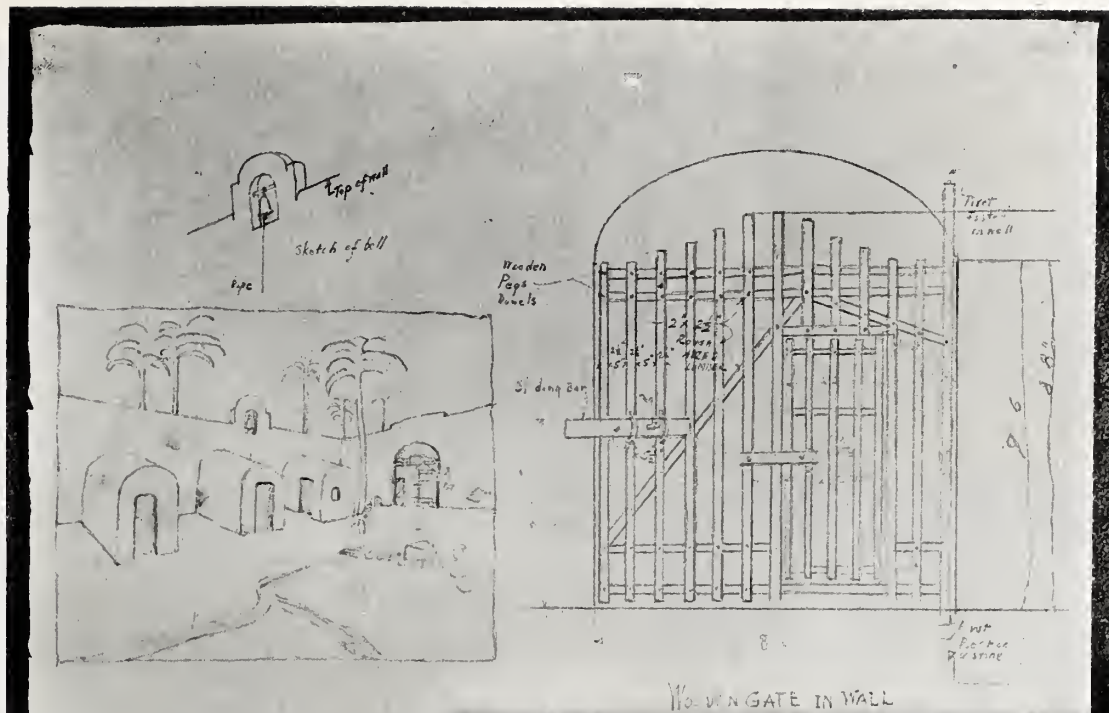
nomenal record.
s a record which
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ance to the new-
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d to which Ballin
elf was to con-
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ere was art in
movies before
h. Make no mis-
about that. For
ee was "Lasky
ing"—that rich,
glow in which
dine Farrar won
rst screen laurels,
Carmen. There

s the sumptuous
accurate detail which Wilfred Buckland contributed to
ame producers. There was the marvelously dramatic
ows, muffling the massive settings, that Ince and Brunton
to the Triangle. And there were the splendid close-ups
Griffith and Bitzer.

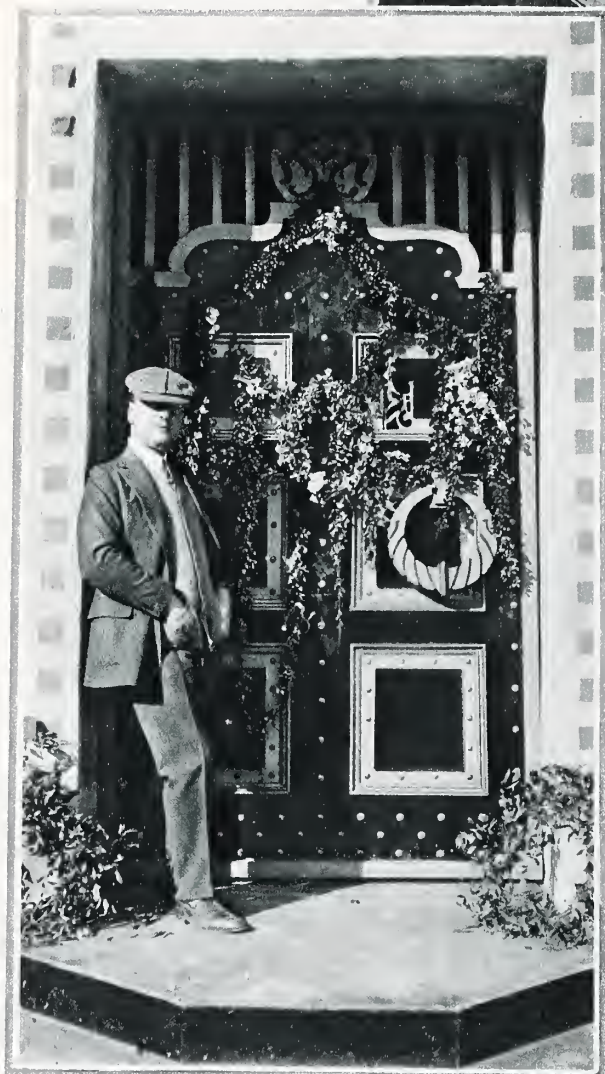
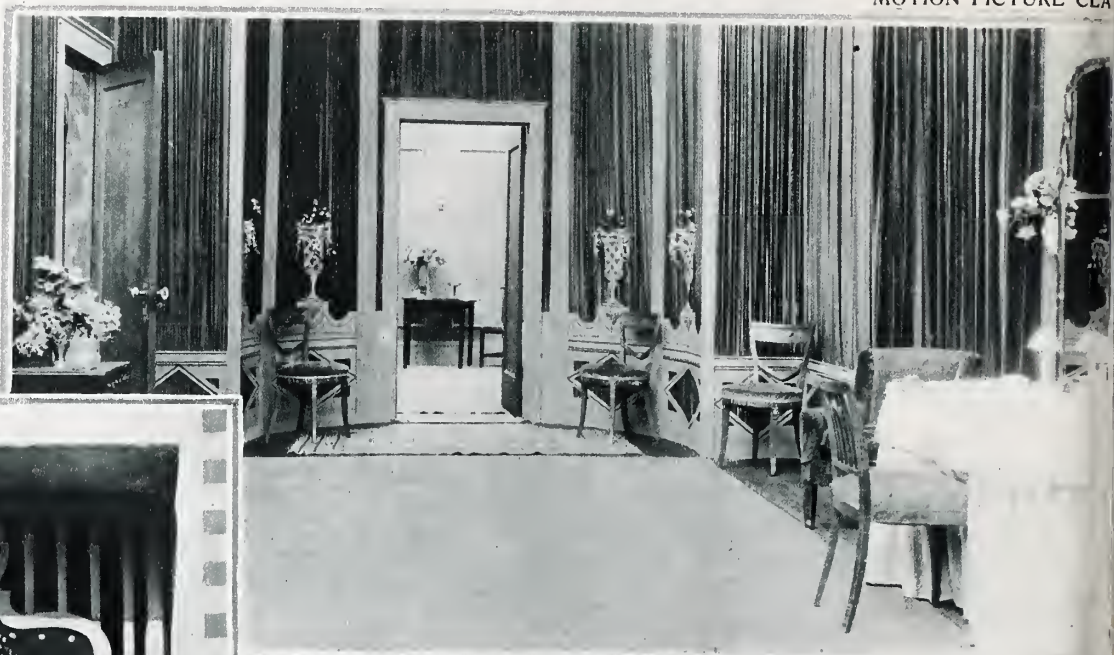
Et it was something more revolutionary that Ballin
ght to Goldwyn. It was something that even the legiti-
t theater hesitated to accept—settings with simplicity
ad of detail, suggestion instead of elaboration, interpre-
h instead of ornate confusion. Ballin brought to the
en a considerable part of that theory of the new stage-
which Gordon Craig had dinned unsuccessfully into
ears of English and American producers for twenty

nt think that the movies accepted the thing with whoops
y. Ballin had to work slowly and carefully to win his
y. He had to learn the limitations of the screen, and he

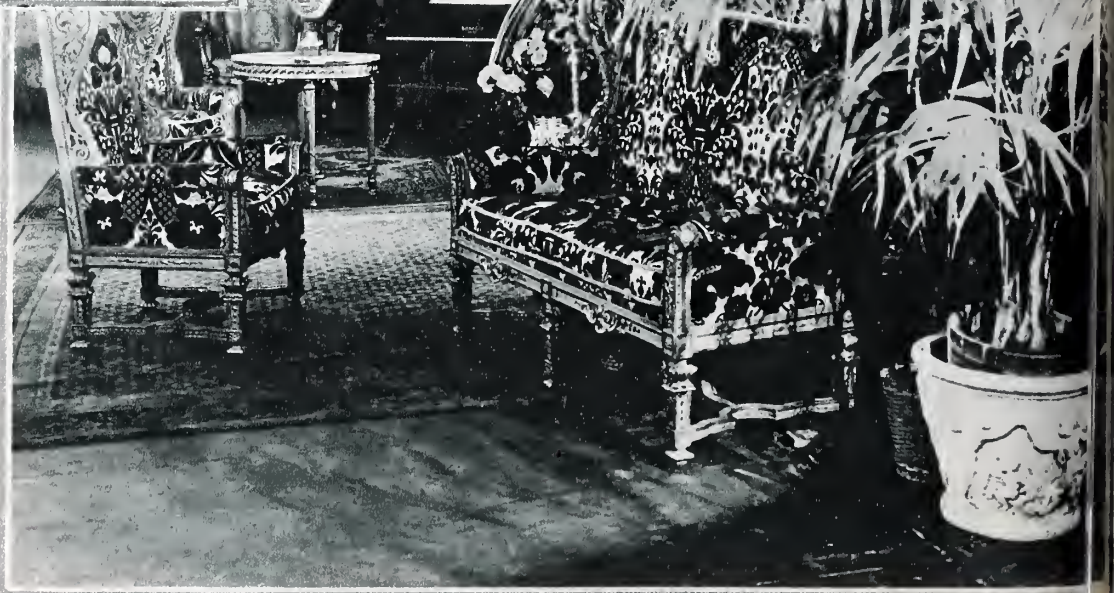


Above the portrait of Mr. Ballin is one of his preliminary charts for a "Thais" setting and below is the exact setting, built in Fort Lee, from Mr. Ballin's plan. This is the desert nunnery in "Thais"

Right, Mr. Ballin at his best in the boudoir scene of Goldwyn's "Nearly Married"



Center, the art director standing beside the huge "Thais" door, and, right, an example of an old-fashioned interior set, overcrowded and done in bad taste



had to convince a good many people that these limitations weren't great as they thought.

Ballin began with some definite and extraordinary theories which has never given up and which he has made his fellow-workers accept. "Every emotion," he told one of the first Goldwyn press agents, "can be expressed in terms of form and color. Thru the physical marshaling of objects, thru contour and balance, thru balance of weight, of course, but art balance, thru light and shadow and their gradations, the world's grief and the world's laughter may be deftly and exactly expressed. Despair and hope, doubt and decision, hypocrisy and sincerity, these and other traits may be convincingly suggested by the physical surroundings of the people who are supposed to feel them."

A very simple example of this was to be seen in almost the

(Continued on page 65)

AFTER THE WAR— WHAT?

by
Frederick James Smith



bove, David
rk Griffith,
d, right,
omas H.
Ince



Maurice Tourneur in
an off-the-screen
moment of his
production,
"Woman"

THE screen, first to agitate for preparedness, first to protest against Hun ruthlessness, first to reflect the mental reactions of the great war, is pausing to consider the future.

What will be the subject of the next great photoplay? And, to be great, such a screen drama must necessarily catch the thought nearest the heart of the public—it must deal with the one subject of greatest vital interest to the world.

The end of the war came so abruptly, at least to the short-sighted, that it left producers breathless, and with scores of war productions on their hands.

This means after-war changes and the release of many belated trench and renamed "reconstruction" pictures. These are the natural aftermath of the war's termination.

The big photoplay of 1919 will not be a war picture. But it is coming. At this moment it may be only a mental germ in the brain of some unknown scenario writer or director. *But it is coming.*

Will it deal with some phase of world reconstruction? This is very possible, at least in a remote sense. Will it be the problem of the returned soldier and his readjustment to civil
(Continued on page 62)

■ Sunlight on White Velvet



an individual existence, instead of a mad race to keep up with the crowd.

One can imagine Marie Doro in an English garden pouring tea from rare old English china and touching it with love and reverence because of its fineness. One can imagine her alone for hours, among the columns of the Louvre, or night after night attending grand opera in Rome. One can picture her at Monte Carlo, her large eyes dwelling upon the beauties of the cerulean Mediterranean, blinded, nevertheless, to the realities of life and poignantly aware of the world tragedies being enacted in the Casino.

Marie Doro is to the American stage what the Renaissance was to Rome.

For some two years the artistic touch of her presence has been withheld from the public. For two short weeks last winter she did, indeed, star in a stage play called "Barbara," an idyllic production of gossamer fabric, indeed, so imaginative to enlist the sympathy of a few of business people, as its brief life proved.

Miss

Doro is one of the few individuals known when one can imagine having the natural durability to stand in a rare retreat rather than to materialize for art.

Fortunately, she will never be put to the cruellest test.

But she did live pictures until the time she showed when she could produce as she considered enough to be produced. That time

(Twenty,



At a time when the old world has a penchant for everything American, and we of America are becoming more closely in tune with Europeans than ever before, it is more interesting than ever to meet and perchance know Marie Doro.

For in Marie Doro the independence and clear-thinking qualities of the American girl are blended with the mellowed art and appreciative instincts belonging to the European.

Marie Doro takes time to think.

Therein lies her Continental understanding of art and life's subtleties. For real art is only the expression in various forms of the finer understanding of life, an understanding that is attained only from meditation as well as study, from leading

One can imagine Marie Doro in an English garden pouring tea from rare old English china and touching it with love and reverence because of its fineness. One can picture her at Monte Carlo, her large eyes dwelling upon the beauties of the cerulean Mediterranean, unblinded nevertheless to the realities of life and poignantly aware of the world tragedies being enacted in the Casino

Casino

yHAZEL
SIMPSON
NAYLOR

ome. She is to
make two special
photoplays in Eu-
rope under the di-
rection of Herbert
Brenon.

In order to have
a last word with
her before sailing, I
called upon her in
her Fifth Avenue
apartment. She
herself opened the
door. To one long
accustomed to an
advance greeting
by the maids, but-
lers or secretaries
of screen celebri-
ties, this fact alone
stamped Marie
Doro as a distinct
individual.

"How are you?"
she said. "Come
right in."

The words were
ordinary enough,
but the golden
quality of her
voice made one feel
for the first time
the beauty of that
every-day greeting,
just as Yvette Guil-
bert's singing of a
common little
French chanson
creates for the time
being a master-
piece.

Miss Doro's liv-
ing-room is a large
one which masque-
rades as medium-
sized because of its
coziness. No mat-
ter how often you visit her home, you
will be unable to catalog the furnishings
of her apartment. They have become
more than chairs and davenports and baby
grand pianos. They have become a
whole, the sum of which is greater than
any of its parts, a home setting for the
Doro existence. As a friend of mine once
beautifully expressed it:

Mere desk was I, my caste was low,
Heavy my heart with sorrow,
Until they brushed me up to show
Miss Doro.

I sank into unplumbed abysses
Of shame; I felt I vexed her,
And yet I soon was sold to Mrs.
Dexter.

She saw beneath the ugly me.
Now, glorified each part,
I realize that, plus Marie,
I'm art.

A study of Marie Doro
and a snapshot of Miss
Doro and her husband,
Elliott Dexter, on their
honeymoon at Palm
Beach. "Do you know,"
says Miss Doro, "my
greatest satisfaction has
come from seeing Elliott
succeed"



(Continued on page 62)

The Den of Modern Villan

this wonderful house. First, there's a dog-star which shines high in the firmament of animal actors. Margarita Fisher has just finished a play in which "Mrs. Ming" is featured, for the Pekinese was clothed in baby things and had to be passed off as Margarita's progeny, in order to smuggle the snub-nosed and costly infant on a Pullman.

"We were a little afraid to have Mrs. Ming with us again; these actresses get so temperamental, you know. We've six more Pekinese, and Maudie and I didn't know whether they would stand for the airs she might put on after having supported Miss Fisher, but we were agreeably surprised to find that she came right down to earth again. However, the other half dozen rather look up to Mrs. Ming and seem to acknowledge her superiority," explained Mr. Mac, with a twinkle in his honest Scotch eyes.

So the rest of the doggies trooped in. Every one is a high-brow and has a distinguished name, and most of them are descended from Llenrud and were imported from old England.

Perhaps the ugliest and quaintest one of these brown orb prize-winners is Princess Dar Ling.

Then there's the Scotch collie without whom

Donald MacDonald and his home in Hollywood, one of the show places of the movie coast colony

the Scotch collie without whom



PUSHING the electric bell at 3920 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood, produces much the same effect as rubbing Aladdin's wonderful lamp, for out of the gusts of a cold December rain it ushered me into the presence of hospitality warmer than the fires which glow on every hearth in Castle MacDonald.

Donald MacDonald and Mrs. Mac, who was Maudie Gifford before their marriage, and who played on the stage with Henry Miller, Dustin Farnum, John Mason and other splendid actor-producers, haven't any bairns. But pets? Ah, now you're talking, for they are so important that a description of the live stock comes before one may enthuse over



Donald MacDonald and His Hollywood Castle

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

Mr. MacDonald never travels, and who exercises a dignified restraint over the emotional bow-wows who have a special recreation parlor back of the tea-house in the MacDonald's lovely Japanese garden.

Korean grass was especially imported to beautify what had been a miserable adobe-soil lot. While the photograph of the garden was taken before the grass had spread, some idea of the transformation may be gained. The beauty of Korean grass is that it never needs a landscape barber and will speedily cover barren wastes and transform them into idylls of beauty. There are real lotus buds blooming in the miniature lake; six varieties of pastel-shaded water lilies turned dripping faces toward the sky, and shrubs galore shook their dainty skirts as we stepped across to the tea-house for a survey of the garden that dreary Saturday afternoon.

With a sigh of relief, born of the delicious comfort and warmth in the drawing-room, we settled down to a talk of Mr. MacDonald's activities, while the maid



Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald in their quaint Japanese garden

trundled in the tea things and Mrs. MacDonald touched the rare old silver pieces with dainty, reverent fingers. Here was comfort indeed. "One feels like talking about the old days in pictures when the firelight glows and the rain patters without, dont you think so? Somehow, to-day I am thinking so much of Harold Lockwood. You see, he and I started in pictures together; he was earning \$25 a week in stock and I was getting \$30 because I worked by the day. He was such a clean, lovable chap, it's no wonder he rose to be a star, while I—well, I've been director and leading-man. I really *like* to do villains; it's so exciting to get the leading-man or star into all sorts of scrapes, far more interesting than making love—on the stage."

(Continued on page 71)



Florence Reed has scored a decided hit in "Roads of Destiny," at the Republic Theater. Here is a glimpse of Miss Reed and John Milern in a strong scene of the drama

Frances Starr in a tense moment of "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco Theater



The Nash Twins are pleasant features of "Everything," at the Hippodrome

The World of the Footlights

John Barrymore in his highly colored characterization of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theater

Lola Fisher and Hedda Hopper in Clare Kummer's delightful comedy, "Be Calm, Camilla," at the Booth Theater



Emergency Nagel

By C. BLYTHE
SHERWOOD



leading rôle opposite Alice Brady in the stage play, "Forever After." And Nagel chalked down another hit.

But the war came and the lad became restless. Finally he enlisted in the navy. While awaiting Uncle Sam's call, he kept on in "Forever After." About this time Brady began a screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and he decided upon Nagel as an ideal choice for Laurie.

"But," Conrad smiled back at me from the mirror in his dressing-room at the Central Theater, "I didn't feel as tho I ought to accept his kind offer. My summons to leave for camp might come any day, and then the result would have been one glorious inconvenience for all concerned. That is, I thought so. But nothing like that happened,

because, after Mr. Brady's

(Continued
on page
80)

CONRAD NAGEL is a William A. Brady discovery. Brady saw him in vaudeville, playing in an Edgar Allan Woolf sketch, and summoned him to play Otto Kruger's rôle in "The Natural Law."

Emergencies have always played a big part in Nagel's existence. Right after playing in "The Natural Law" he was called to play William Elliott's rôle of Youth in "Experience," Elliott having suddenly been taken ill. Nagel was notified on Friday and, after one rehearsal, he went on at the Saturday evening performance.

It was a long and difficult rôle, but Nagel made a decided success. Next came rôles under the Brady management with Mary Nash and Florence Nash. Finally Henry Hull, playing in "The Man Who Came Back," fell ill, and Nagel had another opportunity. This hit established the lad in the astute William A.'s favor and he was given the

Conrad Nagel and, right, a glimpse of Nagel as Laurie and Florence Flinn as Amy in "Little Women"



GENEVIEVE RUTHERFORD HALE, farmerette, stood in front of the mirror in the deserted dormitory conscientiously powdering her nose. The mirror was a dilapidated affair with a permanent wave in its surface which gave that small, saucy feature even more of a tip-tilted aspect than nature had intended and did other ill-natured things to the pretty face reflected therein. Through the eastern window, uncurtained except for a torn green shade, the morning light streamed in a white-hot glare, revealing all the ugliness of the bare room with its wooden bunks and yellowed furniture. In spite of her brave and patriotic resolves, Genevieve sighed, remembering the shaded gray-and-ivory room at home with its leisurely breakfast tray and the tiny white-tiled bathroom beyond. "I don't believe," she reflected ruefully, "that I ever knew what seven o'clock in the

Little Comrade

Storyized by Dorothy Donnell
from the Paramount Photoplay

morning looked like before. There, I oughtn't to complain. The boys in the trenches probably aren't allowed to lie in bed late, either." She put the puff back into the tiny gold vanity case that hung on a chain about her neck, pulled the red gold fluff of hair a trifle farther on her cheeks and drew a marvelous vermilion-shanter of sun-colored satin jauntily over her forehead. The tam matched the old gold smock embroidered with green and shovel in jade-green and dull-blue worsted, the socks matched the trimly tailored breeches. Thus attired, Genevieve Rutherford Hale looked precisely like the soubrette in a musical-comedy chorus about to sing a rustic ditty at her old home farm.

The other farmerettes, completely unsexed in blue denim overalls and broad-brimmed straw hats, stared truculently at the late comer as she slipped into the line drawn up under the scrutiny of Hiram Hubbard. She must have found that milking costume in *Vogue*, she whispered the sallow girl with the wispy drab hair in disgust, under the heading 'What the Well-Dressed Fifth Avenue Farmer Will Wear the Coming Season.' Did you ever see anything so silly?"

One of those society girls who are making a fad of the "rural" returned her neighbor, a big, raw-boned woman, with a bitter, school-teacher mouth. "She won't last the day out—she can't see!"

Hiram Hubbard surveyed Genevieve speechlessly. The

only words that he could have used at the moment were not for the ears of farmerettes to hear. Then, cryptically, he addressed the expectant line.

"Sherman," he growled, "was right about war."

His tones sounded the deeps of gloom. "Do any of you know how to milk?"

"A cow?" piped Genevieve, helpfully, into the uneasy silence. Mr. Hubbard's heavy jaw fell. He manifestly struggled with unholy yearnings, but his reply was soft and gentle.

"Oh, no, no; of course not. We milk the chickens on this here farm."

A titter traveled down the line, to which Genevieve added her clear treble. She did not suspect that she was being ridiculed. One by one the others were apportioned to different tasks until only she and the tall school-teacher of uncertain years remained.

"I'm leaving the poultry in your charge, Miss Bicknell." The farmer glanced at the little gold silk figure beside her with manifest disgust. "All o' the chickens! Do you get me?"

"I understand perfectly," Bertha Bicknell nodded. She turned to Genevieve with wry lips. "The hen-house must be cleaned out before lunch. Perhaps you have something a trifle more—more suitable to put on?"

"Not a thing," Genevieve laughed, as they walked toward the outbuildings. "You see, I wanted to do something to help my country, but I just made up my mind that I wouldn't farm unbecomingly! Madame Louise made the costumes from my own designs. I couldn't find a thing like them in any of the shops."

"The hen-house must be cleaned out before lunch," said Bertha. "Perhaps you have something a trifle more—more suitable to put on?"



They had reached the poultry houses. Bertha thrust a hoe into her companion's hands and pointed to the low doorway. Her eyes, as they rested on the absurd little figure, were hard and pitiless.

"Give it a thoro cleaning, walls and floor," she directed, briefly. "I am going to mix the whitewash out here."

Humming a blithe little tune, Genevieve disappeared, leaving her mentor smiling grimly as she began to stir a pail of slaked lime. When, a few moments later, the song abruptly died, she laughed aloud.

"She'll be in time for the afternoon train!" she muttered, vindictively. In precisely fifteen minutes a small, goldy figure wobbled forth from the dark interior of the hen-house and sank gasping and pale of lips upon a nearby wheelbarrow.

"Oh," moaned Genevieve, "oh, it isn't—exactly pleasant being a farmerette, is it?" She swallowed hard, blinking back the tears. "I know I oughtn't to mind—smells and things, when the boys in the trenches have to stand even worse, and the folks s-said I w-wouldn't stick it out—"

Bertha Bicknell splashed her paddle thru the white-

wash with an audible sniff. "Are you the youngest in your family?" she snapped. Genevieve nodded, while a fat tear of homesickness zig-zagged thru the powder and dripped forlornly from the peak of her small chin.

"I thought so." Swish! Swish! went the whitewash. "You can always tell a Benjamin the first thing!"

"A—a Benjamin?" faltered Genevieve.

"Didn't you ever read your Bible?" asked Bertha, coldly. "Benjamin was the youngest of twelve brothers, so they coddled him and spoiled him and did all the hard jobs for him. Being the youngest"—the brush swept across the white leaving a glistening trail—"being the youngest is an incurable disease."

Silence, while the gate became a dazzling white and the brush attacked a nearby chicken-coop of aged appearance. Then shakily, but with a forlorn assumption of courage, the small smocked and embroidered figure picked itself up from the wheelbarrow and marched silently thru the low, dark doorway. Bertha Bicknell stared after her with a curious softening of her harsh expression. "I wonder!" she mused.

Luncheon was served under the grape-arbor to a chatting accompaniment of tones zestfully relating the morning's

"LITTLE COMRADE"

Storyized by permission from the scenario of Alice Eyton, based on Juliet Wilbor Tompkins' story, "The Two Benjamins." Produced by Paramount, starring Vivian Martin. Directed by Chester Withey. The cast:

Genevieve Rutherford Hale.....	Vivian Martin
Bobbie Hubbard.....	Niles Welch
Mrs. Hubbard.....	Gertrude Claire
Mr. Hubbard.....	Richard Cummings
Lieut. Richard Hubbard.....	I. W. Steers
Isabel Hale.....	Nancy Chase
Bertha Bicknell.....	Pearl Lovoi

triumphs. One farmerette alone was conspicuously missing.

"She's probably designing a corn-oeing negligée!" tittered the thin girl with the spatter of freckles. The manish one beside her nodded a bobbed head vigorously.

"The sooner she beats it, the better!" he announced. "She's making a laughing-stock of all of us! Suppose a reporter from a Sunday supplement could catch sight of those Ziegfeld legs!"

Prone on her face in the grass at this moment the possessor of the very ornamental legs lay weeping, steadily but silently, amid the shattered fragments of her dream. But when a motherly hand touched her shoulder, she lifted her swollen face with a gallant failure at a mile.

"I'm not—not crying!" she denied, shakily, "only, you see, I never knew before how hard it was to be a Benjamin!"

Mrs. Hubbard was wide and sweet-faced and motherly. She sat down plumply on a nearby tree-stump and smoothed the bright tangle of curls back from the girl's forehead. "Suppose you tell ma all about it, dearie," she suggested comfortably.

So Genevieve Rutherford Hale poured out all the disillusion of the morning and the new-found and disquieting theory of the "youngest of the family," winding up by clenching her little fists valiantly. "But I'm not going to be a slacker! If cleaning smelly hen-houses will help win the war, I'll clean them if it kills me—it 'most did this morning, too. And, if being the youngest is a disease, I'll get cured—"

"Land, dearie, every family has got to have a youngest!" Mrs. Hubbard smiled sympathetically. "I suppose my Bobbie is a Benjamin, too, when it comes to that. The older boys always made much of him, and I guess I spoiled him—he was my baby, bless him!"

A sigh trod on the heels of the smile. Genevieve looked up at her sympathetically. "Did he want to go to fight?"

The plump face took on anxious creases. "Well, no, he didn't, not exactly," Bobbie's mother said. "He hated the notion of killing people. He's got the tenderest heart in the world, Bobbie has, but he's got grit too. Don't you fret about being a Benjamin, child; you and Bobbie are going to show folks it's a name to be proud of."

It was a refreshed and dainty Genevieve that strolled out of the big house late that afternoon, with glowing cheeks and crisp curls peeping under the drooping tam-o'-shanter. The three disheveled farmerettes limping up the path from the cornfield stopped short in their tracks and glared at her speechless.

"I feel so much better," Genevieve told them, sweetly. "I've had a nice

"How long, Miss," growled the farmer, "has my son Bobbie been writing to you?"



nap and a hot bath, and now isn't there something I can do?"

For a taut instant there was actual violence in the air, then it passed. The dusty farmerettes glanced at each other.

"The hoeing ought to be finished tonight," remarked one, softly, and "It's going to be!" Bertha Bicknell answered, significantly.

Late that evening a stealthy figure moving along the highway under the unwinking survey of the full moon heard a queer little sound from the cornfield beside the road and paused to listen. Some one was talking above the uncertain and labored progress of the hoe, in a dreary monotone.

"Oh, dear," the little voice was saying, stumbling now and again over a guppy sob, "oh, dear, I never dreamed how many legs and arms I had! Four of 'em couldn't ache so! There must be a dozen at the very least!"

The listener drew nearer, peering over the fence. A slim, fantastic figure etched against the luminous night sky was moving toward him along the final furrow, swaying with weariness. "But it's a job that's got to be done!" the clear voice went on, tiredly, "and it's only slackers that give up their jobs because they don't like them! If the boys can kill Kaisers over there, I guess the least I can do is kill weeds—over—here——"

The hoe-blade struck a stone ringingly and flew from the wielder's unsure hands. With a gasp she crumpled up on the rustic bench by the fence, a little gold heap of woe.

"Don't be—scared!" a voice in her ear begged her, as a tall figure vaulted the fence and dropped down beside her.

"I'm nobody but just me, you know!"

Genevieve looked up, startled, straight into a troubled boy face under a broad, soldierly hat-brim, a

"You poor, homely things," she said. "You don't serve your country one bit better by being so homely, it makes a person's eyes ache to look at you!"

face with straight features, a sensitive mouth and wide, wistful eyes. "Why," she said, wondering, "I'm not scared! I wouldn't be scared of you——"

Then, in the moonlight, she colored deliciously at what she had said. "I mean," she explained, "that a United States soldier couldn't do anything bad!"

The boy stared at her, frowning. "What're you working out here at this hour for?"

(Continued on page 68)



The Brownie Who Became a Star

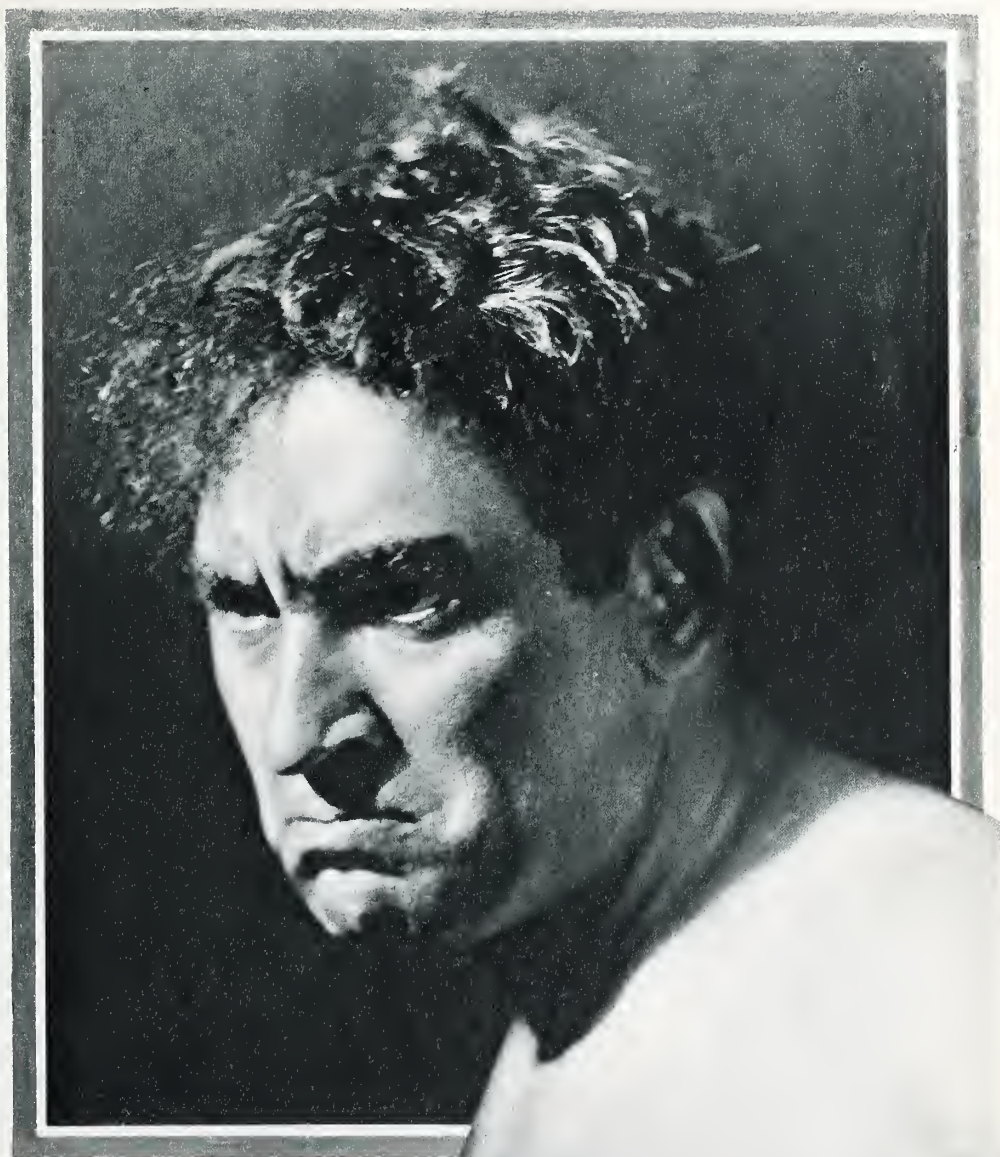
By FRITZI REMONT

EVEN as a lonely little French Canadian lad in Syracuse, Mitchell Lewis longed for the stage. Luck favored the stage-struck youth in singular fashion.

When Palmer Cox's "Brownies" were all the rage in the pages of *St. Nicholas*, some great mind conceived the idea of putting the little folk on the screen. Mitchell Lewis was a lad who'd always wanted to go on the stage. He says he inherited his love of singing, dancing and acting from his Welsh progenitors, and, as his mother was a Bohemian, he could truly sing "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land—I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land," only it wasn't the Bohemia of his mother's birth, but that of the stage folk here and abroad.

Anyway, he started off as a weeny Indian Brownie, and before three months had passed, he had grown so tall that he was recast and did the rôle of Giant. When that engagement was over—too tall for kiddie parts, too young for juveniles—he decided to enlist in the navy.

Here he stayed six years. He had gone to the enlisting officer with his best pal, a Syracuse lad of French-Canuck parentage, one George Four-



Mitchell Lewis started his career by playing a weeny Indian Brownie. But he grew so fast that in three months he was playing the Brownie Giant





nier. The officer, a recruiting sergeant, had their applications lying side by side, when his attention was distracted by some one at another side of the room, just after he'd picked up Mitchell Lewis' paper. The sergeant began considering applications from the other end of the line, with the result that "Mitch" and his best pal were separated, the one put on a big ship of Uncle Sam and the other on a collier.

It was about five years later that Mitchell Lewis discovered his erstwhile friend shoveling coal in a foreign port. There was a great reunion, but the Canuck was ashamed of the rôle he was playing, and the boys never met again.

However, the foundation was then and there laid for the characterizations which Mr. Lewis later portrayed in "The Barrier" and "The Code of the Yukon." On board the cruiser, which was home to Mitchell Lewis for six years, there was a cook who spoke the Canadian lingo to perfection. Many an hour the lad whiled away talking to this bean purveyor, until he could perfectly imitate the French-Canadian dialect. Later he discovered in Canada that any one who spoke Parisian French was looked down upon as one who didn't really know the language. For instance, the cook would say of a fireman on the vessel, "You know Joe Mafraur, no? Hees name eet ees Pete." The Canucks have a way of calling out the male pronoun for the feminine sex and vice

At the right is Lewis in his famous study of "Poleon Doret" in Rex Beach's "The Barrier"



versa. This led to such expressions on the cook's part as "You! My wife he ees damn strong feller; you know heem, no?"

Leaving the navy, Mr. Lewis really didn't know what to do with himself. His brother had a good position with the Philadelphia Traction Company and offered to teach him the street railways game. So the young man took the "job" offered, and, when a strike occurred and motormen were conspicuous by their absence, Mitchell was asked to pilot the cars thru the mobs threatening violence to strike-breakers.

It took just about three round trips to convince Mr. Lewis that the only way to escape a cracked head was to leave the cars. So he carefully moved his car to the barn, got his little bonnet and fled to New York without the formality of a good-by to his brother.

He traveled back to Syracuse and soon got an engagement with Willie Collier, playing a Turkish servant of the harem. This show "went broke" in Nashville, so there was nothing for it but to return north and seek another affiliation.

Arriving in New York City, he had but two dollars left. He found a little hotel called "The Ogden," where they asked for seven dollars' room rent—in advance! When told that two dollars constituted his bank account, the good-hearted landlady sent him to a little French place nearby.

"You see, I thought if I had to go into debt, I wanted to go in slowly and enjoy the agony, not get it all over at once. So a garret room in this French lodging-house just suited me for the time being," laughed Mr. Lewis reminiscently. "And it had such splendid conveniences.

(Continued on page 64)

(Thirty-two)

Sis Normand



Another step—or rather another comedy stumble—in Mabel Normand's return to slap-stick farce is "Sis Hopkins," a Goldwyn screen version of the Rose Melville bucolic stage classic. "Sis Hopkins," by the way, is the first picture done by Miss Normand since the Goldwyn exodus to the coast



The Sixteenth

By FRITZI



PAULINE was the sixteenth little Curley. Can you imagine a girl being blessed with thirteen brothers? That's the distinction Pauline Curley enjoys first of all.

Pauline of the present and two studies of Miss Curley as she danced in vaudeville at the age of five. In the center picture she is the terpsichorean artiste on the right

The diminutive, golden-haired, hazel-eyed fairy was destined to make a reputation at a very early age. The older Curley children had danced and made a hit at Sunday-school entertainments in Holyoke, Mass., but, after the death of Pauline's older sister, the mother went into utter retirement, grieving over her loss. So Pauline was three years old before she had her chance in the Holyoke Sunday-school room.

Pauline made a hit with everybody, singing "Teddy Bear." Indeed, she still has the funny little bear as her precious pet, for Pauline is even now so very young that one may not whisper her real age . . . the very youngest leading lady on the screen, an it please you.

As we sat in the comfortable Curley, living-room in Hollywood, Pauline was persuaded to sing her first song, which ran:

"I am going to sing of my Teddy Bear,
For he is all the rage now, I do declare."

"You want to know how I came into pictures at last?" repeated Miss Curley. "Oh, that's a story which begins a long way back. After that Teddy Bear debut, I was appearing at various entertainments, and at six I played in 'The Sleeping Beauty' at the Y. M. C. A. I went into the stock

company at Holyoke, Mass., and played Cupid in 'A Knight for a Day,' but I was too young and they were afraid of the authorities, so Claire Whitney, then sixteen years old, took my place. The Holyoke people still follow me with the greatest interest. They're always sending me theater programs which feature me ahead of the star I'm supporting. Isn't that civic patriotism or something like that?"

After the stock company engagement, Ormi Hawley, of Lubin, engaged the clever child to act with her, but Pauline never saw a run of this picture, for she had received a call for another engagement. This was quite a disappointment to Mr. Lubin, for he'd formed a great attachment to the little Holyoke fairy, as he termed her.

When eight years old, Miss Curley appeared in six pictures in New York, one of these being "School Days," another "No Children Wanted." Then she did Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, switched over to be a Little Lord Fauntleroy, played in "The Outlaw's Christmas," and finally entered Majestic-Reliance for pictures again.

Pauline once did a long-time vaudeville act with Hans Robert, covering the Orpheum circuit in "A Daddy By Express."

There are mighty few girls on the screen who, at Pauline Curley's age, have enjoyed such a varied acting experience. It was for this reason that she had no difficulty in doing emo-



tional rôles at an early age, even donning a wedding frock at the age of twelve and making up so well that everybody thought her eighteen.

"Oh, I had the most fun in Boston! While I was doing vaudeville there, some one asked me if I'd go to the Children's Hospital and dance and sing for the wee sick kiddies. I took along three



(Thirty-four)

Curley

REMONT

thousand pictures, and there wasn't one left over! I was only ten at that time, and they all had me playing with them." So spoke Miss Curley.

"Once, when Alan Dwan was directing, he gave me a lucky stone. I was quite a little girl then and, as I sat in the carriage waiting for my turn, Mr. Dwan picked up a stone the size of a potato—see, it seems to have eyes, even—and handed it to me with, 'Paul, here's a lucky stone for you. As long as you possess this, you'll never want, and the fairies will bring you luck, world without end. Amen!'

"Of course, I carried it with me, and not long ago, when I did 'Bound in Morocco' with Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Dwan was talking in my dressing-room and I showed him the potato-stone lying on the dressing-table. He was so astonished and pleased, because he'd almost forgotten the incident."

"Do you like emotionalism, Miss Curley?"

"I haven't had much chance to emote because I've always been just a love-sick maid in most productions. In fact, Mr. Balshofer used to say to me, 'Dying fish, Pauline, please, dying fish!' And I'd roll my orbs like an expiring fan-tail and slink into Mr. Lockwood's arms. But I do love to emote and, if I can just manage to hurry along the growing-up process, I hope I'll have the opportunity. Just now I can't do a thing but play ingénue. Mr. Hart saw me one day and told me to make up for a girl of twenty. He said to mother, 'If the kiddie can manage to look older on the screen—of course, it's not so difficult on the stage, where we don't



Another study of the 1919 Pauline, together with a glimpse of the grown-up Miss Curley in "The Turn of the Road" with Lloyd Hughes. Below is a portrait of Pauline when she played in the varieties in "A Daddy By Express," with Hans Robert

Hart. You see, I wanted awfully much to act with him—it's an education in itself. He laughed as he looked me over, and said, 'No use, kiddie; you've got to wait a few years. I'd feel as if I were robbing a cradle.'

When Pauline Curley was but eleven, she got a lot of notoriety by playing in "Polygamy," which attracted attention because the Mormons objected to its exploitation. Crystal Herne, Howard Kyle, Mary Shaw, Lizzie Hudson Collier, (sister-in-law of the famous Willie), and William Mack were in the same company. Is it any wonder that little Pauline has become a splendid actress? Soon after Miss Curley re-entered pictures with Mary Aldan in "The Better Way," and it wasn't very long ago that she did "The Turn in the Road" with Lloyd Hughes and Helen Eddie, not to mention the rôle of the princess in "The Fall of the Romanoffs," directed by Herbert Brenon.

Pauline is the only child at home. Many of her brothers have passed on, others live at a great distance, her sister is married, back East, and so this little girl of the films is living

(Continued on page 74)



have closeups—I can use her for several pictures.' So I did my best, had my hair quite high and presented myself to Mr.

The Quest of the (Mc) Grail

Now once, when I was young—a stripling lad—
Dreaming, envisioned, of fair deeds and bold—
Methought of the Fair Grail—and yearned to be
A member of King Arthur's Table Square.
Wild tears I wept to think that he and his
Had waged their tourneys while I, still unborn,
Was blind to vision, blind to valiant quests,
And that there was no more of valorousness
In my most arid age.
Then came to me

An Editor with inspirational eye,
said

The McGrail, a Vitagraphic
Star, get him
For me.

I wept no more for Launfal nor
the nights.

I saw before mine eyes a grail
indeed—

And not a vase of substance
nebulous, a quest which
might

Materialize—might, in a
concrete form, be
wholly

Wholly mine.

I took my lance in hand
(a Faber, soft)

I took a ramping steed
marked

Brighton L,
And into FLATBUSH,
courage looming high,
Rode mightily.

Before me, glassed and
gray and battle-
mented,

Rose up the Vita-
graph, within
whose hold

Was he whom I
had come thus
far to seek

No moat made more im-
patient my

Impatient feet, but a slight
lad spake with me, and
in part

Bade me not fall nor faint
—my quest was o'er!

And then I saw HIM—and
he spoke to me—say-
ing, with pleasant
voice:

"A little lunch?" As we walked
I looked at him and saw

A goodly sight.

For he was very tall, and very broad; his eyes
Were not more deep than they were blue; his lips
Were firmly cut, and his black hair
Had a romantic silvering at the temples.
He told me, over omelet delicate, some coffee and
Some foamy Charlotte Russe how he had sold
In many a hamlet small and hamlet far
Slim cigars, and how, in Gotham once
Having a sale to make which tried him sore, he called a
friend

Two characteristic
studies of Walter
McGrail and a
glimpse of him, sans
mustache, in a recent
Corinne Griffith
picture



By ALEXANDER LOWELL

He knew upon the stage—was told to “come around”
And straightway had a part,
From thence to Vitagraph.
Next year he hopes
To be a Star in very ‘special features.
Comedy is his special forte he thinks, since he feels best
When making a world saddened, sick with tears,
Forget—and laugh——

But I believe
That I can see him better when Romance
Is all a-flower—for methinks
He looks the perfect lover and could make
Of love

The Perfect Art.

Of such as he

Young dreams are woven . . .

When he was very young—a tiny lad—
His mother hoped, he said, that he might be
A Priest. A celibate, avowed to
A Holy life—and one can see him thus—
Full easily.

In vestments sacerdotal, and with light,
Somber and rich from many stained windows,
On his head. Or, with shut eyes,
Whispering in some dim confessional, absolving all
The scarlet, secret sinning of the World. There is
About him an aroma of these things—
Romance and cloisters and crusadings of
Some unforgotten, some more mellow
Age.

And yet he loves, because he is most human after all,
And Humanity is a vast paradox,
Farm life, jazz music and a pretty girl,
Tennis, motoring, the “rest of it.”

He is
America in Youth.

For women he
Said with a little, special tender tone that some
Who say that they are woman-haters must have forgot
Their mother was a woman.

And he had
A certain courtliness of bearing then
That took me back to reminisce again
Of olden days when Knights held tourneys for
Some fair, some chaste ideal.

At home he lives
Alone with a long invalided father, whose chief joy
Is the young life his son brings in to him, and whose hope
Is one day to see run the pictures he has only seen in stills.
He thinks of all the Stars in the vast heaven
The one most fixed, most brilliant,
most divine

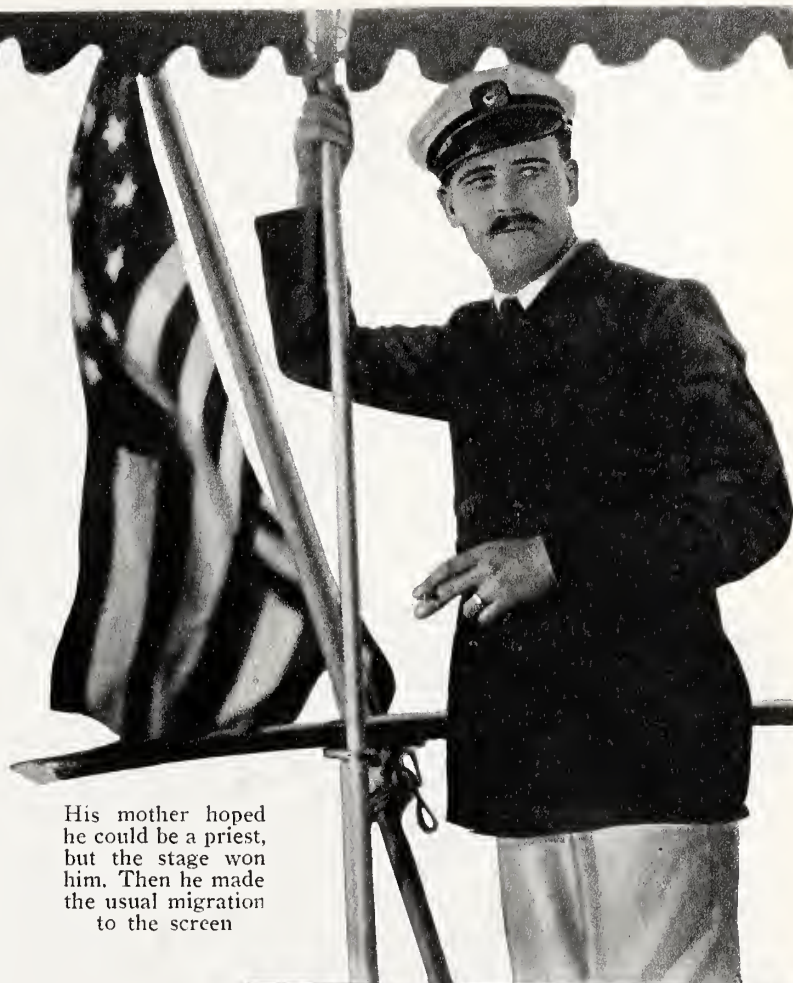
Is Mary, beyond which
Description need not go.
She makes, he says,
No slightest move nor gesture
not complete,

Not necessary.
Her skill and artistry are
Consummate.

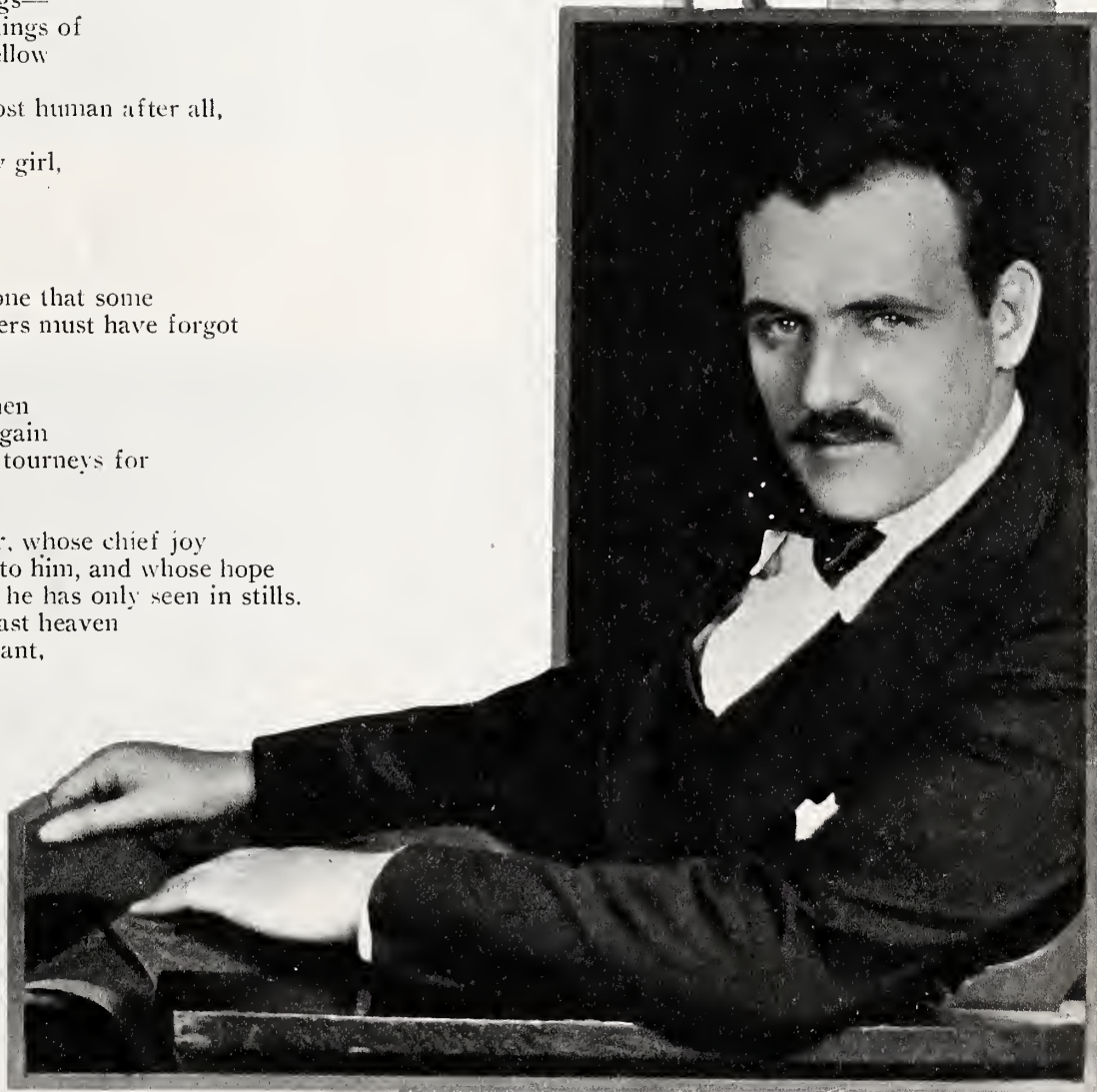
And then we talked, e’en as
the Walrus said,
Of many things, and methought
This man is young, and there
is much before him,
more than all

(Continued on page 74)

(Thirty-seven)



His mother hoped
he could be a priest,
but the stage won
him. Then he made
the usual migration
to the screen



The Silent Star of the Silent Drama

BY

MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

HELEN KELLER in moving pictures!

Who next? One may remain passive while the procession of opera singers, politicians, cartoonists, ex-bandits, propa-



gandists and famous beauties pass by on the screen, but the thought of this marvelous woman, deaf and blind, being able to surmount the many obstacles of filmdom filled me with amazement, and a hundred difficulties flashed across my mind.

At the Brunton studios in Los Angeles I found Miss Keller busy with a scene. Except for the absence of that badge of power, the megaphone, there was apparently nothing unusual about the proceeding.

Soon, however, I began to wonder how Miss Keller *knew* when to walk to the table, when to take up the book, when to pass thru the door! No one was directing her, yet she seemed never at a loss, but moved with the utmost confidence thru the scene. "Here is a mystery," I thought. "I must be in the realm of that psychic phenomena where thought transference without visible or audible means is considered an ordinary affair."

The scene ended and another began, while I grew more puzzled at this invisible presence! I shifted to a more comfortable round of the ladder

(Continued on page 69)



Above, a recent portrait of Miss Keller; top, Miss Keller "talking" with Director George Foster Platt, with Mrs. Macy at her left; right, Miss Keller selling a \$1,000 Liberty Bond to Governor Stephens, of California



"You are wonderful," he whispered; "somehow or other, Nan, these moments with you seem to me the only ones worth living"

Cheating Cheaters

Fictionized from the Scenario Based on Max Marcin's Play

By FAITH SERVICE

"FOLKS," said Steve Wilson, "if that Palmer outfit is comin' for the tea spillin' this p. m., now's the time for a guy to speak up." He paused impressively and let his eye rest upon the smoky, indolent group. "I dont believe Nan is going thru for us," he said.

The "folks" sat up. Steve Wilson could not have been more effective with a bomb. George Brockton let forth a contemptuous oath. Nell Brockton thrust a violent hairpin into her violent, henna-gold hair. Antonio Verdi ceased thumping syncopated opera on the baby grand.

"Not—going—t h r u—for—us?" they exclaimed, incredulously and in unison. George Brockton was the first to recover.

"What's the dope?" he questioned.

"I've said a mouthful," affirmed Steve. Then he leaned forward and thrust forth his jaw. "When a skirt lamps the right guy," he said, "and she aint a dead one—she *falls* for him. Nan has lamped the right guy and—she aint no dead one."

"You mean——?" once more in unison, this time not quite so scoffingly.

"I mean Tom Palmer," declared Steve Wilson; "I dont like those long walks she's got into the way of takin', and I dont like the glint in her lamps when she comes in from 'em. It means—the soft stuff. Oh, I know what you're all thinkin'. Nan's hard stuff, *you're* thinkin'; Nan's nails, *you're* cogitatin'. Well, Nan *was* nails, but the harder these skirts is *before*, the softer they is *after*. Take it from little Steve."

CHEATING CHEATERS

Fictionized from the scenario based on Max Marcin's play. Produced by Select, starring Clara Kimball Young. Directed by Alan Dwan. The cast:

Steve Wilson.....	Frank Campeau
Antonio Verdi.....	Nicholas Duneau
George Brockton.....	Frederick Burton
Mrs. Brockton.....	Mayme Kelso
Nan Carey.....	Clara Kimball Young
Ira Lazarre.....	Tully Marshall
Mrs. Palmer.....	Elinor Hancock
Grace Palmer.....	Anna Q. Nilsson
Tom Palmer.....	Jack Holt
Edward Palmer.....	Edwin Stevens
Phil Preston.....	Joseph Singleton



"Rather clever," he said. "You'd never take that to be an electrically charged safe, now would you?"

sentment, ha in wond ment. "Y o know," Na rem ind e them, "t ha Ira Lazar has put fou

thou in this job already. What more, Ferriss is onto us. We've got to get away with this, get away with it p. d. q and—put stakes. We've wasted enough time. My trip abroad with George, meeting the Palmer leasing this outfit—it's run in money. We've got to make the haul." She finished and eyed them over. "Skip," she ordered, "the swell Palmers will be here in an hour."

When the "swell Palmers" were admitted by the factotum who had been Steve Wilson, the transformation was complete even to Nell Brockton, grawiggled and comfortably maternal; Verdi, an Italian music master, and George Brockton, genial host. On the staircase Nan was coming to meet them. Tom Palmer intercepted her.

"You are wonderful," he whi

The "folks" stirred uneasily. Steve exploded again. "I don't like the damn job, anyway," he growled. "When I go after a guy's rocks, I take a gun and a jimmy—I don't hire no Westchester swell joint and give tea parties. These ain't my methods, and I don't like the complexion of the thing."

George Brockton only had time for another expletive, Nell Brockton for another hairpin and Tony for another chord when the hall door flung wide, a scent of wild woodland filled the handsome, cluttered room and Nan came in. "'Lo, folks," she greeted them. "Why the Gertrude Gloom atmosphere? Hasn't Ira come across? Have you seen a copper?" Then, without waiting for their replies, she wheeled about on them briskly. "Come, Steve," she said, "we haven't until day after tomorrow, you know. Help me get this arbutus in the vases. You, Tony, cover up the *Police Gazettes* with the sofa cushions; it's not the sort of reading matter the Palmers go in for. Nell, you and George skip upstairs and make the transformation scenes. This thing has got to go thru. Do you all get me—got to!"

Nan had an autocratic way. Steve muttered something about a kaiser in their midst. The rest of the "folks" eyed him scornfully for his treacherous dubiety.

Nell whisked about with a dust-cloth, opened windows to admit the fresh, stirring air, plumped up cushions, scattered the flowers, carelessly and effectively. The others watched her, half in re-

"How perfectly marvelous!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder that you have electrically charged safes to guard these wonders"

pered to her in a roughened voice as he took the hand she gave him. "Somehow or other, Nan, these moments with you seem to me the only ones worth living. I—I wait for them from one to the other. I——"

Ruth, alias Nan, smiled down on him. "Oh, Tom," she murmured, and there was none of the cool assurance in her voice, "oh, Tom, there are so many walls between me and you—so many hills to climb—so many twisted paths——"

Tea was served, and after tea Ruth played to them little tender, vagrant things that caused George Brockton to yawn and nod and Nell Brockton to stare thru the twilight win-



ly aroused suspicion. Somehow, these were not the things one of their gang would be apt to play, no matter what the theatricism called for. Steve, snorting contemptuously as he wheeled out the tea-cart, did not further sustain them.

"I am going to play at Professor Verdi's musicale this Thursday," murmured Ruth in an interlude. "I should like to have you hear me." She included Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and Grace.

George Brockton started in his chair. "My dear," he interposed, "I forgot to tell you, and I am sorry to disappoint you, but you will not be able to be at the recital, I am afraid."

"Why, father . . ."

"Unfortunately, your mother and I are called to Chicago. You will have to accompany us. It is too bad."

Tom Palmer left the piano over which he had been lounging. "Mother," he broke in eagerly, "couldn't . . . ?"

Mrs. Palmer smiled graciously. "Of course," she said; "how slow I am. We could love to have you with us, Miss Brockton. Please . . ."

Ruth caught Tom's anxious eye, and her cheeks flamed slowly. "May I, father?" she begged. Brockton nodded, and from the direction of the butler's pantry came another and a badly muffled snort.

Ruth pulled the last blind to the next morning, then turned to her confrères. "You all know what to do?" she said. "Well, for heaven's sake, don't answer the bell under the most extraordinary circumstances. Steve, if you lounge in the windows, it's all off. Verdi, nix on the chromatic scale. You're in *Chicago*, George and Nell. Don't get back till you get the high sign."

Steve broke in inelegantly. "We got our cues all right, all right, Nan," he said; "what's your stuff?"

Nan eyed him keenly, then smiled. "My stuff is to help myself to the famous Palmer pearls, if I'm not much mistaken," she said, "and when I get them you are to be on tap with a car and whisk us all away. The very same night we



set sail for South America. We won't dare to market the jewels up here. Down there—well, crooks are getting richer every day. Now I'm off—keep your minds glued and sit tight."

"Good luck, Nan!"

"No soft stuff, Nan," said Steve.

Tom Palmer surveyed the living-room anxiously. He turned sharply to Mrs. Palmer. "Everything O. K.?" he asked. "No *Police Gazettes* about here, you know. Miss Brockton will hardly care for that form of literary enjoyment."

Grace Palmer laughed, not very pleasantly. "I must say, Tom," she observed, "that if you were not so damn silly about what Miss Brockton would or wouldn't like, we might finish up this job and pull stakes. You know, Ferriss is onto us hot and heavy. It'll mean twenty years for us if we slip up."

Tom Palmer ran his hand over his suddenly sweating brow.

"Aint your guts in it, Tom?" asked the "butler," Phil, gruffly.

"Never mind what's in it, Phil," Tom laughed and shrugged his slim, groomed shoulders; "I'm going thru with it," he added. "Tonight—she'll be here—the old folks will be away—the coast clear. We've planned for this night. Well, it's come. It's up to me to see you fellows thru—I'm going to do it." He gave a short, sharp laugh. "Honor among thieves," he added.

When Ruth Brockton came in Tom met her. "We're just having tea," he said; then, lower, "Oh, Ruth, to see you here—in my house—Ruth, I never knew one girl could mean so much to me—could color all the world—give me new eyes, new ears, a new heart—"

Ruth looked at him. "A new heart?" she murmured, then she laughed lightly.

Ruth was in the corner, a pistol in her hand



rather loudly. "You must show me your famous pearls," she said. "You know, I am something of a gem fancier. I suppose you have them cleverly concealed."

Tom Palmer led her into the living-room and pointed to a panel in the wall. "Rather cleverly," he said. "You'd never take that to be an electrically charged safe, now would you?"

Ruth opened her eyes. "Charged?" she asked childishly, "to—to kill, you mean?"

"Well, ra-ther!"

Ruth laughed. "How—how very clever!" she said, banally.

Then she turned to Grace. "I have a hobby," she declared, sitting down by her. "I want to build a house of my very own and I'm keen on architecture. Will you give me a sort of a plan of your home? I think it is delightful, especially the ground floor. Oh . . ." She held out her hand for the case Tom was showing her. "How perfectly marvelous! I don't wonder, Mrs. Palmer, that you have electrically charged safes to guard these deep-sea wonders. They are miracles."

Mrs. Palmer smiled. "We were in the habit," she said, "of keeping them in the safe in town, but it made it so annoying to run in for them if we suddenly had to have them, so Tom here devised this."

Tom put the pearls in and shut the safe door. "I devised the gardens, too," he said, "and I want to show Miss Brockton my skill as a landscaper. Pardon us, mother."

In the garden Tom Palmer dropped his debonaire manner. He took Ruth's hands and drew her to him till she could feel the mighty thumping of his heart. "I had to get you out here, Ruth," he said: "I had to speak to

you—to put this to the test. I—I love you, dear. I want you to go away with me—to leave all this behind—all these people behind. I want to be alone with you—in a world—alone—"

Ruth drew in her breath. She closed her eyes to shut in the picture he painted. The sweetness it portended pervaded her, and her mouth trembled with a foretaste of over-bliss. Then she shook her head. "These people . . ." she repeated after him, "our mothers—and fathers—our—our—work. Tom, not now, not so soon—"

"One can always work," Tom whispered huskily; "one can always come back. One cannot always—love. If love comes—Ruth, who are you to turn away from it?"

Ruth pulled her hands away from his too insistent clasp. She shut her eyes again, this time because what she saw smote her with premonitory pain. "I can't, Tom," she said: "not now—dear."

At midnight of that night Tom Palmer had finished what he set forth to do. He had made a skillful entry into the

Brockton home. He had the famous Brockton diamonds against his breast. Presently he would be back with the gang; he could divide the spoils, and the job he had grown to loathe would be completed in so far as he was concerned. He was among thieves—well, he had preserved his. It was the only kind of honor he ever had preserved, but perhaps it was better than none at all. He would go away now—down to South America where men's deeds were lulled to a narcotic slumber. Yes, he would sleep, he would dream—and forget. Forget the past, forget Ruth: most of all, he would forget Ruth. Ruth was in his blood as once the lust of stones had been. He would eject her, put her forth.

He crossed the room cautiously. Phil would be waiting by the car. Grace and the Palmers would be waiting down the road. In the morning they would be on their way—to South America. Ruth would awaken in an empty house. It would bruise her—but she was not the kind to crumple. She would come thru. He was sure of that. He . . .

"Hands up!" said a professional voice. Tom wheeled. "The coppers!" he groaned, and his lips whitened and tautened. "Game's up," he admitted and flung up his arms.



After they were handcuffed, Ruth turned to the officers. "Will you leave me alone with him," she asked, "just for a little while?"

Not for a full minute did he take cognizance of the screams behind him, realize that Mr. and Mrs. Brockton were also in the room, hands flung high, nor that Ruth was in the corner with a pistol in her hand.

After they were handcuffed, Ruth turned to the officers.

"Will you leave me alone with him," she asked, "just for a little while?"

Tom turned to her. His face was white as paper. "W—what does this

mean?" he stammered. "not—not you, too?"

Ruth nodded, but her eyes were starry with tears. "Twenty gangs of thieves, Tom," she said, "one gang preying upon the other. You—and I—"

Tom bent toward her. "Pardners," he muttered, "pardon me. Now—we'll join—we'll put it together—we'll—"

Ruth shook her head slowly. "That isn't what I want, Tommy," she whispered: "to go—straight—hereafter—"

At the National Detective Agency the day following the Brocktons, Steve Wilson, Verdi and the Palmers awaited the ultimatum. Steve was aggressively ugly. "You gentlemen Raffles," he spat forth contemptuously, "oughter get what's comin' to you. Go about things honest and no harm'll come to you. I told you Nan wasn't going thru for us! I told you she was stool-pigeonin', or double-crossin', or something o' that kind. Where's she now, that's wot I want to know?"

Tom Palmer spoke up, rather wearily. "Getting the thing

(Continued on page 67)

Can This Be Mary?



Can you believe that the avoirdupois-esque young woman with Bryant Washburn is our own Mary Thurman? When you recover from the shock you can reassure yourself by glancing at the recent portrait of Mary, just above, and at the almost-as-recent flash of Mary at Mack Sennett's studios.

Mary is sacrificing everything for Art these days. She has deserted the Sennett sea-going forces and is pursuing the drama relentlessly. In "The Poor Boob," with Mr. Washburn, she plays the horrible victim of candy. How does Mary appear so—er—rotund? Gosh, we give it up!

But—who, oh, why?—pick on Mary for this sort of rôle?

The Celluloid Cr



THE photoplay has come out of its lethargy with a smash! We doubt if the silverscreen drama has had a more interesting month in a long time. One thing at least is certain. Never have the studios revealed acting of such a high histrionic excellence within a similar period—acting which, in at least two or three instances—touched a splendid height.

In the long, crowded gallery of screen characterizations is there anything finer than Charles Ray's genre study of small-town youth in "String Beans"? Or anything bigger than Elliott Dexter's sensitive, finely limned portrayal of Jim Wynnegate, victim of a primitive mesalliance, in "The Squaw Man"? Or, again, Conway Tearle's vigorous and dominating Andrew Forrester in Owen Johnson's hothouse drama, "Virtuous Wives"?

Let us first of all consider Mr. Dexter and "The Squaw Man," (Artcraft), because acting isn't the only vital thing about this revival of Edwin Milton Royle's effective melodrama. For "The Squaw Man" marks another forward step on the part of the steadily advancing Cecil De Mille. The producer has hit an exact dividing line between the theatrically effective and the humanly true in his re-screening of this melodrama. "The Squaw Man," you know, is the story of a young Englishman who takes the blame of an embezzling brother. Jim Wynnegate does it because he secretly loves his brother's wife and because he wants to protect her. Wynnegate comes to America and, because his perspective is distorted by the loneliness and emptiness of his life, marries an Indian girl who has befriended him and who is tyrannized over by a drunken, dissolute redskin father. A boy is born, when the English girl, now a widow, comes from across the seas with his vindication and news that he now has succeeded to title and lands. Altho he feels the call of the old life in every fibre, he resolves to live his mistake. He does, however, decide to send his boy back to England to be educated. Then it is that the Indian wife, instinctively realizing things, creeps to the child's play-yard and ends her life with a bullet.

De Mille has told his story with straightforward, certain strokes. His handling of the Indian wife's suicide is a master bit of suggestion. For once, a director shows faith in his audience's imagination.

De Mille never loses sight of his drama futile close-ups, flashes of animals and the usual screen clap-trap. On the other hand, there are scores of human bits of byplay to build up the characters and aid the atmosphere. And let us congratulate De Mille for one other thing. His glimpses of British upper-class society have distinction and good breeding.

Since Maurice Tourneur turned her vehicles into picture poems, Elsie Ferguson hasn't filmed so beautifully as in "Under the Greenwood Tree"

All of which almost makes us lose sight of Dexter. Here is an actor who, on the side of being physically effective, always seems heavy and unresponsive. That is, until a few months ago. Suddenly he appears to have awakened, and his Jim Wynnegate is splendidly a man—a remarkable study of a man who, torn by pity, sexual loneliness, slips into a terrible mistake and refuses to fight fate.

"The Squaw Man" is what we would term an ideal cast. Ann Little's picture of the Indian girl, Naturich, is admirable—complete sinking of an actress' identity in a rôle. The beautiful Katherine McDonald is every inch a well-bred British girl. Thelma Roberts is excellent as Wynnegate's ranch foreman, Bill Bill, Jack Holman is an effectively villainous un-Western Cash Hawk, and so right thru even the minor rôles. Mr. De Mille is to be congratulated.



The screen has offered few things bigger than Elliott Dexter's sensitive, finely limned portrayal in "The Squaw Man"



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

and now for Charlie Ray and "String Beans," (Paramount). In the matter of direction, "String Beans" may be fairly described. But Ray's playing of Toby Watkins is mighty near Booth Tarkington's callow Sylvanus Baxter as a study in adolescence. Ray is sincere, direct, unutterably even relentlessly, human. Toby is a sort of handy boy of a little village newspaper. How he loses his bashfulness to the mayor's pretty daughter, reconciles his boss with his bitter enemy, the mayor, and foils the attempt of an unscrupulous scoundrel to victimize the town with a fake string bean cannery is the basis of the story, vitalized by Ray's playing. And the star's excellent assistance from the direct and sympathetic Jane Novak. We must admit that we looked forward to Anita Stewart's return to the screen in "Virtuous Wives," (First National), with more than usual interest. And our impressions were far from what we expected. For the playing of Conway Tearle is not only a lesser effort than that of Edwin Arden, but it interested us vastly more than that of Miss Stewart.

"Virtuous Wives" belongs to the Cosmopolitan school of orchidaceous fiction. It is the story of a young man, who buries himself in business in the quest of wealth and position, and whose wife, who flirts her way through the passing years. Thanks to the ministrations of another more unscrupulous wife," the

We confess our disappointment in "The Greatest Thing in the World," with Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron



"Branding Broadway" is our favorite William Hart photoplay of many months

tops all thru "Virtuous Wives." Perhaps for this reason Conway Tearle's vigorous portrayal of the business man far overshadows Miss Stewart's playing of the wife.

Yet, in truth, the star did not register with any of her old vividness. At moments she is even amateurish. The late Edwin Arden's handling of the middle-aged husband of a butterfly wife is excellent and Mrs. De Wolfe Hopper as the wife, herself past mistress of the art of playing with fire, is effective.

But in "Virtuous Wives" Tucker has staged one vibrant scene, the moment where the elderly Wall Street magnate's little son hovers between life and death. Here "Virtuous Wives" flashed fire.

Rumors from the coast led us to expect mighty things of David Wark Griffith's fifth picture in five years, "The Greatest Thing in Life." Here is the story of a girl's quest for the greatest thing in life and of the regeneration, thru war and love, of a young American snob. But Griffith's latest drama presents nothing new. There is the ingénue in desperate straits, entering her door down, an American divine hero, dashing to the rescue, the inevitable cliché allied lines hidden in a basement, and steps above the conventional. There is the American heroine thinks she has found her Frenchman, until she discovers that he knows French, written by his own countryman, Rostand. Amusement comes when she finds that, even upon being taken is only a chicken" to him. The other big theme is widely discussed. Here the American hero and his refuge in a shell hole. A bullet mortally wounds him, who falls into the white lad's arms. Dying in despair, he pleads for a kiss from his mammy. Then it is that the snob puts his arms around the dying man and presses his cheek. We have been told of the extreme daring and that Griffith is atoning for his handling of the birth of a Nation." Be that as it may.

Our disappointment in "The Greatest Thing in Life" (Continued on page 76)

The Greeley Expedition to the Zoo



Reading left to
right: deer,
Evelyn

Evelyn Greeley snatched a few
hours away from the World
Film studio to visit the Bronx
zoo. But Evelyn had the fore-
sight to take along her newest
furs, some peanuts and a
camera-man



A little dog
along just
was snapp
is, right
star.
ever

How they follow
Evelyn around!
What? They're
some of her deer
fans! Go to the
foot of the class



The Stagnation of the Screen

Herbert Brenon, Fresh from Flanders Fields, Believes the American Photoplay Is at a Standstill

By CHARLES JAMESON

What are the thoughts of a motion picture director upon his return to America after ten months in war-swept Europe, many of them in the front lines of Flanders fields? Since Herbert Brenon went thru this experience "over there," his mental reactions will be of decided rest.

First, after some ten days studying the situation in the American production world, Brenon expressed himself as amazed at the absolute stagnation. "I dislike to pose as an alarm-bell," declares Brenon, grimly, "but the situation is critical. American makers of film drama are suffering from overconfidence, to be frank. Before the war, France, Italy and England were fully engaged in making motion pictures. There was stiff competition. America fought its way to the forefront of the screen art by its merit. Then the war hit Italy, France and England and even a slender measure of competition. American producers paused for breath. They had the world to themselves. And the photoplay has been stagnating ever since. "We must have competition," conceded Brenon. "It is vital to the very life of the photoplay. When a man



breaks records in a foot race, he does it in competition with other athletes. If he ran alone, he would probably finish many seconds behind his other record. It's the same way in the making of pictures. Some one else must be making them, too. Just now the whole art is menaced.

"I look to England to be the real competitor of America—and I hope the competition will come as soon as possible. I know the first question raised in opposition. It is only the statement that the climate is against picture-making in the British Isles. But let us be fair. We do not take all our Eastern motion pictures in New York, or within a few miles of New York. We send companies to Louisiana, into the Carolina mountains, to Canada for the right sort of exteriors. When it snows in New York, we send a cast to Florida to get summer scenes. It is just as cheap or cheaper, and just as quick or quicker, to shoot a company across the channel to beautiful southern France, to the Alps, to Rome, to Monte Carlo, into the very Sahara Desert itself. And consider the results!

"English photoplays are weak things now, because it is financially impossible to spend more than \$10,000 upon a production and get your money back. There is no American demand and the sales are wholly confined to the British Isles. But let English producers put \$50,000 and more into film plays, and

Herbert Brenon and two glimpses of him amid the ruined northern towns of France

your American producer would have genuine competition. I am pleading for encouragement to British makers of pictures, for the art cannot survive without competition."

Brenon returned from abroad with his viewpoint broadened and quickened by the war. "I want you to ask me who is the greatest genius in the motion picture business," he said, with a smile. "Then I shall answer, Charlie Chaplin! Not only is he a great actor—a really great actor with moments of genius—but he is a great director, a man of infinite imagination and ability. I believe the day will come

(Continued on page 84)



Caught in Dressing Room No. 10



I HAVE always been afraid of Harry Morey. I have seen him "treat 'em rough" in so many Vitagraph pictures that I have wondered what the fate of an interviewer would be who dared to ask the big fellow to talk about himself.

So far as getting him to talk about himself goes, my visit with Mr. Morey was a failure. It simply can't be done. Morey will talk about pictures until the last man drops, but you can't get much out of him about Morey.

The facts about Mr. Morey that I did gather were picked up from his associates at the Vitagraph studio. Morey has been with Vitagraph since 1909, when he left the stage for motion picture work. Vitagraph folks, therefore, know Mr. Morey as well as they know their own families.

Morey got his start with Vitagraph almost ten years ago, because he was the first man-sized policeman ever put into a motion picture. A picture in those days was not complete without a policeman, but the rôle of movie cop was about the smallest thing in the business so far as requirements were concerned, and almost without exception these small parts were played by men of small physique. One day Morey played the part of a policeman, and he was such an artistic success (judged by the motion picture standards of 1909) that three stories centering around the character of a policeman were immediately written for the first full-sized cop that the screen boasted. It was but a step, then, from the rôle of guardian of the peace to disturber of the peace. Morey played heavies for a long time and then, by sheer merit of his work, developed into full-fledged star leader.

I found Mr. Morey in that nook at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn where he is always to be found in his spare moments. They told me at the office that if Morey was not working in his set, I would find him in No. 10. Being a rank outsider, I did not realize that No. 10 was one of the Holy of Holies in the big Vitagraph plant. So after many wanderings and turnings in various directions, I came to a door marked No. 10 and knocked.

Yes, it was Morey's dressing-room, but when I opened the door, my first impression was that I had stumbled into a police station on a busy day. So many an assortment of rogues and hoboos crowded into the room it had never been my privilege to unearth, but as usual, it was only the gang—in make-up—hanging out in No. 10. When the gang realized that someone wanted to pay a purely personal visit to Mr. Morey, they disappeared, and I found myself alone with Harry of the Mighty Right.

"The gang can't seem to get used to the dressing-room, now that it's all dolled up," said Morey. "The company has just fitted it up for

like a regular place, but somehow I don't feel at home."

"It looks as though it ought to satisfy the most exacting of highly strung temperaments," said, as I gazed around approvingly.

"Temperament hell!" said Morey. "I have been here in No. 10 ever since I came

Dressing-room No. 10 is one of the Holy of Holies at the big Vitagraph plant. They call it the club-room, since it's the hang-out of the whole crowd

By HAROLD BENNETT

itagraph, and I wouldn't have let them change it a bit if it wasn't that there was not a thing left in the room that could be used with safety.

"Yes, sir," said the big fellow, as he surveyed his quarters with regret, "if I could let this old room do the talking for me, you would get a yarn that would make your eyes pop out.

"They used to call this the Vitagraph Club Room. It was the hang-out for the whole crowd. We had an old card-table here in the middle of the room, and the bunch came after hours and stayed as tho they lived here. It was everybody's home, and the other fellows went on the theory that their own dressing-rooms were only to hang their hats in. No. 10 was where they stayed. The directors used to come in whenever they got lonesome in their own rooms and, depending from the attendance, I guess directors are about the loneliest fellows on earth.

"But I guess I am getting swell now, like the rest of the picture people. I have my dressing-room all to myself. Earle Williams and I used to share this room together, and at different times Jim Lackaye, Gladys James, Leo Delaney and Bill Dunn shared it with me.

"The old room sure could tell some yarn."



I tried several times to turn the conversation around

toward Morey himself, but he fought shy of it. Finally, he capitulated with, "I smoke and I drink. In fact, I have all of life's vices in moderation. Seven days make a week for me the same as for anybody else. I make my living by acting before the motion picture camera. Hundreds of other people are doing the same thing, so why pick on me?"

"That's one trouble, as I see it, that we have got to guard against in motion picture work. If I put Harry Morey into everything that I do, I won't get very far, will I? That is why character leads appeal to me so much more strongly than the usual type of fancy heroes, who do not exist in real life.

"Here's what I mean. Suppose an actor develops certain peculiarities or characteristics that absolutely identify him thru any kind of a make-up; in other words, he is always himself. No matter what play you see him in, then, you do not see the character

that he is portraying, but you see the man who is acting the part. That's all wrong, to my way of thinking. (Continued on page 71)



The Mysterious Miss Clayton

too fast for Miss Clayton and the camera.

Every one around was getting a lot of fun out of this contest between cat and director except the star. She gave no sign either of amusement or of impatience over the time-wasting futility of many efforts repeating on the scene with the automatic efficiency of a perfect piece of mechanism. I was irresistibly reminded of a story about a mystic who could safely trust his bodily shell to go thru its accustomed routine while he himself left it and went elsewhere, for there was no indication of slighting of work on the part of Miss Clayton. On the contrary



© Evans

I HAD never thought of her as the mysterious Miss Clayton.

From the time I first saw her in a melodramatic picture to the time I first saw her, in person, at the Lasky studio I had thought of her as of the direct, full-of-the-joy-of-life sort; intellectual, undoubtedly, for to this her skilful work—work which could not be entirely due to her director—bore witness, but not temperamental and, certainly, not at all mysterious.

Boisterous laughter led me to her, one afternoon, while she was making a scene for "Maggie Pepper," soon after she came to the Pacific Coast. Wandering around the big stage, looking for "copy," the laughter guided me to the set, and I came upon her quietly waiting while Director Chester Withey was straining to get some dramatic action out of a cat. The "set" was a tenement-house kitchen, the unvarnished table set for a meal having the inevitable accessories, such as gas-plate, cheap chairs, sink with dishpan underneath and cupboard above, that belong to the life of the "woiking goil," and there, too, was the "woiking goil" herself, in the person of Ethel Clayton, impersonating the heroine. I gathered that the action was to show Maggie Pepper in the act of catching a thief. She is getting something out of the cupboard and, hearing a noise, turns and discovers the kitten with his head caught in the cream-pitcher. She has to break the pitcher in order to free the culprit. The laughter which had drawn me to the set was due to the failure of the cat to play according to script. Tempting morsels drew his head into the pitcher, but he would get away with them altogether

Ethel Clayton started in the chorus at the La Salle in Chicago. Then Miss Clayton sought out New York because she wanted to become a real actress. Finally she went to pictures with the old Lubin Company



By ELIZABETH PELTRET

there was a marvelous quickness in the way she caught the director's very shade of meaning. The startling effect that I got was the contrast between the lifelikeness of the screen reproduction and the impression of detachment you got while watching her at work.

Therefore when, several months afterward, I was asked to interview Ethel Clayton, I made the appointment with the zest of a pioneer about to start on a journey into a strange and unexplored country, and in this case my reward was greater than anticipated, for Ethel Clayton is indeed in a class by herself. In a world where thousands of girls fight, in vain, for histrionic

honors, she, unseeking them, has had them thrust upon her. She has made a mock of the famous poem, "Opportunity." She has done more than neglect to open her door to the knock of that fortune-bearer. On several occasions



You get an odd impression of detachment while watching Miss Clayton work. It irresistibly reminds one of the Eastern mystics, who leave their bodily shells to wander into far lands

she opened it just wide enough to slam it in Opportunity's face, but patient, importunate Opportunity refused to be denied and kept on knocking until—for in her case Oppy came disguised as a male—she indifferently permitted fame and fortune to enter her door.

I found her busy with her company in the making of a scene for "Private Pettigrew's Girl." She handled the interview in the same impersonal, efficient way she does her work. We sat on the edge of the set, where we could see everything without being disturbed.

"This must remind you of your own days as a chorus-girl," I remarked. She nodded assent, and as I dug a little deeper into those chorus days I learnt that she did not seek an engagement, but that the La Salle chorus director found her in the Ziegfeld Music College in Chicago. "I did not take the work seriously," she said. "If I did not feel like going on, or wanted to go to a party, I would get one of the girls from the school to sub for me. I did not permit the work to interfere with things I wanted to do."

This chorus work, however, had sufficient influence upon her to result in a determination to go to New York. "I felt," she explained, "that if I was going to be an actress, I wanted

(Continued on page 62)

The Extra Girl Anita and John

had to have proper running togs, and what could be sweeter than a check suit, a vest of some nondescript pattern, a collar that threatened at every turn of the head to dislodge that famous thimble from the end right eyelash of mine, a brown silk tie, a brown Fedora hat, and yes, puttees.

Our first appearance was at a political meeting, where Ida Fitzhugh, as Aurora Noyes, was explaining just why she should be the town's next Mayor. We agreed heartily with the statement that we had been downtrodden long enough, that we should now assume our rightful places, etc. More enthusiastically still did we applaud the promise of Alec, the town tailor, to give us trousers for \$9.99. (You see Alec's business had decreased until even the minus sign was lost in the shuffle when ninety-nine per cent. of the fighting male population of Freemont—Alec himself making the missing per cent.—had followed the colors.) Outwardly we were men



FOR the past fifty-seven years I have been laboring under the delusion that, had I been permitted to land on terra firma in the guise of a boy, my girlish laughter would have rung down the ages in one glad sweet gurgle of delight. Now, after two days' incarceration in the habiliments of a man, I feel thankful that I am a girl, I do.

I have added a new member to the list of those studios in which "Welcome" threatens to break thru the doormat without further notice. It's the Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount and everything. For months I knocked timidly at its stately portal, but no one ever seemed to hear, until one evening John Emerson, the director de luxe—why not directors as well as steamship suites and sardines?—bent his kindly ear and, lo! I became a Famous Player.

You've all heard of Anita Loos, the lady who thinks up bright—and, yes, original—ideas for Director Emerson to put upon the screen. Well this time she looked into the future and figured out what might happen if the war went on indefinitely and women continued to show the world that woman's place is not always in the home any more than man's place is always—or even half the time—in the office. Therefore the masculine attire in which C. E. G. disported for two days. If we were to run everything, from the soda fountains to the trolley cars, we

Director John Emerson takes Authoress Anita Loos out of the safe at 9 A. M.



John upholding the honor of profession, as well as Ernest Tru Miss Loos and Louise Huff

An Emerson-Loos Comedy in the Making

By ETHEL ROSEMON

inwardly our souls still hugged to themselves the wonderful love of an early Monday morning bargain.

But, of course, Aurora had a rival candidate, young Ernest Truex Abraham Lincoln Jones, who was home from France on sick leave and whom the little band of Civil War veterans, known as the Coots, clung to as their last hope of rescue from the tyrannical domination of the womenfolks. If Ernie couldn't save their comrade Coot from being nursemaid to the baby of Betty Wales, who, under the new order of things, had become business manager of the town paper, if he couldn't re-establish the old evening meetings around the stove in the village store, where the old Coots were free to—well, if they did get things a little topsy-turvy, wasn't it their divine right as old vets? What was the world coming to?

Then the Coots and Ernie laid a deep plan. Upon the arrival of a mysterious package from France, the Coots paraded the streets with signs:

"AT THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT
FREE MOTION PICTURES OF THE FREEMONT BOYS IN FRANCE
LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED"

Did we want to see our boys in France? We did to a man. Long before the appointed time we were hustling along the street, each intent upon occupying the front seat. Eagerly we watched the screen, and then, to our horror, there appeared our own individual property flirting with some young French vamp instead of spending his time kissing our photograph. And the war had

Toasting Truex.
Left to right:
John, Anita,
Ernest, Louise
and our own
Ethel Rosemon



Miss Loos ventures a suggestion



not driven these French girls to men's clothes. Instead, it had but strengthened their desire to please the masculine eye. Verily, much depends upon the weapons one employs to kill the fattened oyster.

"Oh, there's Harry, and look at the hussy with him!" cried Merci Esmonde, editor of the paper, as Mr. Merci Esmonde appeared upon the scene.

A committee of Coots helps Truex look over the negative

"And there's my George. I'll never speak to him again!" shouted the business manager.

"From where I sit, looks as if he wouldn't mind it very much," laughed an old Coot.

"Wait until he comes home," another girl cried, as the picture progressed.

"If I were in his place, I'd never come home," a Coot near her teased.

"Now, ladies, you see what our boys are used to in Paris. Are you ready to meet the competition?" Abe asked, at the end of the picture. Then he continued:

"I have a confession to make. These pictures were made by our boys simply

(Continued on page 79)



The Fame and Fortune Beauties



MARGHEURITE IRVING

LOS ANGELES, CAL.; San Diego, Cal.; Cleveland, Ohio; Hutchinson, Kansas; Spokane, Wash.; Columbus, Ohio, and Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, are recorded upon the second honor roll of The Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Out of the thousands of portraits entered in the contest, the judges have selected the seven most attractive young



MADELINE CUNNINGHAM



women to enter between December 15th and January 1st.

It is no easy task narrowing the avalanche of portraits entered in fifteen days down to seven, but, after long consideration, the following successful contestants were named:

Margheurite Irving, of No. 1707 West Point Road, Spokane, Wash., proved to be one of the most winning of all the contestants, and her picture gets a prominent
(Continued on page 88)



Above:
BEATRICE
EDITH
BOND



Left:
ALIENE
FULTON



Above:
MURIEL MAXINE MAIN

Left:
EMMA CLARE ORB



GRACE DURFEE

The LION AND THE MOUSE

by Charles Klein.

Fictionized by Dorothy Donnell from the Scenario Based on the Stage Play

Alice Joyce as
Shirley Ross-
more, the mouse

SHIRLEY ROSSMORE laid down her pen wearily, to read the last words she had written. "John Broderick had reversed the Frankenstein theory. From a man he had made himself a machine, an iron-willed Colossus of Finance. He had almost forgotten how to be human——"

"I wonder," she mused, "whether he has entirely forgotten?"

Behind the white forehead, resting on one slender, propping and, her thoughts ached dully. She had been writing against time, feverishly, desperately, ever since that day three weeks ago when she had come home, to discover that her father was an old man.

She thought, heart-sickly, now of that first shocking glimpse of his white head, no longer held in the old proud erectness, the wrinkles that days of worry had ragged thru his cheeks, the look of hurt in his deep-set gray eyes. Downstairs he sat this moment, staring before him like a condemned prisoner waiting for the hour of execution.

"Six months! We've got six months yet," she reminded herself. "A great deal can happen—must happen—in six months! And this"—she touched the closely written sheets before her—"this is the first shot in my campaign! It's only a mouse-bite, perhaps, but mice have conquered lions before this."

"Shirley!"—her mother's voice held a pleasant tinge of excitement—"Shirley dear, here's some one to see you!"

Resentfully the girl rose with none of the customary feminine touches to hair and belt that are the heritage of beauty and twenty-three. She was a gloriously long-limbed creature, with something Greek about



When John Ryder read the note his stern, heavily featured face took on a curious expression

the carriage of her head, and dark, folded masses of hair. There was an unawareness of beauty about her that was quite sincere. She had never consciously looked at herself in her life, which is another way of saying that she had never been in love.

Today, however, when she saw who her visitor was, she colored, then frowned at the confession of her blush. "Why, Jeff!" She shook his outstretched hand nervously. "I didn't know you were in this part of the world!"

"I'm quite likely to be in any part of the world where you are," the young man assured her gaily. He was a tall, thoroughbred youngster, upon whom the exquisitely tailored clothes he wore did not look dandified. "You know I promised to help you, but I haven't done much so far. Father has absolutely refused to put in his oar."

"No wonder," Shirley said, bitterly, "since it is he who is driving my father into disgrace."

There was no mistaking the amazement of his look, and her eyes softened. "Oh, I know you didn't dream such a thing, Jeff. But it's true. Judge Scott has looked into it and says it is undoubtedly father's adverse decision against the Southern and Transcontinental that decided John Ryder to put him out of the way. There are two letters your father has that would clear dad, but he refuses to give them back—says he never received such letters. So I am afraid"—she tried to smile up at his disconsolate face, when they went to the Plaza later that evening—"I'm afraid you'll have to give up helping me."

"But I won't give you up, Shirley!" Jefferson Ryder said, doggedly. "You know what I told you in Paris—it's still true and

always will be. If you let a little scrap between our fathers——"

"A little scrap!" Her eyes blazed. She drew herself the full of her superb inches. "When it means the soiling of a good man's name! It will kill father if Congress votes to impeach him, but they shant vote to do it! I shall find a way to save him yet!"

"If there is a way you'll find it," he spoke hesitantly, "but the old man's made up his mind, he'll get his way. He always has, he always will, and there's no use defying him. I ought to know—I've been his son for twenty-five years!"

"You're afraid of him—every one seems to be, and that's why he can get his way, but when he meets some one who is afraid of him or his bullying millions——" She held out her hand again with an air of finality. "It's good-by, Jeff. Whatever anything else would be absurd. I'm writing a book about your father this moment upstairs. I'm going to fight him—fight him to the last ditch, and I can't have his son making love to me while I'm doing it!"

"If you're told to love your enemies, doesn't that mean the sons of your enemies, too?" Jefferson Ryder suggested sorrowfully. "Go to it, Shirley—I'm with you! If the pater should see you, he'd be with you, too. Why don't you have a talk with him?"

"No begging!" Shirley Rossmore said, with a shake of her Diana head. "I'm not going to fight with woman's weapons—hair and hats and smiles and Parisian perfumery! I'm going to fight him with his own weapon—brains! And I'm going to beat him at his own game!"

She had spoken confidently, but her heart was heavy when a week later, she left the manuscript of her book, "An American Colossus," at the publisher's and faced the long weeks of waiting that must intervene before the first result of her strategy would be known. Waiting was not attractive to her nature, the more so as with the passing of the days that brought him closer to the time of his trial Judge Rossmore grew frail, silenter, and the tiny, shabby house where they had eaten when the blow fell grew more tense with dread.

"If it shouldn't work," she would find herself waking up the night to murmur; "but no one can help recognizing 'John Broderick.' He's a vain man—all braggarts are vain! And he will want to know more about his author."

The first copies of the book came, the press notices, which she read with a wildly beating heart. Yes, she had been right, her portrait of the great multi-millionaire had been a good likeness. The American Colossus, pitiless, tyrannical, a superman in some ways, a small boy in others, seized upon

"But I won't give you up, Shirley," Jefferson Ryder said, doggedly. "If you let a little scrap between our fathers——"





"I wish," he burst out, "that I had been born the son of a hod-carrier! I might have amounted to something then"

the imaginations of the country. The pulpit made it the text for sermons, the magazines printed long critical reviews, and, at last, one morning came the note that she was waiting for. "Dear Miss Green," the letter ran, curt as a general's orders to a subordinate, "I would be glad to see you at my office in regard to your book, 'The American Colossus.' I shall expect you on any afternoon most convenient to you this week. Yours sincerely, John Rutherford Ryder."

Frances Green had been the nom-de-plume she had signed her book, resentful at the necessity for subterfuge, yet recognizing it. With flaming cheeks, she hurried to her typewriter to frame an equally curt reply:

"Dear Mr. Ryder—I am not in the habit of visiting gentlemen in their offices. Yours sincerely, Frances Green."

"The first blood!" she told herself, exultantly. "I'll wager no one ever wrote to him like that before."

She was quite right. When John Ryder read the note the next morning, his stern, heavily featured face took on a curious expression. He was not angry—the occasion was too trivial for anger, but he was curious and grudgingly admiring.

"Write the lady another note, Bagley, inviting her in the name of Mrs. Ryder and myself to visit our home," he directed his secretary, a lean, shadowy man, who had lived so long in the shade of the great man's personality that he was distinctly at-ease when he was alone with himself and confronted with the necessity of making an independent decision in regard to his neckties or waistcoat patterns.

The second invitation brought Shirley Rossmore incog into the house of her father's enemy. Trim, devoid of coquetry in

her severe serge suit and mannish sailor hat, she met his grim gaze steadily. There was even a hint of amusement lurking in the quiver of her lip corners, but her eyes were non-committal. Her silence forced him to the initiative of speech.

"I have read your book with interest," John Ryder said, "and I am curious to know where you found the character of Broderick."

"In my imagination," Shirley responded, calmly, "where else?"

He turned the pages between his fingers. His bushy eyebrows drew together into a continuous straight line, menacing, terrifying. "How did you know," he asked, abruptly, "that I had an Indian girl tattooed above my right elbow?"

Her clear-eyed innocence was flawless. "Oh, have you? What a coincidence!"

He gave her cleverness the tribute of a slow, grim smile. It was not often that he found a match for his wits in the cringing satellites that surrounded him. "This Broderick," he tapped the book covers, "how would you classify him?"

Shirley Rossmore returned his gaze steadily. "As the greatest criminal the world has ever produced," she said, in her young, clear voice, "as the arch-enemy to mankind. But, as I said before, he is, of course, and very luckily, merely an imaginary character." She picked up her gloves and rose, as if to bring the interview to an end. "Is that all, Mr. Ryder? I am rather a busy person."

Twenty-five years of success had given John Rutherford Ryder the point of view of a dictator. He was accustomed to



The den of the lion—John Ryder

giving orders and receiving obedience; his wife and son feared and deferred to him, his friends flattered him, the newspapers admitted his power, his enemies, of whom the number was legion, paid him the compliment of bitter hatred, writhed under his tyrannies—and submitted to them. In all those twenty-five years no one had ever so openly and coolly ignored him as this slender girl with the amazingly modelled chin and the unfeminine steadiness of eyes.

To his own surprise, he heard himself speaking spontaneously. "My dear Miss Green, I hope you are not too busy to undertake a piece of work for me—work which this book of yours has proved you are just the person to do. I wish you to"—he hesitated, changed his peremptory wording—"I would be very glad for you to write my biography. The material is already collected, but you would have to compile it here. It cannot leave the house."

Under the smooth mask of indifference Shirley's brain whirled with a sort of sick stage-fright. Her opportunity—her father's opportunity lay in her grasp, but for a panicky instant the magnitude of the task appalled her. What if she should fail? After all, this grim, gray man before her was a lion and she was only a mouse. Then resolutely she raised her head and met his glance, unsmilingly.

"I will do it." He liked her brevity, her lack of the useless words and fluttering, meaningless movements common to her sex. "I will come tomorrow. There's no time to lose."

To herself she was thinking in terms of months and days. "Three months before Congress convenes. I must hurry—hurry for my father's sake. Amen!"

It was her way of praying. Shirley Rossmore was not one to lay her burden of petition

upon the Lord and sit with folded hands, waiting. As she shook hands now with John Ryder, the library door opened to admit Jefferson. At sight of his father's visitor, she stopped, staring blankly.

"Jefferson, this is Miss Frances Green, who is coming to stay with us for a few weeks to do some literary work for me," said the older man, in the tone of unconscious patronage which he always used toward his son. A slight shake of Shirley's head checked the impending disclosure. She held on to her self-possession.

"Your father has been kind enough to be interested in my book, 'An American Colossus,'" she explained, sweetly. With a gravity that matched hers, he took the small, gloved hand.

"I should think," he dared her, "that you would be afraid of your own creation, Miss—Green. John Broderick is—immense!"

Shirley Rossmore smiled gently up into his anxious eyes. "I am not afraid of any man in a book or out," she said. "Even the John Brodericks of the world have their human spots. If I were to meet a man of that sort I would be certain that I should find his sooner or later."

She had been a regular inmate of the Ryder household

several days before she had the opportunity of speaking to her one-time suitor alone. Then, one afternoon, she looked up from her manuscript, to see him standing in the doorway of her tiny waiting-room, watching her fingering fingers with overcast lips and slightly sullen lips.

"I wish," he burst out eagerly, "that I had been the son of a hod-carrier; I might have amounted to something then."

"You would have stood a better chance of it," she

(Continued on page 84)

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Fictionized by permission from the scenario based on Charles Klein's drama. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Alice Joyce. Directed by Tom Terriss. The cast:

Shirley Rossmore.....	Alice Joyce
John Burkett Ryder.....	Anders Randolph
Jefferson Ryder.....	Conrad Nagel
Judge Rossmore.....	Henry Hallam
Mrs. Rossmore.....	Mary Carr
Kate Roberts.....	Mona Kingsley
Senator Roberts.....	W. H. Burton
Judge Stott.....	W. T. Carleton
Fitzroy Bagley.....	Templer Saxe

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Scene: The mahogany-finished sanctum of the president of the newly created Solar System Pictures, Inc. Flowers grace the desk of the executive, who is meditating in a comfortable chair.

TREMBLING SECRETARY: Rex London, the famous author, is waiting outside with a scenario.

PRESIDENT: Let him wait. What's he doing here during our first week?

T. S.: And David Thomas Griffince, the great director, has just wired.

PRESIDENT: Too soon. Tell him to wire again next month.

T. S.: The men who are going to build the studio have just 'phoned for an appointment.

PRESIDENT: What're they trying to do—rush me? Let 'em wait!

T. S.: And there's a man from an electric sign company outside. I'll send him along, too.

PRESIDENT (*rubbing his hands enthusiastically*): Take an order for a dozen Broadway signs out to him. . . . Are you ready? . . . Take this down. Electric signs to read: The Solar System presents Tessie Jazz in the world's greatest super-picture, "The Triumph of Aphrodite." Got that?

T. S.: Yesir—but you haven't got the studio or the scenario or the director yet!

PRESIDENT (*benignly*): That'll do. I'm closing up now for two weeks. Going to the coast to look over conditions. Tell my press-agent to shoot out something about the great future of the photoplay, particularly Solar System photoplays. I'll be back on the thirtieth!

(*Exit President.*)

About this time each year, with spring hovering on the horizon, we like to select our yearly silverscreen baseball teams. Here's our choice for this year of our Lord, 1919, femininity coming first:

Outfield—Nazimova, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson.

First base—Mary Pickford.

Second base—Constance Talmadge.

Short stop—Louise Fazenda.

Third base—Gladys Leslie.

Pitchers—Theda Bara, Alice Joyce.

Catcher—May Allison.

Subs—Madge Kennedy, Dorothy Gish.

And the team of mere men would be:

Outfield—Elliott Dexter, Henry Walthall, Herbert Rawlinson.

First base—Charlie Chaplin.

Second base—Dick Barthelmess.

Short stop—Wallie Reid.

Third base—
Conway Tearle.

Pitcher—Bill Hart.

Catcher—Charlie Ray.

There are no subs. We had all we could do to make a full team.

And for umpires we'd name Cecil De Mille and Maurice Tourneur.

What a neat idea it was for Samuel Goldfish to change his name to Samuel Goldwyn, because he heads Goldwyn Pictures. Wouldn't it be whimsical to go further and have Adolph Paramount, Richard A. Metro and Carl Bluebird?

If there's anything more permanent and unbreakable than David Griffith's doors, we want to see it. It takes a whole Hun army five hundred celluloid feet to smash one of them down.

Henry Ford has invaded the educational weekly field. In other words, Henry hopes to educate the films. Most millionaires are educated by the films on entering the game. Boy, page Mr. Hearst.

A new screen company has just been launched yclept the Gold Coin Company. And Sidney M. Golden is the organizer.

Just as we type this—with the mercury flirting with the zero mark—we learn that Theda Bara is playing a hula-hula lassie in a South Sea picture termed "Creation's Tears." And with relief we discover that the Florida coast and not Fort Lee is playing the rôle of the Pacific isle.

Out in India they are protesting about American photoplays because they show kissing. Like the Pennsylvania censors, they think it the height of impropriety for a man to kiss a woman. Consequently, their favorite dramas are the American news weeklies.

The Egyptian rights to Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" have just been sold. Now if the Egyptian board of censors will only stop the production or something, we'll have an interesting publicity story.

William Fox predicts that Western pictures will come back strong this year. Yes, Fox produced the Tom Mix and Bill Farnum Westerns. And Carl Laemmle is quite sure that war stories will remain in popularity. Carl has "The Heart of Humanity" and several others on hand. There's nothing like getting impartial views on things.

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After the War—What?

(Continued from page 19)

and political life. The returned soldier is going to play a mighty part in the next national political campaign and in him there is room for a vital picture.

Political observers predict that a soldier candidate will be put forward by one of the older parties in the next campaign to offset a socialistic tendency feared by political machines.

Will the big photoplay deal with the problem of women in business—the problem of the woman who supplants the absent soldier and who must now fight for her very existence? Will women, broadened and developed by participation in world activities, be satisfied to step backward?

Will it deal with the varying phases of socialism, something that goes deeper than looking upon every socialist as a be-whiskered gentleman with a bomb in each hand?

Or will it present the new—and ideal—American home, wherein the man and the woman live, work, achieve and dream together, for the war has advanced femininity to this position? Here is a subject of extreme significance.

The director to catch this great new subject and enmesh it in celluloid will be the next Griffith. Will Griffith himself do it, or will it be Ince, Tourneur, De Mille or any one of a dozen promising creating men of the studios? Does the genius to do this big picture lie in Griffith, with his singular ability to handle masses and his equally singular inability to get away from the melodramatic chase; in Tourneur, with his painter's sense of beautiful pictures and his semi-Parisian viewpoint; in Ince, who seems to have lost his splendid scenario sense; in De Mille, looking upon life with the eye of the theater but steadily advancing; or, indeed, in any one now on the horizon?

Or will a new movie genius come out of the West?

Seeking the ideas of the foremost men of the silver screen on the problem, we wired to David W. Griffith. He does not believe that a great public problem will be the subject of big future pictures. "I believe that it will be more or less as it was before this war," he says. "The exhaustless storehouse of humanity, always waiting to be exploited, lies in the primitive desires, loves and elusive hopes of the human heart. I am afraid that the problems succeeding the war change from day to day, each new day bringing a new problem; that when building a photoplay on any one, you take the chance of having it a back number by the time it is released."

Maurice Tourneur believes in the screen wholly as an amusement organ. "I consider it a mistake to build photoplays around problems," he wired emphatically. "Photoplays are for entertainment and should be entirely independent of world problems, which form topics for lectures, newspapers and magazines."

(Continued on page 72)

Sunlight on White Velvet

(Continued from page 21)

Apropos of the desk, it might not be inappropriate to say that Miss Doro loves antiques and has a habit of finding the most beautiful objects in the most unexpected places.

I was glad that it was the twilight hour and that the shaded lamps were lit, for that is the hour that welds people closer, it is the hour of confidences. Miss Doro easily achieved the unusual by looking dainty in a dark-blue serge dress such as any schoolgirl would wear, and the impossible by looking dignified while curled up on a davenport.

We spoke of many things; her forthcoming trip to Europe and how glad she is to be going to do pictures under the direction of Herbert Brenon, whom she considers one of the really great directors; of her former trips abroad, some twenty or so in number, when she was starring on the stage in "The Morals of Marcus" and "Diplomacy"; of life and its oddities; of art and its expression; of marriage.

Altho she is very learned, Marie Doro's eyes—yes, manner—express a certain naïveté. There is about her a certain dependence, and yet one could not call her dependent. Perhaps one would better say there is a certain confidence and trust in her attitude towards the world. She possesses a lack of pose which makes her own charm distinctive, but spirituality is her chief aura.

We were speaking of geniuses.

"Why will people simply read the old masters and believe them without exerting their own reasoning powers?" she said. "For instance, Carlyle's oft-quoted and constantly believed definition, 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.' When you stop to analyze it, you know that isn't true. Geniuses are people that are able to do all things well, which means simply that they are intelligent. They specialize in one certain method of self-expression. If they possess humor, the ability to laugh at themselves and not to become so blinded that they cannot see their own mistakes when admirers flatter, then their genius will accomplish great things."

Miss Doro is fond of music. She thinks her real mode of self-expression should have been the piano, but the opportunities for recognition in the musical world are fewer than on the stage. Consequently her intelligence counsels her not to be dissatisfied with her success as an actress.

"Do you know," said Marie Doro, "my greatest satisfaction has come from seeing Elliott succeed." (Is it necessary for me to remark for the —ionth time that in private life Marie Doro is Mrs. Elliott Dexter?)

"Elliott has been so perfectly contented to go on day after day making pictures, without any wild ambition for vast popularity or stardom, that it delights me to see him pushed ahead, almost in spite of himself."

(Continued on page 81)

The Mysterious Miss Clayton

(Continued from page 51)

to be a good one." In the metropolis, however, she found so much to do and to see that she did not go near any of the booking offices. "I didn't care about bothering over the stage," she said, simply. However, it seems that she came in contact with a friend of O'Reilly, a well-known Middle West theatrical manager, who was in New York hunting for a satisfactory leading woman. O'Reilly came, saw and was conquered, and he offered her the place, but his company was in Minneapolis, and she wanted to return to Chicago, and she turned him down.

After she had returned to Chicago, O'Reilly came and repeated his offer. "He asked me," she said, "if it was a matter of salary, and I told him that I would not consider any salary, that I did not care to go."

O'Reilly, repulsed, returned to Minneapolis and permitted several weeks to pass. Then he hit upon the brilliant expedient of sending a money order to pay the expenses of herself and her mother to Minneapolis. And they went.

What happened next? O'Reilly received his deserved reward. Her success was assured from her first appearance on his stage. As I learnt this, my eye wandered to the groups of waiting extras at the studio, contrasting their precarious lot with what Fate had given to Miss Clayton. She followed my gaze and, with that subconscious intelligence which is the core of her mystery, read my thought.

"I believe," she said, "that a girl starting in now should have some independent means of livelihood. I do not see how it is possible to live on an extra girl's pay. There are so many of them, you know; and then, too, work is so uncertain. Yes, a girl must have something to tide her over until she grows tired of the whole thing and goes home."

The same pressure from outside that put her on the stage swung her from stage to screen in the palmy days of the Lubin Company. Lurid melodrama, with the action that goes with it, were her portion in those days. Then the World won her away from Lubin.

Before we parted she gave me a standing invitation to tea with her in her cozy bungalow in Hollywood, and I am going to accept it some day, because I like her. As we very, very seldom really like people who form interrogation points in our minds, I explain my liking for Ethel Clayton by the absence of any sham, pose or affectation in her. Of one thing I feel sure. I may have tea with her many times, we may, and I hope we will, be friends for many years, but I do not think I will ever know her any better or that her best friend knows her better than I, a casual acquaintance, know her now, and all I have said to you and written for you here is a confession that I have no plumb for her depth.

(Sixty-two)

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The Brownie Who Became a Star

(Continued from page 32)



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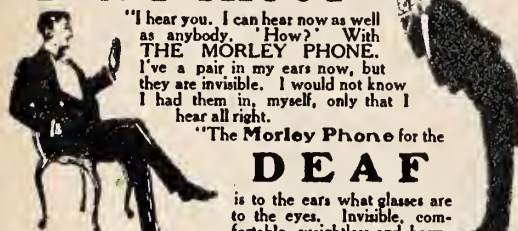
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For instance, I had hocked my time-piece in Nashville in order to get north, so when it came to rising I would have been at a loss if it had not been for the friendly church nearby which rang the hours each morning. Then I'd sit up in bed, gaze at the Hotel Normandie clock, decide whether I'd do without breakfast—a decision I often made without much mental effort but with bodily discomfort—and so got along splendidly without my ticker."

But it only lasted a short time, that famine period. Mr. Lewis soon had an engagement with "A Chinese Honeymoon," a musical comedy which enjoyed a long run. In fact, he stuck by it for two years.

Then followed a summer engagement with pictures in the old Reliance Company. In those days producers like William Brady refused to engage actors for the stage who had ever been tempted by the films. It was a case of earning a living, so Mr. Lewis defied fate and tried the screen. Really, it was Phillips Smalley who introduced him to the new idea with the remark, "Easy money, Mitch, easy money. Do try it out." After one picture was finished there was a change of directors, and the new director didn't like Mr. Lewis' lack of arm motion.

As the actor was tall, he refused to become a human semaphore and was promptly discharged. He drifted back to the stage, and, when another dearth of engagements arose, his good angel, Phillips Smalley, again ran into Mr. Lewis' receptive embrace. There were three or four pictures with the Rex concern, then a trip to England, where Mr. Lewis played Nobody in "Everywoman." He'd never worn a dress suit or tile hat before, but English society demands caused him to buy the first evening uniform.

On returning to the States a number of theatrical engagements followed, and then a very queer circumstance put Mr. Lewis into pictures forever 'n' ever. He had met an old-time friend, Syd Bracy, one day, who asked him to come to a lovely spot called New Rochelle, where he might possibly find an engagement with Thanouser Films. Mr. Mitchell was living uptown in New York at 181st street and one morning he started off for a walk and finally a ride on the road to West Farms. Seeing a car marked New Rochelle, he boarded it with the idea, "Guess I'll go and call on Bracy."

Alighting at New Rochelle, he found the Thanouser plant and a man outside wildly waving his arms and saying, "For goodness' sake, hurry up; we've been waiting for you for over an hour!"

Mr. Lewis said, "Waiting for me? I guess not. I don't know anybody here but Mr. Bracy."

The excitable individual shouted, "Sure you do! You're to play with Mr. Heffron. What's the matter with you, loony?"

Mr. Lewis didn't know really just who

was the goat, but he said weakly, "I didn't have any engagement here; I just thought I'd call on Syd Bracy—"

"Ah, g'long with you. Trying to kid me? You're Mitch Lewis, aren't you? Well, you're playing a part in this thing all right, and you'd better rush along now or you'll get yourself in wrong."

Mr. Lewis never did know how the thing happened. No light was ever thrown on the subject, and whether he got a telepathic message in his dream which sent him out that warm mornin' or whether some one at the studio erre no one can say. Anyway, he was told to put on a false mustache, wear the clothes he'd come in and play a blackhand part.

After that followed "The Million Dollar Mystery," with Marguerite Snow, Flo La Badie and Jimmy Cruze. Then he did "The Barrier" and was asked to go on the stage with Nazimova in "Cephalion Shoals," but liked films so well that that time that he's never gone on the boards again.

Just before our interview Mr. Lewis was to do a big feature which required snow, but as it hasn't snowed even in Big Bear, California, thus far, the company put on "Children of Banishment" which is filmed in the Yosemite.

Mr. Mitchell is a pure type of Canuck—swarthy, dark-eyed, easy of movement—a man who feels at home in the clothes of the Westerner and who hates dress-up. In connection with this he recalled a humorous incident connected with his first Western appearance. He'd been invited to a big reception at one of the motion picture plants to celebrate the building of a glass stage. He hated doll up, but thought he must for once put on the best he had, and so sallied forth in dinner coat and top hat.

Having sacrificed everything for the sake of high society, he was intensely astonished to find that Los Angeles folks love soft hats, comfortable suits and or put on claw-hammers under protest.

"You should have seen me," said Mr. Lewis mournfully. "I was the only man in a dinner coat—save the waiters! I don't think I have gotten those things out of the closet since. I wear soft caps or hats, and as I work so much on location—am even now getting ready for a tour or eight weeks in the wilds of California—you may know I don't need much wardrobe. I'd hate to be a dolly-dolly leading man, I would!"

And Mitchell Lewis, creator of countless out-of-door types, shivered at the mere idea of crimped silk shirts and high collars.

Juanita Hansen was loaned to Lois Weber to appear with Anita Stewart in her first production. Many of the scenes for this play were filmed on the seventh floor of the Hotel Alexandria, where Miss Stewart has a suite of rooms. Miss Weber likes to use the thing instead of sets, and often borrows from some houses for her interior scenes, or from hotels, as in the present instance.

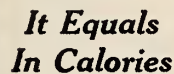
But this is not to say that the artist has accomplished all he hoped for. Perhaps was nearer complete accomplishment the first few months of his work than is now. For then it was a theory—d a practice—of Goldwyn that for every director who was a moving picture expert there should be a co-director who was an artist. Thus while Everett Shinn worked with Horan on "Polly of the Circus" and W. H. Cotton, the portrait painter, with Trimble on "The Spreading Lawn," Ballin was partnered with Robertson on "Baby Mine." In designing the settings he indicated on the ground plan all the camera angles. During the

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taking of that comedy he never left the floor while the work was going on. In these circumstances Ballin accomplished fully his own notion of the artist's part in the films. He has expressed it thus:

"In designing any scene in a photoplay I have in mind not only the general purposes for which the set will be used, but I visualize mentally, after a careful reading of the scenario, the positions of the players in the setting at this and another moment of the play. Thus I have men pictures of so many vital compositions of figures and backgrounds, and when I design a bench here or a window there I know before the scenery has been built just how the actual scene in the photoplay will appear on the screen, just what the relationships between the persons and things in the scene will be, just what effects will be produced and just what drama will flow from striking this, that or another note in composition."

The success of "Baby Mine"—a Ballin—was unquestioned. Perhaps it was too great—or the success of the other artists too slight. At any rate, Shinn and Cotton disappeared from Goldwyn's ranks and the whole load of art direction was cheerfully thrust on Ballin's shoulders. Ballin has tried to do on five or six simultaneous productions the same intensive work that he did on "Baby Mine." Naturally he hasn't succeeded.

Perhaps the extent of the work Ballin has tried to do accounts for the fact that he has not conquered completely the conventionalism that hangs round even a young thing as a motion picture studio. Some day, for instance, he is going to do a love scene against a semicircular setting composed of nothing more than a wall of enlarged Persian patterns. So some day he will save his studio thousands of dollars by building most of his scenery out of draperies and shadows. He lacks the hardihood to believe that it does not pay to build solid composition-board walls with carved moldings that are almost entirely hidden in the deep shadows of the modern lighting. Doors, fireplaces, furniture—and light and shadow—these are all a photoplay needs.

All this is a matter of the future. It will happen. The date will be about the time that the leaders of the industry cover from the idea that spending a lot of money is the way to make a lot of money—not to mention art. It may occur sooner if some producer now howling over the frightful costs and losses begins to do a little thinking.

While Ballin waits he can look back with a smile on the first day of real progress made in the Goldwyn studio at F. Lee. The photoplay was "Fields of Honor," the first production of the new firm. The director wanted a hall. As he met the theory of simplicity for the first time. There was a battle royal. The decision hung in the balance. Finally the director gave in. Yes, the hall would be simple. He would see to that himself. And so—more or less of that himself.

(Continued on page 74)

The Man Who *Wouldn't* Stay Down



Cheating Cheaters
(Continued from page 42)

"I agree, I guess," he added; "poor . . ."

"If she squeals," said Steve, and felt the pocket where his gun had been before the coppers relieved him of it. When Nan did come in she was guilt-white. Her head was lowered and as she passed the expectant gangs her eyes were averted. Tom gave up hope. Nell Brockton attempted aplomb. "Is it Ferriss, Nan?" she asked. "Is it Ferriss that got on to us?"

Nan looked at them. Her eyes were seriously kindly, even compassionate. He had the expression of one who looks at little children who have been very naughty and must, perforce, be dealt with.

"Yes," she said, "it is Ferriss." There was a long pause, during which Detective Holmes stood in the doorway. Then she raised her head. "Boys," she said, "I am Ferriss—Ruth Ferriss."

A gasp rose up and seemed to smite against the grimy ceiling. Tom Palmer mistled, very, very softly. Under his breath he murmured. "Clever, oh, clever," and Ruth heard him, for her calm mouth quivered. She turned to Detective Holmes. "Mr. Palmer," she said, "is the leader of the Palmer gang. I should like to have a little talk with him before I plain matters to the others. Will you take these other ladies and gentlemen out for a few moments?"

When they were alone, Tom turned to her and laughed. "You've got the whole pack, Miss Ferriss," he said. "Tell me quickly how you are going to dispose of us."

Ruth came over to him and took him by the lapels of his coat. There, in that me-sodden room, her face glowed like a early rose. "Tell me, rather," she said softly, "how you are going to dispose of me."

Tom stared at her. "You mean . . .?"

"I said at length."

"That some women can only love once. I am one of those women, Tom."

After a close silence, Ruth raised her head. "I was a reporter on one of the dailies," she said. "A bit of my work attracted the attention of the detective agencies, and one of them offered me a job. I was successful on small cases. They gave me this big one—to get the Brockton gang. I got in with George Brockton—went abroad with him to keep the line on him—met you; saw your heroism when that sub got us. Tom Palmer, do you suppose I could condemn a man who would throw away his life that a sick child might go aboard—to safety? Do you? Well, I came back with the Brockton gang, who had been commissioned to get the Palmer gang. And, so you see . . ."

"And now . . .?"

"Well, now I am going to give every last one of both gangs a chance to go straight. I went in to 'get' you. I have come out, liking all of you, believing in you."

(Continued on page 81)

He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

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Little Comrade

(Continued from page 30)

Genevieve smiled ruefully. "You see," she confessed, "I was awfully lazy this afternoon and I didn't get my stunt done. Besides, I'm not a very—a very talented farmerette yet!" She looked down at her puffy, calloused palms drearily. "I don't like being a farmerette as much as I thought I was going to, but I'm not going to be a Benjamin!"

"A what?" he asked, bewilderedly, and for the second time that day Genevieve explained the unflattering term. At the end he laughed shortly, as tho he did it to keep himself from crying.

"So ma said that, did she?" He stared down at his big, lax hands. "So ma still believes in me——"

Genevieve looked at him, without surprise. "You're Bobbie!" She laid one of her blackened little paws on his sleeve. "Oh, I'm so glad! I wanted to ask you—do you hate your job very much?"

He choked over his reply. "I despise it! Practicing to kill men! Think of it—oh, it's beastly! It makes me sick——"

"I know just exactly how," she nodded eagerly. "This morning in the chicken-house I felt like that. I just wanted to give up and run away!"

He had her hand in his now, but neither of them noticed it. "And you—you didn't!" he marveled. "You *stayed!*"

"Of course," Genevieve said, matter-of-factly. "We've just got to win the war, haven't we? But it's pretty hard on the Benjamins."

The boy rose to his feet, straightening his sagging shoulders. He still held the small, friendly hand, so perforce she rose with him and stood, looking up, very far up, for he was so very tall.

"Listen, little comrade!" Bobbie said, with a queer, shamed smile. "I'm not supposed to be here, but I thought I couldn't go on at the camp. Now I'm going back and try it again. You've made me feel as if I could somehow."

His tone seemed to beg her to understand. "Of course," she soothed him, "of course you can. Your mother knows it and so do I!"

"You're a trump!" His grip on her fingers tightened. "But if you'd—I don't suppose you'd be willing to—to write once in a while, would you? And sort of keep my courage up, you know——"

A little silence hovered over them, full of the soft, unheard sound of unsaid things. Then slowly Genevieve nodded. "If you'll write and keep up mine!" she smiled.

He tore a leaf from a notebook, scribbled an address on it and thrust it into her hands. "It's a bargain," he said, "and don't tell any one I was here. It might get me in bad. Good-by, little comrade! Good-by till the next time!"

"Good-by, Benjamin!"

He was gone, a tall, lean, shadow-figure vanishing among the other shadows. Standing stock-still where he had left her, Genevieve reached up and felt her cheek tentatively. "I believe," she

old the moon astonishedly, "why, I do believe—he kist me!"

Up in the heavens the wise old moon gave a cosmic chuckle and hid his laughter in a cloud.

"Some one," announced Farmer Hubbard, severely, the next morning, "some one of you—I dont know who and I'm not instituting any guessing contest—was seen by one o' my busy-face neighbors talking with a feller in uniform pretty nigh midnight last night in the south field." His eyes rested shrewdly on the confessing crimson of the face under the jaunty satin tam. "Now, God knows I warn't cut out to chapyrone a young ladies' seminary. So all I got to say is if it happens again I'm a-going to take steps to find out for sure which gel it is!"

Genevieve Rutherford Hale glanced timidly about the circle of averted faces and her small chin went up proudly. Let them suppose what they were low enough to suppose. She marched away from the whispering group, carrying her hoe over one silken shoulder martially.

But in the lonely days that followed it took all her new-found courage to meet their silent hostility. Bertha Bicknell alone was kind to her in a gruff and unwilling fashion, but the others were frankly resentful of her presence, altho they could no longer find fault with her work.

She fed chickens, milked cows, weeded, pitched hay without a murmur, a colorful, resolute little figure in her exotic costumes. But at night she was never too tired to brush her hair and do it up in curlers, and cold-cream her face and hands. Consequently, while the rest of the farmerettes displayed wispy, uncared for locks and complexions the hue and texture of old leather, Genevieve was as pink and white and dainty as a Harrison Fisher poster girl. And this, too, they laid against her.

It was on the downhill side of summer when Genevieve, looking up from her task one afternoon, saw Farmer Hubbard striding toward her with thunderous brow, an unopened letter in his hand. She took it, the swift, telltale color racing to her temples as she saw the handwriting.

"How long, Miss," grated the farmer, "has my son Bobbie been writing to you?"

She met his angry gaze steadily, without replying. Her silence nagged him into cruelty. "You never knowed him before you come here, so you must have written him first! There's a special name for your kind o' a girl—the bold, forward kind that goes round picking up strange young men!"

He wheeled on his heel and strode away, muttering. With flashing eyes, Genevieve watched the broad, stubborn back disappear. "I'll go home!" she cried. "I'll leave this dreadful place—these hateful people——"

Then her glance fell on the letter in her hand and she paused. "No!" she said at last, "no, I wont run away. I'll

stay—and fight a little private war right here. I promised *him* I'd stick and I will!"

Over their breakfast of ham and eggs the farmerettes the next morning were frankly jubilant.

"That was a great idea of yours, Bert, taking her clothes!" tittered the freckled girl. "She'll never put on the overalls you left her, and we'll be rid of her."

A rustle in the doorway drew their eyes to the radiant vision framed therein—a vision with becomingly waved and arranged red-gold curls above a smock of soft white silk, hand-stencilled and laced with a dull blue cord the exact shade of the wide eyes that blazed above its jaunty bow. It was apparent to all of them that this was a new Genevieve Rutherford Hale, a defiant Genevieve, confident, assertive, belligerent.

"You overlooked this suit in the closet," she said, calmly, "and if you dont give back the others I will have you arrested! You cant bully me into going away. I enlisted for the summer, and I'm going to stay!"

She gazed about at them almost—yes—actually pityingly. "You poor, homely things!" she said, gently. "You dont serve your country one bit better by being so homely—it makes a person's eyes ache to look at you!"

Across the lawn toward the grape arbor came two figures. Still speechless, the farmerettes watched Mr. Hubbard hold out his hand to Genevieve. "Bobbie here has told me all you did for him," he said, awkwardly. "I—I reckon I was wrong. I reckon we've all been wrong from the beginning——"

It was his apology, and she recognized it as such, but before she could answer, the other newcomer pushed by the older man and caught her two hands in his own. Big and bronzed and gallant in his uniform, Bobbie Hubbard stood gazing down at the slim, dainty loveliness of her with his heart glowing in his honest boy-eyes. Seeing which, the farmer and the farmerettes stole away and left them.

In the dormitory, they regarded each other's adornment furtively. The freckled girl was the first to break the silence. Frowning, she turned away from the unflattering mirror.

"Did you *see* the way he looked at her?" she queried. Then, thoughtfully, "I dont suppose any of you have got a pair of curling-tongs that I could borrow."

The Silent Star of the Silent Drama

(Continued from page 38)

which was serving as a seat, determined to fathom these mystic forces. Ah, there it was—the first ray! I began to suspect that the psychic waves which passed between director and the wonderwoman had their origin in the tapping of the former's foot!

Later, I learnt the whole story of this remarkable system of directing. Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, Miss Keller's fa-



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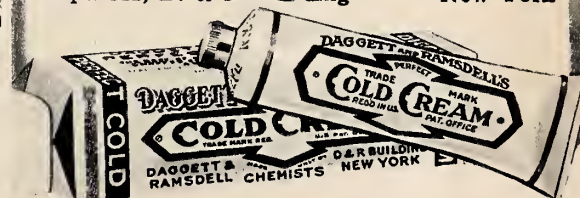
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mous instructor, describes the scene to her by means of their touch language, thus: "Helen, you are seated at the piano in a richly furnished music-room, and when the director taps his foot once, you run your fingers lightly over the keys, showing how much you enjoy the harmonies. When he taps twice, you leave the piano and walk toward the door and, with the next tap, you greet the friends who are arriving for your musicale." She then goes thru one rehearsal to learn the location of the furniture and is then ready for the motion picture camera.

It moves along without a break, for, despite the seeming cross currents of many noises, Miss Keller unerringly distinguishes the footsteps of the director, which reach her thru vibration, a sort of wireless, by which he directs her movements.

In another scene, she visits a hospital ward to speak cheering words to the sick soldiers. Going to one of the beds and placing her fingers on the soldier's lips, she asks how he was wounded. There is a world of sweet compassion on her face, and as he answers her question, her varying expressions distinctly registers his story.

George Foster Platt, who is directing this unique production, is deeply interested in developing this unprecedented method. At first it was thought that it would be necessary to establish an electrical device by which they could communicate with Miss Keller while on the "set," but it was soon found that this would not be needed, as her finely attuned senses could be easily reached by the simple method of foot-tapping.

When I asked Miss Keller why she was making a picture, she said: "My answer is brief—because I want to reach the masses! I believe I have a message to deliver to all humanity, and the motion picture is the only way to reach them. It speaks the universal language. It is life, it is humanity. It is the greatest force in modern civilization. I shall never see my own picture, my eyes can never behold the results of my work. My ears can never hear the exclamations of the people as they look on my picture, but I shall be happy if it makes them happier—if it gives them hope and courage to fight their battles for existence. I love humanity, it loves pictures, therefore I love them."

So into that world apart in which she lives, she recognizes the full significance of her work and, indeed, it seems as if this were the crowning effort of a full and profitable life.

It was Mark Twain who once said, "The two greatest people are Napoleon, who conquered the military world, and Helen Keller, who, conquering the spiritual world, returned to conquer the material!"

Surely the "silent drama" will speak as never before as the lofty thoughts of this marvelous woman are registered on the screen to carry her inspiring message to all hearts!

Caught in Dressing-Room No. 10

(Continued from page 49)

thinking. I don't want to be Harry Morey in any part that I play in a picture. After all, the great mass of picture-goers come to see a play. If the play is acted by good stars and supports, so much the better, but the play can't succeed if an actor substitutes his own personality for the character that's been created by the author of the play. Take 'Within the Law,' for example. You may remember that I played the part of Joe Garson in that picture, and I tried to be Joe Garson, and did my utmost to keep Harry Morey out of the story. The personality of Harry Morey had no place in 'Within the Law.' If it had been permitted to creep in, it would have spoiled the picture for the spectators, because they were interested in Joe Garson.

"And, along the same line, if they were to find that Joe Garson in 'Within the Law' was exactly the same kind of a fellow as the other parts that I have played, Joe Garson would not be worthy of their interest.

"It all comes down to this. Each photoplay necessarily deals with a different character. If all the characters were alike, there would be no interest in moving pictures. If an actor permits his characterizations all to be the same, it amounts to the same thing. Every one of his pictures shows the same character, with a different name and perhaps a little change in make-up, but they are all the same.

"Playing character leads, if you are willing to study your characterizations and make them live, is the very finest kind of work. I'd a whole lot rather do character leads than the conventional heroes, because the poor hero in the ordinary dress-suit picture can go so far and no farther. His work is cut out and laid down for him. He is surrounded by etiquette and convention, and he has got to be nice and set a good example, and all that sort of thing.

"Can't you see how much more fun I get by playing a river pirate in one picture, an African diamond miner in another, a roughneck longshoreman in a third, and so on?

"And what I said to you a few minutes ago about the importance of the play goes strong for me. Fortunately, we have come to that point in motion picture work where good production is a matter of course. Photography, settings, locations, lighting, all of the things that make up the artistic and technical side of photoplay work must be of the highest type in any kind of a picture. We take that for granted and it is nothing to brag about any more. The same thing holds good for the acting. We take it for granted that the stars fit the rôles which they play and that the supporting players are first-rate in every particular.

"It all comes down, then, to the play itself. A good story, logical, with plenty

of drama, holding the interest to the end, is the thing that counts, and you see how a play will be spoiled if an actor steps out of a play and becomes himself instead of sticking right to the business of being the man in the story. So we are right back where we started in our talk."

Once again Morey's eyes traveled around his well-loved dressing-room.

"Yes, sir, this little old room was the scene of many happy days."

Then I said to myself, "Here's where we get some more inside stuff." But the door popped open and in came Paul Scardon, Morey's director.

"Ready, Harry," said Scardon, and my precious interview was over.

I trailed along to the set and watched Morey work, hanging on in the hope that I could get the big fellow to talk some more, but Morey was gone. In his place was a creature of the underworld, a thug and a gunman, if ever there was one. I was afraid that if I dared to intrude the little business of my interview, the personality of Morey might not return in time to save me from rough usage at the hands of the gangster.

Anyhow, I had made him talk, even if he would not say much about himself. I had been given the privilege of being in No. 10—there's scarcely a greater privilege at Vitagraph—and I had seen him change from Morey, the big, good-hearted, kindly fellow, to the kind of a gentleman who can have the whole dark alley to himself any night.

A pretty good accomplishment for one day's effort to get Morey, I figured.

The Den of a Modern Villain

(Continued from page 23)

"Well, I was just wondering whether you would modify that," laughed Maudie MacDonald. "That's quite a strong statement for a home-loving man to make."

"Just to digress a moment, what do you suppose Maudie wants to do now? Just when we have this place all fixed up and love it so, she's sorry that it is not in the Spanish style, with a patio and a lot of red peppers hanging on strings and garlic dangling from the drawing-room ceiling and——"

"Now, dear, how can you? You see, it's just the Scotch in Mr. Mac; he hates to pull up stakes. Once he is settled and satisfied, he would just like to anchor for life. I love this place, too, and I'm fond of all this Japanese style, and every piece has fond memories connected with it, for we gathered bits all over the world, but I don't see why we shouldn't sell the house and some of these things and begin over again. It's such fun to design and plan a place and its furnishings, and then the Spanish style seems to fit this country so much better. I've in mind a lovely spot in the foothills near Glendale, which would be——"

"Maudie, you'd have to change all the

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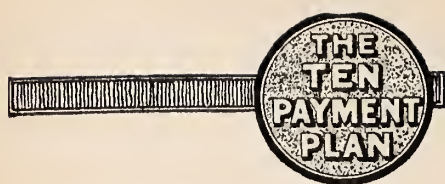
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dogs to go with the hacienda. Imagine Chin Chin and Chang lying on a cold stone patio, instead of on our very best hand-embroidered cushions. Brr!" shivered Mr. MacDonald as he turned to another cheese-scone and allowed his dinner to be spoiled by a second cup of fragrant orange Pekoe.

"Have you ever acted together?" we asked, surveying the gorgeous blue rugs on the drawing-room floor, the endless array of handsome lamps and the glimpses of rare Chinese and Japanese hangings over the upper hall rail.

"Oh, yes, we were on the Orpheum circuit together for a long time. Then I had an opportunity to go with Selig, and I had a delightful time directing at the American Film Company during the famous old days when Warren Kerrigan, Jack Richardson, Margarita Fisher, Calamity Ann and others who are now stars were all working in one stock company. I directed and acted for Nestor comedies, too. Later I produced a number of plays for Universal, but after all it's acting I like, for it relieves one of so much responsibility."

"Wouldn't you like to show your pet rooms, dear?"

We wandered thru the downstairs to the upstairs. Below there are such comfy rooms, the dear little breakfast room with its hand-painted furniture and pewter service, gay wall paper and enamel paint. The drawing-rooms are indescribably beautiful, filled with art treasures—a veritable connoisseur's collection. There are hand-carved ivories from the Orient, gorgeous embroideries, Turkish and other rugs, silver vases, inlaid in mother of pearl and jewels, from Japan. The sun parlor is in bamboos. Mr. Mac's study is a cozy room, splendidly sunlit, with mahogany furniture.

The bedroom of Mr. MacDonald is the cutest thing, like a Wallace Nutting water-color picture. Every piece was carefully selected by this villain of the screen. Tall brass candlesticks and an ancient platter adorn the mahogany bureau. The bed is a mahogany four-poster, the dotted Swiss curtains are ruffle-edged and tied back to meet chintz side drapes. There are old stoppered cologne bottles, such as our grandmothers used in Civil War time.

A wonderful bathroom lies between this chamber and Mrs. Mac's room. Three artists were called in to do the decorations, but Maudie MacDonald found that each one gave the fish human expressions, made them resemble boys playing leap-frog and so utterly disgusted her that she began to think tiled wall paper was beautiful compared to mural decorations of the twentieth century. Finally a young girl who had studied decorating in Japan was recommended and began work on the walls. As a result there are shady brooks, meadows, leaping fish and every inducement pictorially offered for the morning plunge.

Mrs. Mac's bedroom is beautiful in its old rose shades, with bright wall paper in a trellis design, rose and white and

black. Everywhere the *chaise longue* bears Philippine embroidery cushions, in a heart shape with real lace edgings, over a foundation of silk matching the room.

And there's always a plate on for some one in this hospitable home. The furniture is hand-painted in delicate pastel shades. One is in charming lavender tones, with silken pillows covered with white embroidered slips, the bathroom to match the colors of the guest-room.

So much for the fascinating Hollywood castle of one of the screen's most dashing scoundrels. I know of no more devoted couple in all the screen colony.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald are lavish hosts, but they like to live unostentatiously, to entertain intimates and to have evenings when the mental feast is paramount. At such times opera singers, musicians from the Symphony Orchestra, writers and men and women of brains in other walks of life foregather in the big drawing-rooms and listen to an impromptu concert or discuss the world's work. Both love home best and dislike café life, restaurant foods and silly chatter.

But when Mr. MacDonald is able to take a vacation—they are planning another tour around the world—and perhaps after that the Spanish hacienda will be a realized dream of Mrs. Mac's, because, you see, her indulgent husband says that "Home is where Maudie is"—and the rest doesn't matter.

After the War—What?

(Continued from page 62)

On the other hand, Thomas H. Ince still believes that a phase of the war will continue to be the next dramatic theme. "Retribution, it seems to me, covers the most dramatic theme that follows in the wake of the great world war. With lust for commercial aggrandizement, a nation rose up under the heartless and cruel leadership of an ambitious ruler and attempted to crush instantly, beneath its bloody heel, the religion of love that humanity has been centuries in building. A dramatic catastrophe has hurled the Kaiser from his throne and spread chaos among his people. The natural sequence, it seems to me, is punishment pursuing the crime. The blood of brave men, the tears of noble women, that flowed in defense of justice, will weigh heavily on the conscience of Germany and, regardless of the monetary restitution that may be made, the effort of the Hun to shake off the retribution that will constantly haunt his heels will furnish a tragic and pathetic world drama."

Cecil De Mille was a bit mysterious in his reply to our telegram. "Cannot answer your question as yet," he replied, "because my next picture has to do with this very subject." Reports from the coast intimate that this drama deals with the relations of husband and wife. Which makes it clear that De Mille believes that the big picture of 1919 will revolve around the home.

Meanwhile, the silverscreen awaits the director with the big idea!

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The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2092)

The Sixteenth Curley

(Continued from page 35)

with her parents not far from the studios, drives her Nash car, plays her banjo-ukulele, sings, teases her pet Pekinese, and does unusual impersonations, if you beg her to. She's a veritable second Elsie Janis or Cissie Loftus.

"Do you recall how Harold Lockwood danced and walked?" asked Miss Curley. "Wait, I'll show you." A perfect imitation of the late star followed. "And here's Marguerite Clark. You know I was with her in several productions; she's so dear I'd like to copy all she does—if I dared!"

Does she want to do anything special? Yes, she wants to be a motion picture star for a while, and then she hopes against hope that she may be a dancing comédienne in a very beautiful comic opera. So she hopes that after she is twenty she will realize her dream.

But, meantime, she's just in reality a little girl who is very obedient to a charming mother, a chaperoned little girl who never goes out anywhere alone.

The Quest of the (Mc) Grail

(Continued from page 37)

Much is *within* him. He has seen
 With open heart and kindly, patient eye
 Pain in his home, suffering made sacrosanct, has felt

The need of turning crêpe to carnival.

His youth

Is not a shallow thing, nor yet his Art
 Built for applause.

His fellow-workers love him, and that means

Riches *within*.

And withal, his Greek-god contour,
 His black hair—his eyes—he has 'twould seem

A power there to stain

The world with tears, or color it

With laughter.

And I thought

This Age is not so arid after all—there are still quests

Possible of a replete fulfillment—

Still a (Mc) Grail

More possible of a complete Achievement.

The New Studio Art

(Continued from page 66)

Ballin's dead body—the "simple" hall arose. It was wainscoted and paneled, from end to end, very thoroly. It had a pair of stairs with a balustrade of turned and twisted wood that would have delighted good Queen Victoria. And when the director got to the bottom of it he put the crowning touch of his "simplicity" on top of the newel post. It was a brass chandelier in the image of William Shakespeare or some other leading light.

Various officials of the new company gazed at it, studied it, reflected on it. And Ballin's battle was won.

There was no more director's "simplicity" in Goldwyn. Ballin got a large order for the genuine article.

(Seventy-four)



Prize Contest

Can You Tell These Stars by Their Eyes?

Above you see the photographs of the eyes of six of the many famous motion picture beauties who endorse and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and whose names are listed below in the coupon. These pictures were taken from portraits used in our advertising during the past year. Your problem is to identify the actress by her eyes. First, note the number opposite each photograph. Then, when you have decided upon your guess as to the actress, write the number opposite the proper name in the coupon and forward the coupon to us. If you guess correctly the names of three of the six actresses we will forward to you, without charge, our charming Guest Room Package.

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_____	May Allison
_____	Ethel Clayton
_____	Marguerite Clayton
_____	Alice Brady
_____	Olive Thomas
_____	Hazel Daly
_____	Constance Talmadge
_____	Corinne Griffith
_____	Louise Lovely
_____	Doris Kenyon
_____	Juanita Hansen
_____	Mabel Normand
_____	Norma Talmadge
_____	Ruth Roland
_____	Nance O'Neil
_____	Virginia Valli
_____	Mollie King
_____	Shirley Mason
_____	Louise Huff

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The Famous
French Depilatory
Powder

X-Bazin



The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

(Artcraft). At heart it is the old Griffith chase. It reveals just one thing new, a sort of dealized close-up—with hazy, dreamy outlines, singularly suited to Lillian Gish, who plays the heroine. Her rôle is a sort of tomboy character, to which this particular Gish, our way of thinking, isn't suited. Please, Mr. Griffith, let Dorothy do the comedy of the Gish family and leave Lillian a dream idyll. We liked Bobby Harron as the regenerated American. Griffith, by the way, has endeavored to duplicate his Monsieur Cuckoo of "Hearts of the World" with an almost similar character, the stolid, humorous, garlic-eating Mons. Le Bebe. But there is a vast difference between Robert Anderson's Cuckoo and David Butler Le Bebe. One is spontaneous, the other imitation.

We are genuinely sorry that Allen Holubar "The Heart of Humanity," (Universal), starring the vivid Dorothy Phillips, arrived after the end of the war, because it deserves its measure of success, and we fear that nobody wants war drama now. With all its palpable imitation, "The Heart of Humanity" stamps Holubar as a director of promise. For it is reminiscent, in handling and flashes of story of Griffith's "Hearts of the World," De Mille's "When I Come Back to You" and even Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms." Oddly, Holubar has done a whole lot of these imitation things better than the originals. We went to see "The Heart of Humanity" at a private midnight showing, intending to remain but a short time. And we stayed until the final scene at about 2 A. M.

Briefly, it is the tale of four brothers who join the allied forces from the wilds of Canada. One has just married, and much of the story deals with her experiences "over there" as a nurse and her rescue from the Huns by her husband. Robert Anderson Griffith's M. Cuckoo, plays one of the brothers, a somewhat similar character, and stands out strongly. We are not particularly interested anywhere with William Stowell as the hero, but Erich von Stroheim's handling of the scrupulous German deserves its meed of praise. And Miss Phillips! Here is an actress of singular vividness. Her fight with a brutal Hun officer and her sudden loss of mind as done in a mighty strong way, flashing to a big height for a second.

"The Heart of Wetona," (Select), marks the return of Norma Talmadge to something of her old dramatic form. This melodrama of George Scarborough, in which Lenore Ulric appeared behind the footlights, is very well done for the screen by Sydney Franklin. There are outdoor Western shots that make one feel like taking a taxi to Grand Central Station.

There is nothing namby-pamby about M. Scarborough's melodramatic story. Wetona, daughter of a white mother and a redskin father, has been betrayed by a man of her mother's race. She refuses to tell the man her name to her father and, instead, seeks refuge with a kindly Indian agent, Hardin. The agent, in order to protect her from her tribe, himself marries Wetona, of course, intending to divorce her later, so that she may wed the man of her heart. But this man proves himself a cad and Wetona comes to know the meaning of real love—for Hardin.

Miss Talmadge's playing of Wetona lacks the listless spontaneity of her recent screen performances. Miss Talmadge makes a decidedly interesting Wetona. Gladden James is an ideal choice as Tony Wells, the weakling who almost ruins Wetona's life, but Thomas Meighan seems stodgy and heavy as Hardin to our way of thinking. "The Heart of Wetona" will hold your interest.

But why the stumbling English from Wetona—in the subtitles? Wetona had been a college in the East.

"Branding Broadway," (Artcraft), is our favorite William S. Hart photoplay of many months. For Hart isn't just a vengeful cowboy, knotting the muscles of his neck in intense ire, but a Westerner with a sense of humor. And Hart plays the man delightful

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with a score of subtle humorous shadings. Driven out of a Western town by the reform element, Robert Sands heads to New York. There he is engaged by a millionaire as a sort of guard for his harem-scarem son. Sands finds adventure a-plenty, besides a beautiful young woman who runs a lunchroom. Mr. Hart should thank C. Gardner Sullivan for this story, slight as it is. Three or four others along new lines will lift Hart out of his celluloid rut.

And, if Hart's sense of humor will surprise you, what about the blasé Wallie Reed displaying one? And he surely does in "Too Many Millions," (Paramount), the comedy of a book-agent who inherits forty millions—or is it fifty? The story is pretty tenuous, but Reed is likeable.

"A Lady's Name," (Select), Constance Talmadge's latest comedy, based on a Cyril Harcourt stage play, seems labored, to our simple way of considering screen fare. It's the story of a young woman, an authoress, who advertises for a husband in order to get ideas for a novel. She gets the ideas—and a real husband in the person of Harrison Ford. Ford, as usual, acts well, but he should change his tailor. Constance is piquant where it is possible to be, but "A Lady's Name" is quite unspontaneous. Walter Edwards has utilized close-ups until the whole thing seems to be one face after another. Close-ups slow up a farce seriously, except where facial byplay is necessary. Here Edwards tries to make byplay take the place of play.

Since Maurice Tourneur turned her vehicles into picture poems, Elsie Ferguson hasn't filmed so beautifully as in "Under the Greenwood Tree," (Artcraft), Emile Chautard's visualization of the old H. V. Esmond's stage play. "Under the Greenwood Tree" revolves around a well-bred, wealthy young woman with romantic inclinations. She hires a gypsy equipment, poses as one of the wanderers and meets the rich young landowner of the vicinity. Of course, she falls in love, especially after the chap has battered up the whole tribe of gypsies, who have tried to rob her.

Chautard has selected a series of singularly beautiful outdoor settings. Indeed, "Under the Greenwood Tree," if slender dramatically, is an optical joy. Miss Ferguson is, of course, a fascinating heroine. Eugene O'Brien is the hero. We dare the ire of fans by declaring he is artificial in this role.

"Arizona," (Artcraft), as done by Douglas Fairbanks, isn't Augustus Thomas' drama, by any means. The story of the young lieutenant, who allows himself to be forced out of the service rather than tell a secret which will bring the touch of scandal to his colonel's wife, is distorted to fit the Fairbanks acrobatics. Even so, "Arizona" is more serious than the past dozen or so Fairbanks vehicles. If anything, "Arizona" proves that Fairbanks should stick to satire and let drama alone.

"Little Miss Hoover," (Paramount), Marguerite Clark's newest, seems completely puerile to us. Herein the heroine falls in love with a young stranger who is suspected of being a slacker. She saves him from being tarred and feathered and, lo and behold! he turns out to be a sort of jitney Hoover, busy investigating things for the Department of Agriculture. Eugene O'Brien is the gentleman in question, and if there is any performance of the month more affected than Mr. O'Brien in "Little Miss Hoover," it is Mr. O'Brien in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Even Miss Clark seems artificial in this piece.

"Her Inspiration," (Metro), has the beautiful May Allison—which is quite enough. The story is a combination of the conventional moonshiner drama and the "Seven Keys to Baldpate" idea. Here all sorts of things happen to a young playwright in the Kentucky hills, and then turn out to have been arranged by the chap's theatrical manager, anxious to provide ideas and atmosphere. Of course, if the manager had all these ideas in the first place, he really needed no playwright. But why pick flaws in the story? The glorious May Allison is in it. And May certainly does rest the eyes.

"The Hope Chest," (Paramount), is Dorothy Gish's latest. THE CLASSIC has already

(Continued on page 83)

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Are you dragging yourself about from day to day, always tired and dispirited; suffering from backache, indigestion, constipation; your biliousness showing in your face, your lack of energy in your eyes, your good-for-nothing physical condition in the hang-dog air with which you meet your fellowmen? Have you about given up hope—and has your wife given up all hope—that you will ever get ahead and amount to anything in the world?

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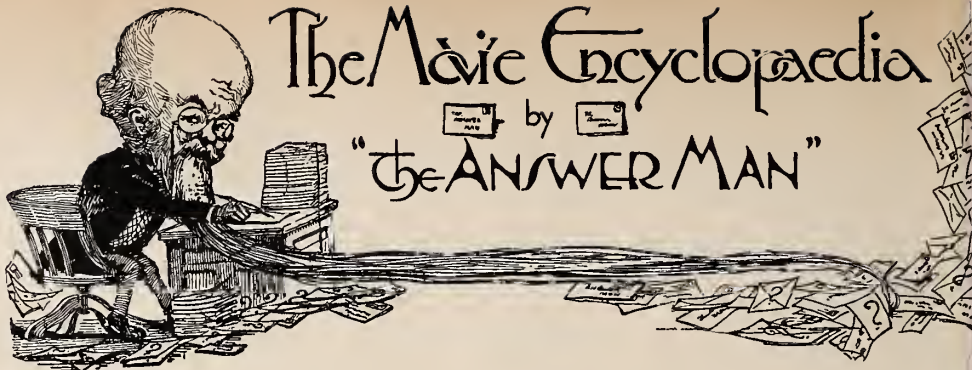
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ROBERT T., SPENCERPORT.—Yes, dear friend, I am still smoking. Tobacco is an antiseptic that keeps the heart sweet. However, I have taken to caramels since the war; they require less sugar than any of the other candies. Pauline Starke was Angele, and Walt Whitman was Anthony in "Daughter Angele."

MRS. J. W.—I have handed your letter to the Celluloid Critic, and it may convert him. Thanks.

A WILD IRISH ROSE.—You think the man of wisdom is the man of years. Well, that's me! That Goldwyn was taken at Fort Lee, N. J. No, you take them all. You say where you were not a breeze whispered, not a bird flapped its wings, and it was the triumph of repose. Then I say, let us not abuse the good things of life.

RALPH D. G.—I'm sure they were real lobsters used in the Sennett picture. No, I have never seen a trained lobster—except on Broadway. Write in for that record. A periscope is an optical instrument enabling a submarine commander to see while traveling under water. They are also used to look over trenches.

ERNESTINE A. D.—So this is your first letter to me. Welcome! Yes, I believe it is quite true that Francis X. Bushman was divorced from his wife and immediately married Beverly Bayne. You say, "Oh, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do!—not knowing what they do!"

AGUSTA WIND.—So it was all about Douglas Fairbanks. You know I have observed this difference between my readers—the men mourn most for what they have lost, the ladies for what they haven't got. Let not your heart be troubled. Ruth Roland is playing in "Hands Up."

ULYSE B.—That's right; relatives butt in where devils fear to tread. Some of your questions were out of order. William Desmond in "Hell's End." Knowledge is the father of wisdom, so get wise. But a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life. Books are my best friends, God bless 'em!

A MINTER & HAYAKAWA FAN.—Yes, E. K. Lincoln is married. Yes, fat men are always funny, but that is not saying that thin men are always solemn. You wouldn't call me fat, would you? I draw only five feet eight of water in my socks and my gross tonnage is only 165 pounds in the altogether.

BERTHA B., JACKSON.—Yes, indeed, I am fond of my work. The man who likes his job is never a slave to his work. I still have some salt of my youth in me, even tho I am 77.

VERA D.—So you call me "Everybody's Friend." I want to be and wish I was. You want a double interview of the two Farnums. Good idea, if we can ever get them together. He is a brother. Will look up that fact. Questions of hair and complexion are too deep for a mere man.

F. G. L.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Kathleen Clifford is now on the stage. If you wish answers by mail, be sure to send a stamped, addressed envelope.

TONY A. T.—I said "there is small chance," not "a small chance." It makes a lot of difference. Just read it again. Margery Wilson and Wallace MacDonald in "Marked Card." William Stowell is with Universal yet—he's the gigantic features.

I. M. FOR PEARL.—Glad to hear it. Thank you, but it is better to be wise than witty. Your letter was mighty interesting, and I am always glad to hear from little girls. As Emerson says, "Life is not so short but that there's always time for courtesy."

SAMMYETTE.—'Ave a 'eart there, my friend. I didn't mean it. You know I like you—send along the book like a good dear. I'm sorry. Come, let's make up.

DONOVAN W.—So you don't think I am 77 now. Wait till you see my tombstone, it will settle it—and me, too. You will probably have a long wait, tho. Why, Francelia Billington was with American last. Lillian Waller has her own company—501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BILLY BOY.—Her hair is not cut. Thanks for the tobacco. Of course I'm a man.

VIOLET L.—'Tis sweet to hear those words. Yes, I like pimento cheese, and I thank you very much. What is it? Why, pimento is the berry of the Eugenia pimento, a tree of the Myrtle family, a native of the Caribbee Islands, and also cultivated in the East Indies. The berries have a fragrant odor supposed to resemble a mixture of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

KITTEN M.—Then you want to aim high. He who only aims at little, will accomplish a little. Try Metro. Effie Shannon played in "Ashes of Love."

FOUR O.—Aye, aye, sir! You say the cowboy in "The Immigrant" had a rear-administrator uniform on. Probably was a bit of humor. So you like William Desmond as a cowboy. So do I.

STUYVESANT.—James Mason was the brother in "Border Wireless." Can't give you the exact data just now. Do it now, the same old motto applies. It's better to love today than tomorrow. A pleasure postponed is a pleasure lost. Billie Burke in "The Make Believe Wife."

H. C. N.—So you are fond of history. It's all right for those who like it. It is thought by some historians that Alfred the Great started the first English history, called the English Chronicle. The copy of it is in the British Museum, where there is a famous jewel, with the words on it, "Alfred had me made." I get very little time for history. Edward Langford in "The Hungry Heart." I don't know the color of his hair. Kathleen Kirkham was Mrs. Taine in "Eyes of the World."

DADEER'S GIRL.—Oh, ho! You're back. Sure thing, write and tell me all about your troubles. Peggy Hopkins in "Hick Manittan." Write soon.

SILVER SPURS.—You say, may the magazines live as long as our people stand for "Marseillaise" and that we shall always do. Never met Niles Welch. But women like to pretend they are debutantes in the world of love.

The Extra Girl, Anita and John
(Continued from page 53)

r the purpose of showing you women
hat they want to come home to.”
The audience gasped in mingled relief
d astonishment.

“Our boys’ hearts for months have
en hungry for home, and when they
me home they must be greeted by
omen and not freaks.”

And then old Joe, former Mayor of
e town, took matters in hand.

“Now you women go home and get
to your skirts, and dont forget to vote
r Abe Jones for Mayor tomorrow.”

Go home? We flew! We walked
ver each other’s feet in our flight. We
pocked down chairs and never stopped
ask their pardon. We all but sent the
de of the hall jazzing against the floor.
oise Huff, as Mary, who kept the
oman’s Wear Shop of the town and
ho had formerly supplied us with all
e fluffy little doves of domestic peace,
ice again became the busiest person in
wn, for one must have nimble fingers
to restore the wardrobe of the entire
opulation before “the boys come home,”
pecially when no one knew just exactly
hen that great day would be.

“On the set as soon as you’re in your
vening dresses. Mr. Emerson is wait-
g.” Assistant Jack Kennedy’s voice
ounded on the other side of the open
oorway, while Mr. Kennedy’s nice blue
yes gazed into space—also on the other
de of the open doorway.

The boys were at home now, of
ourse, and we were flirting more ardu-
usly and a great deal more fearfully
an those French girls had ever dreamed
f doing.

Between scenes I wandered around
oward the camera, and there beside Mr.
merson was sitting a pleasant-faced
dy of pre-war proportions.

“Anita Loos,” I registered mentally
and smiled encouragingly. I have a
eculiar knack of smiling at celebrities.
reatness always gives me that self-
atisfied feeling, even tho that greatness
elongs to some one else. The lady re-
urned the smile—another one—and then
ast in back of me I heard a great rush
nd sounds of—

“Well, Nita, did you get here at last?”
“How have you been, old dear?” and
milar exclamations of joy.

I turned and beheld a dainty little lady
with large brown eyes that sparkled an
swer to every greeting. It really
eemed incredible, but, yes, some of the
roup were calling her “Miss Loos,” and
hen I remembered having seen “her pic-
ure in the papers.” The acting side of
he screen has certainly lost a star, but
hen the firmament is filled with stars,
hile it contains only one meteor that
an leave such interesting stories, such
lever subtitles in its trail.

Miss Loos was soon the center of an
dmiring group. The “group,” I must
dmitt, did most of the chatting and the
center” seemed content to have it so.
During the course of the conversation I
(Continued on page 85)



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MOTION PICTURE CLASS

Emergency Nagel

(Continued from page 26)

promised assertions that the making of the picture would not take long and should like the newness of the work, went, and am mighty happy for it.

"Oh, it was a picnic! We were a good friends, and it was just like going off on a summer's spree with the family. You know, every bit of the reels was filmed on Louisa Alcott's homestead. Those scenes you saw in the garden was her garden; and altho it involved many difficulties to get the interiors inside her house, it was accomplished.

"Indeed, I liked the work. It might sound funny, please don't laugh, but one of the things that tickled me most was the idea of having my hair darkened by mascara every night and Marcel waved every morning by a regular hair dresser. Laurie, I suppose you remember, was picturesque because of his thick black curls—and the directors of the company did not recall that until we were set and ready to begin!"

Conrad Nagel, like all children, went to school. But, unlike most youngsters who were fond of the outdoors and leaders in sports, he cared for his studies: History, English, literature—those were his pets. Fortunate pets were those, and fortunate was he to have them, because after three years of devotion, at the age of seventeen, he graduated from Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

When I asked him about his family, his face, under the make-up of Ted "Forever After," flushed with pride. "I have a younger brother, who, some day is going to be the greatest comedian, the greatest musician and the greatest actor in the world." He laughed as he continued with his rhapsodies. "Father, the dean of the Aborn School of Opera and mother—well, mother is—just mother, God bless her!"

"Is it not simple, then, to understand how my inherent tastes influenced me, my fidelity to the arts? Especial drama. I used to write sketches for the boys, put them on myself, and, often could not withstand the temptation to act more than one rôle. Mr. Selwyn 'Fortune Hunter' came to town one season, about five years ago, and in between school work I'd manage to skip off to the theater to play two small parts.

"The Lyceum Theater Company, the wonderful organization of amateurs, has some branches in Des Moines also. During vacations I went on the road with the Midland and Redpath companies as a reader. Now that I look back on those days of no sleeping quarters, frozen waterpipes and wheatless, sweetless, meatless, heatless programs, I am convinced that I must have loved the stage and its accoutrements even at that early date."

And now Nagel is alternating between "Forever After" and playing opposite Alice Brady at old Vitagraph, for the war is over and Uncle Sam doesn't need him.

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Sunlight on White Velvet
(Continued from page 62)

"You believe in marriage?" I queried, brilliantly, knowing the answer already.

"I have seen many marital failures," replied Miss Doro, "but there is something here"—she placed a fragile hand over her heart—"that refuses to lose an ingrained belief in the possibility of ideal marriages."

From marriages we lapsed into a rapid argument over the respective merits of Heifetz and Mischa Elman as violinists.

Later, as I bade her adieu, I was again conscious of that blending of the old world with the new. It was a strange sensation, not unlike that produced by the sight of spring arbutus on Broadway, of French hand-kissing in an American drawing-room.

"You will come and see me when I return," she said, and the quality of her voice again thrilled like the glow of sunlight on white velvet.

NOTE—As THE CLASSIC went to press a company was organized to conserve Marie Doro as a national resource. Altho Miss Doro had her passports and Mr. Brenon's secretary had sailed, the plans were changed and the Doro-Brenon pictures will be made in America.

Cheating Cheaters
(Continued from page 67)

most of you. I am going to give the rest of them a chance. They'll write their confessions—and those confessions will be intact until they attempt to double-cross me. But I don't think they will. And you—and—I . . ."

Tom drew her to him. "First you must know," he murmured into her dusky hair, "that I—college—debts. It was so easy—I was too easy—then—but what, what of you—and—I . . .?"

"You drew a wonderful picture once," she told him, "of you—and I—in a world—alone. Under us—the purple, pulsing sea—over us a honey-colored moon—forgetting all things—by all things forgot . . ."

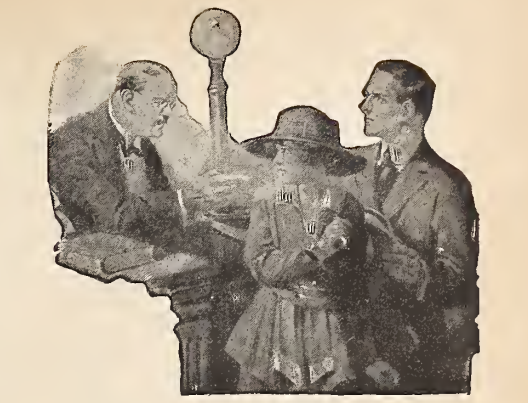
Ten minutes later a broken, happy voice called shrilly forth: "Holmes, will you show them in?"

THE INGENUER
By **FREDERICK WALLACE**

I skip, I run, I blithely trip,
I bound, I never walk;
I babble, gurgles, prattle, goo,
And let my elders talk.
I giggle, simper, titter, smirk,
Nor flaunt the worldly smile,
I'm full of innocence and joy,
Nor know I aught of guile.

I wear my hair in curls or braids,
I never lick it back.
My jewels are my starry eyes,
All other gems I lack.
My gowns are gingham (mostly plaid),
My dainty feet are bare,
For cigarettes and limousines
And gold, I do not care.

And always, in the end, I win,
Tho gloomful be the tale,
My cruel rival drowns herself,
The villain lands in jail.
And, in a close-up, in *His* arms,
I blot the moon from view,
While sniffs re-echo thru the house—
I am the Ingénue.



"You Lie!"

HERE in this one-horse town—at night—they stood before the judge—arrested—she an heiress, promised to a big politician—he, the man beside her, not her fiancé—

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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 77)

old the story. Miss Gish is less forced and more spontaneous in this piece, and Dick Barthelmess gives a sympathetic performance that is little short of remarkable. Here is another Charlie Ray! There is a love scene on the beach in "The Hope Chest" that is vibrant with the gossamer dreams of youth.

Ever since Alla Nazimova did that splendid thing, "Revelation," we go to see her pictures with high hope in our heart. And each time he fails to live up to the fine screen promise of that story of the French boulevards.

"Eye for Eye," (Metro), based on "L'Occidentale," a tragedy by Henry Kistnermaeckers, should have proven highly colored material in the brilliant star's hands. But nowhere does "Eye for Eye" lose the ring of artificiality. The story, already told in THE CLASSIC, need not be outlined. But Metro has changed the ending, and we now find the exotic Oriental assassin falling into the arms of the French officer. Thus the whole point of the drama, that "East is East and West is West," is lost. But we must have our sunset fade-outs, mustn't we? Albert Capellani gave "Eye for Eye" an elaborate background, but he doesn't quite achieve the semblance of reality anywhere. You can't forget, during any foot of its length, that the thing is just make-believe. Nazimova herself is vivid throat and sometimes strikingly dramatic, but nowhere does she touch the vibrant note of "Revelation."

We can't help feeling that Goldwyn made a mistake in casting the gentle Madge Kennedy in the Rose Stahl rôle of "A Perfect Lady." This is the tale of a burlesque queen who, upon being stranded in a town yept Sycamore, wins the heart of the handsome village minister, triumphs over gossips and finally achieves happiness. Miss Kennedy simply isn't fitted for the part. Indeed, "A Perfect Lady" is rather dull material, directed without particular inspiration.

"The Make-Believe Wife," (Paramount), is a pleasant Billie Burke vehicle—of young folks, both engaged, but not to each other, who get lost on a mountain and have to get married on account of that, you know. They're planning to be divorced immediately and re-marry the engages, but, of course, they discover that they really love each other. So they stay wedded. Miss Burke is very piquant in the leading rôle.

"Code of the Yukon," another Anthony Paul Kelly story, introduced Mitchell Lewis as a select star. This is a conventional Alaskan melodrama, full of the usual stuff. Lewis verplays and, of the cast, Goldie Caldwell stands out. She looks every inch the dance-all belle.

We've been trying to recall the plot of "A Woman's Experience," (Bacon-Backer Films), for a week, and we give up. We do remember that it was quite tiresome and that the star, Mary Boland, photographed badly. Out the story—

The screen probably had no bigger disappointment during the past year than the celluloid "flop" of Fred Stone. The comedian's methods aren't those of the films. His "Under the Top," (Arctcraft), is sad stuff. John Emerson and Anita Loos wrote a satirical melodrama, but the director and everybody else took things literally and played "Under the Top" as serious drama. Stone's stunts in the circus tent alone redeem the picture.

And now for the best news of the month! The Sidney Drews are back—this time as aramount comedians. Their first, "Romance in Rings," is quite in the best Drew spirit, a delicious comedy of a borrowed wedding. Need we say that the Drews are as excellent as ever?

Christmastide saw the occupation of the new Thomas H. Ince studios, the most complete outfit on this coast, for, of course, as the new studios are built, innovations in accessories are devised.

One of the sets used by Victor Schertzinger as a complete village to be rudely seized by special conflagration. About twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of houses and props were burned up. Mr. Schertzinger inhaled so much smoke that he was laid up for a week.

(Eighty-three)



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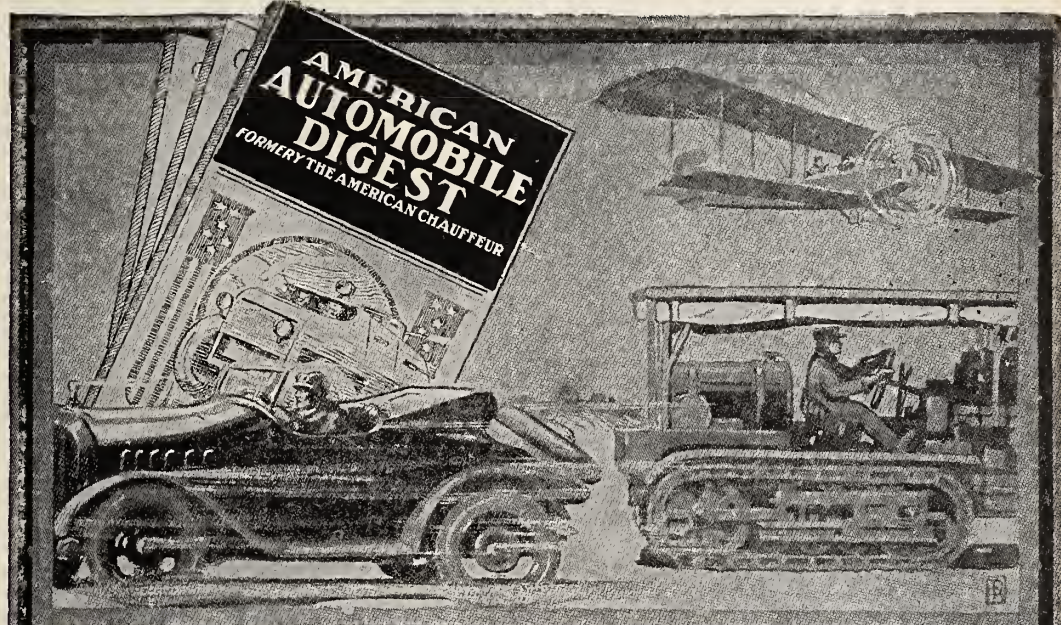
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The Stagnation of the Screen

(Continued from page 47)

when he will stop acting and devote his whole time to directing. And he will not confine himself to comedies by any means. Mighty big dramas will come from the Chaplin studios.

"The present inflation of salaries will, of course, have to stop. There are just two exceptions, Chaplin and Mary Pickford. They are worth their money. But the making of chorus-girls and be-curled cuties into stars will stop because exhibitors are beginning to see the light. They are going to stop showing pictures in which these stars are the most important item, simply because they are losing money in playing the pictures. Then the producer will realize the necessity of advancing the screen story. After that we will see men like Barrie, Shaw and Kipling writing for the films in England, and authors of Dreiser's ability turning out scenarios over here. Competition from abroad will, of course, aid that advance."

Brenon had planned to go back to England to make pictures, but he has decided to make at least a few over here with Marie Doro as star.

Brenon was nearly a year in England and on the Continent. He made a big propaganda picture for England, in which such players as Ellen Terry, Marie Lohr, Josie Collins, Matthewson Lang, James Carew and Frederick Carr appeared. The photoplay had hardly been completed when a fire destroyed the studio, burning Brenon's negative along with a number of others. So Brenon set to work to remake the picture and had just finished when the war ended. Now, of course, since there is no need for propaganda, the film will probably never be seen on a public screen.

"Of course, I felt terribly for a few seconds when the news of the end of the war came," sighed Brenon. "That was human. But then I realized that it meant an end to the world's suffering, and I knew that my trouble was a little thing after all. Any one who has been in the front trenches would have had the same feeling. Before I got to France I was crying 'Fight to the finish' with the rest of them. But fifty seconds after I had entered a trench, I whispered, 'God, make this end soon.'"

Brenon told of a little experience behind the lines when he visited the headquarters of both the camera-men and the newspaper men. "The writers had a veritable palace to themselves, with servants, books and every comfort. But the camera-men occupied a little, dirty hut, crowded with film and cameras. Then I realized how differently the world still considers the camera-man and the writer. Afterwards I visited a camera-man who had lost his leg in a shell explosion. I leaned over the hospital bed, and I said, 'Boy, you're a wonderful pioneer—you're carrying the camera to the heights, where it belongs.'"

Lee Moran has joined the "proud poppa" class and fondles his Princess Pat, who's just about one month old. He named her Patricia, after a Hibernian ancestor, but the "U" folks have called the baby Princess Pat.

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The Extra Girl, Anita and John
(Continued from page 79)

learnt—and what cannot one learn during the course of such a conversation?—that she and Constance Collier are collaborating on a play which is to be Mr. Faversham's next starring vehicle.

"We have reached the point where we are beginning to worry about the first night," Miss Loos laughed. "Suppose the audience happens to call 'Author, author!' and the two of us have to stand up on the stage side by side."

Miss Collier, as you know, is tall and stately, while Miss Loos, as one of the extras commented, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of a watch-charm. She began to write before she had a speaking acquaintance with her teens and sold her first scenario when she was fourteen. Miss Wriggles remarks that she has several literary geniuses dangling from her family maple, but she never hopes to break Miss Loos' record.

"You love to work, dont you, Nita?" a friend inquired.

"I love to eat," she returned. "That's the answer."

"In your places, children," Mr. Emerson was calling, and we scrambled back to the set.

It was towards the end of the day, and most of us were beginning to feel the strain of our emotional acting. Here and there a groan arose, accompanied by a sigh.

"Just a little while longer, children," Mr. Emerson encouraged. "I know you're all tired, but then you would be actresses."

Finally faithfulness brought its own reward. No—I hate to disappoint us both—Mr. Emerson did not promise to feature me in his next production, but he did do something which was the balm to my aching feet such a promise would have been to my weary soul. As my companion players and I were standing on the corner that is the exit from the Paragon studio lane at Fort Lee and madly concentrating upon the approach of a car, an auto stopped near us, and Mr. Kennedy alighted.

"Is Miss Rosemon here?" he called into the darkness.

When I had reached the door of the machine, with that what-have-I-done-now feeling oozing out of my left shoe, I was invited by Mr. Emerson to occupy the one remaining seat. It seems that Mr. Kennedy, in his rôle of custodian-in-general of names and addresses, had casually remarked that one of the girls had to take a long trip to Brooklyn at that hour of the night. Such a fate was too dire for Mr. Emerson's kind heart. His "giving me a lift to the subway," which, strange to relate, was at the same place I had left it in the morning, made it possible to get this story to F. E. before he closed the last form and to arrive chez moi while Miss Wriggles still retained the buoyancy of youth to wag her well-manicured tail in friendly welcome.

(Eighty-five)



— making these
kiddies behave
is some job !



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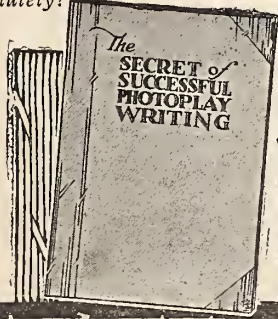
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The Lion and the Mouse

(Continued from page 58)

admitted, calmly, trying to deny the glad leaping of her heart at his appearance by the indifference of her tone. "Still, handicapped as you are, it seems to me that the boy I knew in Paris——"

"The boy you knew in Paris and I are not the same fellow!" he sneered, self-scorful. "I'm only a marionette—a soulless puppet, dancing when my father pulls the strings. Oh, I hate myself for obeying, but I go on obeying all the same." With a groan that came from his heart, he flung his long young limbs into a chair by her desk and looked at her like a little boy in trouble.

"Shirley," he cried, bitterly, "dad told me today that I was to marry Kate Roberts, the daughter of the senator! Seems he and her father have fixed it up between them, and we're supposed to toe the mark like good children!"

"Senator Roberts—the leader of the Congressional party that is going to put my father off the bench!" Shirley spoke, thoughtfully. "Ah, I see. That is his pay for swinging the vote as Ryder dictates. Well, I've seen her picture—it ought not to be hard for you to obey."

"Don't talk that way!" Jefferson Ryder leaned forward with sudden passion, seizing her hands in his hot grasp. "It's sacrilege, when you know I love you. Kate is a fine girl—we've been good pals ever since we were children, but it's you I want to marry—you, with your wonderful dark head like a cameo and your sweet lips and all the dear *you-ness* of you!"

"I suppose," said Shirley, quietly, "you told your father that?"

The quick color stained his handsome face. His eyes avoided hers. "I said I was a puppet."

She looked down at the tossed sheets upon her desk, that he might not read the pain in her eyes. "Then, if that is true, you insult me by speaking to me of love!" she said, in a quivering tone. "Even if things were not as they are—if John Ryder had never willed the ruin of James Rossmore—even if I loved you, I could never marry a man who would not fight for me—defy the world, the flesh, the devil—for me!"

The biography grew with the passing of the days. In spite of the heaviness of her heart, Shirley Rossmore found herself giving a grudging admiration to the man whose character, with its strength and weaknesses, was unfolded to her ken in the close intimacy of her work. There was that in her own nature which responded to the sheer brute power of him, the pride of will, the relentless over-riding of obstacles in his path.

She was determined to hate him, and when that determination wavered, all that was needed to strengthen it was the memory of the broken man huddled in his desolation of dread in the dingy little suburban cottage, waiting the day of his disgrace.

As for Jeff, she saw nothing more of him. But one morning, opening the



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paper, she read the announcement of his engagement to Katherine Roberts, and for a single moment the world reeled. She got up blindly and, obeying some strange urge within her, went to her mirror and gazed at the face reflected therein with a kind of passionate questioning. From the piteous revelation of it she turned away in shame.

"Why, I love him!" she said aloud. "I—love him, and he is weak and unworthy. He is marrying because he is afraid of his father, because he doesn't dare to be disinherited! And I love him——"

The six months were very nearly gone, and still she had done nothing decisive toward saving her father. Each plan that she made and followed led her into some blind alley of deception and treachery, from which her sense of fair play shrank back appalled. She had learnt that the two letters which were needed to prove her father's innocence of the charge of accepting a bribe were kept hidden in the wall safe in Ryder's private office. More than once she had had the opportunity of abstracting them, yet so far she had not done so, and in a day or so it would be too late.

On the plea of looking over some papers, she stood on the evening before her father's trial alone in the office, with only a thin sheet of steel and her honor separating her from the precious letters.

"There is no choice," she said with a long breath, "none! I am a thief, but I must save my father."

With white lips whispering the combination, she was moving toward the safe, when the sound of the opening door brought her about with a low cry, quickly controlled. Jefferson Ryder sprang to her side. Even in her confusion and surprise she knew dimly, as she looked up into his kindled face, that there was something different about him, something assured, something masterful.

"Shirley, did you see the paper this morning?" He stumbled over the words in his eagerness. "I didn't know about that lying announcement till I read it—I've been hunting for you ever since. Shirley, I'm going to tell father about you—about us—tonight. Dear, say you'll let me——"

She interrupted him, pushing him away with desperate, cold little hands. "Don't! I can't listen. I was just going to—to rob your father's safe! The letters are in there—the letters I've got to have to save my father tomorrow!"

They stared into each other's faces for a long, silent moment, then quietly he put her aside. "Give me the combination," he said, quite matter-of-factly; "this is my job."

"You'd do that for me?" she whispered, a strange gladness surging thru the words. "You'd give up—everything—for me?"

"If I have you I'll have everything," Jefferson Ryder smiled down at her. "And now, dear, give me the combination. I'm afraid I'm a bit of an amateur at safe-breaking, but I'll do my best."

She held the precious letters in her

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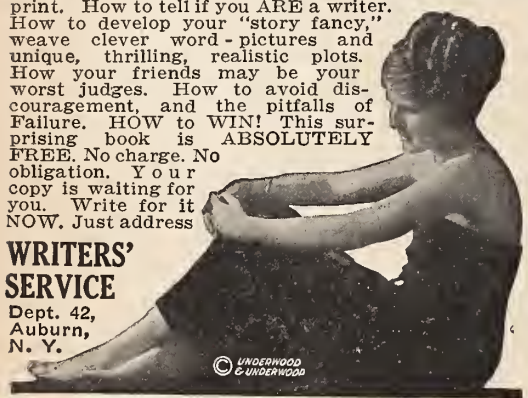
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LA BOHEME

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hand when, five minutes later, John Ryder found them standing together beside the open safe. One arm about her, Jefferson faced his father, man to man.

"If you've got anything to say, sir, say it to me," he said, quietly. "I got the letters for her to save an innocent man."

"So," John Ryder spoke, with terrible calmness, "you have been flying false colors! Your name is not Frances Green."

"I am Shirley Rossmore." The dark head lifted proudly. "I am not ashamed of anything I have done. It is you who should be ashamed—you, who plot the ruin of a good man because he stands in your way! You, who play a puny god!" She took a step toward him and, with a gesture of contempt, laid the letters in his hand. "I thought I needed these, but I know now that you cant win—wrong and cruelty and falsehood cannot win! You cant hurt my father, because he is beyond your reach—you cant get at him. Hate is powerful, but not as powerful as love—I know that now." She turned to the boy at her side and laid her hand on his sleeve. "Good-night, Jeff, and good-by—"

She was gone, a slim, gallant woman-thing, leaving an emptiness behind. John Ryder looked down at the letters in his fingers, then, curiously, at his son. "Do you love that girl?" He spoke curtly, ungraciously.

"Yes, sir," nodded Jefferson, and for the first time there was a look about him reminiscent of his father. "And, what's more, I'm going to marry her if she'll have me!"

"I never dreamed you had that much sense!" roared old John Ryder, and thrust the letters into his bewildered hands. "Here, take these things and tell her there'll be no impeachment trial tomorrow. And dont stop to talk, boy, or some other man will see her and marry her first!"

The Fame and Fortune Beauties (Continued from page 54)

position in the second honor roll. Miss Irving, like all the other seven winners of the honor roll, has no experience of a professional character. Miss Irving studied dramatic art, however. She is five feet, six inches, in height, with medium brown hair and dark-gray eyes.

The Oriental lassie is Emma Clare Orb, of the Victoria Apartments, 10th and C Streets, San Diego, Cal. She dances, but not professionally. Miss Orb is a Kentucky girl, having been born in Louisville. Her hair is black and she has hazel eyes. She is just five feet, one inch, in height.

Aliene Fulton, of No. 215 F Street, East, Hutchinson, Kansas, oddly resembles Lillian Gish. She, too, is a Kentucky girl, with blonde hair, brown eyes and is exactly five feet, two inches, in height.

Madeline Cunningham resides at No. 4951 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. She is a blonde type, with blue eyes. Just four feet, 11 inches, is Miss Cunningham.

Grace Durfee is of the typical screen

Infantile Paralysis



caused the deformity seen at the left. It had existed 9 years when the McLain Sanitarium straightened the foot. See other picture. The patient writes:

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THE April Magazine

The spring number is as bursting with live-wire matter as the trees with buds. Every year has its filmland favorites; every season has its filmland fancies. There are some players, however, who are all-time favorites. We endeavor each month to tell you about them—about them away from the blue-green glare of the Cooper-Hewitts. So we present:

GLADYS LESLIE

This little girl is Vitagraph's sweetest ingénue. She is winsome. She is charming. She never overacts. She is buoyant, bubbling with Youth. We present her to you as she is at home.

JACK PICKFORD

Jack and Uncle Sam have decided to go their separate ways. Jack has returned to his first love—the movies. Uncle Sam taught Jack a number of things the movies never could, yet Jack is firm in his belief of the movies. Thru him, you will be presented with the mind of the average man discharged from Uncle Sam's service.

CHARLES RAY

Charlie's specialty in pictures is a real, sure 'nuff boob. But read this interview. Charlie's being a boob is indeed limited to pictures.

FRANKLYN FARNUM AND EDDIE POLO

Here are two popular people with interesting careers—each distinctly different. They are so decidedly different that one marvels at it. Discover thru their stories how trifling incidents oftentimes shape a destiny.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Connie and Optimism run hand in hand. Yet sometimes Connie is a lap ahead. Connie can think of more mischief in five minutes than any other normal girl. In this story we present the reason why Connie is loved by all filmland.

GOOD OR BAD PHOTO- PLAYS

Which do you prefer? Read this instructive article. Read why the right kind wins. Right always wins—be on the winning side.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York

(Eighty-nine)

ingénue type. She lives in the heart of the screen colony, altho she has never appeared before the camera. Her address is No. 1271 West 35th Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Durfee was born in Chicago. She has golden hair, blue eyes and is just five feet, three inches.

Beatrice Edith Bond is the first young woman not born in the United States to find her way into The Fame and Fortune honor roll. Lancaster, England, is her birthplace. Just now she resides at No. 56 Provencher Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. She has fair auburn hair, blue-gray eyes and is five feet, four inches, tall.

Muriel Maxine Main, of No. 117 Chitenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, is another Chicago girl. She has brown hair, brown eyes, and is five feet, 4½ inches in height.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

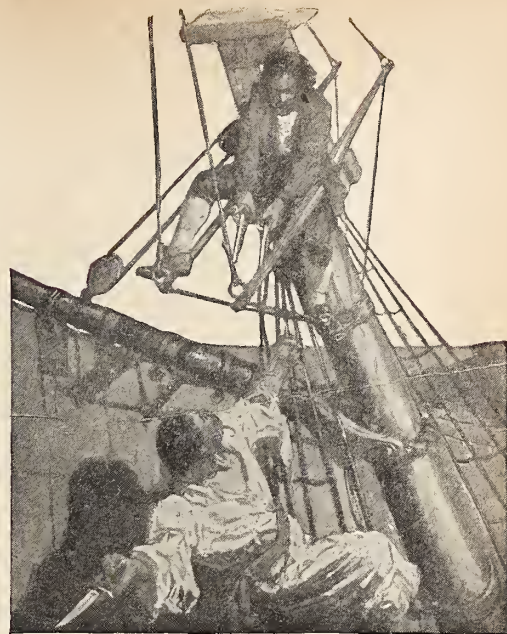
The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

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Wildly the boy flew up the shrouds. One step behind came Israel Hands—wounded—drunk—but with the cold light of hate in his eyes.

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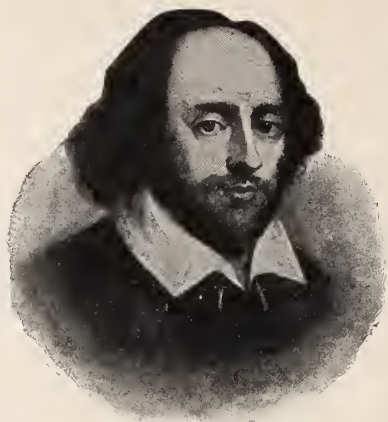
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How it Feels to Earn \$1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a \$25-a-week Salary—Tells How He Accomplished It

HOW does it feel to earn \$1000 a week? How does it feel to have earned \$200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly, the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over \$200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over \$60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibility of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a \$50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn \$1000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied: "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it*." We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question and my reply kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whether it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success is, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real fundamental principle of all success—Power of



"How Do You Suppose It Feels to Earn \$1000 a Week?" She Asked.

Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that, I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with \$300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made \$30,000. My second year paid me \$50,000. My third year netted me \$70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only \$50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to \$65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if, after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination

I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical powers; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will," as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain-head of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" had done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success as a dictionary. To try to succeed without "Power of Will" is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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- (1) As for her who desires beauty.
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.
- (3) There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.
- (4) As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.



The History Back of Modern Beauty

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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

APRIL
1919

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BLANCHE SWEET



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to February 28th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride"
 Enid Bennett in "Happy Tho Married"
 Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife"
 Lina Cavalleri in "Two Brides"
 Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
 Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper"
 Dorothy Dalton in "Hard Boiled"
 Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
 Dorothy Gish in "Hope Chest"
 Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden"
 Vivian Martin in "You Never Saw Such a Girl"
 John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
 Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in "The Winning Girl"
 Charles Ray in "The Girl Dodger"
 Wallace Reid in "The Duh"
 Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within"
 with a Special Star Cast
 "Private Peat"
 with Private Harold Peat
 "Sporting Life"
 A Maurice Tourneur Production
 "The Silver King"
 starring William Faversham
 "Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book) a Wm. A. Brady Production
 "The False Faces"
 A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
 George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
 Cecil B. De Mille's Production
 "Don't Change Your Husband"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
 Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife"
 D. W. Griffith's Production
 "The Romance of Happy Valley"
 William S. Hart in "Breed of Men"
 Mary Pickford in "Johanna Entists"
 Fred Stone in "Under the Top"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
 Paramount-Mack-Sennett Comedies
 "Rip and Stitch-Tailors," "East Lynne with Variations"
 Paramount-Flagg Comedy
 "One Every Minute"
 Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in
 Paramount-Drew Comedy
 "Romance and Rings"
 Paramount-Bray Pictograph
 One each week
 Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel
 Pictures One each week

"What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and sometimes it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

An eventful evening two or three times a week is an important part of the art of enjoyable home life.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
 ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
 (NEW YORK)



The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard: "Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there as the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story was so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author, few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy at the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who

wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said went in one ear and out the other. I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made

Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

* * *

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dull season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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WRITE A SONG—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words to-day. Thomas Merlin, 269 Reaper Block, Chicago.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. If available we will write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Send poems on love, victory, or any subject. Fairchild Music Co., Suite 20-U, 203 Broadway, New York.

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GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Acts, Plays, Entertainments, Etc., written to order. Terms for a stamp. Catalogs of plays, acts, sketches, wigs, etc., free. E. L. Gamble, Playwright, East Liverpool, O.

News of the Studios

William McAdoo, just resigned from President Wilson's cabinet, has been signed as special adviser of the Griffith-Pickford-banks-Chaplin-Hart combination at a reported salary of \$100,000.

Dolores Cassinelli is likely to be seen in a series of photodramatic adaptations of Gabrielle D'Annunzio's works.

Pearl White's next serial is to be R. W. Chambers' "In Secret." Walter McMillen will be the lead.

H. B. Warner has been signed by Roscoe Arbuckle to do eight features. Carter de Harbo is to write a two-reel comedy each month for thirteen months for the same organization.

"Upstairs and Down," the farce written by the Hattons, is Olive Thomas' first Selznick Production. Louise Winters' "The Bride" has been secured and Cosmo Harbo is to write three stories. Charles G. M. Seeling is directing. Appearing with Miss Thomas in "Upstairs and Down" are Robert Ellis, Mary Theby, Mary Charleson, Bertram Gooden, Kathleen Kirkham and Donald MacDonald.

The Famous Players-Lasky has secured Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" for filming. Hugh Ford is to direct it, and Arthur Krows making the adaptation. The novel which Herbert Brenon once planned to produce.

Edward Jose has been finishing Paramount's big Salvation Army feature in East. The company, including Ruby de Rubeis, was brought on from the coast.

Pauline Frederick is finishing her first film at the coast studios. Her husband, Richard Mack, is with her. In the cast are The Holding, Sidney Ainsworth and Cora Barker.

Myrtle Stedman is to do a series of "Seal Classics" in five parts for Gray Productions, Inc., a new Brooklyn organization.

J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause" is being well received across the country, according to exhibitor reports. Mr. Blackton, J. Stuart, Jr., has returned from the other side, where he has been in military service.

Leonce Perret has completed a film version of Bayard Veiller's "The Thirteenth Child" with Yvonne Delva and Walter Law in the cast.

Owen Moore has been signed to play Goldwyn Rex Beach production.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith on Jan. 17. Mr. Smith is president of Vitagraph.

Warner Oland has been seriously ill "flu" at his home in New York.

Thomas H. Ince, who has been producing for Paramount and Artcraft for two years, has signed a contract with Adolph Zukor to continue the present relationship for the coming year which commences September 1. Under the terms of the contract, Mr. Ince will produce four or five series of productions during the year, all of which will be personally supervised by Mr. Ince. This will include Charles Ray, Enid Bennett and Dorothy Gish pictures.

The Frohman Amusement Corporation plans to present Texas Guinan in a series of 26 reel Westerns to be produced in San Antonio. (Continued on page 77)

You Have a Beautiful Face BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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The MAY CLASSIC

Spring, with its reawakening of nature, will have nothing on the first Spring issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the May number. Resplendent with the liveliest, newest pictures from all moviedom; the crispest, snappiest interviews, vivid with personality; and the most interesting articles on the photodrama, THE MAY CLASSIC will be of absorbing interest to film fans.

For instance, there will be:

The March of the Photoplay

A keenly interesting article on the development of the screen story by that authority on things of the films, Kenneth Macgowan. Here is an article which everyone interested in the advance of the photodrama cannot afford to miss.

EARLE WILLIAMS

Earle is a difficult person to catch for a chat—and a still more difficult person to get talking about himself. But THE CLASSIC has succeeded in getting a bright interview with the Vitagraph star in his California bungalow, where Williams and his bride are spending their honeymoon months.

LOUISE FAZENDA

THE CLASSIC hasn't been merely satisfied with chatting with the comédienne of the Mack Sennett forces. It managed to get Miss Fazenda to interview herself, and the result, written in Louise's own inimitable style, will appear in THE MAY CLASSIC. Miss Fazenda, you know, has a genuinely humorous literary style all her own.

And Besides—

There will be an unusual and timely article by Frederick James Smith.

Personality chats with Frank Losee, Bebe Daniels, and other screen folks just now in the bright limelight.

The most interesting fictionized photoplays.

The latest honor roll of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST.

And the newest reviews of The Celluloid Critic.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Cover painted by Leo Sielke from photograph by De Gaston, Los Angeles.)

Remember the good old Biograph days and "Daphne Wayne"? Daphne turned out to be Blanche Sweet and she has held a certain place in the hearts of film fans ever since. Her Judith in "Judith of Bethulia" is still as vivid to us as yesterday. Miss Sweet has been developing consistently and we shall watch for her forthcoming Garson production with no ordinary interest. For Blanche Sweet is a young woman of remarkable possibilities.

	PAGE
Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Alice Joyce, Marguerite Clark, Rosemary Theby, Vivian Martin and Barbara Castleton.....	11-15
The Celestial Nazimova. An ornamental study of the Russian actress in "The Red Lantern".....	16
The Star on the Defensive. The significance of the new independent organization of big stars.....	Frederick James Smith 17
A Dozen Chaplins and They're All Charlie. The famous comedian is a man of many sides.....	Harry C. Carr 18
Corinne, Chocolate Cake and a Deep, Dark Secret. A humorous chat with Corinne Griffith.....	Frederick James Smith 20
Unto the Third and Fourth Generation. A philosophic talk with H. B. Warner.....	Barbara Beach 22
Springtime on the New York Stage. Scenes from the newest footlight plays on Broadway.....	24
Some Athlete Is Dorris. Strenuous glimpses of Dorris Lee.....	26
The World to Live In. Alice Brady's newest photoplay told in interesting fiction form.....	Dorothy Donnell 27
Tea He! A one-act comedy and incidentally an interview with Henry G. Sell.....	Gladys Hall 31
The Purple and Gold Darmond. A chat in sixteenth century negligée with fair Grace Darmond.....	Elizabeth Peltret 32
Dorothy, Alan and Gwen. The domestic Dorothy Phillips tells of her inmost ambitions.....	Fritzi Remont 34
Madge's Own Movie School. Madge Evans becomes her own director.....	36
An Olive from Sunny California. A breezy little talk with Olive Thomas.....	Sue Roberts 37
Greased Lightning. Charles Ray's latest vehicle related in story.....	Faith Service 39
California, Love and Springtime. Bessie takes a Sunday hike in the California hills.....	43
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review.....	Frederick James Smith 44
She Doesn't Talk of Her Art. Violet Heming looks upon acting as a business.....	Charles Jameson 46
The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name. She's Marjorie Daw and she's as fanciful as her name.....	Elizabeth Peltret 48
The Fame and Fortune Beauties. The fourth honor roll in the international contest.....	50
The Extra Girl Becomes a Village Belle. An Evelyn Nesbit feature in the filming.....	Ethel Rosemon 52
Gossip of the Pacific Coast.....	Fritzi Remont 54
Peggy Does Her Darndest. A lively story built around May Allison's latest photoplay comedy.....	Olive Carew 55
Double Exposures. A humorous department of comments on screen plays and players.....	Conducted by F. J. S. 60
The Movie Encyclopedia.....	The Answer Man 84

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APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Century.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Comedy.—"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who lost her voice—and heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing but, if she were a more finished singer, the play would have a stronger appeal.

Forty-Fourth Street.—Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and the dancelful Kitty Doner.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters from tabloid opera to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Liberty.—"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Punch & Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau company at this intimate little theater. The season is largely devoted to the glittering and vivid playlets of Lord Dunsany. Admirable acting and finely artistic staging.

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Jobyna Howland's creation of a new female type is notable, but many others of the excellent cast press her for the honors. This comedy should prove a winner.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story. Effie Shannon is excellent. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming plays of the season. Lola Fisher makes a hit in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"Head 'Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneless Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter, by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"A Tailor Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime*.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneless music and some dancing.

"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful. Prismatic farce.

"The Big Chance." A comedy drama that starts in New York and ends in the trenches. It has its laughs and its thrills and is replete with clever characterizations.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Rivoli.—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Across the Footlights

LAST month found the New York theaters at the apex of a highly prosperous season. With the metropolis jammed with returned officers and soldiers, members of their families to welcome them, buyers from all parts of the country, and others, the amusement places could not fail to register the biggest business of several years. They say that steel and the theater are the two barometers of prosperity. The theater certainly is an indication of a splendid peace prosperity.

At the moment **THE CLASSIC** went to press the best selling attractions in New York were: "Friendly Enemies," Hudson; "Lightnin'," Gaiety; "Three Faces East," Cohan and Harris; "Tiger, Tiger," Belasco; "Somebody's Sweetheart," Central; "The Velvet Lady," New Amsterdam; "Tea for Three," Elliott; "Oh, My Dear," Princess; "The Crowded Hour," Selwyn; "Up in Mabel's Room," Eltinge; "Three Wise Fools," Criterion; "The Canary," Globe; "The Unknown Purple," Lyric; and "Listen, Lester," Knickerbocker.

One might think that the stage has been carefully combed for promising material by the screen producers. But we fear they've overlooked several good bets. First, there is Lola Fisher, who played Camilla so refreshingly in "Be Calm, Camilla." Here is a real possibility. And there is the picturesque Fay Bainter, the star of "East Is West." There is an exotic piquancy to Miss Bainter that would be a distinct novelty on the screen. Some far-sighted producer will seize upon her before long. Now let us hazard a third discovery: Margaret Mower, of the Portmanteau Players. Here is a young actress of beauty and unusual tragic power. Her playing of the ill-fated queen in Lord Dunsany's "Laughter of the Gods" was a really magnificent thing. And why hasn't the screen won over McKay Morris, the admirably versatile leading man of the same organization? Really, the screen producers need to employ scouts after the fashion of the National and American League baseball teams.

While we're on the subject of the Stuart Walker Portmanteau company, now enjoying a season at the quaint Punch and Judy Theater, let us say a word of its remarkable excellence. Here is intellectual drama intelligently produced. Mr. Walker has been largely devoting himself to Lord Dunsany, presenting "The Laughter of the Gods," "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Golden Doom" and other playlets of the brilliant Irishman—and presenting them with imagination and artistry.

Another drama is going to reach the stage after being first seen on the screen. This is Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," celluloided by Constance Talmadge. The piece is being produced over here by the

(Continued on page 76)

(Seven)



She played to lose

ROUND and round spun the wheel, yet she lost—and smiled. Women are not good losers—but this one—

Behind those burning eyes lay a mystery—a desperate plot.

Craig Kennedy—the brilliant detective—solved it.

If you would forget your cares—if you would be entertained breathlessly—read this astonishing, baffling tale. It is one of the matchless stories by

ARTHUR B. REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war, Eng-

land is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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The story is in one of these volumes.

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This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You get the Reeve at a very low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon *now*.

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With the Dawn of Peace Comes the Rise of New Opportunities

THE World War was waged against Kaisers and all Autocrats who suppressed the People's Opportunities. Opportunity was relegated to a Favored Class.

THE Favored Class has been abolished and today you and I stand on the Rim of a New Age. One look into the Agonized Face of the Victors tells us that the Supremacy of the Sword lies buried in the Ruins of the Old World which we have forever left behind.

YOU and I—we are the People. And it is true that the people will rule henceforth. But whether or not it be You and I who shall rule is not left to Chance. For our fellows will permit none to rule who has not won his Crown!

SO a new war is upon us—the War of Peace, the War of the Pen. And the Pen is Mightier than the Sword! For the pen is Bloodless and every well-directed stroke means a new rivet in the Renaissance of Right.

THE Pen shall be the scepter of this New World that woke on Flanders Fields. The Pen shall bring the World's Men to the World's Market Places and leave to Unknown Failure the Merchant who does not Advertise. The Pen shall weigh and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and he who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be blasted with Ignorance. The Pen will rouse the Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over the graves of Dead Resolutions, and he who has not ears to hear the Voice of the People thru their Orators shall never see the Morning! The Pen shall skim the richness and sweetness of the World's Glories in History, it shall bring the essence of Men's Lives to be relieved in the Library, it shall enchain the tragedies and laughter that storm and sun the Human Soul, in an exquisite hour on a Curtained Stage, it shall last of all Sing the weary world to sleep by sweeping the strings of Poetic Fancy!

HAIL to the Age of the Pen! For the literary arts are the foundation of all the arts and sciences. Without them success in any undertaking is well nigh impossible. They are stepping-stones as well as independent professions.

SO, the time is ripe for the New Education to rise—The AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS. This is the only institution in the World devoted solely to the Word and the Pen. It is consecrated to Opportunity and the People's Need. It puts a Profession within the grasp of the Man Who Has Ears to Hear.

WHY bury a talent in the grime of a back-breaking, soul-rasping, mind-crushing job? This, to the Man or Woman who HAS a talent!

MEN and Women of Talent, we salute you! We greet you with the Key to the Door of Opportunity in our hand.

WE warn you, that the Door stands at the top of a high mountain which only diligent Study and honest Perseverance may hope to reach. We Keepers of the Gate are trustees only. Treasures lie within that none but True Knights of the Pen may lay hands on.

WE are seeking Dreamers of Dreams, to be sure, but none shall pass out with the Seal of Approval until we are convinced that he IS a Doer of Deeds.

OLD Schools have passed away, we offer you one born Yesterday breathing the New Spirit of the Age. Here is a School in the very midst of the Turmoil of Life. Here the Man and the Woman meet Masters, mind to mind and heart to heart, who have solved Life's Problems in their Particular Profession. Here may study Students who never walked in Learned Halls, students who are gray with Age or grimed with Toil, students who commune with their Masters who they dwell in Timbuctoo or Kokomo, students who are masters of all their time or who can garner a treasured hour a day. The A. C. L. A. plan fits the Student's Mind and Ambition and ignores his or her physical, financial and social handicaps.

IF YOU think you belong to the Ruling Class, if you can Dream Dreams and Do Deeds, if you can follow Opportunity over the rugged paths that lead to the Summit of Achievement, if you would like to peer into the Treasures the New Age holds for YOU, clip the Coupon below, and send it to us and we will send you a handsome Brochure of Inspiration called "The Open Door."

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The Next Motion Picture Magazine

We beam with delight upon our fortune in announcing the contents for the May issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. We take pride in saying that we have prepared stories and interviews and picture pages about more real favorites in this issue than we have ever been able to get together before. Just scan the following headlines closely. You cannot afford to miss such a complete résumé of screen history.

HENRY WALTHALL

Now comes a new Walthall to the screen. A man with a new purpose, a fresh incentive, a burning determination to accomplish big, worth-while things. In a story which thrills because of its very simplicity, Kenneth McGaffey presents the Walthall of today.

FANNIE WARD

This awe-inspiring person talks easily, and knowingly, on all sorts of topical questions. Somehow one forgets the question at issue when marveling at Fannie. She has found the perpetual Fountain of Youth. Read this article and see why.

MARGARITA FISHER

The Fisher devotees have a wonderfully intimate story waiting for them in this issue. They will discover how Margarita really and truly worked her way to success. This interview is as thrilling as a story book tale.

RUTH CLIFFORD

This dainty little lady has had the most unique entrance to Film-land that it's been our good fortune to read about. We found Ruth's story so entertaining that we decided to pass it on to the fans. They will always remember this Ruth's personality story for its charming quaintness.

A BRIEF RÉSUMÉ

We cannot refrain from adding to your state of expectancy by merely hinting at the fact that, if you look real hard in the May issue, you will find up-to-the-minute chats with Eddie Polo, the Sydney Drews, Julia Arthur, the president of Metro, Richard Rowland, Chester Barnett, and Marie Prevost. We pause for breath here—yet we may have left out the best!

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Typical 'Blackton' Cast

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SPECIAL FEATURE:

"A HOUSE DIVIDED"



Herbert Rawlinson and Sylvia Breamer

To the millions of photoplay patrons throughout the world, this phrase has come to mean more than a mere figure of speech.

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Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH each man by name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I had read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out *what it was* that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method

and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of \$5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from \$20 to \$100.)

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

"Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business \$100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible Memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers around the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

"Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusion we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

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Motion Picture Classic



ALICE JOYCE

There may be stars who photograph more beautifully than Miss Joyce, but it's rather hard to think of 'em in a hurry. Alice has been a joy to the screen since 1910, when Kalem first discovered her—a popular New York art model. Miss Joyce was just optically fascinating then. Now she's an actress of both beauty and emotional force.



MARGUERITE CLARK

Marguerite started out with dramatic aspirations, but the musical comedy stage first won her. It was with De Wolf Hopper, her four feet of ingenuousness being a striking contrast to his elongated comedy. Then came the drama, and finally the screen, where Miss Clark has reached her greatest success. A varied career, indeed!

ROSEMARY THEBY

Rosemary is a graduate of the famous Blackton-Smith school of the photoplay, the old Vitagraph Company. Later on, Rosemary tried comedy with Harry Myers for a time. Now, however, Miss Theby is back in serious photoplays again. She was in Griffith's "The Great Love" and is now with Metro





VIVIAN MARTIN

At the age of six Vivian was playing a kiddie in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Richard Mansfield. At fourteen she was playing the title rôle in the road company of Barrie's "Peter Pan." Now, at—well, anyway—she's a Paramount star. In other words, Vivian has merited every advancement in her career. And Miss Martin, by the way, has been showing decided progress on the screen lately



BARBARA CASTLETON

Barbara first dreamed of success on the musical stage, being a cousin of the star, Louise Gunning. By chance she decided to try the movies as an extra. Herbert Brenon saw her and gave her a special rôle in "A Daughter of the Gods" with Annette Kellermann. Since that time her progress has been steady. Her recent work in "The Silver King" with William Faversham was the best of her career.



The Celestial Nazimova

Alla Nazimova has another exotic rôle in Metro's special production of Edith Wharry's novel, "The Red Lantern," which was adapted to the screen by June Mathis and Albert Capellani. Mr. Capellani is the director of "The Red Lantern," which is a picturesque Chinese story.



The Star on the Defensive

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

PROBABLY no more significant thing has occurred in all screendom than the organization formed by Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith and called the United Artists' Distributing Association. That is, these stars are going to independently produce and release their own photoplays.

All sorts of rumors and reported reasons have come from the coast, but the one most broadly talked about is that these stars feared certain impending amalgamations and combinations of producers were against their best interests. Hence, the defensive organization.

The star on the defensive!

All of which leads to many conclusions. "The organization isn't going to shock the world," one producer said. "It means just one thing—that the star, being his own boss, will pay himself just what he receives for his pictures, minus his expenses in other words, just what he is worth. And it won't be what is asking from producers!" But the thing goes deeper than a mere fluctuation in the market.

For the first time in the history of pictures, the star is on the

defensive. The Pickford-Fairbanks-Hart-Chaplin-Griffith combination may fall thru, nothing may come of it, but the fact remains that the star is passing the point of skyscraper salaries.

What will happen?

pen?

What

will happen to the

producer of one-a-week and

two-a-week pictures if his best stars de-

part? If there are no big stars who draw to pull over the deadwood stars who don't? Will the turning out of pictures like breakfast food or flivvers wane and die?

Adolph Zukor, head of Famous Players-Lasky, made an interesting statement regarding this angle. "We will go right ahead and create new stars to take the places of those who are leaving our programs upon the expiration of their contracts. We have been creating new stars ever since we entered the industry and we believe we can be successful by continuing to do so."

Does the way to combat the so-called star menace lie in creating more stars? Again, is it possible? Did Famous Players-Lasky create any drawing stars during the past year, from Lila Lee down?

On the other hand, consider the official statement of David Griffith, wired exclusively to THE CLASSIC:

"The dominant purpose of this movement is to provide protection for the American people who patronize motion pictures. The public, thru the exhibitors, has been unable to see the pictures they most enjoyed without being forced to see pictures they did not want.

"To get the films of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, William S. Hart and some others, the exhibitor has been forced by the distributing agencies to accept also pictures of lesser merit.

"We are willing to make certain pictures which we do not expect to make money, nor care whether or not they do make money. The reward of fame and glory for advancing the art is sufficient. But under the program method we are forbidden to make pictures other than the type of picture that has been found money-makers.

"We expect to cooperate with the exhibitors in effecting a distributing system which will be fair, impartial and sensitive to the public's wants. We shall ask the public to see nothing it does not wish to see. This is not to be an exclusive association. We shall ally ourselves with the foremost talent—that is, proven talent—talent that appeals to the public. The names mentioned are merely leaders, who have taken the first step. But we have the sympathy and support of many others.

"This action is not taken in condemnation of any individuals. It is a protest against a system. It is a declaration of independence against an outworn condition that has not served as it should either the theater, public or the producers. Dictation has come from business men, who acted according to their light. But we believe the production of motion pictures to be an art, and that those who have served long apprenticeship, achieving their success purely thru their personal efforts, should have more voice.

"We saw that there was a trust forming here, an

(Continued on page 79)

Motion Picture Stars' Reasons for Combine

The following statement was issued yesterday afternoon by the "big five" concerning the new combination of motion picture stars:

"A NEW combination of motion picture stars and producers was formed yesterday, and we, the undersigned, in furtherance of the artistic welfare of the moving picture industry, believing we can better serve the great and growing industry of picture productions, have decided to unite our work into one association, and at the finish of existing contracts, which are now rapidly drawing to a close, to release our combined productions through our own organization. This new organization, to embrace the very best actors and producers in the motion picture business, is headed by the following well-known stars: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith productions, all of whom have proven their ability to make productions of value both artistically and financially.

"We believe this is necessary to protect the exhibitor and the industry itself, thus enabling the exhibitor to book only pictures that he wishes to play and not force upon him (when he is booking films to please his audience) other program films which he does not desire, believing that as servants of the people we can thus best serve the people. We also think that this step is positively and absolutely necessary to protect the great motion picture public from threatening combinations and trusts that would force upon them mediocre productions and machine-made entertainment.

(Signed)

Mary Pickford

William S. Hart

Douglas Fairbanks

Charlie Chaplin

D. W. Griffith

"Dated at Los Angeles, Jan 15, 1919"

Fac-simile of the signed statement issued by the "Big Five" and published by the Los Angeles Examiner

A Dozen Chaplins, and They're All Charlie

By HARRY C. CARR

You can always be sure of hearing music somewhere around the place, especially when a picture is in the making. Charlie is an accomplished violinist. Somewhere in among the notes that come from his fiddle are his motion picture "hunches" hidden. Charlie is always his own director, and he works very slowly; he literally fiddles around in his pictures.

Charlie is working on a motion picture now. The other day they made up the first set. Charlie came out in his big shoes and his funny little derby. All alone he walked out to the set. Trained by experience, the other actors went away and left him to himself. Charlie was about to begin "sniffing" for an idea.

For a solid hour he walked around that set. A boy would have said he was "just foolin' around." He picked up props and put them down again. He pulled skittishly at the ropes controlling the light-diffusers overhead. Then for a while he simply walked around and around the set with his duck feet and his little cane. That is the way he gets his hunches.

In the midst of his meditation a brash extra man came up and snickering to himself. He had the greatest idea ever encountered by mortal brain. It was so funny that he could hardly get out the words to say it.

Charlie smiled a wan little smile and moved away. The extra man relentlessly followed, all the while expatiating upon the beauties of his world-beating "gag."

Finally Charlie managed to shake him.

At an evening party not long ago, one of Charlie's friends told him how her little boy had cried because he could not come also and see the adored comedian. Charlie insisted upon hiring a taxi and going to see the lad. For an hour he stayed there telling stories—and he forgot to go back to the party.



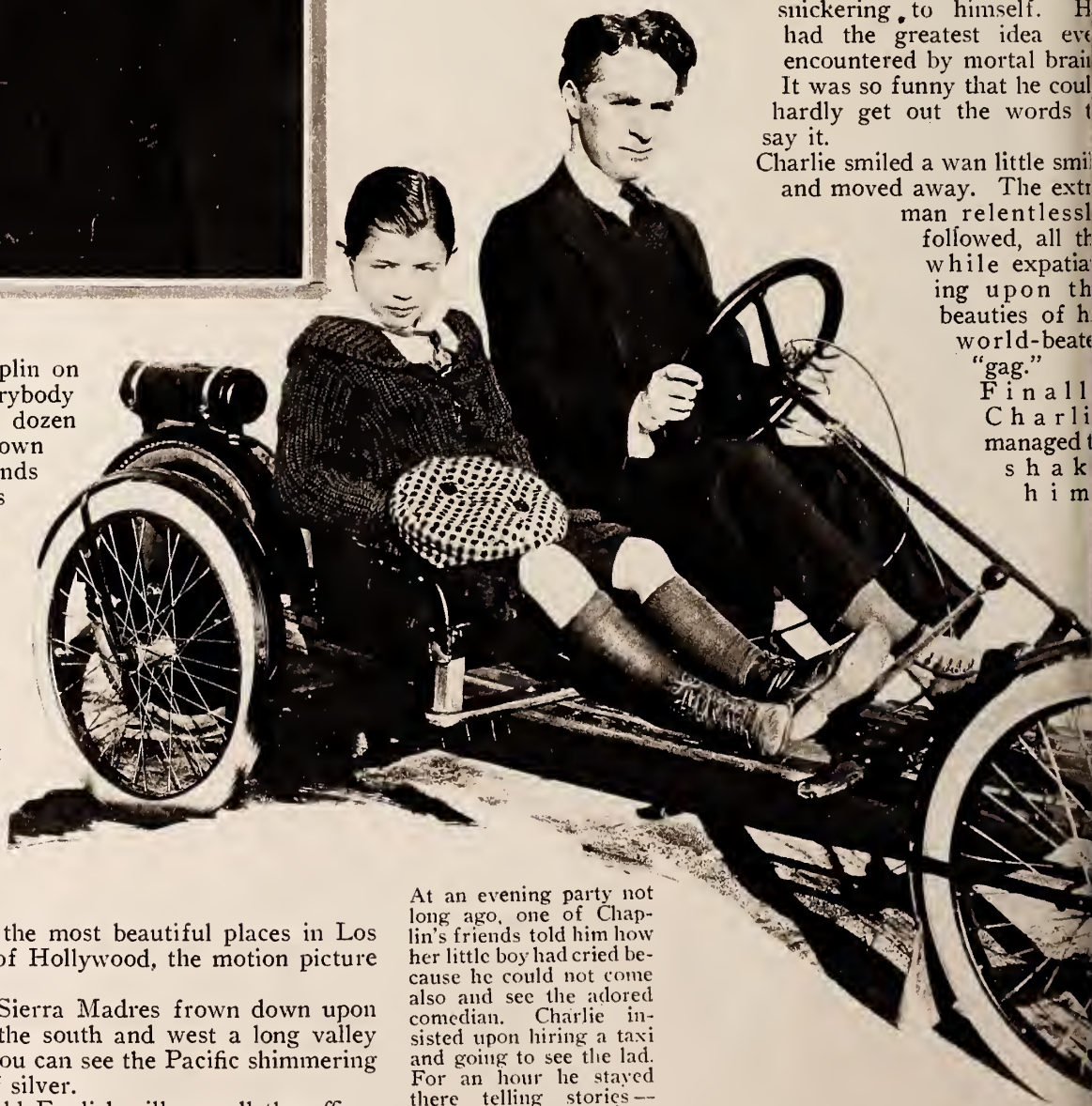
THERE is one Charlie Chaplin on the screen whom everybody knows. There are a dozen other Charlie Chaplins known only to his intimate friends and his neighbors in Los Angeles.

There is a ringside-seat-at-the-prize-fights Charlie Chaplin, there is a big business investor Charlie Chaplin, there is a star dinner guest Charlie Chaplin, a violinist Charlie Chaplin and a lot of other Charlie Chaplins that nobody knows about outside of his own home town. Also there is a "my son, Charlie Chaplin," known to a little English lady across the water.

Charlie's studio is one of the most beautiful places in Los Angeles. It is on the edge of Hollywood, the motion picture suburb.

The rugged peaks of the Sierra Madres frown down upon it from the north, while to the south and west a long valley stretches away to the sea. You can see the Pacific shimmering in the distance like a sheet of silver.

The studio looks like an old English village; all the offices are built like quaint English cottages.



There's the Comedian, the Violinist, the Star Dinner Guest, the Business Investor and the Various Other Charlie Chaplins

Charlie sidled timidly up to his manager, who was standing around the set. Charlie had the air of a child who is being pursued by an obstreperous bumble-bee.

"Please tell that gentleman," he said, "that we will not need him after all for this picture." And in about three seconds the extra man with the funny bone was in search of another job.

Chaplin is not intolerant of suggestions. He accepts a great many. But he has a quick, active mind, and he knows without long explanations whether or not an idea is a live one. The best way to give him an aspiration for a "gag" is to state the bare idea without details, then walk away without forcing him to the unpleasant ordeal of saying "Yes" or "No" in your presence.

There is no question about it; Charlie is temperamental. Sometimes he will sit for an hour around the set doing absolutely nothing, waiting for a "hunch."

Unless he feels funny he won't work at all. No studio emergency will induce him to act if he is not in the mood. And he is very easily joggled out of the mood. It is not infrequent that the sight of a comedian with a bad make-up on will so abbergast Charlie that he will not be able to work again that day. The truth is, this little English artist is as sensitive as a taut violin string. For this reason he does his best work with his own company and under his own direction.

There are times in the Chaplin studio when you would think you were at an orchestra rehearsal. Somebody playing a piano, somebody else a cello, and Charlie the violin. Chaplin would, in



Charlie is temperamental. Sometimes he will sit for an hour around the set doing absolutely nothing, waiting for a hunch. Below is a view of the comedian with the writer, Rob Wagner



fact, have been a successful professional musician. As a child he was very poor. His father and mother were second-rate music-hall performers. His father died and left his mother overwhelmed by abject poverty. For a time both Charlie and his brother Syd were charity patients in an English poorhouse. Charlie says his one ambition at this time was to be an orchestra leader. He used to crawl off into a corner of the poorhouse, with a stick for a baton, and pretend that he was leading a great symphony orchestra; the poorhouse was a great theater, glittering with lights and the diamonds of a horseshoe circle.

Charlie's mother now, by the way, lives in England, smothered in all the luxury that her nature can stand. She regards "my son Charles" as the final authority on all earthly questions. If Lloyd

George and the King make a declaration on one side of some question and she gets a postal from "my son Charles" intimating to the contrary, why, the King and Lloyd George are out of luck; that's all to it.

But to return to the studio orchestra. The overture will suddenly be interrupted by the abrupt departure of the violinist; Charlie's "hunch" has suddenly come.

But even after the "hunch" comes, he is a slow and

(Continued on page 71)



Corinne, Chocolate Cake and a Deep, Dark Secre



Corinne Griffith loves the photoplay, beautiful costumes, chocolate cake, melodrama—and Alice Joyce. Success on the screen, she says, is really a matter of good photography and good lighting. Also a careful study of current pictures is essential. Corinne goes to the movies every night



"Do you want to do me a real favor?" asked Corinne Griffith, as she helped us remove our winter overcoat upon entering her Seventy-second Street apartment.

"Yes!" we replied, unanimously. Only in mere type the word doesn't carry the emphasis that we gave it. For we were looking right into Miss Griffith's blue eyes. Her reddish blonde hair fascinated us. She lived up to all the promises of her screen self in her gown of—

But the colors and materials have long since escaped us, if we ever did note them. But we really *do* remember the blue eyes, the piquant hair, the superb profile the—

But let us return to the chat.

We gathered our mental faculties for the shock of Miss Griffith's requested favor.

"I'll tell you afterwards. You're just in time to have tea with me along with some new home-made chocolate cake."

We subsided. What mere masculine interviewer could concentrate upon personality and dry facts when confronted with blue eyes, Griffithian blonde locks—and chocolate cake?

We decided that we had done our interview duty long enough and took the cake.

"This favor," we hazarded later, "what—er—is it?"

"Let's forget it for a while. Ask me lots and lots of questions."

"But we don't interview people like that," we confessed. "We just sit and chat and then go away and write about your aura and the color tint of your personality and that sort of thing."

"Really?" said Miss Griffith, and her blue eyes looked sort of aghast. "I—I—think I like the old-fashioned interview best.

You know the ones. Full of facts—except your age."

"Yes," we said politely and negatively.

"But I haven't much of a personality," continued Miss Griffith. "I haven't even pets. Had a parrot but it would get out of its cage and tear up paper and muss up the whole apartment something terrible. So I had to get rid of him the other day. Let's see. I read something when I have time."

On the table was a copy of the Monk Iliodor's Russian confessions.



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Do you like that?" we asked.
"Sort of," admitted Miss Griffith. "It did rather interest me. But with steady working at the studio, I don't have time to do real reading."
"I was born in Texarkana, Texas," continued the actress. "Our folks have lived there for years and years. Grandfather Griffith was mayor of the town four times."

We looked properly impressed.
"You probably know my story. I was in New Orleans and attended a ball there. I won a beauty prize, and Rolin Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, noticed me. He offered me a chance to go on the screen, and I decided to take it."

"My family was horrified—but they're very proud of me now," laughed Miss Griffith.

Imagine the conceit of Texarkana these days!

"The family's gotten over the shock, but it was hard on them."



Corinne was born in Texarkana, Texas, her family having lived there for years. Grandfather Griffith was mayor of the town four times. Miss Griffith's antecedents were Italian and Irish, which, as Corinne admits, is "some combination." She has an Italian family coat of arms—but they don't bother about those things in Ireland.

"I'm Irish and Italian. Some combination!" Miss Griffith showed us her Italian family coat-of-arms. There was no Irish one. But Miss Griffith's blue eyes prove her Irish antecedents.

"First I went to the west coast Vitagraph studios and about two years ago they brought me East," reminisced Miss Griffith. "Then my troubles began. I simply couldn't get the make-up right for my style of features. The outdoor work in the West had required entirely different make-up. That's why I looked simply terrible in my first Eastern pictures. You remember them?"

But we remained neutral by declaring we hadn't seen them.

"Well, they were," continued the actress. "But now I'm getting it better. You know success on the screen is really a matter of good photography and good lighting."

"I didn't know the first thing about acting when they

(Continued on page 80)

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

the H. B. Warner type. To be honest, it isn't their fault. Their press-agents or managers generally insist upon it. But H. B. Warner is influenced by something more vital than managers. He is actuated by pride of race.

"That's all there is of me," he says, as he leans over the white-enameled crib that cradles his six-weeks-old daughter, Joan. "In her are embodied all my hopes and aspirations. I live in her."

And one recognizes the mainspring of existence.

Later we left the wide-eyed bundle of his dreams and sought his tasteful living-room, where we ensconced ourselves in luxurious brown velvet chairs. Mr. Warner



PRIDE of race is one of the very few stable emotions in this age of the ephemeral in all things. Pride of profession is more tangible, while love of home and family is quite the provincial thing.

Which, by all the rules of corollaries, should make H. B. Warner stable, tangible and provincial. He is, however, effete, cosmopolitan and admittedly *comme-il-faut*.

Simply proving that contradictory qualities make the most interesting individuals. The least rut-like the person, the more likelihood of his ability to breed ideas that will help make the world move on.

In the realm where actors have their being, H. B. Warner is revolutionary; that is, he starts a revolution in your mental country of preconceived conditions.

Externally he is a Broadway Beau Brummel. He affects baby blue shirts and collars, spats, platinum and diamond scarf-pins, finely cared for hands and all the external attentions that belong to the born exquisite.

And yet the very first thing one stumbles over in the entrance to his apartment is a—baby buggy.

Now most actors warn you carefully not to mention the little wife at home, especially good-looking matinée idols of

Externally H. B. Warner is a Broadway Beau Brummel. He affects baby blue shirts and collars, spats, platinum and diamond scarf pins, finely cared for hands and all the external attentions that belong to the born exquisite. Yet the first thing one stumbles over in his apartment is a—baby buggy

Right, Mr. Warner and Irene Bordoni in a moment of "Sleeping Partners"



The Philosophy of H. B. Warner

By BARBARA BEACH

slowly drew a cigaret from his silver case and lit it. "I want my daughter," he said, "to make her stage debut on the same stage that I made mine, that my father and that my father's father made theirs. The English stage has known four generations of Warners. I want it to know a fifth.

"When I was only four years old I made my first stage appearance in 'The Streets of London.' My dad carried me on that I might say I first acted on the same boards that he did."

Young Warner was then sent to school and graduated from the Bedford Grammar School in England. The call of his blood carried him back to the footlights, and he started his career in earnest, playing minor rôles with his father and in the Sir Beer-bohm Tree company.

In the summer of 1906, when the two



H. B. Warner is a perfect example of control. He is like a Kentucky race-horse, nerves taut, sensitive, with all of his surplus speed check-reined for the life race by perfect poise and mental balance

Warners were settled in their summer cottage some miles from London, they received a telegram from an American theatrical manager, George C. Tyler. Complying with the request typed on the yellow slip, Charles Warner, H. B.'s father, went up to

London the next day and met Mr. Tyler at the Ritz.

"How-do, Charlie?" said Tyler. "Where's that boy of yours?"

"Harry?" said Warner, Senior.

"Why, yes," said Tyler. "Didn't he get my telegram?"

"I got a telegram from you, George."

"Man alive!" said Tyler. "I don't suppose you even thought to look at the initials. I want your boy. I want to take him back to America with me."

So it happened that the next day the proper Warner met the producer.

"I want you to go to America with me and play leading man for Eleanor Robson," said Tyler.

"How do you know I'll do?" parried H. B. "You've never seen me act."

"I want you. You look the part. You are your father's son. We sail the day after tomorrow—will you be ready?"

(Continued on page 78)

Springtime on the New York Stage

"Listen, Lester," running at the Knickerbocker Theater, is a lively, dancy musical comedy. Much of its success is due to the charming work of Gertrude Vanderbilt and the agile dancing of Johnny Dooley. They are here reproduced in a tense terpsichorean moment


"Up in Mabel's Room" is a racy and piquant farce at the Eltinge Theater. Dudley Hawley and Hazel Dawn have the principal rôles



Gymnastics for chorines
Here is the athletic Vera
Roehn and the pretty
chorus of "The Melting
of Molly" at the Broad-
hurst Theater




The stage year has offered no more impressive contribution than Lord Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," produced by Stuart Walker as part of the Portmanteau season at the Punch and Judy Theater. Margaret Mower and McKay Morris do some superb work in this glowing drama



The whimsical charm of Barrie makes "Dear Brutus," at the Empire Theater, one of the noteworthy things of the season. Besides, it marks the return of the ever-welcome William Gillette

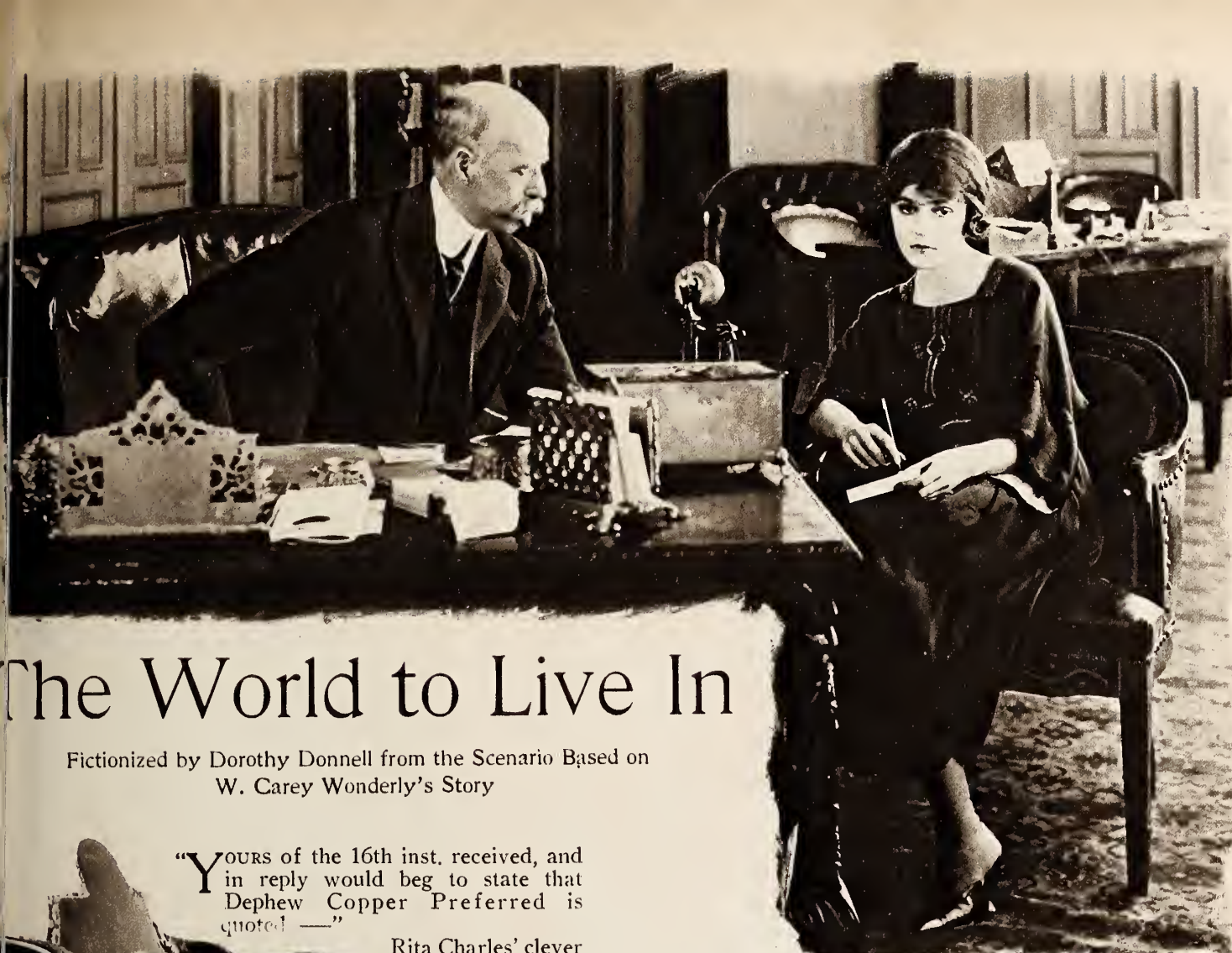
Some Athlete Is Dorris

Altho but sixteen, Dorris Lee can dance, ride, row, fence, run and jump over a four-foot fence with ease. Since she was a baby Dorris has had a rigid athletic training, her father being a well-known newspaper sporting writer using the pen name of "Willie Green"




Dorris wanted a musical career, and she was something of a prodigy at the piano. At nine she played accompaniments to Kubelik, the violinist, in San Francisco. Then the movies came along and seized her. Miss Lee's debut was in "His Mother's Boy" with Charles Ray

Dorris wanted a musical career because stunts are nothing to her. She loves 'em and is afraid of nothing. Miss Lee will shortly be seen in another Ray picture



The World to Live In

Fictionized by Dorothy Donnell from the Scenario Based on
W. Carey Wonderly's Story



"YOURS of the 16th inst. received, and in reply would beg to state that Dephew Copper Preferred is quoted —"

Rita Charles' clever fingers danced over the words with an experienced nonchalance that left her brain free to follow its own bent. At present it was pleasantly occupied with the wisp of tulle, the scrap of satin and hand-ful of jet

which, in combination, meant the dinner gown she was going to wear this evening.

Supposing that the Recording Angel takes down people's thoughts in celestial shorthand, hers would have run something as follows:

"If that doesn't bring Harrison Chalvey to time nothing will! His family is beginning to get worried—first thing I know they'll be packing their innocent little angel child out of harm's way. Four o'clock and T. J. not thru yet! I won't have time to get that marcel—what chance does a girl that works all day have against those rich society dames? Wonder what T. J. would say if he knew I was riding in his own limousine last night with his son making highball love to me!"

"Miss Charles!" She looked up with a start, to find Thomas Olverson's steely gray eyes fixed disapprovingly on her. "I have asked you twice for the Parker-Mills contract!"

He looked at her, thought Rita, angrily, as she searched thru the files for the missing document, exactly as he looked at the ticker-tape or the telephone or any other piece of office equipment. Rita was

not accus-
tomed to
having men
regard her
in this wise.

The after-
noon's work
at last over,
she hurried
home thru

In a deep chair
in the corridor
she sat discon-
solately wait-
ing, outwardly
calm, inwardly
raging with hu-
miliation and
resentment



She sank down on the piano bench, fingers fumbling among the keys. As she sat at a great distance she heard him speaking words which meant an ominous sesame to her dreams

the faint spring dusk, impatient of the stream of traffic that delayed her at the cross streets, even in her shabby business suit and cheap straw turban a provocative, daring little figure which drew men's glances like a lodestone. She was one of those creatures who wear their sex on their sleeve. Every look, glance, gesture proclaimed it aloud—"I am the female of the species! I am woman—made to be loved. I am young, and beautiful, and *female!*"

Wherever she went she was followed by covert glances, speculating, specious. But she never answered their challenge. Rita was out for bigger game. She guarded her respectability zealously, not for its own sake so much as because her shrewd little brain told her that it was her greatest asset in the difficult task she had set herself, that of gaining a foothold somehow—anyhow—on the slippery reefs that led upward to the citadels of society.

The boarders at Mrs. Potts' Select Boarding House were gathered on the stoop, awaiting the summons to dinner. They answered her brief, frigid nod with envious stares that found vent in words as soon as she had passed beyond hearing.

"Wonder who's the meal ticket tonight?" Miss Dobbs, the buyer in Tracey's department store sniffed, with the unforgiving virtue of a lady on the shady side of forty. "The maid told me that she has a new dress—of course, there's not

enough material in her evening clothes to cost much, still——"

"Three different cars in as many evenings!" nodded the manicurist from the Biltmore. "The head-waiter in the Pan Room says Harrison Chalvey brings her there at least twice a week, and everything from oysters to cheese! For my part, I don't see it! Of course her eyes aren't bad, and that queer dark-red hair——"

"I think Rita Charles is awfully nice!" Carrie Billings said stoutly. She was a sickly little thing who did a song-and-dance act in the three-a-day circuits whenever she was roused as now, recovering from a breakdown. She turned to the silent man beside her. "Don't you, Doctor Varian?"

A wide, baby stare of the utmost guilelessness robbed the question of malicious meaning. For it was a commonly whispered report among the other boarders that Rita Charles was Doctor Varian's reason for being there.

"I think," said the doctor, pointedly, "that it's going to be a lovely evening and, also"—as a bell clanged thru the hall behind them—"that dinner is ready," and, rising, he stood, very tall and straight, to let them pass. But his face, as he followed them, was rather grim.

Ida, the down-at-heel little maid, rapped upon Rita's door, then, in her eagerness, stuck her befrizzled head around

"lease, miss, the car's come and the shover says to tell you
's waiting." She drew a loud breath of admiration. "My!
u look swell, Miss Rita—just grand—like a real sassiety
y!"

The black tulle and satin gown limned the girl's young,
rving figure with startling frankness. She had spent the
ort interval since her homecoming cleverly, and the result
as a dainty freshness, a perfection of detail that a French
aid could hardly have improved upon. From her sleekly
aved head to the tiny heels of her satin slippers Rita Charles
oked precisely like any of the exquisitely contrived young
omen of the Four Hundred whom she would later brush
ainst in the palmroom of some fashionable hotel—except
or her eyes.

Those alone showed her difference, her struggle. There
as a strained look to them, a hardness that was almost cal-
ulation. Where they should have been lazy, indifferent, they
ere anxious.

Tonight as she sat on the soft cushions of Harrison Chal-
ey's town car she was wondering, with all the sickening eager-
ess of a gambler who has staked everything on one throw
f the dice whether she would be able to "land" a proposal
onight. She had played her cards expertly, yet she could not
e sure. Chalvey was no novice with women; she did not dare
ake his attentions too seriously for fear of frightening him
way, yet, on the other hand, she had heard disquieting rumors
f family interference.

The chauffeur opened the door and handed her out at the
blazing entrance of the Highmore Hotel. "The Peacock Alley.

miss," he murmured, in a tone whose servile respect was be-
lied by the knowing leer of his glance. "He will be here as
soon as possible."

Head held haughtily high, Rita swept up the carpeted steps
and by the liveried doormen, acutely conscious, under her
affectation of ease, of her lack of escort. In a deep chair in
the corridor named, for obvious reasons, "Peacock Alley,"
she sat disconsolately waiting, outwardly calm, inwardly
raging with humiliation and resentment.

She knew very well that Chalvey would not have dreamed
of treating a girl of his own class in this offhand fashion.
Pride whispered for her to leave before he came, but it was a
feeble whisper, quite drowned beneath other advisory voices.
It was a small enough price, after all, she admitted grudgingly,
to pay for a dinner at the Highmore, with its lights and flow-
ers, music, exotic and costly food, its flatteringly attentive
waiters, its atmosphere of ease and indifference to money
which her restless soul craved.

And so she waited obediently and presently he came, blasé,
offering careless, casual apologies, a trifle uneasy as he faced
her across the snowy table in a semi-private corner of the
Turkish Room.

"Here's a pretty go, Rita!" he confessed; "the mater has
decided to go to Newport, so I'm off tomorrow! Do you
know I hate
to go some-
how, but
the Rock

The meeting was
brief, a hurried intro-
duction, a distrustful
look exchanged be-
tween the two men,
a touching of hats
and they had passed
on



of Gibraltar is a down pillow compared to the mater, once she makes up her mind."

Rita looked down at her Blue Points, sick with disappointment, conscious that she must not show it. She had only this evening then! Well, she would make the most of that.

She smiled into the heavy, rather vacuous face opposite, a slow, challenging smile. It was no time for delicate work. "I wonder," she murmured, "why you hate to go—"

But the fates were working against her. Midway of the dinner a waiter called Chalvey to the telephone. When he

rage filmed her eyes. When all danger of their falling was past she called for her coat and went out into the foyer. A hand touched her arm. She looked up to see T. J. Olverson, Junior's, face, slightly flushed, smirking down into hers.

"Well, well, sweetness!" he greeted her. "Not calling it evening so soon? Have a drink with me, eh? No? Well, I'll see you home anyhow—got the old bus right outside."

T. J., Junior, was not yet forty, but he was puffy and flat and slightly bald. There was always the smell of his 10 cocktail about him, and he wheezed going upstairs. His glare

was an insult, his touch a degradation,

Rita, shrinking involuntarily, allowed him to lead her down the steps and across the pavement to his car.

Doctor Varian was

just returning home

from his settlement

house when the Olverson

limousine, looking

oddly out-of-place in

the dinginess of West

Twenty-third street,

drew up before Mr.

Potts' boarding-house.

To his surprise, the

door did not open at once, and he noticed that the old-rose silk curtains within had been unloosed so that they covered the windows.

As he stood, hesitating, he heard a

stifled cry from the car, the

shuffle of a struggle. With a

grim face the doctor sprang

across the pavement and

wrenched the door open.

The limousine opened,

catching the slender

figure that had

tumbled out in

his open

arms.

Before he

could make

a move, Rita

Charles



"We—were dining in a—a private room and there was a—a raid. It seems his—his wife had been trying to get evidence for some time so she hired detectives—"

returned it was with his hat and coat. "Awfully sorry, Rita," he explained, "but I'll have to beat it—unexpected business. I know you'll understand. You're a good sport! Don't forget me, will you?" He looked down at the satin sheen of the bare arms and bosom, the sheer loveliness of her, and his voice thickened. "Damn it all! I'm not likely to forget you!"

She watched his thick-set figure disappear, and tears of

"THE WORLD TO LIVE IN"

Fictionized by permission from the scenario by Margaret Turnbull, based on W. Carey Wonderly's story. Produced by Select Pictures; starring Alice Brady. Directed by Charles Maigne. The cast:

Rita Charles.....	Alice Brady
Carrie Billings.....	Virginia Hammond
Ida.....	Zyllah Shannon
Doctor Varian.....	W. P. Carlton
Hugh Chalvey.....	Earl Metcalfe
T. J. Olverson, Jr.....	Robert Schable
The bride.....	Anne Cornwall

had slammed the door she murmured an order to the chauffeur, and the big car was gone. Very pale, but perfect the mistress of herself, the girl put up shaking hands to her loosened hair and tucked a tawisp of tulle under her coat.

"He—was trying to kiss me," she explained, coolly. "He had been drinking, of course, but—I am very grateful to you for coming just when you did!"

(Continued on page 64)



Tea He!

Interview in One Act

By GLADYS HALL

nor the complexion of your progenitors . . . your habits . . . your inner self . . . advanced stuff, y'know . . .

HENRY G. SELL (*aggrievedly*)—Still, California, you know . . . Californians *always*—

INQUISITOR (*resignedly*)—Yes, yes, they *always* . . . I know . . . but what's this I hear about your name . . . your changed name?

HENRY G. S.—Well, you see, no human being alive today *ever* pronounced it right. I contracted paralysis of the tongue explaining it. Fans deluged me with plaintive queries. I was generally hailed as a "gazelle," or some other gentle beast. It sort of got on my nerves. Too young for nerves? How nice of you . . . tea he! No, but

Here we have Henry Gsell—er—that is—Henry G. Sell—and below Mr. Sell and Pearl White herself

really, the nerves come from playing in stock, which, nevertheless, I enjoyed greatly. (*Continued on page 69*)

THOSE CONCERNED

Henry G. Sell (formerly Henry Gsell). Victim
Gladys Hall. Inquisitor
Other Man. Sedulous Waiter

SCENE

The scene is the Balm Room of the Wiltmore. The action sounds (see cast given above) triangular, which is also peppy, but is, in reality, strictly interrogative and righteously professional. Main characters are discovered at a small, marble-topped table to the right of the dim greenroom. From somewhere off-stage an orchestra orchestrates fitfully. The Sedulous Waiter serves . . . ah, orange pekoe . . . with nervous

dexterity, after the manner of his kind. The Inquisitor, as the curtain rises, resembles a highly agitated interrogation point. The Victim, hero to how many of Pearl White's heroines, appears to be, at least, *un garçon complaisant*.

THE VICTIM (*hurriedly*)—I was born in California . . . my mother was a blonde . . . my . . .

INQUISITOR (*nonchalantly attacking an inoffensive English muffin*)—I really don't wish to know where you were born . . . nor the color of your eyes, nor . . .

HENRY G. SELL (*with dark suspicion*)—I understood you to be an interviewer. I . . .

INQUISITOR (*continuing blandly*)—Your eyes . . . I see they are gray . . .



The Purple and Gold Darmond



gowned in black velvet. The gown was made long, almost to the ground, and a long black velvet cape hung from her shoulders. Because she looked so distinctly royal, I was vividly reminded of the occasion of our first meeting. Then she had been suffering from a bad cold and the doctor had ordered her to bed. But she had gotten up as soon as he left the house and comfortably ensconced herself in a big armchair. She was wearing a sixteenth century negligee that had recently seen service in a costume picture.

Answering the question of what becomes of their old clothes, she had remarked, "This is too good to throw away so I wear it around the house."

Later, two tiny children had come over from next door and we had left our chairs to sit on the floor, looking at the pictures which entirely filled the lowest drawer in the sideboard. When they left, she had remarked, "My real ambition is to have five children of my own." (And she meant it, too.)

We had iced lemonade, and told jokes and read fortunes. She is very much of a fatalist.

"I never worry about the possibility of death or being in an accident or anything like that," she remarked. (We had been talking of the influenza.) "I think that some things in life are as inevitable as war pictures."

"But do you think that war pictures really are inevitable?" I asked.

She nodded affirmatively. "I've been talking with some soldiers, you know, and they say that the returning

Grace Darmond and her mother not only look like sisters, but they really and truly are chums. They live in a beautiful bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood

WHERE I asked off-hand to give an impression of Grace Darmond, I would say that she reminds me of a color combination—purple and gold.

There is no "why" for this. Her hair is of a golden color—the shade of "old" gold—but I have never seen her dressed in purple. However, I have heard her say that the kind of gown she likes best on the screen has a long train which moves snakily. (That was when she was leading woman with Earle Williams, but I do not think that she has changed her mind, now that she is a star.)

It was on a cold afternoon in January that I went to interview her at the Willis and Inglis studio. I found her standing in the doorway of her dressing-room,



An Interview in Sixteenth Century Negligée with a New Star

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

troops will love to see war pictures and point out all the errors that the director has made in his production. Certainly, I think that they will be popular!"

"Which will be popular, the errors or the pictures?"

"Both," she answered cheerfully, "but I should say chiefly the errors. It is only human nature that one should like to show how much one knows."

I was introduced to her mother. It is "old stuff" to say that a mother and daughter look like sisters, but in this case the usual complimentary phrase is true. They *do* look like sisters, and they *are* really and truly chums. They live in a beautiful bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood. The other members of the family are "Theda," "Anita" and "Earl," canaries so tame that they are often let out of their cages and permitted to fly around the house, and "Boy" is their pet—an exceedingly lovable tho entirely plebeian puppy.

"We picked him off the street one night," said Miss Darmond. "It was about midnight, and he had been howling outside my window for about an hour. At last I dressed and went outside to see what was the matter. The poor little fellow was cold and hungry and just generally miserable. We took him in and fed him and advertised him, and then when nobody came to claim him, adopted him for our own. He wasn't what we wanted in a dog, for we had been planning to get a Boston bull, and now we cant. One dog around the house is enough."

It has frequently occurred to her to give "Boy" away. "But when it came to the point I couldn't bring myself to do it!" Which is the most characteristic thing about her I know!

But to return to my interview. We went down the steps leading to her dressing-room and crossed the lot to where the "set" was waiting.

"It seems strange," she remarked on the way, "not to be playing opposite Earle Williams." She was with his Vitagraph company for a year.

"I dont believe that your head is a bit bigger," I said, suddenly.

"Do you know," with mock wonderment, "I dont feel a bit different than I did before I was a star! Tho, of course," (here she



Miss Darmond is twenty years old, likes ham and cabbage and when she was a little girl, her pet ambition was to be a milliner. She was born in Toronto, her father being a concert violinist



gave a screamingly funny imitation of the up-stage star), "I know that by becoming a star I will seriously damage the drawing power of Mary Pickford." She dimpled at the idea, which goes to show that she is not in the least conceited.

I watched her work for a while. They were making
(Continued on
page 68)

Dorothy, Alan and Gwen

tragic to think of the poor little unwanted tenement babies—unwanted because there's so much poverty in the world, so much misunderstanding between the parents? You see, even my wedding was romantic. I was Modesty in 'Everywoman' and Mr. Holubar had been engaged for King Love. And he really did fall in love with Modesty and I fell in love with—Love! Then later we went West, and our baby came after I had been in pictures quite a while. Now I'm continuing in pictures, not only because I enjoy acting, but because I



SHE jumped into instant fame thru her success in "Hell Morgan's Girl." The play was so vivid and so well suited to Miss Phillips' personality that every one remembers her girl of the Barbary Coast. Nothing she did subsequently quite touched it—until her recent heroine of "The Heart of Humanity."

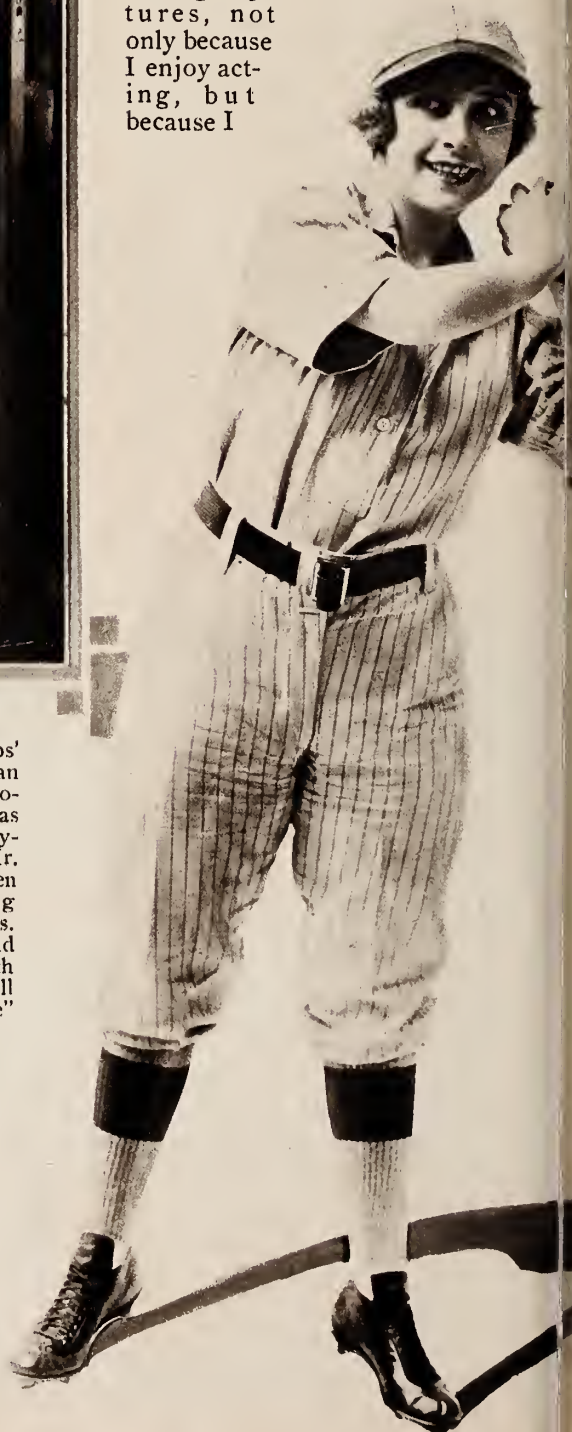
Motion picture acting is but an incident to Dorothy Phillips. It is a means to a very important end. She loves to act, but her love is selfless. True greatness is said to arise from unselfish motives. Miss Phillips' whole soul is thrown into her work because, you see, she's not earning a big salary just to buy motors and stunning clothes, but because—

"Gwendolyn is really a beautiful child," came a soft, sweet voice from a dark corner in the set. A big English hall—lovely upholstered settees, a fireplace, dusky corners that suggested romantic love-making—and there you have the background for the Madonna of the Movies.

"They say all mothers make that remark," went on the voice, with the soft Baltimore accent, "but really you must believe me, because I'm not citing my own opinion—everybody says she is beautiful. She has real chestnut hair—something I always wanted myself. You know that chestnut which shows glints of burnished gold in the satiny brown? She would make you think of the shiny nuts we used to love to roast at this season of the year back East. And her coloring is perfect, and she is so full of vivacity and life—I think perhaps that is her real charm.

"I am glad I can act, glad I can give her an easy future. Isn't it

Dorothy Phillips' wedding to Alan Holubar was romantic. "I was Modesty in 'Everywoman' and Mr. Holubar had been playing King Love," she says. "And he really did fall in love with Modesty and I fell in love with Love"



By
FRITZI
REMONT

will be able to
ave for her fu-
ture. You see,
Mr. Holubar's
position is such
that I need not
act from the fi-
nancial point of
view unless I
care to, and so
it's just the
baby that is my
big incentive.

"There, I'm
alone. Would
you like to mo-
or over home
with me and see
Gwendolyn?"

Was any one
going to miss
an opportunity
of seeing the
beautiful child
of a very beau-
tiful screen
star? Unlike
Togo, who re-
plied by saying
nothing, I split
the atmosphere
by as hearty a
"yea-veryly" as
ever pleased a
mother-heart.

The Holubars
have a lovely
home in Los
Angeles. As
for Dorothy,
she looks like a
little sister of
the four-year-
old Gwendolyn.
No photograph
half does justice
to the child's
loveliness. She
doesn't like to
have a picture
taken, is not a
bit vain, and
rather sets her

little face in an attempt to be grave, for, be it known, Gwendolyn Holubar is full of roguish smiles, of happy twinkles, and has glorious, deep, sentimental eyes that tug at one's heart-strings. Her greatest possessions are a picture of her mother, selected by herself from dozens submitted, and a little American flag. She has toys galore, and her mother plays with her in every spare moment at home.

At the studio, Miss Phillips has been wearing a gorgeous evening frock of cloth of silver, with magenta velvet, diamond ornaments and rings, and a beautiful string of perfectly matched pearls. At home, she's the embodiment of Southern daintiness. You know how the Southern girls always love organdies and fluffy-ruffles? Well, that's the sort of style Dorothy Phillips brings to California from her Baltimore home.

The gods heaped favors into her tender deep gray eyes,

(Thirty-five)



which look like the mountain lakes of northern California. Dorothy Phillips was born in 1892 in Baltimore, and studied at the high school there, then began in stock company, graduated to the cast of "Everywoman," later did "Mary Jane's Pa" with Adonis Dixey, and then spent her summers working for Essanay, refusing to give up her stage career, which she then considered paramount. Later such inducements were offered Miss Phillips that she gave up the legitimate stage and has been in pictures ever since, her main reason for sticking to the "silent" being mother-love. She is

(Continued on page 70)

Motion picture acting is but an incident to Dorothy Phillips. It is a means to a very important end. Yet her whole soul is thrown into her work because she's not earning a big salary just to buy motors and stunning clothes, but because—

Madge's Own Movie School



"Get this!" says Madge Evans, "you're to have a close-up—try to look dramatic, or something"



"This is the way a love scene has gotta be done," explains little Miss Evans. "Put some zip in it!"



"Now, go to it," commands Madge. "Cut the comedy and make believe you're Doug Fairbanks. Kiss me and then jump over the piano"



"Ye gods!" sighs Miss Evans. "I'm going to can the whole troupe. They're the worst that ever jarred the celluloid"

P. S.—The leading "lady" Madge's brother

(Thirty-six)

An Olive From Sunny California

By SUE ROBERTS

"We've got the 'littlest' company ever formed," said Olive Thomas, "but it's all our own. Isn't it fun?"

When Olive Thomas says "Isn't it fun?" her ingénue eyes, round and innocent and glisteny, sparkle with a spirit somewhat similar to that which must have lighted the eyes of Columbus when first he sighted the western hemisphere.

When Olive says, "I had influenza on Christmas, wasn't it rotten?" her eyes are still alight with the thrill of discovery.

To philosophize upon Olive's eyes is amazingly tempting, but the plot of this little tale demands a more substantial if less intriguing introduction.

In the land of the creeping celluloid there has lived a man whose vast financial moves and producing plans have been closely watched, intensely admired, and bitterly feared by rival producers. To a certain extent, Lewis J. Selznick is a picture Cræsus. His touch upon a picture project turns it to gold, for either *himself* or some one else.

A little more than a year ago the name Selznick disappeared from all electric signs, trade paper advertisements and newspaper articles concerning pictures, and Lewis J. became president of the Select Pictures Corporation.

Now it happened that Mr. Selznick has a son, just turned of age, who has been associated in all his father's enterprises. Young Myron didn't like this hiding of the family name behind a bushel. So a short while ago he made up his mind to see what he could do for his country, or rather his patronymic.

Thus the reason for the startling news which recently dawned upon the movie horizon: Myron Selznick had organized the Selznick Pictures Corporation and engaged Olive Thomas as his star at a salary of \$2,500 a week.

After nearly wearing out Mr. Bell's well-known invention, I managed to obtain an appointment with Olive Thomas. There was no time for the pink-tea setting or softly lighted boudoir atmosphere, which the usual interview should have according to all laws. Miss Thomas agreed to see me in the office for a moment or two before train-time.

Picture an office that befits a king of finance. A desk, large enough to swallow a billiard-table, is monarch of the room. Leather chairs, deep, sinking-in ones and divans; Oriental

rugs and silver accoutrements are its subjects. And among these Olive and I held court.

Olive cuddled into her soft sealskin coat with an impatient little shrug. "I certainly do have the worst luck," she announced, in a perfectly unperturbed voice. "Here I come to New York on a two-weeks' vacation, to get clothes and do the theaters before starting our new picture and, lo and behold! I have to get the flu. They trundled me off to a hospital, and there I spent my vacation, being told if I didn't do this and didn't do that, they wouldn't be responsible and I'd probably get worse and maybe die. No theaters, no shops, nothing. Jack (Pickford, her husband) is out on the coast taking pictures, you know, and he wired frantically every day. I spent my Christmas in bed. Jack sent me a diamond necklace by a friend of his who had been in the navy. He showed it to me the day before Christmas, but we were afraid to leave it around, so he offered to put it in his safe-deposit box. Came Christmas, and I wanted my necklace, at least to look at. No way of getting it—wouldn't you know?"

—we had forgotten that he couldn't get it out on Christmas day. No theater, no necklace, nothing. Just bed and ice-bags. "But I fooled everybody New Year's.

All the boys and girls had sent me flowers—pityingly, dont you know. But I made up my mind I was going out if

"We have a house out in California and it's nice weather and all that," says Miss Thomas. "But there's nothing to it. No excitement, no big plays. All I do is work every day and go to the movies in the evening. I told mother I felt just like an Irish workman"

it killed me. When I walked into the club, you'd have thought I was a ghost, every one was so surprised. They greeted me with 'Why, Olive Duffy!' My real name was Duffy, you know.

"For the last two days I have been staying with a friend of mine, and I cant see how she puts up with me. I have turned her apartment into a regular office. There have been insurance agents examining me for \$300,000 worth of insurance to protect the company in case I should expire before my

contract ran out; there were photographers, shoemakers, dressmakers, fitters, people running in with this paper and that for me to sign. You see, the doctors didn't want me to go out. Today's the first day I've left the house for any length of time, and tonight I have to catch the train for Pittsburgh to visit my mother and then hurry out to the coast and work."

We edged in a little remark of "Do you like the coast?"

"Of course I do," she said. "We have a house out there and it's nice weather and all that. But there's nothing to do. No excitement, no big plays. All I do is work every day and go to the movies in the evening. I told mother I felt just like an Irish workman. Working each day, paid once a week, and a half holiday on Sunday."

"But some difference in the pay," I remarked, pointedly.

Just at this crisis the door opened and Mr. Selznick, Sr., came in, followed by his secretary. Miss Thomas and I soft-pedaled our chatter and asked as one voice with but a single thought, "Oh, are we in your way?"

The busy picture financier pressed five or six little buttons set in a square box on his desk and said, cordially, as if time were of no consequence in his rushed life, "Go right ahead and enjoy yourselves," and with a nod to his secretary to follow him, he left us in possession of his sanctum.

"We've got the 'littlest' company ever formed," says Olive, "but it's all our own. Isn't that fun?"

"Oh, dear," said Olive, "I do hope I won't have to see any more people today. I look such a fright!"

Which started an argument on the impossibility or possibility of such a thing. At its very height Myron Selznick entered quietly.

"When you two girls finish chatting," he said, "Cosmo Hamilton is waiting outside to see you, Olive!"

"Oh, dear, what does he want?"

"To talk over ideas for your new story. Surely you're not afraid of a mere man."

"Afraid?" said Olive, as she rose vigorously to her full height of five feet four. "Have you forgotten that I can beat both you and Jack at wrestling? Afraid of a man! I guess not. Any woman can get the best of a man if she wants to."

Myron and Olive stood side by side, both belonging in the bantam-weight class.

"See my star," said Myron.

"See my manager," said Olive. "Haven't we got the 'littlest' company?"

"We won't have any one in our company who is over five feet four will we, Olive?" said Myron.

"No, siree!" agreed Olive. "Even Jack is in that class, so he can kind of belong."

"What I like is we're going to have just a little corner of a studio, but it's all our own. Isn't it fun?"

No one can boss us. Can they, Myron?"

"No, siree!" agreed Myron.

"I must go," I put in.

"Mr. Hamilton is waiting to talk to you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Olive. "You're just our size, so you can belong, too, can't you, Myron?"

"Yes, siree!" said Myron.

But I saw my duty and departed.

As I passed thru the outer office I saw the famous author Cosmo Hamilton, cooling his bespattered heels until Mr. Thomas found time to see him, and the big producer, Herbert Brenon, waiting patiently for a business conference with Mr. Selznick, Senior, until Mr. Thomas had quite finished with Louis J.'s private office.

But all of these things, which are the natural homage due a queen star, failed to amuse me so much as the fact that momentarily I had forgotten that my companion was Olive Thomas, a famous film star and

the wife of the equally famous Jack Pickford. I had failed to remember that she used to be a favorite in Loie Fuller's well-known Follies.

To me she was a jolly good fellow—just one of the girls.

GREASED LIGHTNING



Andy Fletcher was an inventor. He couldn't help it. He had been born that way.

Sold in Story Form from Julien Josephson's Scenario

By FAITH SERVICE

ANDY FLETCHER was an inventor. He couldn't help it. He had been born that way. From the very dawning of his juvenile consciousness he had been tinkering with things, mending things, dreaming things. He had dreamed gigantic things, revolutionary things. That nine of them had, thus far, come true, bothered him very little. There was always more to dream of. Dreams are happy, prodigal things. Of course, not everybody has the same viewpoint. His dad, for instance. His dad, like manifold dads before him, hammered steel endlessly in his little smithy. He hammered it tirelessly. Three times a day he departed from his anvil to eat. At eight he divested himself of his leather apron, his spectacles and, this for more immodest conjecture, no doubt of other impedimenta and betook himself to his honourous slumbers. There was no departure. Andy did not understand the admirable mechanism of his paternal parent. His parent did not understand the world-building dreams of Andy. They seemed, these dreams, to manifest themselves chiefly in little matters of alarm clocks, ancestral watches, kitchen devices and the like, which, after Andy's touch, never ran again. Or, if they did run, exhibited tendencies like nothing human ever known. Dad did not understand Andy. In the due course of events, dad betook himself to an orderly museum. Goodwife Fletcher speedily followed suit, the result in life having grown upon her. Andy was left alone.

He was a dutiful lad, dreams notwithstanding, and he mourned properly for six months with a number taffeta band sewed neatly on his Sunday suit. Then it came to him that he could dream again. He felt a great passion for reforming the world, for making it a better place to live in. But he did not, like many others, know just how to begin. He thought of his mother, of her worn hands, of her anxious,

After the job was completed she stood still rather and more adequately her ministrations. She took the late inventor into the dining-room and fed him

overworked expression. What might have made life easier for her? Sweeter? Softer? Some people begin in the bowels of the earth, some in the last stratas of the air. Andy decided that he would begin right at home. He thought for a whole week, with only the old gray mare and the speckled chicken for companioning. There came to him the thought that there had been an endless procession of potatoes, all of which had to be sliced . . . by hands . . . by his mother's hands. Suppose . . . suppose . . . she had not had to peel them. What a saving that would have been . . . of energy . . . of force, precious thing. Thus the invention.

Andy worked tirelessly. Unlike his father, he forgot to eat and, quite frequently, to go to bed. That the world should have its potatoes sliced for it by science seemed to Andy to be the great thing.

The night on which he put it to the test was epochal. His face grew very red and his breathing halted for five perceptible



moments. When it had, however, sliced six successive potatoes without anything further than occasional, very trifling readjustments, he felt that he was justified in presenting his masterpiece to the world. He felt that he moved, unknown as yet, but none the less forceful, with Bell and Maxim, with Marconi and Edison. When he slept he dreamed of laurel wreaths and laboratories where scores of aproned men and girls turned out Fletcher's Little Giant Potato Slicer.

The next day he tacked a huge proclamation on the grandstand at the ball-field and another one on the screen door of the post-office. It announced that at high noon Andrew P. Fletcher would demonstrate his "World-Easing, Labor-Saving Little Giant Potato Slicer. Saves Hands. Preserves Mothers. Elongates Wives."

Pipersville was impressed. Various people were heard to say that "That Fletcher boy allus did have somethin' to him."

The most impressed of the Pipersvillians was Alice Flint, sixteen-year-old daughter of Labar Flint, Pipersville's one banker and one plutocrat. Labar Flint kept "help." He had an auto, mission furniture in his living-room, steam heat, electric light and sanitary plumbing. He had brought the flesh-pots of Egypt to the stale ways and byways of Pipersville. His daughter was a product thereof.

For a year Alice Flint had represented to

Andy finally made it understood that he wished to draw from the bank all his funds because the president's daughter liked a fellow with a car



Andy Fletcher the perfection in femininity. But he was used to dreaming and not so used to actuality. To pull his cap from his head when they met by chance on the street was as far as and as long as Andy ever dared to imagine.

Alice, being feminine, was more largely fanciful. For a long time the vision of the boy before the anvil with his honest dreamer's eyes shining, strangely blue, from the ruddiness of his cheeks, kept coming between her and her dinner, her book, her knitting, the faces of her girl friends.

She liked the way he smiled. She liked the gesture with which he pulled his cap from his tousled hair. She liked the gleam of his teeth. She had never seen a boy she liked so well. She wished that he liked her. It isn't much fun being a goddess when one is sixteen and the month is May. It is still less so when one does not have even the chilly satisfaction of being aware of one's empedestalling.

When Alice read the sensational announcements she was very much excited. Just to prove it she ran home and put on her figured organdie. The old housekeeper had told her that her hair was "yeller as corn-silk in it." She wished that the

boy whose sinewy arms wielded the anvil would see it and think so, too. She hoped that he would succeed. That would be triumphant.

He wasn't a bit triumphant. He arrived, ostentatiously, with the marvelous miracle and a bushel of potatoes badly in need of slicing. He looked very much flushed, very antipatory. Alice had to put her hand over her heart so that people might not see its beating. Not that the people of Pipersville were given to taking notice of beating hearts—

The miracle didn't seem inclined to slicing activities. It tacked the stolid vegetables before it rather wildly and qu

at random. They remained not only unsliced, but quite unmoved as well. Pipersville began to laugh. There was no mor. Those who had come to pay remained to see. Only Alice was silent, sympathetic, understanding.

When the H-polloi had gone she came timidly up to the disolate invention. He had been stoned by criticism. Pity made her valorous. She became a motor to his isolation.

"I'm a wife sorry," she ventured, and put a timid hand up his sleeve. They stood alone in the public square. Trade had been resumed. How are the mighty fallen!

Andy looked down on her. She was a little thing! Terrible pretty! Sweet!

He gulped. "I'm no good," he lamented; "cant do a thing."

Alice became more and more womanly. More and more of that vast army who push with their Herculean courage their men to triumph arches. "Why, you *can*!" she declared, squeezing the rough sleeve just ever so accidentally. "You can, too! You—" She cast about her for inspiration. What *was* it she had read of women behind the throne? What *was* it? "Our—our stove-pipes are awful out of order," she exclaimed, brilliantly; "if you could fix it . . . do you s'pose?"

Andy Fletcher gazed down on her. He felt a healing, anointing. Already the Little Giant was becoming littler, losing proportion. He inflated his chest. "Bet I *can*!" he boasted. "Like to see anybody *stop* me!"

So would Alice.

Walking along the board sidewalk to the plutocratic mansion, a dream was coming true for both of them.

Andy Fletcher did miraculous things to the stove-pipe. He seemed to know an amazing amount about everything under the sun, stove-pipes being only among the least of the things Alice watched, adoring.

After the job was completed she plied still further and

more adequately her feministic magic. He took the late inventor into the dining-room and fed him. He was supremely happy. This was more than he had dared to hope for until—well, until that day when he should be ranked with Marconi and his brothers in science.

Alice talked to him. She told him about school, about the high-school hop at which she had had all her dances—seven and four extras besides and a treat of ice-cream afterward. He said he bet, he didn't wonder and gee whiz!

She said she liked *strong* men best, with muscles in their arms, preferably in their *right* arm. She said blacksmiths were awful nice. And inventors—oh, yes! She said that she loved one thing best, tho, and that was a fellow with an automobile. She knew a girl in the city, and the girl had a fellow and the fellow had an automobile, and she wished she was that girl.

Andy Fletcher walked home in a daze. Cooked his simple supper in a daze. Worked at the smithy in still more of a trance. If he had an automobile. He had visions . . . he and Alice flying down the road on Sunday . . . all dressed up . . . calling for her for a dance . . . meeting her after church . . . his heart thumped and seemed to make as much, if not more noise, than his anvil mingling flint and fire.

The next day he presented himself at the bank whereof her father was president. His face was very red and his booming young voice very much subdued. He asked to see the president. The president didn't look pleased at the call. He had a testy and a most nerve-racking manner of interrupting, with small, volcanic "Well, well, wells!"

When the salvage recovered itself finally into the semblance of a car, Andy christened it "Greased Lightning" with a bottle of his mother's apple cider.

Alice Flint represented to Andy Fletcher the perfection in femininity

Andy had a difficult time in getting his mission clearly put. He finally made it understood that he wished to draw from the bank all his funds because the president's daughter liked a fellow with a car.

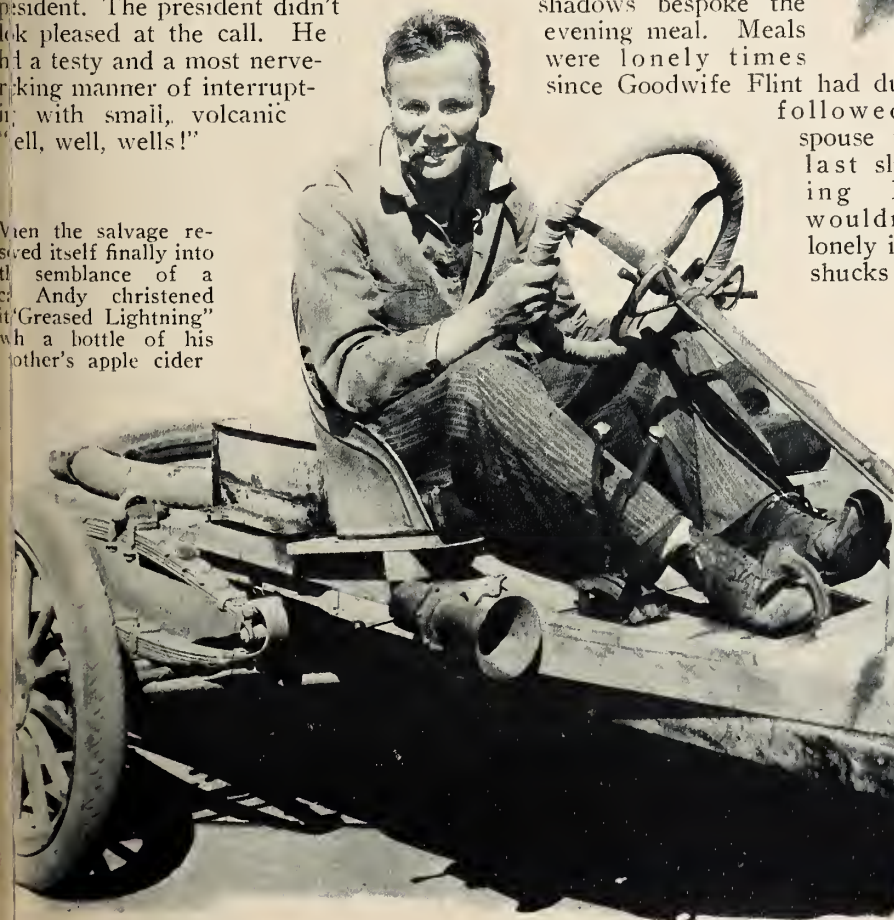
The president glared at him. "I knew your father when we both—ah—stole apples together from the same orchard," he snapped, "and I never knew him for a damn fool, and I never knew he was even fool enough to have a *poor* fool for a son. If I've a fool for a daughter more's the pity. Get out o' here. *You*, not your money!"

It never occurred to the disconsolate Andy that not fifty presidents could deter him from withdrawing his funds if he really had a mind to. The cholera of Mr. Flint completely cowed him. He was vanquished. He shuddered before the man's sacrilege. His daughter a fool! Oh, oh, the worm in man!

Andy sat gloomily before his shop till the evening shadows bespoke the evening meal. Meals were lonely times since Goodwife Flint had dutifully

followed her spouse to his last slumbering. Meals wouldn't be lonely if . . . shucks! . . .

a fellow with an auto! Andy had always been an honest youth. His father had drilled that into him even if it had not been in his small, sturdy body at his natal hour. He had never overcharged. He had never underpaid. But tonight he was bitter with the world. There stood between him and his life's happiness a



miserable—probably—flivver! A flivver . . . when they crawled even this country road like bugs instead of vehicles to pinnacles of glory.

When a rich farmer from a neighboring farm came up with a car badly smashed in the fracas at the country fair, Andy set his grim mouth. "Cost you fifty," he said.

The farmer gasped. "Fifty," repeated Andy, with finality. The farmer shook his head. "Sell you the salvage," he suggested, not with much hope.

Andy ran his fingers thru his hair. His inventor's brain spun around. He saw the wretched salvage taking shape, acquiring action. "Done!" he said.

When the salvage resolved itself finally into the semblance of a car, Andy christened it "Greased Lightning"

was fearfully clad, and over his shoes, which shone like he wore what Andy described as "dresses."

Alice introduced him as "Mr. Armitage, from Noo York." Andy was left in doubt as to which was the more important of the two, Mr. Armitage or the small city he rather graciously hid him from.

The same doubt seemed to be with Mr. Armitage. He laughed at Pipersville. "Odd little town you have!" he said, and lit a cigaret. Andy always remembered Mr. Armitage



Laban Flint presented Alice with a factory-made machine, shining to the He winked prodigiously. "It's a weddin' present," he said.

with a bottle of his mother's apple cider and puffed up the road to call on Alice Flint.

He found her very much engaged. Her manner quite changed. She had a ruffy gown on. Her curls were on her head. And she did not cast so very many shy, sweet smiles at him. She even laughed just a bit at "Greased Lightning," standing, rather crude, at the gateway. Alice was with a strange young man, a very strange young man. He


"GREASED LIGHTNING"

Fictionized from the photoplay by Julien Josephson. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky, starring Charles Ray. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast:

Andy Fletcher.....	Charles Ray
Alice Flint.....	Wanda Hawley
Alden J. Armitage.....	Robert McKim
Laban Flint.....	Willis Marks
Grandpa Piper.....	Bert Woodruff
Milt Barlow.....	John P. Lockney
Rufus Shadd.....	Otto Hoffman

New York, for his superfluous foot-coverings and for his caryets. At the particular moment he could think of nothing but the fact that Mr. Armitage was where he wanted to getting the smiles he wanted to get, hearing the words that should have been meant for him.

Mr. Armitage seemed to be able to explain his presence in Pipersville to everybody's satisfaction, save that of Andy. (Continued on page 66)



Bessie is just wondering which is the hardest: the New York subway system or the California mountains

No, Miss Love doesn't usually carry a ladder on her expeditions

Herewith, Bessie is doing a bit of tight rope work, crossing a brook on her California hike

California, Love and Spring-time

We knew directors would start something with their puttees. Now the actresses are taking 'em up. Behold the putteed Bessie

The Celluloid Critic



Madge Kennedy and John Bowers in Goldwyn's "Day Dreams"

Griffith makes another effort to make a comedienne out of Lillian Gish in "A Romance of Happy Valley"



WITH the photodramatic world whirling in a maelstrom of reported amalgamations and rumored changes—unusual even to filmdom with all its sudden shifts—one can hardly expect much of the screen drama. Unrest is good for the soul, however. Here and there are signs of new methods, new ideas, new ideals. The photoplay is on the verge of breaking the fetters of a machine-feature-a-week and raising itself to a new level.

The month itself was dull, with but few high lights. Again the leadership goes to Cecil de Mille, who followed his "The Squaw Man" with his odd study in matrimony "Dont Change Your Husband."

Based on an original story by Jeanie Macpherson, "Dont Change Your Husband," (Artcraft), has not only the merit of being written for the screen, but of coming a little closer to life than the average sugar-coated photoplay. We do not agree with Miss Macpherson's philosophy, but we admire her effort to get out of the silverscreen rut in approaching the realities of things as they are.

Miss Macpherson starts seven years after the conventional movie fade-out has united Leila Porter and her business-absorbed hubby, James Denton Porter. Lazy habits around the house, a penchant for onions and a general letting up of the finer things of life, causes Leila to turn to the dashing Schuyler Van Sutphen. So she divorces James and marries Van only to discover that one husband is quite like another. Van becomes, in his way, another James. Meanwhile, Porter has seen his folly and has developed into an athletic Beau Brummel. So Leila divorces Van and re-marries James. And the final scene shows Porter, again at his old fireside, lapsing into slumber behind his evening newspaper. The moral, according to Miss Macpherson, is that all husbands are alike and a wife might as well make the most of the one she possesses.

De Mille handles "Dont Change Your Husband" with fine taste and dramatic discretion. Just now there's no director as satisfying as the De Mille, whose scenes invariably are everything they should be. "Dont Change Your Husband" is marked not only by distinguished direction, but by fine acting. Gloria Swanson, who played the much wedded wife, is a distinct discovery. Prettiness, sympathy and repression are here. We know of no one who could play the wife so admirably.

And the new Elliott Dexter is James Denton Porter. He follows his superb Squaw Man with a finely sympathetic performance of the negligent husband. Lew Cody is effective as Van Sutphen, but Julia Faye, to our way of thinking, overdoes the ornate little vampire, "Toodles" Thomas.

David Wark Griffith's "A Romance of Happy Valley," (Artcraft), starts with the charm of an idyll and lapses into the most inane melodramatic clap-trap. Here is the soul struggle of a little country boy who finally tears himself away from his little sweetheart and his parents to find himself in the city. Finally he returns, his pockets bulging with money. His father, now penniless and facing eviction, does not recognize him when he comes to the old homestead to stay. That night the old man tries to kill the stranger in order to get his money, but chance prevents the tragedy. It seems that the village bank has been robbed and the posse has pursued the cracksmen to the homestead. The boy, attracted by the noise, goes out to investigate just as the wounded bank robber crawls into his room. So the old man chokes the thief to death instead of his son. Consequently, everything ends happily, except for the burglar.

"A Romance of Happy Valley" is Griffith briefly at his best and extendedly at his worst. He seems unable to get out of the slough of the melodramatic punch and the chase. The early portion of the picture, despite exaggeration of rural characters, has many fine moments, such as the little love scene in the corn field between the boy and his sweetheart. But, in the main, "A Romance of Happy Valley" is pretty inferior stuff.

Lillian Gish plays the country sweetheart, Griffith continuing in his efforts to make the most idyllic girl on the silverscreen into an eccentric comedienne. Robert Harron varies as the country boy and George Fawcett completely overdoes the old father. Fawcett is guilty of celluloid ranting in the moments when he fights with his conscience before attempting to kill a stranger within his gates.

Jack Barrymore's "Here Comes the Bride," (Paramount), is good fun in the main. Adapted from the stage farce of Max Marcin and Roy Atwell, the piece lends itself quite effectively to the screen and to Barrymore's methods as a farceur. The comedy is built around an impecunious young lawyer who, in order to earn \$10,000, marries an unknown woman. At that moment his sweetheart, the daughter of a wealthy man, decides to elope with him. All sorts of comic complications result.

Barrymore plays the penniless lawyer in an entirely different spirit than it was originally done on the stage. He is, however, highly amusing. Little Faire Binney, who was in Maurice Tourneur's "Woman," is pleasant enough as the sweetheart.

"The Silver King," (Artcraft), which marked William Faversham's return to the screen, is a creaky screen adaptation of a creaky stage melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones. This is the story of an Englishman who believes he has committed a murder while in his cups, who comes to America and strikes it rich in the West and then goes back to vindication and his wife, who has loved him thru it all.

Mr. Faversham films very well, but is fearfully stogy. You know the sort? Continued glances upward as if one expects rain. All this, of course, to indicate a belief in an all-seeing providence to guide one thru seven reels. Much more effective, to our way of considering things, is Barbara Castleton's sympathetic playing of the wife. This is Miss Castleton's best screen work thus far.

"Go West, Young Man," (Goldwyn), which marks an early step in Tom Moore's starring career, is a Doug Fairbanks vehicle minus the athletics. Moore plays a millionaire's son who goes West as a tenderfoot and suddenly develops into a man with strength enough to tame a wild western town. He saves an old miner from losing his mine and marries the daughter.

Looking back over a period of some two weeks at "Go West, Young Man," the whole thing seems rather vague, except a remembrance of Moore as the down-and-

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

out tenderfoot washing dishes in Twin Bridge's restaurant. Ora Carew isn't very interesting as the heroine, we regret to report.

Max Marcin's successful trick melodrama, "Cheating Cheaters," has reached the screen via Select with Clara Kimball Young in Marjori Rambeau's original rôle of Ruth Brockton. The story built around the efforts of two gangs of crooks to fleece each other, each believing the other to be a wealthy family, is adequately enough adapted to the screen. There is considerable humor, Miss Young is satisfactory enough, Jack Holt is the heroic scoundrel, and Anua Q. Nilsson's prettiness stands out strongly.

"Out of the Shadow," (Paramount), is the usual hectic sort of thing that has been hurting Pauline Frederick for many, many months. Suspected of killing her husband, Ruth Minchin is acquitted. She suspects that her benefactor is the guilty man and, altho she loves him, she starts out to solve the mystery. In the end another proves to be the culprit, so the widow and her proven friend are united. "Out of the Shadows" is a pleasant evening's entertainment. This sort of thing is right if it points a bit of philosophy or aids one's understanding of life, but not if it is mere machine-made melodrama.

Willard Mack's drama, "Shadows," in which Goldwyn stars Geraldine Farrar, considerably discouraged us. In the first place it is the old, old story of the woman with a past who is suddenly confronted with said past at the very apex of her happiness. In this instance Muriel Barnes is the happy wife of Judson Barnes. But some years before she was known as Cora Lamont, at that time being a dance hall belle in gay and giddy Alaska. Indeed, she had been deceived by a rough gentleman named Jack McGuff into thinking she was the lawfully wedded Mrs. McGuff. But the McGuff person really had a wife back in the states.

As we intimated, Cora, or rather Muriel, has reached the point of having everything her heart desired when McGuff appears upon the horizon. But she neatly traps him by scattering her jewels about her boudoir, screaming when McGuff appears and thereby causing his death when a policeman shoots the visitor, thinking him a burglar. So Muriel, alias Cora, is left to her happiness.

The drama is worked out without any particular imagination being displayed upon the part of Mr. Mack or the director. Nor are we attracted by Miss Farrar's performance as Cora-Muriel. If nothing else, she photographs badly. Tom Santschi is hyper-red blooded, if you like that sort of thing, as Monsieur McGuff and Milton Sills is hyper-frigid as the loving husband, Judson Barnes.

There is nothing particularly distinctive about J. G. Hawk's latest drama, "Breed of Men," (Arctcraft), in which William S. Hart appears. Herein Hart plays a reckless cowboy and the innocent tool of a land swindler who jams him into office as sheriff and then proceeds to sell out the whole district without regard to the land claims of the original owners. But Sheriff "Careless" Carmody refuses to be a part to the swindle, pursues the swindler to Chicago and brings him back to Arizona to make restitution. Incidentally, "Careless" wins the heart of Ruth Fellows, one of the swindler's victims.

We like Hart as "Careless," but we still keep on wishing for more original vehicles.

Lawrence McClosky's "Silent Strength," (Vitagraph), written for Harry Morey, does little more than provide the virile Vitagraph star with double exposure characterizations as cousins who look alike but are utterly unlike under the skin. Henry Crozier robs his country cousin of an estate and then dares to marry the cousin's sweetheart, still keeping up the pose that he is the honest Dan La Roche. Rather than disillusion the young woman, La Roche keeps silent, even to going to prison for the other's misdeeds. But the villain finally gets his deserts and La Roche gets the girl.

With trick camera work, Morey punches himself in the jaw and does other apparently impossible things, but, outside of this, the story is pretty dull. Betty Blythe is the heroine—and a very, very cold lady indeed.

"Day Dreams," (Goldwyn), is intended for a fragile fantasy, but it rolls lumberingly along, never once soaring cloud-ward. It is the lilt of an odd little girl who fancies that her knight errant will come to her from afar—and—gracious—he does. But he isn't really a knight, for he is no other than Dan O'Hara, hired by George Graham, the cement king, to disillusion the young woman. But Primrose falls in love with Dan, everything ends happily and the amateur knight errant develops into the real thing after all.

Unfortunately, the whole spirit of whimsy is lost. "Day Dreams" is as fragile as hamburger steak and onions. Madge Kennedy can play guileless young woman innocently involved in thin-ice situations, but she certainly doesn't suggest the dreamer, Primrose. In fact, Primrose suggests lunacy rather than fantasy all the way thru. Indifferent acting, but some rather pretty back-grounds.

"Mandarin's Gold," (World Film), is a Kitty Gordon drama, the story of a bridge fanatic who falls asleep and fancies herself in all sorts of tribulations in Chinatown due to her mania for gambling. Miss Gordon is her cold and statuesque self as the bridge dreamer, while Warner Oland make a crafty Chinaman as sinister as only Oland can. "Mandarin's Gold" is, however, just machine-made melodrama.

Vitagraph's "The Lion and the Mouse" impressed us as being rather dull and uninspired. The Charles Klein drama has lost value en route to the screen. Alice Joyce is pleasing as Shirley Rossmore, Conrad Nagel artificial as young Ryder, while the real surprise is Mona Kingsley in a minor rôle.



"Go West, Young Man," with Tom Moore, is a Doug Fairbanks story minus the acrobatics

Gloria Swanson proves to be a distinct screen discovery in Cecil de Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband"





She Doesn't Talk of Her Art

By CHARLES JAMESON



Alfred Heming. Each summer Mr. Heming took a company to Douglas, on the Isle of Man, for a hot-weather season. The Isle of Man is the home of Hall Caine, the author, and Caine became a keen friend and admirer of Miss Heming's father. When the Manxman wrote his best novel, "The Christian," and later dramatized it, the very first performance was enacted by the Heming company. This was for copyright purposes, and Caine himself portrayed the hero, John Storm. "I stood in the wings, a mere kiddie," says Miss Heming, "and watched the performance. Mrs. Caine did Polly Love, mother was the heroine and father played Drake.

"I came to America some fourteen years ago," continued

VIOLET HEMING leisurely removed the make-up from her face. Her acute Englishism, her bloneness, her typical British height and build stood out clearly. Yet there is nothing of a staccato personality about Miss Heming.

She views the stage and screen with a frankly humorous and businesslike twinkle in her blue eyes.

She said nothing about art during the whole chat!

She didn't refer to her ambitions!

We know that Miss Heming doesn't look upon the photoplay as a form of art. To her it has possibilities and splendid remuneration and all that sort of thing. Indeed, she inquired quite blandly if we thought it would continue in popularity. Frankly, she is more interested in the stage. But even the footlights are observed thru half-humorous eyes. Acting is distinctly a business with Miss Heming.

She is proud of one thing—her actor family.

Miss Heming comes of rather distinguished English stage folks. Her mother was Mabel Allen and her father

Violet Heming comes of a distinguished English stage family. Her mother was Mabel Allen and her father Alfred Heming. She came to America some fourteen years ago—a mere slip of a girl.



Violet Heming Looks upon Acting as a Business

Miss Heming, "and it was odd that a few years later a project was started to film 'The Christian.' I was offered a rôle. Pauline Frederick, then unknown to the screen, was to have played in it, along with James O'Neil and Brandon Tynan. But the scheme fell thru and later the play was screened by the Vitagraph Company."

We recalled seeing Miss Heming in a road company of "Peter Pan" with Vivian Martin, the present film star, as Peter. Then the dignified Miss Heming was just a mere schoolgirl Wendy, Miss Martin a juvenile and boyish Peter.

Miss Heming laughed. "I thought that had been forgotten. Wendy was my first rôle in this country, the very year I came over. I was just a gawky girl then. Right after that I played 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' In fact, I was the original Rebecca, Edith Taliaferro playing it in New York after I had played it on the road. Violet Mersereau was the Clara Bell, Edith Storey the Emmy Jane, and Ernest Truex was in the cast. It was a regular movie company, altho none of us thought even remotely of the photoplay then."

Meanwhile Miss Heming kept right on growing. Ingénue rôles came and then leading parts with such stars as George Arliss. Altho she played in companies fairly rife with budding screen stars, the celluloid lure quite passed her by. It was not until a year or so ago that she did her first picture.

"It was terrible and we shall forget all about it," confessed Miss Heming. "I didn't know the first thing about screen make-up and I looked quite awful. My real screen début was in 'The Judgment House,' which J. Stuart Blackton produced.

(Continued on page 74)

Miss Heming longs for the screen to do costume or romantic pictures. "I know that's rank heresy," she says, "but I love picturesque and beautiful clothes"



© Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name



*"See-saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jennie shall have a new master.
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she dont go any faster."*

THE word "thrilling" repeated frequently during a conversation, a clear-eyed, wholesome girl who really means it because, to her, everything is thrilling, a California bungalow, a rose-garden, wholesomeness and again wholesomeness, a little, nervous laugh, youth incarnate—Marjorie Daw.

Because she is so easily thrilled at things she has been called "the greatest little 'thrill' girl in the movies."

"That is true," she said, "I'm not a bit blasé." (She has a way of speaking about herself as tho she were ninety, as when I asked her for a picture she had taken with Geraldine Farrar, whose protégée she is, she protested, "But you dont want that one; it was made years ago!" and, too, when we were looking at photographs, the ones she thought best were always the ones that made her look the oldest.) By which it may be seen that she is a real ingénue, even tho she has on her young shoulders a great deal of responsibility. She is sending her younger brother thru school and taking care of an aunt who lives in Arizona.

However, this Marjorie Daw receives a great deal more than "a penny a day," and she "dont go any faster," because Doug Fairbanks could not do so many wilds stunts for her if she, too, were moving quickly. She has been with him for five pictures, longer than any other leading lady he has had.

I saw her at her home in Hollywood. It is a simple little place, simply furnished. There was nothing in sight that one would call a luxury. In the front room, for instance, are a handsome rug, a piano and two built-in bookcases. All of her chairs are thoroly comfortable, tho not in the least preten-

tious. She has very few pictures; those in her bedroom are all photographs. In the bookcases are many school-books of her own and her brothers', a number of novels, some collections of detective stories and a great deal of poetry. There really is no rose-garden. I put it in with my other impressions because it seemed to me that she belonged in one.

Think of her, then, as dressed in gingham and with her brown hair wavy, tho not in curls, hanging down her back, and you have a picture of her as she looked when I called unexpectedly at half-past ten o'clock New Year's morning.

"If I had known you were coming," she said, "I would have thought up something thrilling to tell you."

So it happened that the conversation turned on thrills, and she told me that, if nothing happens to prevent it, she will go to France with the Douglas Fairbanks company and make several pictures there. She was girlishly afraid that

The girl who was-discovered-by-Geraldine-Farrar as she is today, a glimpse of her playing opposite the redoubtable Doug, and as she was when Gerry first saw her



something might happen to prevent her going.

"Blanche Sweet asked me to go to New York with her," she said. "I asked Mr. Fairbanks if I could go, and he said that he thought I could, but at the last minute he found that he would have to begin a picture right away, so I didn't get to go. I'm studying French, but I'm not setting my heart on the trip. I sometimes think that if you want a thing too much, you won't get it." Which last was a curious thing for Marjorie Daw to say, because if there ever was a child of fortune, she is that child. Fortune has indeed smiled!

Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs a little over seventeen years ago.



Marjorie has resolved to always carry a notebook. "Because," she says, "I've changed my ambition. I want to be a scenario writer. And, perhaps, after a while I'll write short stories"

Center, one of Marjorie's very first pictures

When she was three years old her parents took her to New York City.

"Little as I was when we first went to New York," she said, "I remember the Hotel Belleclaire, where we stayed. There was a fire engine-house across the street and my favorite pastime was watching the engines. Frances Starr lived there—I mean the hotel, of course, not the fire engine-house—and we became quite good friends. I remember her, but, of course, she's forgotten me long ago!"



She was just fourteen years old when she first "broke into" moving pictures. She was not, however, a stranger to the studios. She and Mildred Harris, who is now Mrs. Charles Chaplin, were and are chums. She used to watch Mildred Harris work in "Indian stuff" at Inceville. "And," she said, "it didn't inspire me with the least desire to work in pictures myself; it looked too much like real work! But I like having Mr. Fairbanks do stunts, as the story says, 'for me.'"

"We were living in Santa Monica," she went on. "When we moved to the city, (Los Angeles), my brother started working at the Fine Arts studio. So, too, did Mildred Harris."

Marjorie, whose real name, by the way, is Margarita House, spent a great deal of time around the Fine Arts studio, though she never worked there. Her brother, Chandler, was featured in children's pictures. Chandler is younger than Marjorie, but he is quite tall. (This Christmas he "blossomed" into his first long pants. He is just sixteen years old, his birthday coming in January.) But to return to Marjorie Daw's screen beginnings. Her first picture was with Wilfred Lucas and Cleo Madison at Universal and was called "The Love Victorious." Next came "The Warrens of Virginia," made at Lasky's at the time that Geraldine Farrar came West to make "Carmen."

One day the great star, on her way to her dressing-room, paused to watch the fourteen-year-old girl work for a while. (Oh, well, it's the same old story, except that in this case it really happened. It does sometimes, you know; not, perhaps, so often in real life as in fiction, but often enough to keep hope

(Continued on page 76)

The Fame and

THE amount of pulchritude in America is amazing! That at least, is the opinion of THE FAME AND FORTUNE judges after examining the thousands of portraits entered in the international contest now being conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

That latent talent and ability were laying hidden in every part of the country was obvious. There are many young women and young men who might easily be successful on the stage; they had one thing—opportunity. THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST is that opportunity. The genuineness of the opportunity is guaranteed by the standing of the two magazines.

But even the judges are surprised at the amount of camera possibilities unearthed by the contest. One thing is certain—it is going to be no small task to narrow the promising candidates down to one or two winners. Indeed, to select an honor roll of seven every fifteen days is almost herculean.

After carefully examining the thousands of pictures entered between January 15th and February 1st, the judges selected for the four honor roll the following seven:

Miss Prudence Eddy, of No. 3225 South Emerson Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Eddy is a Chicago girl of the auburn type. Her hair and eyes are



Right:
PRUDENCE
EDDY



Above:
HAZEL O. KEENER

Right:
LUCILE V. LANGHANKE



Above:
ETHEL NEWSOM SMITH

Fortune Beauties

black and she is five five inches in height. Miss Eddy has never had professional experience.

Miss Ethel Newsom Smith, of No. 1128 Travis Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas. Miss Smith was born in Corinne Griffith's birthplace, Texarkana, Texas. Her public appearances have been limited to charity performances. Miss Smith is the first successful candidate to admit of red hair. Her eyes are blue and she is exactly five feet in height.

Miss Gladys Dillman, of No. 398 Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Miss Dillman was born in



Above:
GLADYS DILLMAN

Left:
ISABELLE FALCONER

Below:
ETHYLE FAUNCE

Winnipeg. She has light-brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet three and one-half inches in height.

Miss Isabelle Falconer, of No. 423 West 120th Street, New York. Miss Falconer has been on the stage, last appearing in "Jack O'Lantern." She was born in Milwaukee, and like Miss Smith is of red hair, while she has blue eyes. She is exactly five feet four.

Miss Hazel O. Keener, of No. 1 West Grant Street, Bettendorf, Scott County, Iowa. Miss Keener was born at Fairboy, also in Iowa, and is of the blonde type. Her eyes are like her name, and she is five feet six in height.

Miss Lucile V. Langhanke, of No. 1120 East 47th Street, Chicago, Ill. Miss Langhanke has received a dramatic, musical and dancing training. She was born in Quincy, Ill., has dark auburn hair, dark-brown eyes, and is five feet three.

(Continued on page 62)

(rifty-one)



Evelyn Nesbit in a scene from "Judge Not," in which Miss Rosemon plays an extra

The Extra Girl Becomes a Village Belle

By ETHEL ROSEMON

A HUSH fell on the laughing, chatting girls. They paused with grease-paint suspended in mid-air, with fingers deep in the snowy contents of cold-cream jars or with pans of black cosmetic sizzling merrily over lighted candles. Their eyes turned toward the open door, while their thoughts went wandering back over the years on trains of memory awakened by the low-toned voice in the next room.

"But who was the son of Philip the Second?"

"I dont know."

"Oh, yes, you do. Who was he?"

"I dont know."

"Of course you do," You told me yesterday morning and the morning before that. Why cant you tell me now? Remember, no candy or cake until you do."

"Oh, yes, now I know," piped the small voice. "It was Louis."

"Louis the what?"

"Louis the Lion-hearted."

We could almost hear the teacher chuckle as she announced a recess in the morning's lessons.

Her rule of pedagogy from the inner consciousness of the eternal mother, had been tried and not found wanting. Little Russell scampers happily off perhaps to play at being camera-man, perhaps to see how far up the scenery he could climb without being caught. We smiled with sympathy and renounced our rôles of eave-droppers to complete our faces for those who were soon to play before the camera.

This was a new phase of the ever-changing celluloid world where stars rise and fall according to their own ability or that of their press-agent where the sorrows, the joys, the triumphs and the defeats of the



An Evelyn Nesbit Feature in the Filming

very-much-alive shadow folks are never flashed upon the screen in either a long-shot or a close-up, and where the intimate touch, such as this, that makes the whole world akin, is lost in tales of sable coats that cost a princely fortune, of diamonds that are guarded by detectives and of bank accounts that put to shame the rise of the mercury on the hottest day in summer. For instance, you, who will follow with interest the vision of Ruth Hayes, as she smilingly receives her diploma from the hand of the school superintendent, would never have painted the picture of Evelyn Nesbit, the mother, with little Russell at her knee, going over the morning's lessons before starting the usual routine of the studio day—that is, if I hadn't supplied you with the model. The lessons are not haphazard smatterings of this and that, either, but are as carefully planned as if the movie superintendent waiting



on the set were a real one who would rate the teacher according to her methods. And Russell takes to the lessons—well, just about as any normal, healthy youngster takes to anything that interrupts his play.

This little dressing-room scene prepared us for the set, where Teacher Ann Eggleston stood primly in her correct schoolmarm black gown and the entire board of directors waited on the platform for the exercises to begin. There was the usual line of fluffy girl graduates, with the corresponding line of awkward boys, who would be doggone glad when all the fuss was over. There were the always-among-those-present groups of doting parents and friends who never fail to thrill when the next generation "goes forth to conquer the world"—and there were the time-honored hard assembly-room seats, thank you.

When everything was "set," Miss Nesbit joined the line of

(Continued on page 78)

Top, another glimpse of Miss Nesbit in "Judge Not." Center, the star trying not to listen to Director Charles J. Brabin's reading of the script; and, right, Miss Nesbit volunteering as a studio worker, with her son, Russell, as an assistant



Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT



Here is Myrtle Lind of the Sennett forces in an informal seaside moment. In the Christmas CLASSIC appeared a picture of Miss Lind in the very act of hanging up her stocking. But the portrait was labelled Ethel Linn. All of which very nearly broke little Miss Lind's heart. So this bathing glimpse is presented by way of reparation

Wm. S. Hart has really pulled off something new in make-ups—pulled off is right. He's had his head shaven in order to do a convict rôle. Can you imagine Bill without any hair at all? The funny part is that his new characterization is that of Hair-Pin Harry Dutton, in one of the Boston Blackie stories, running in *The Red Book*. Walter Long is back from service and will play Boston Blackie, George Stone is cast as Donald Dutton, son of the criminal, and Juanita Hansen plays the Poppy Girl, who tries to charm big Bill. By the way, Juanita Hansen has been traveling about under different directors. She's mighty obliging about being loaned about, something like an umbrella in California's rainy season. She just completed a good characterization in Anita Stewart's latest play, under Lois Weber's direction.

One of the prettiest girls in the society world of Los Angeles, a descendant of a fine old French family, Valerie Germonprez, was engaged for Miss Stewart's production also, and has done such good work that her future in pictures is assured.

And now Fay Tincher's back at Universal. She and Jane Novak are doing the principal feminine rôles in "The Fire Flingers," under the direction and lead of Rupert Julian. The latter is advertising all around California

(Continued on page 69)



Mary Pickford upon her first day back at work

ONE of the most stirring events of the past month was the big meeting held at Doug Fairbanks' palatial Beverly Hills home, for the purpose of perfecting a combine of the Big Five, i.e., Mary Pickford, Mr. Fairbanks, Wm. S. Hart, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, for the production and release of pictures independently of any other organization now existing. Dennis O'Brien, Mr. Fairbanks' New York attorney, came out to conduct the proceedings, and, as Miss Pickford was still confined to her home, her attorney attended the meeting with Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

This new "trust" has everybody guessing. The plans are not quite perfected, and they do say that the big men like Adolph Zukor, T. L. Tally, Jesse Lasky, et al, are standing like little boys at the circus fence, trying to peep in and find out what's up. They disclaim fear, but if five great money-makers "go it alone" it's surely going to be hard on some of the concerns which have made thousands on their output heretofore.

Peggy Does Her Darndest

Fictionized by Olive Carew
from the Metro Photoplay

"YOU'RE stalling!" accused Peggy, indignantly; "that last uppercut wouldn't have knocked out a good healthy mosquito!"

Brother Frank ruefully massaged a swollen area under his right eye and investigated a tender spot on the point of his jaw before replying. "That Don Quixote chap who used to go round scrapping with windmills didn't have anything on me!" he declared. "If this is the way you go at it for fun, I'd sure hate to run up against you when you were in earnest!"

Peggy beamed. "My right isn't so bad," she admitted, with due modesty, "but I haven't got the punch in my left I'd like. Tito is showing me how to develop one, tho. He gives me jiu-jitsu every morning in the garage. Want me to show you how I can throw a man over my shoulder?"

Her brother backed hastily away, surveying the small, be-bloomered figure before him with mingled respect and amaze. "Tito—you dont mean to say the mater's lent you the new Jap butler? Oh, I say, sis, beat up the family all you like, but spare the servants. They're so hard to get now!"

"Oh, mother doesn't know about it," Peggy explained easily. "She thinks he's exercising Eleanor's pet Chow!" She raised her slim young arms above her head and indulged in a frank yawn that showed firm, even white teeth. Under the man's golf-cap pulled over her eyes, wisps of red-gold hair straggled about her flushed, curving cheeks. One sleeve of her outing shirt exhibited a hole, and her shoes bespoke a strenuous career in the open.

"How old are you, anyhow, Peg?" Frank Ensloe asked, with sudden seriousness. "Seventeen, isn't it? You ought not to be thinking how to throw a man over your shoulder at that advanced age!"

"PEGGY DOES HER DARNDEST"

Storyized by permission from the photoplay based on Royal Brown's story, adapted by George D. Baker. Produced by Metro and starring May Allison. Directed by George D. Baker. The cast:

Peggy Ensloe.....	May Allison
Frank Ensloe.....	Dick Rosson
Mrs. Ensloe.....	Sylvia Ashton
Mr. Ensloe.....	Frank Currier
Eleanor Ensloe.....	Rosemary Theby
Hon. Hugh Wentworth.....	Robert Ellis
"Gentleman Jim" Burke.....	Augustus Phillips

You should be studying the ways of keeping him at your side. Eleanor ought to be able to give you pointers on that accomplishment."

"Oh, Eleanor!" Eleanor's sister spoke with open contempt. "She makes me tired, the way she Theda-Baras all over the place! And that stocking she knits on whenever a new young man shows up—like the Penelope dame in the mythology book! The soldier that wears that'll have to use it for the next war. Gee, I wish you weren't going

back to college tonight! Come on, let's try that new uppercut over again. One, two, three—go!"

The battle was raging at its liveliest when an unsuspecting group of people, arrayed in cool summer spotlessness, strolled thru the rose-hedge and paused aghast at the scene of carnage before them. The tall, lean young man in the English-cut clothes showed keen interest, the elder of the two ladies exhibited distinct annoyance, while the younger surveyed the muddy figure of her sister, her bleeding nose and disreputable hair with ill-concealed delight.

"Jove! Ripping!" murmured the guest. "That little fellow has got a punch that reminds me of Bantam Jim's. Look at that left upper to the jaw! Good, eh? Well, rather!" "Frank!" Mrs. Ensloe called, in a carefully modulated tone of reproach, "Frank dear, come here a moment! I want you to meet the Honorable Hugh Wentworth."

The two young men shook hands cordially. "You'll have to excuse my appearance, Mr. Wentworth!" Frank laughed. "My kid sister here has been showing me no mercy! Peggy—why, where has she gone?"

For the lawn behind them was unoccupied.

Peggy had precipitately disappeared.

"Peggy is a sad tomboy, but, of



"You're stalling!" accused Peggy indignantly; "that last uppercut wouldn't have knocked out a good healthy mosquito!"

course, she's a mere *child* yet." Eleanor shrugged. "I hope you won't get the wrong impression of American girls, Mr. Wentworth! If so, I feel that's its my patriotic duty to give you another one." She lifted her eyes to him meltingly. Eleanor had large, limpid eyes and used them to their best advantage. "So I'm going to steal you for an hour or so on the lake all by my own self!"

"Charmed!" said the Honorable Hugh, gallantly. "But I say now, was that little fellow your sister, really? No spoofing? Spunky, I call that, my word!"

In the stable loft Peggy cuddled her knees to her Norfolk breast and reviewed the situation impartially. The long young man was undoubtedly the son of the English diamond broker, who had come to bring her father a large purchase of stones. The household had been in a stir over his expected arrival for days and Eleanor had bought an expensive new complexion and several ravishing gowns in preparation for him.

"Why, he looked—nice!" discovered Peggy, wonderingly; "as nice as the policeman at the corner, and the iceman, who lets me drive his cart, and Tito—like a regular person instead of a Young Man!"

Peggy disapproved of Young Men on principle. They all had slicked-back hair and creased trouser-legs and a silly way of talking to girls. But this one was different. She liked the way he smiled with his eyes instead of his mouth, and the way his jaw showed under the dark, clean-shaven skin. She liked—

"But what's the use?" Peggy sighed, disconsolately. "Eleanor's vamping him already."

There was a bit of cracked mirror on the wall, where Thomas, the coachman, occasionally underwent repairs. Peggy went over to it and regarded the smooched and disheveled young person reflected therein candidly.

"Beauty," she decided aloud, cheerfully, "is not my strong point! But then, look at Cleopatra! She was no cold-cream ad. Just the same, you have to hand it to her for getting what she wanted! And I'm going to, too. Anyhow, I'm going to do my darndest to!"

After dinner, with a glint of malice in her brown eyes she followed her sister and the Honorable Hugh to the vine-covered veranda

Harrison Ensloe came home to dinner in no very pleasant frame of mind. The headlines in three of the afternoon papers had screamed the news of the Honorable Hugh Wentworth's arrival in America to an interested world, not omitting to state in detail his reasons for coming. By now every crook in town knew that "The Light of the World," the most famous diamond in existence, was somewhere in his possession.

"Might just as well have given the combination of the safe and had done with it!" grumbled the discomfited diamond merchant aloud, in the seclusion of his library. "It's lucky I had that new safe-deposit drawer put in before he got here. But even then, there's no telling! They may have an accomplice in my own household—"

He paused, staring at the incredible evidence of his own eyes. Peering over the top of a high-backed chair, a face, shadowed by a huge cap visor and almost concealed behind a ferocious black mustache, was gazing at him menacingly. But even as he stared the impressive hirsute adornment became unmanageable. It slewed to the left, toppled and slid to the floor, as the upper-lip to which it was fastened crinkled in a wide smile.

"Peggy! What on earth——" her father began helplessly. "You frightened me out of a year's growth. What's the idea of the whiskers?"

Peggy slid out of the chair and proudly displayed a large tin disk fastened to her chest.

"Read it!" she ordered.



Still more mystified, her father peered down at the badge. "A Binkum detective!" he read slowly. "Am I to understand that this refers to—you?"

"Yep! Correspondence course," Peggy explained importantly. "As soon as I heard that that big diamond was coming I wrote to the Binkum people, and I'm a real detective now! You don't need to worry, dad—I'll look out for it."

Mr. Ensloe managed to turn a laugh into a cough with great presence of mind. "If I'd only known of this before!" he regretted. "But I didn't, you see, and this very afternoon I hired a man from the Central Office to come up here and guard the stone."

"Will he be disguised?" Peggy asked, crestfallen. "All good detectives have to wear disguises. I've got some perfectly swell ones. You'd never guess when I have one of them on that I'm me."

"No, I noticed that," said her father, dryly, "and that reminds me. Wasn't there a young man attached to the diamond? I don't see him anywhere about——"

The sound of an opening door sent Peggy to her feet in a panic. "You'd better set your detective to guarding *him*. He's in a good deal more danger of being stolen than his diamond!" she declared, darkly. "By this time Eleanor has told him that it's wonderful to meet some one who really *understands*, and that she's always liked Englishmen better than Americans, they're so *rare*, you know, and that it's the *strangest* thing, but she somehow had the feeling that they were going to be good friends!" She faced her father, a small, bloomed figure of wrath. "I'm sick and tired of being a Jack Horner, and I'm coming out of my corner. You watch and see!"

She was marching up the stairs in a whirl of enthusiasm for

her new-formed resolution to "beat sis at her own game," when a voice, deep and broad of vowel, sounded behind her, startling her so that she promptly

fell downstairs and into a pair of outstretched masculine arms.

"Miss Margaret Ensloe, I believe?" The owner of the arms, with remarkable tact, accepted the situation as tho this was the normal way in which he was accustomed to meet strange young ladies. "I've been hoping for the pleasure of meeting you ever since I saw that boxing exhibition this afternoon."

Peggy recovered herself and stood back, a queer new sensation tingling in her cheeks. She did not know that she was blushing. She only knew that she felt very small, and abashed, and very, very trouserish.

"I'm—I'm just Peggy," she murmured. "Margaret is too large in the waist and too long in the skirt for me—it's not a good fit."

In her own room, she stamped a small foot furiously. "I acted," she told herself, "as if I had just had my fifth birthday! It's a wonder I didn't stick my finger in my mouth!"

She marched to the closet, jerked down a ruffly white organdie and kicked off her heavy shoes as one might fling down a gage of battle. "Never you mind, Peggy Ensloe, the bout's not over—only the first round. I may not win, but I'm going to do my darndest anyhow!"

After dinner, with a glint of malice in her brown eyes, she followed her sister and the Honorable Hugh to the vine-covered veranda and seated herself, placidly oblivious to Eleanor's wireless appeal, between them.

"Can you box, Mr. Wentworth?" she inquired, without needless circumlocution. "I've been aching to ask some one who *knew* about the right way of feinting with the left to cover a jab to the jaw. And what is your method of delivering a 'hay-maker'?"

The Honorable

With the moonlight kind to her freckles, Peggy was not only passable—she was even pretty. The heavy waves of bright hair framed her small pointed face charmingly; the simple white ruffles about her neck accentuated the youth of her



Aghast she stared at the shameless and sophisticated young person in the mirror, and for an instant she quailed. But Peggy was game

Hugh's somewhat solemn countenance grew positively animated. He entered into an extremely technical discussion of swings and punches, illustrating with appropriate gestures, while Eleanor, arrayed in her most seductive gown, gazed at her small sister with an indignant amazement that changed, gradually, to thoughtful calculation.

With the moonlight kind to her freckles, Peggy was not only passable—she was even pretty. The heavy waves of bright hair framed her small, pointed face charmingly, the simple white ruffles about her neck accentuated the youth of her, reminding Eleanor somewhat pointedly of her own six years' seniority. And worst of all, there was no doubt that she and the Honorable Hugh were getting along very well. It was high time to put the little chit in her place.

With a tolerant smile Eleanor leaned forward, and spoke as one speaks to a small, forward child. "Peggy dear, you mustn't bore Mr. Wentworth, you know! And isn't it time you were running up to bed? Say good-night, like a sweet child." Her tone actually purred. She laid a white, proprietary hand on the Honorable Hugh's coat-sleeve. "You know I promised to show you the rose-garden! Of course, it isn't like your wonderful English gardens—America is so—so *raw* in some ways—"

Her voice drifted back, honeyed, caressing, to Peggy's ears as she led the helpless Hugh, unresisting, down the veranda and out of sight. It was clever work; Peggy had to admit that, but she did it with bad grace, and spake sundry uncomplimentary and unsisterly things to the moon, punctuating her remarks with angry thuds of small boot-heels against the veranda rail. Afterwards she jumped down and shook a businesslike little fist in the direction of the rose-garden.

"Capturing a *man* is pretty poor sport!" she declared. "They can't help themselves! But there's some *skill* in capturing a criminal! I guess I'll stick to detecting. It's more in my line than this 'rose-garden-by-moonlight' stuff!"

For the next few days Peggy was very busy, but, as she was always that, no one paid her much attention. Eleanor, with a fair field to herself, had the Honorable Hugh so that, Peggy declared to herself with scorn, he would sit up and beg, and roll over and over and be a dead dog whenever she commanded. "The 'Light of the World' reposed in all its scintillant wondrousness in the new safe-deposit drawer that Mr. Ensloe had had built for it in his massive mahogany library-table, and the Pinkerton man, disguised rather feebly as a butler, roamed the halls with an air of mystery that alone was worth the salary he was paid.

On the afternoon of the fourth day since the Honorable Hugh's arrival the chic-est of chic French maids in the kind of cap and apron they wear on the stage was wandering on the lower lawn of the Ensloe place when, turning a corner of shrubbery, she came face-to-face with a tall stranger who wore the dress of a gentleman with the unease of something else.

Palpably startled and discomfited by the meeting, the stranger rallied on perceiving with whom he had to deal and chucked the pretty maid under the chin. "Hullo, sweetness!" he said, with a killing smile. "You look lonesome! I guess it's lucky I happened along, eh?"

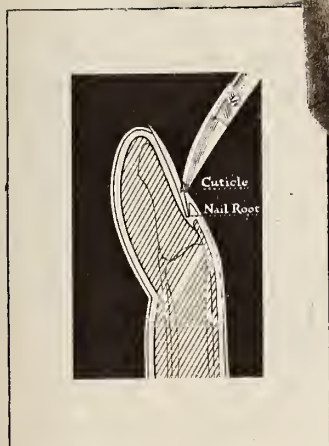
The pretty maid shrugged her shoulders as Paris shrugs them, and spoke several words in a French which Paris does not speak. She gave him to understand that while she did not approve of being chucked under the chin by a total stranger, she was not exceedingly angry. Emboldened, he came closer and laid a large and none too clean hand on the waves of hair that escaped from under the smart little cap.

"Some thatch you got, girlie!" he volunteered. "I always liked that reddish-goldish kind! Say, I know where there's a comb with brilliants set
(Continued on page 82)

(Fifty-eight)



Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more quickly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge



The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

Why cutting makes it rough, uneven

How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle

WHEN you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting also into the live part of the cuticle which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see for yourself that you have made little cuts in the living skin.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cuts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails.

Nowadays, cutting the cuticle has given place to a safe way of removing it. One first softens it with Cutex, then wipes it off with a cloth, leaving a firm, smooth unbroken edge.



Remove the surplus cuticle without cutting.

moment the surplus cuticle is softened. Wash it off in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands.

Perhaps at certain seasons, the cuticle at the base of your nails tends to become rough and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a soothing cream prepared especially to counteract such drying.

You will love the way your nails look after you have given them a Cutex manicure. Don't expect, however, that with only spasmodic care you can keep them well-groomed. Make the care of your nails as much a matter of habit as brushing your teeth. Whenever you dry your hands push back the cuticle with the towel. Then once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35c.

Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both of which come with Cutex) and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. In a

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon below with 21c and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 904, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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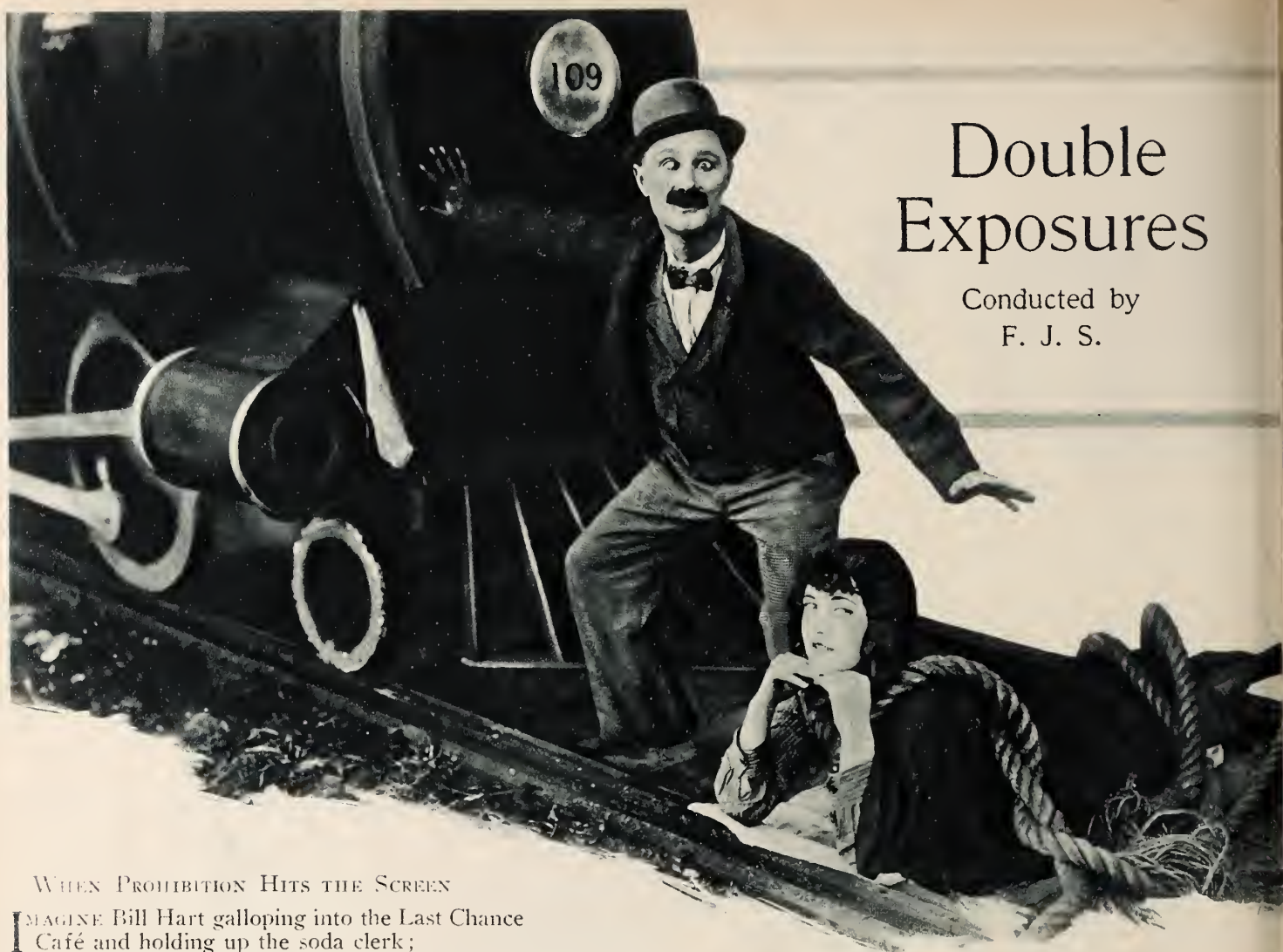
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This complete set sent for 21c



Double Exposures

Conducted by
F. J. S.

WHEN PROHIBITION HITS THE SCREEN

IMAGINE Bill Hart galloping into the Last Chance Café and holding up the soda clerk;

The meeting of Desperate Jack Holt and his confederates in the back room of the Mirror Candy Store;

Handsome Harry Holmes, the city chap, drugging the peach-sundae of innocent little Miss Gig L. Gingham;

Charles May, as a young man about town, staggering out of the De Luxe Soft Drink Emporium;

and

Imagine Theda Bara, cigaret in one hand, wickedly sipping a chocolate soda.

Now that ex-Railroad Dictator McAdoo is in the movies, it will probably be impossible to get a chair anywhere.

Maurice Tourneur does "Woman."

William Fox follows with "Woman, Woman."

Now if some one will only do "Woman, Woman, Woman."

HOW THOSE THRILLING SCREEN MAGAZINES AFFECT US

Imagine the punch we find in this series of celluloid:

1. Ushers of the Blank Theater in the act of bowing to camera-man.
2. President John K. Jones receiving the degree of LL.D. at the University of Mugwump, Mugwumpville, Texas.
3. Floods almost destroy the town of Pawdunk, N. H.
4. The suffrage convention in Scott County, Iowa.
5. A dangerous freight wreck on the K. & G. R. R. at Rocktown Center, Cal.
6. The making of hemp rope:
 - (a) The native method of making rope in the Sunkist Islands
 - (b) Loading rope on board steamers
 - (c) Unloading rope from steamers
 - (d) Selling rope to studios making Western dramas.
7. Vice-President Marshall visits his home town.
8. The cartoon adventures of Happy Katzenjammer.
9. Sunset on the Green River, filmed June 30, 1919.

"Let's not announce this as an all-star cast," says Myron Selznick, referring in his publicity to his first production. "We are much more entitled to this description than many of us who use it—but let's not."

From which we gather that Myron thinks he has an all-star cast.

We read with interest an advertisement of Billie Rhodes forthcoming drama of a hula-hula girl. "It will bring to the screen her personality," confides the adv., "in surroundings that show her off to the greatest advantage."

Henry Lehrman has had the influenza! And Mack Sennett hasn't! Is Henry becoming original?

Once in a while we stumble across a cheering subtitle like this, clipped from a recent Madge Kennedy film:

"Many days and months have tripped by with happy life."

What chance has the screen extra these days? Thomas Ince has just added a weather bureau to his studio, so that he can ascertain whether tomorrow will be cloudy or rainy before hiring his extras.

THEY GO HAND-IN-HAND

Top-drawers and revolvers.
Nursemaids and policemen.
Villains and silver cigaret-cases.
Vampires and clinging gowns.
Politicians and cigars.
Reporters and notebooks.
Ben Turpin and bathing girls.
Goldwyn dramas and concrete stairways.



Doris Kenyon
in "Wild Honey"

In this thrilling "fillum" Doris depicts a little Western flower growing wilder every hour. From where we sit it looks very much as if Doris were deliberately tantalizing the young gentleman in the Wild West costume.

De Luxe Pictures, Inc.
Photoplay

New York City
May 2, 1918
F. F. INGRAM CO.

I am glad indeed to tell you how much I prize Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It lives up to its reputation for keeping the skin soft and clear and in good condition.

Doris Kenyon



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

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It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition. Begin today to guard and enhance your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveta Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it *stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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(145)

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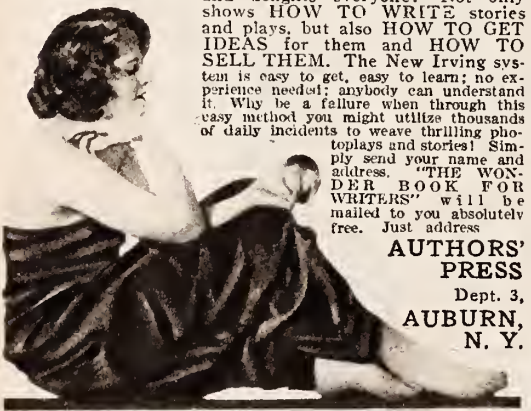
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This book will teach you everything from start to finish. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a pleasant and profitable profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. We will mail the book to you for 10c and 2c for mailing.

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THE HAWAIIAN INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
1400 Broadway, Suite 804, New York



The Fame and Fortune Beauties

(Continued from page 51)

Miss Ethyle Faunce, of No. 760 Hobart Place, N. W., Washington, D. C. Miss Faunce was born in the capital city. She has light-brown hair, gray eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

The contest has brought forth many interesting angles on national beauty. Texas and the South West seem to be remarkably productive of beauty. The coast has been going remarkably strong. New York, the supposed home and center of national pulchritude, has been barely holding its own.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for May will carry the fifth honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between February 1st and February 15th. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will follow with the honor roll for February 15th to March 1st. This will be continued until the close of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.* These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls.

If your pictures were entered before February 1st and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again. The quality of your portrait, weakness of photography, etc., may have had something to do with its failure to win a place.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. In reality these injure your chances of consideration. The judges prefer to consider all contestants equally. Besides, if a colored picture is selected for the honor roll, it will not reproduce as well in an engraving as an ordinary portrait.

The contest is open to men. This should be repeated, perhaps. Many masculine contestants have appeared, but, we regret to report, their average hasn't nearly approached the so-called weaker sex.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Since the winner will be named from the various honor rolls, it is important that contestants submit their portrait, or

portraits, at the earliest possible moment, thus getting, if possible, an early place on these rolls.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguishable.

Let us briefly outline the purposes of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits, colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will secure an initial position for the winner in other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantee that the winner will be known throughout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil De Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....
Address.....
.....
.....
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, and
.....
.....
When born.....
Birthplace.....
Eyes (color).....
Hair (color).....
Height.....
Weight.....
Complexion.....

How Seven Evenings' Study Qualified Me for a \$10,000 Position

By F. H. Drummond

A Gripping Success Story That Will Make All Ambitious Men and Women Ask Themselves the Question: "Why Can't I Do the Same?"

I will never forget the words of Charles M. Schwab, the biggest steel manufacturer in the world, who began life as a poor boy at a dollar a day. He said: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs or forceful people than there are forceful people to fill them. . . Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with brains. They are seeking brains—specialized brains—and faithful, loyal service. No one is a corner on success. It is always up at the top; the one who pays the most for it gets it. Whatever you resolve to be you can be." Emerson tells us that our most important asset is not what we are, but what we are capable of being.

But to go on with my story. I was 18 years of age, living in Farmington, Ill., which at that time was a town of 1,800 inhabitants. I had no trade, no special training for anything, no idea of what I wanted to be in life—except that I wanted to be a success. I took stock of my surroundings. Here I was, in a town of limited opportunity. I had the choice of working in the mines, the mill, one of the general stores, or possibly the bank, as a life respect. Frankly, it didn't appeal to me. I shrank at the thought of living a life that so many people go through in small towns. They get a half-way decent living wage and are content with it. Thousands of them die, never to know the great possibilities they had locked up in themselves.

I deplored the fact that I had no capital to start in business somewhere, not realizing that money is not the only real capital a man should have. I was not alive to the fact that a trained brain and conscience are the true business capital.

And so I asked myself what I could do to prepare myself for a successful business career. Shorthand appealed to me as being the logical study to embrace. This was impressed upon my mind from what I had seen others accomplish through it. Three of our former townsfolk—men who are today large figures in business in Detroit and Chicago—struck out for themselves in their youth, after learning shorthand, and through their knowledge of this art made a brilliant success in business.

As I reasoned it, shorthand would, first of all, assure me of a living wage no matter if I made further progress through it or not. On the other hand, I could use it for business no matter how far up the ladder I might go. It would be invaluable in taking down word-for-word conversations over the telephone; jotting down notes of meetings I might be called into; making quick memoranda of the hundred-and-one details that come up daily in business. In short, it would make me a more accurate and a more efficient business man.

As one of them explained it to me, you can be a clerk or bookkeeper all your life and never get anywhere to speak of. With a shorthand writer it is different. You come in direct personal contact with the executives of the business—the men who are conducting it. From them you take dictation of the innermost things in that business and gradually absorb everything in connection with it. In this way you fit yourself to take on more and more responsibility, relieving the heads of the business of details with which you are perfectly familiar. Naturally, you become more and more valuable as your capacity to take

responsibility grows greater, and in this way work yourself up into the business.

I asked the advice of a number of older acquaintances whom I knew were shorthand writers and was encouraged by them to take up its study. The principal drawback seemed to be the time it was necessary to devote to the study in order to become master of its intricacies and a proficient writer. It seemed, however, that this was a necessary evil, and although somewhat discouraged at the prospect, I decided to enroll in the local business college.

While waiting for the new term to open, I chanced upon an advertisement of a shorthand which claimed as its principal merits, simplicity—no shading or position, a limited number of characters and rules to learn—yet absolute adequateness for any purpose for which shorthand could be used. This shorthand had been so arranged in lessons as to make it possible to learn it at home in a comparatively short time—and, as it was clearly stated in the advertisement, that if I was not satisfied with the Course, I could return it without charge to myself, I sent for it.

This was my first step in the right direction. I studied it diligently and within a week had learned all of the characters by heart, and after practicing for a month, felt so thoroughly the master of my newly gained knowledge that I decided to go to Chicago and seek a position immediately.

I felt that placing myself on my own resources in a large city would broaden me and make me a bigger man in every sense. It would call out the biggest things in me—make me rely upon myself and not lean upon friends and acquaintances for assistance and encouragement in business.

I secured a position as stenographer in a publishing house. Six months later I was made head stenographer at \$30 a week. This brought me in frequent contact with the General Manager, who delegated more and more responsibility to me as time wore on.

In a little over a year I was made Office Manager. That was just seven years ago. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager, with a small but growing interest in the business. My salary, with my bonus, netted me slightly in excess of \$10,000 for 1918. In all these years of work in the various departments of the business of which I am now the directing head, I found my knowledge of shorthand to be invaluable and I use it today in many time-saving short-cuts.

It may be of interest to mention here the splendid progress which a younger sister of mine made by learning the same Course which I took. She was a saleswoman in one of the local stores at the time and studied evenings. In three months she secured a position as stenographer in a large Plow factory in Galesburg, Ill. Today she is the secretary to the Vice-President of the Company at a salary of \$125 a month.

And now, as I look back to those days in Farmington, where Father proposed that I take a job as weigher in the mines, I think of the black prospects I had at that time. And I thank my stars that I had the courage of my convictions to prepare myself for something bigger and better—and Paragon Shorthand was the means of helping me make myself.

The story that Mr. Drummond recounts is the story of many of America's greatest business men. If you

have read the stories of the lives of the principal figures in business in this country today, you will have noted that almost invariably their start to fame and fortune was through their ability to write Shorthand. Take such men as Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Frank C. Vanderlip, George B. Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Edward Bok, and others too numerous to mention, and you will find that Shorthand was the instrument they used in carving out their marvelous careers.

Whether you are on the bottom or the top rung of the ladder, you will find Shorthand a wonderful aid to you in your climb to success. It will unlock the door to Opportunity more quickly than any other study you might undertake. It will prepare you for rapid advancement and groom you for the bigger job that is waiting for you.

The quickest, easiest and most inexpensive way to learn Shorthand is to learn the PARAGON System. You can learn it all in the evenings of a single week at home. It is the simplest, most easily mastered system of Shorthand in existence, totally different from the ponderously technical, involved and intricate old-time systems that require many months of study before they can be put to practical use.

Here, for instance, is a letter that is typical of the experience of thousands of Paragon Shorthand writers:

"Enclosed please find my check for \$5 for the Paragon Shorthand Course. I don't see how you can afford to sell it at such a low figure. I thought it next to impossible (until I tried it) to believe that any system could be so concise, short, simple, easy to learn and remember and still authentic. I compared the knowledge I have attained after but ten evenings' study to that of a student of a commercial school who has been giving his undivided time to it for three months, and candidly, I can write and read much more than he can. The difference in time, expense and the amount to learn is all in favor of Paragon.
A. L. S.,
Savannah, Ga."

Name on request.

You can use Paragon Shorthand for any purpose for which Shorthand can be used—for dictation, taking down telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony—anything and everything. Business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk will find a knowledge of PARAGON Shorthand a great help to them. Fathers and mothers could give their sons and daughters nothing that would help them more quickly to be self-supporting than this simple Course of Paragon Shorthand. It is used in the largest corporations. Paragon is taught in Public and High Schools and Business Colleges in many of the largest cities.

For 25 years the Author has taught PARAGON Shorthand by mail, with examinations, at the regular fee of \$25. He teaches it today in the classes of the Paragon Institute, one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in America, at a regular tuition fee of \$50. In order that this valuable knowledge may be brought within the reach of everybody, the Author has arranged the Complete Course in two Volumes, with an ingenious self-examination method that enables everyone to learn PARAGON easily and quickly in the privacy of their own homes. This Course is identical in every respect with the one always taught by the Author by correspondence for \$25, and the one taught in the Paragon Institute for \$50.

To give everyone an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the amazing simplicity of PARAGON Shorthand and its adequacy for all purposes, the Paragon Institute Home Study Department will gladly send you the Complete Course of Seven Lessons on seven days free trial, to use just as if it were your own. You are not required to pay a penny in advance. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. If, after giving it careful study, you are not perfectly satisfied, simply re-mail the Course to the Institute and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send us a check or money order for \$5.

Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

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HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT
601 Broad St., Suite 347
NEWARK, N. J.

You may send me the Complete Course of Paragon Shorthand with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either remail the Course to you or send you \$5.00.



Name.....

Address.....

The World to Live In

(Continued from page 30)

The big hands of the doctor knotted. "My God!" he spoke fiercely. "To think you should expose yourself to such things! It's monstrous—it's unthinkable! Any drunken scoundrel can insult you—"

"Oh, no!" Rita's voice was ironic. "Not any scoundrel, Doctor Varian—only those who have at least a million. I am very exclusive in the matter of insults, you see!"

Standing there in the soft spring moonlight, she looked very small, very helpless and fragile and alone. And seeing her so, the doctor forgot all his braggart resolutions and caught her two small, cold hands in his own. "Rita, Rita," he begged her, "I never meant to speak of my love again, after that time you told me you couldn't afford to love, but I can't stand by and see you fling the youth of you and the beauty of you and the wonderfulness of you recklessly away! I tell you I know you better than you know yourself. I know it isn't the real you that wants these pitiful things—excitement, good times, money, admiration. You're pure gold underneath—"

"I am—nothing underneath," Rita Charles said, wearily. "I'm a hollow sham. I'm not good, I'm not bad—yet. I'm just a tin-panner, that's all. And I'm not worth your loving, Doctor Varian."

She slipped from him and ran up the steps, turning in the doorway. "I forgot to tell you I'm going to Atlantic City tomorrow—a belated vacation. You may think of me—if you choose to think of me at all—as sporting in the waves in a midnight blue satin bathing-suit! It's a very becoming suit—if you happen to think of me! Good-night, doctor, and good-by!"

In her own room she stood a long while gazing into her mirror thoughtfully. "It won't do." She shook her head. "Imagine me married to a poor man, wearing cotton stockings, and seconds at that, buying beef for stewing, scraping and scrimping and growing scrawny and slatternly. Remember, Rita, my girl, it won't do!"

The first few days at Atlantic City slid by eventlessly.

And then, on the fourth evening of her vacation, she entered the sun-parlor of her hotel and came upon Harrison Chalvey himself, evidently waiting for her.

"You!" she gasped, taken off her guard for the moment. "Why, I thought you were in Newport—"

"Thought so myself," he assured her cheerfully. "But you see, there's a reason why I'm here instead. And you're the reason, Rita."

She felt her knees trembling, and sank down on the piano bench, fingers fumbling among the keys. As though at a great distance she heard him speaking the words which meant an open sesame to her dreams. At the same great distance

she heard her own voice make incredulous reply:

"Let me think it over till tomorrow night—you have taken me very much by surprise! I must be sure—sure—"

Late that night she lay sleepless, staring into the darkness, and suddenly she laughed aloud, remembering the ludicrous surprise of Chalvey's face when she told him. Perhaps after all it had been a wise thing not to jump at his proposal, but why, *why* had she hesitated?

"I am a fool, but I've got to see him again," she said presently and, reaching up, she switched on the light and found a telegraph blank in the desk drawer. She scribbled a hasty message, rang for the maid, and handed it to her with instructions that it should be sent at once. Then, wide-eyed and quivering, she stretched herself on the bed and waited for the dawn.

She was her usual controlled self when she met Doctor Varian the next afternoon. "I sent for you," she told him, as they walked along the beach in the teeth of a brisk wind, "to make you despicable."

His eyes rested gravely on her vivid face. "Then," he said, quietly, "you have set yourself a difficult task."

She set her teeth hard on her quivering lip. Her voice was hard. "I've got to do it, because your loving me stands in the way of what I mean to do. I want to marry for money—I want luxury and ease and softness. I want silken clothes for my body and expensive food and servants to wait on me, but you see—"

Her voice broke over a sob.

"Yes," he prompted, gently, "Rita?"

"But you see, ridiculous as it is, I love you." She shrank from the joy of her lean, good face. "No, no! Don't look at me that way—you don't understand—"

The words died on her lips as she looked up, to see Harrison Chalvey coming toward them along the boardwalk. The meeting was brief, a hurried introduction, a distrustful look exchanged between the two men, a touching of hands, and they had passed on.

"Who was that man, Rita?" Doctor Varian asked. She met his eyes deliberately.

"The man I am going to marry." She saw him wince from the words, though they had been a whiplash, and hurried on before she should lose her courage. "I love you—and I am going to marry him. Now do you understand what sort of a woman I am? Ah, yes, do! I said I was going to make you despise me—and I have, I have!"

Shimmer of satin gown, shimmer of satin skin, Rita Charles stood in the lounge that evening waiting for Harrison Chalvey. It was already five minutes after the appointed time when a pale, screaming her name thru the curious crowd, handed her a note. With a sense of disaster clutching at her heart, she

(Sixty-four)

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ened it and read the few curt lines
ithin:

"Dear Rita—The wind was the wrong way
is afternoon, and I heard what you said to
at man. I guess I've had my answer, wheth-
ether it's the one you intended to give me
not. Maybe it seems queer, but it wasn't just
ou I wanted—but your love, too. Good-by.
H. C."

T. J. Olverson, Junior, flabby, faintly
mpurpled, as ever, found her staring
own at a crumpled sheet of paper, a
urious, mirthless smile twisting the
eautiful scarlet mouth. "I'm in luck!"
e wheezed. "Never dreamed of finding
ou here. What d'you say to a little
ide and a bite of supper at a nice place
know, eh, girlie? How's that listen
o you?"

She looked up at him with sudden
ecklessness, tho her eyes did not match
er laugh. "Why not?" she cried de-
antly. "After all, what's the odds? I'll
et what I can out of life anyway!"

It was late the next afternoon when
Doctor Varian knocked at the door of
Mrs. Potts' third-floor-back room and,
without waiting for an answer, opened it,
tepped inside and closed it behind him.
The limp huddle on the bed stirred and
ifted a face that brought a shocked ex-
clamation to his lips.

"Rita! My poor girl——"

Rita Charles dragged herself to her
feet and faced him, pushing back her
disheveled hair with a sickly, hopeless
gesture. Her face was ghastly, blotched
with weeping, twisted and drawn out of
all semblance of its old nonchalant
beauty.

"Wait!" she told him, harshly; "wait!
You may not have seen the evening
papers, so I'll tell you. Last night—the
man I said I was going to marry turned
me down—and I went to a roadhouse
with another man. We—were dining in
a—a private room and there was a—a
raid. It seems his—his wife had been
trying to get evidence for a divorce for
some time, so she hired detectives——"
She began to laugh monotonously. "It
was rather—horrid! And so you—see—
I'm not going to be married after all—
I'm going to be a co-respondent——"

She staggered, and would have fallen
but for his arm about her.

"Dont, Rita!" begged the doctor.
"Listen, dear, I know all about it! I
didn't come home yesterday afternoon.
I—well, I sort of hung around in case
you should need me. And about mid-
night I saw that befuddled scoundrel
tumble out of his car with your coat
across his arm. I got the whole story
out of him—as well as he could tell it—
and the upshot of it was I persuaded
him"—she felt the muscles of his arm
tauten under her close-pressed cheek, but
his tone was cheerfully matter-of-fact—
"I persuaded him to keep your name out
of the case. So you see no one will ever
know anything about it——"

She spoke in a small, smothered voice.
"But—you know——"

"Oh, I!" said Doctor Varian. "I dont
(Continued on page 79)

(Sixty five)

"I have watched the progress of the Interna-
tional Correspondence Schools almost from the
very beginning. To me their rapid growth is
easily understood, because I realize the practical
value that is back of them and know something
too of the success attained by many ambitious
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appreciate the actual worth of the I. C. S.
trained man."
—Thomas A. Edison.



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man who is interested in electricity but who cannot find an oppor-
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edge of the profession," says Dr. Steinmetz.
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Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Greased Lightning

(Continued from page 42)

Fletcher. To Andy there seemed to be only one good and sufficient reason why any one should remain in Pipersville. That reason was Alice Flint. Mr. Flint further complicated matters by taking a liking to the suave young gentleman from New York. The final outrage was that Armitage possessed a perfectly good, perfectly new and shiny and wholly adequate racing car. There seemed times innumerable when Andy Fletcher, working at his smithy, looked up to rub the dust from his eyes, to see Armitage and Alice spinning down the road. Outside the shop "Greased Lightning" stood, disconsolate.

It finally transpired that Armitage was in Pipersville for purposes of a race meet. Where once Andy had advertised the demonstration of the potato slicer, Alden J. Armitage advertised the race meet, with an offer of \$200 for the winner of the five-mile auto race.

Andy read the elaborate posters and looked grim. That night he overhauled "Greased Lightning." The inventor worked; the lovelorn youth was forgotten. Night slipped from him and day rose up, red-bannered and triumphant. Andy Fletcher rose up, too, red-visaged and triumphant. "Guess you'll go now!" he said, fiercely, to the nude, stripped-looking vehicle before him. "Aint much but go to you!"

All Pipersville overhauled their various flivvers for the great meet. Mostly, they painted and varnished, or, among the more light-minded, adorned them with floral wreaths and drapings. Alden J. Armitage had told them that the meet would "boom" Pipersville. "It's what you folks have needed," he told them, "what you've had to have—your town'll be a big burg after this. It'll be in all the papers."

It was in all the papers, but not just in the way Alden J. Armitage had led the trusting villagers to believe. Still more, Andy Fletcher was in them, but not at all in the way he had led himself to believe.

The day of the meet had dawned, golden and clear. At one the entire population of Pipersville turned out upon the ball-grounds, from which the competing cars were to start and to which they were to return. The entire population, with the exceptions of such personages as Laban Flint, the postmaster and the express agent. Alice Flint was there, however, roseate in the eyes of Andy Fletcher. Alden J. Armitage appeared for a brief instant, and in another briefer instant disappeared.

The cars started from scratch bravely, ribbons flying, futile flowers dropping—all the cars saving only "Greased Lightning." That stood mulishly still. Andy, very red, tinkered desperately and in vain. The people on the grandstand laughed. Alice Flint felt her eyes welling with tears. The mothering feeling came back to her again. She had never felt that way about Alden J. And—must

(Sixty-six)

ave worked so hard, too . . . it was a
hame . . . "Greased Lightning" looked
shamed of its own ugliness. Andy had
dmitted the stark ugliness, but had said
hat "Greased Lightning" was "stripped
or action." He had added, further,
hat there was "nothin' but go to her!"
There seemed to be none of that com-
modity at all. The people roared. They
houted such pleasantries as that "Fletch
was winnin', by gum!" "Go back to your
nvil, Andy!" and other witticisms.
Andy grew red to the point of being per-
fectly unbelievable. Both he and "Greased
Lightning" were painful to behold.

The competing cars came back, one
timothy T. Tidwell, butcher, proud and
boisterous winner. There was no sign
of Alden J. Armitage. No sign of the
aledictorian two hundred. There came
only the bedraggled spectacle of Pipers-
ville's one plutocrat dragging his appar-
ently mutilated person across the ball-
field. Pipersville gasped and was still.
This was a day of strangeness. Cars
hat were stripped for action, but would
not run, prizes that were won but not
donated, plutocrats who came before the
populace in rags and bleeding. Only
Alice detached herself and ran to meet
he battered specimen, who was her
holeric parent. Alice . . . and Andy
. . . fearful of her fear.

Laban Flint was badly mussed up, but
quite venomously coherent. He informed
his daughter, Andy and his townspeople,
collectively, that Alden J. Armitage and
"gang" had attacked him, rendered him
"insensible and as you see me, sirs," and
was even now fleeing the spot in the
much-admired roadster.

Andy heard no more. He fled back to
"Greased Lightning." He called "Greased
Lightning" names. He exhorted her.
He apostrophized her. He swore and
prayed at her. All at once she gave a
frightful snort. She jumped, she leaped,
she seemed to live, and all that Pipers-
ville could see of Andy Fletcher was a
whirling spiral of dust.

Pipersville cheered. Alice caved in.
"I knew he'd do it," she said.

Such were the details that got into the
paper. Andy Fletcher found himself
chronicled as the famous Village Black-
smith. He became a figure of romance.
He had not only captured a notorious
gang and the leader thereof, known in
ess exclusive circles as Black Peter, but
he had won a race, broken a speed
record, captured the girl of his heart.

Laban Flint was properly appreciative.
He presented Andy with a factory-made
machine, shining to the eye. He winked
prodigiously when he made the presenta-
tion. "It's a weddin' present," he said.

Andy and Alice retreated to the old
barn. They kist. "You wanted a fellow
with a car," reminded Andy.

"I've—I've learnt since then. He—
that man—I found out that a car doesn't
make any difference after all. Nothing
does—except—"

She laid her soft cheek on his. She
flushed. "I—" she began, then valor-
ously, "I dont care a bit about the car,"
she said, "with . . . you . . ."



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The Purple and Gold Darmond

(Continued from page 33)

simple little scenes—just entrances and exits. Once the action was interrupted by a laugh from the assistant director.

"What is it?" asked Director Hampton.

"What's the matter?" said the star.

The assistant explained:

"You have your hand out of the window, and it is supposed to be down; you can see the sash!"

The scene was, of course, retaken.

The picture has not, at this writing, been named, but it is from a scenario by William Parker, and the cast includes Forrest Stanley, Wilfred Lucas and Charles Clary. It is directed by Jess Hampton, the head of the company.

Grace Darmond was born in Toronto, Canada. Her father was a concert violinist. After his death, she and her mother went to Chicago, where a friend, a scenario writer, gave her an introduction to the Selig company. Her first picture was a comedy, "When the Clock Went Wrong."

"I was the most disappointed person in the world when I saw it," she said. "Not because I looked so bad, I didn't, but because I could not see myself at all. I played an important part, too—it was really the lead—but I didn't know how to 'play to the camera,' so all any one could see of me was the back of my head or my heels."

After about six months with Selig she went to Vitagraph. Her worst difficulty at that time was in overcoming a curious little mannerism she had, "a way," she said, "of twisting my lip; it looked dreadful on the screen!"

Some of her pictures which come readily to mind are "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Millionaire Baby," "A Texas Steer" and, more recently, "The Man Who Came Back" and "An American Ace," with Earle Williams. The latter is her favorite picture. She paid an earnest tribute to its director. "I've had more help and encouragement from James Young than from any other director I've ever worked for."

It is said of Mr. Young that he grows very much excited when things go wrong, and is even likely to throw a new hat on the ground and stamp on it.

"He doesn't do that any more," said Grace Darmond. "He told me that he realized how much he had been harming himself and intended to take things calmly from now on!"

She has not been long enough with Director Hampton to become familiar with his methods. "He seems to be very quiet," she said, "and just as kind as can be!"

Again, during a pause in a scene, her eye fell on the long line of buttons on her tunic, and she began counting, "R, man, poor man—"

"What is it to be?" I called at the end, and she called back, laughing, "doctor!"

She is twenty years old, likes ham and

(Continued on page 70)

Tea He! (Continued from page 31)

It was rather strenuous, however. Quite often I'd start the night in one town and finish it in another. After that I had Laurie in "Little Women." Enjoyed that immensely. Oh, yes, the little matter of the name. I finally decided that it would be rather nice to have a handle somewhat pronounceable. More convenient and all that. So you'd know yourself when you heard yourself called. And yet I didn't want to go too far afield. After sleepless nights I decided on a mere separation of the name already mine—take the "G" from "sell," and there you have it—Henry G. Sell! Thus I shall be known in future. Only professionally, of course. What could be simpler?

INQUISITOR—What could be? (Pause during which Victim lights an accompanied cigaret to the flicker of the Sedulous Waiter's match.) I suspect you of a sense of humor . . .

HENRY G. S.—Is that a lead? Good enough! Well, your suspicion is correct—I hope. A person without a sense of humor is like fizz-water without the fizz. A sense of humor is the only difference between your optimist and your pessimist. Mine must have developed in my first early youth, because, in high school, I used to consume my midday "ham and eggs" straddling a tombstone in a yewful cemetery. Can't you just see me dangling my agile limbs against some mouldering "Here lies"? I enjoyed it greatly.

(Inquisitor shudders appropriately.)

INQUISITOR (shudders subsiding)—I suppose you like serials . . . and Pearl White . . . an 'a' that?

HENRY G. S.—I do, indeed. Especially Miss White. She is a peach to work with—unspoiled absolutely and the best ever! As for serials, I know some people disparage them, even laugh at them, but, to my mind, the most important thing in the theatrical game is to keep working. If you do, steadily and without breaks, you're bound to keep working up. The second most important thing is publicity. Serials are the best little publicity-givers ever. So I'm not planning any definite moves . . . just keeping on . . . and enjoying it hugely.

INQUISITOR (splashing about in the orange pekoe)—Er . . . not forbidden suits, I hope, but . . . er . . . marriage . . . home life . . .

HENRY G. S. (cheerily)—Not in the least. You may say that I am not married with perfect safety—even with perfect truth. You may also say that I am going to be some day. I hope. I don't care about going all thru life as the gay bachelor lad. As for home—three rooms in the thirties, wherein I do all the most approved bachelorsque things. I have no especial hobby—reading Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Grey." I generally read bed, with a light, specially adjusted for that purpose, winking down upon me. I am a great admirer of Wilde and particularly of "Dorian Grey." I suppose this is a dangerous admission.

INQUISITOR (coily)—And the silver-

(Sixty-nine)

framed pictures . . . now tell me . . . what of those?

HENRY G. S.—I've only one silver-framed photo in my rooms . . .

INQUISITOR (with knowing look)—And that?

HENRY G. S.—My mother's!

(A clock strikes five. There is a buzz of new arrivals. Inquisitor and Victim rise under the hovering ministrations of the Sedulous Waiter. New arrivals nudge one another, and there is an undercurrent of mingling voices, saying, "Henry Gsell . . . Pathé serials . . . last week . . . I saw . . ."

Victim gives a deprecatory smile. Responsively the remote orchestra breaks into "Smiles." Inquisitor and Victim make their way out among the tables and palms. Near the exit the Victim bends over to the Inquisitor. There is a mischievous look upon his face.)

VICTIM (speaking of the photographs)—I said only one silver-framed one. (Speaks with great meaning. Cocks one eye.)

INQUISITOR (plainly inarticulate)—Oh-h-h! Ah-h-h!

(As they disappear from view she bends into a veritable interrogation mark, with a whole battalion of inquiries in her eyes. Henry G. Sell is still smiling, hat in hand.)

CURTAIN

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 54)

for a double, but so far nobody has just been able to come across with that perfectly good Julian air-sniffer.

Thurston Hall has always made a great hit with Morosco Theater audiences, and since last summer he's been in demand at the studios also, having returned to films after a time spent solely on the stage. Mr. Hall is to support Prissy Dean in "Raggedy Ann" this time.

Ruth Clifford actually lost ten pounds during her flu incarceration. She says she gained back six of 'em as soon as she returned to Universal and began to toy with the cafeteria "eats" there. Ruth is usually very happy, but tire troubles with her Oldsmobile have been so frequent and distressing that even her hair has gone off on strike and kinks rebelliously, she says.

Enid Bennett is doing a "snografer" rôle in a newspaper play written by C. Gardner Sullivan, who is a former newspaper man. To see Enid chase the alphabet all over the lot—beg pardon!—typewriter, is very diverting.

Edwin Stevens, who delighted audiences at the Orpheum not long ago, and who is one of the veteran comedians, dancers and comic opera "headlights," is now supporting Dorothy Dalton. The strange part is that Mr. Stevens must dissemble and pretend to know nothing about dancing, and Dorothy is teaching him the fox-trot in her new picture.

Blanche Sweet was seen coming out of Frederick's Beauty Parlor the other day, wearing a smile, a gray squirrel cape and a tiny toque.

Mitchell Lewis is now a Select star and has completed arrangements to visit the snow country around Truckee for the filming of scenes in a picture which will be of "The Barrier" type. Mr. Lewis is one of the few stars who can boast of a downtown office, but he is associated with his brother in a business way and spends odd moments right near Fourth and Broadway, entertaining business or social visitors at the handy offices.

(Continued on page 72)



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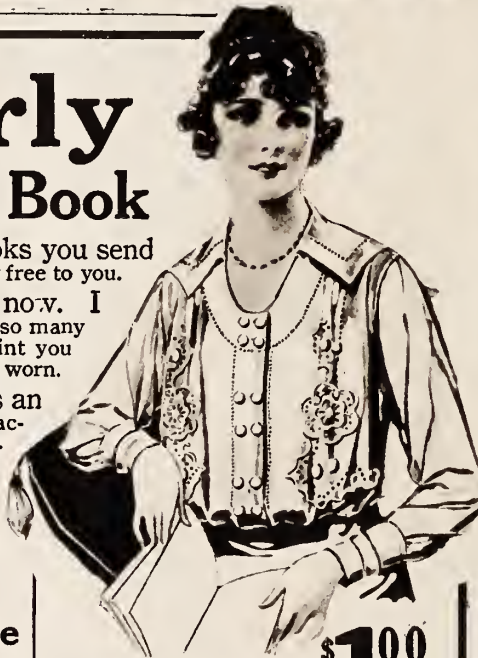
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Dorothy, Alan and Gwen
(Continued from page 35)

able to stay in one place, and no moth wants to travel about, facing footligh

Alan Holubar was born in San Francisco in 1889, so he is just a few years his wife's senior.

Miss Phillips played some victrola records of which she is especially fond. "You see, I became accustomed to music at the studio. While I don't always allow music while I act—for instance, strong emotional parts I need without erratic, exciting music. In sad roles I want something like the Chopin 'Beethoven' or E-flat nocturne, or one of Nevin's tender, pathetic little songs. But there are some straight parts which require so much thought for their working out, so much detail work and not strong emotions, that I would be distracted if I heard any music. I just can't help listening when I hear music, I love it so. My attention would be diverted from a serious portrayal if I heard something either wildly exhilarating or sentimental. I believe that music is always necessary to spur on the emotions, to bring about moods. At least, that is how it affected me."

And every day winds up with a real truly tea-party on the lawn, where Miss Phillips' hand-crocheted table-cover graces a portable table, and where Gwendolyn has a little picnic table right close to "mother dear." And there's nothing in this whole world that Dorothy Phillips undertakes which does not somehow include a thought of love for her baby.

"And will Gwendolyn act some of these days?"

"That's up to her, in slang parlance," laughed Miss Phillips, happily. "She never has, of course, and we do not take her to the studio. We have a very fine housekeeper, who looks after the baby while we are away, and we are letting Gwen have a normal, healthy development. If the germ which has bitten her doting daddy and myself should one day inoculate her, she won't be held back from us, but we are planning that she should have a splendid education, that if she should pass out she will be provided for, and that she's to be so sensibly brought up that she won't become selfish or extravagant. I do believe that we three are the happiest people in the world!"

The Purple and Gold Darmond
(Continued from page 68)

cabbage and, when she was a little girl her pet ambition was to be a milliner. Her contract is with the J. D. Hampton Productions Company.

I almost forgot to say that she has bought a gorgeous new car, which, just now, she loves to talk about to her friends who have cars that "can't be beaten."

"Some day when you come to see me," she said, "I may be showing off a new airplane; who knows?"

A Dozen Chaplins, and They Are All Charlie

(Continued from page 19)

al worker. Sometimes he will re-
e a scene ten times and "take it"
y times over.

I could not be truthfully said that he
es; he leads. Usually he shows
member of the cast how to do his
The actors of the company always
him. Charlie is a splendid fellow.
ets the name of being a miser be-
he does not follow the usual actor
od of calling in the neighbors to
him dispense his charities. His
ities are offered with the shy timid-
f a child holding out a cookie.

Le fact is, Charlie knows very little
of his own or anybody else's money
ers. He couldn't buy a bag of pea-
without being cheated in the proc-
His brother Syd invests all his
y, and a very shrewd investor is
ey.

Sometimes Charlie has a whole twenty-
r bill in his pocket, and he feels a
l's delight in it. He weighs it around
crinkles it up and shows it to his
eds.

late years Charlie has been in-
ed into "stepping around in society."
ere is a peculiar charm to social
ions in Los Angeles. Probably no-
e in the world do so many great
erities make their home. To a sort
ree-and-easy Western air is added
s charm of individual distinction.
lie would choke to death trying to
he the air of a stiffer and more
al society, but he finds a charming
anionship in a certain circle of well-
Los Angeles people who welcome
r. He doesn't have to pose; he can be
mple, genuine self.

Le truth is, Chaplin is so shy that in
arlier days in Los Angeles he used
uit in his hotel room until a bell-boy
reported that the barroom was
y, when Charles would take a long
ace and slide down for a glass of ale
e anybody could find him. If any
interrupted him in his solitary liba-
he turned and scuttled out like an
ted crab.

En today, when you first meet Chap-
e is painfully bashful. The simplest
conventions seem to be anguish to
I once saw him left alone in a
with a man to whom he had not
een introduced. He looked around
ch a wild and alarmed way that I
ght he was going to leap out of the
ow to escape. But when he is sure
ce is broken he is a charming com-
n. He has read a good deal and he
found some quaint angles to all of
eading.

When you can turn the conversation
own early struggles you are sure
golden hour.

One night at dinner a prominent so-
woman in Los Angeles was trying
at Chaplin at his ease by talking of
own days of poverty.

"You don't know anything about pov-
" she said to him. "Why, when I
a young girl, my family was so poor

that I used to get up before daybreak to
scrub off the front doorstep so that the
neighbors would not know that we did
not keep a servant."

"My God!" said Chaplin, wringing his
hands in mock wonderment; "imagine
having a doorstep!"

When Charlie finds a congenial soul,
all sense of time, place and circumstance
are forgotten.

Not long ago Chaplin met a young
English author and his wife. They took
a great fancy to each other. They all
had dinner together and they spent the
evening together. When at one o'clock
the café closed, Charlie went out to the
author's home and stayed until four
o'clock in the morning, talking of books
and music.

At an evening party not long ago one
of Chaplin's friends told him how her
little boy had cried because he could not
come also and see the adored comedian.
His sympathetic heart touched, Charlie
insisted upon calling a taxicab and they
went out to the friend's house. There in
the nursery they found a little tear-
stained face upon the pillow. The baby
had cried himself to sleep.

Can you imagine where heaven was
that night, when the kiddie waked and
found Charlie Chaplin sitting on the side
of his bed? For an hour Charlie sat
there telling him stories. To the rage of
the distant hostess, who lost her star
guest, Charlie forgot all about the party
and did not go back.

There is another social circle of which
Charlie is more afraid than he is afraid
of ghosts. They caught him just once,
never again.

It is a high-brow circle headed by a
motion picture director's wife. She is a
culturine expert of illustrious and high
degree. She has salons at which every-
body soars. None of them know exactly
what they are talking about, but that is a
detail. Charlie sat frozen to his seat.
Ever since then, on occasion, he has been
giving the most excruciatingly funny imi-
tations of the people he saw there. There
is no Chaplin picture on the screen as
funny as Charlie's take-off of the lady
who quoted Bergson. If she ever sees it
there will be a murder.

Every Tuesday night Charlie is a
prize-fight fan. Just beyond the edge of
the city there is a little factory town
named Vernon, where sports flourish.
There are two or three roadhouses
where the one-step is propagated. There
is Jack Doyle's fight arena, where the
fistic art is cultivated. Almost every big
movie star in the business is to be seen
at the ringside every Tuesday night.
Charlie rents two ringside seats by the
year. Near him sits Douglas Fairbanks.

When she is in California, Mrs. Ver-
non Castle has the ringside seats next to
Chaplin's. It is an eminently respectable
place, attended by almost as many women
as men. It is more fun to watch Chaplin
at a fight than it is to watch the fight.

(Continued on page 80)



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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 69)

Hobart Bosworth is doing a two weeks' turn on the local Orpheum, starring in "The Sea Wolf." All the photoplayers colony rush to see him, and he's been deluged with flowers nightly.

Since Mildred Harris is to return to the screen, Miss Weber will not direct Anita Stewart's next picture. It seems that Mrs. Charles Chaplin thinks nobody can direct her but Lois Weber, and Miss Weber is tremendously enthusiastic about Mrs. Chaplin's possibilities, so the change has come about. This really puts Lois Weber again under the Universal banner, and it's rumored seriously that Micky Neilan is engaged to direct Anita.

Sid Franklin, who directed "The Heart of Wetona" for Norma Talmadge, is directing Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." Miss Pickford returned to the studio the last week in January, after quite a vacation at home, enforced by quarantine and flu. The first day she came back the whole company "poodled" Little Mary and insisted on waiting on her as if she were a newly hatched chick. She did look a bit frail after that sick spell, and they're giving her lots of lactical fluid to bring back the rosy cheeks. Did you ever stop to think that a star may not allow herself to be sunburned? Mary wears thick gloves when luncheoning, for if her hands suddenly photographed dark because of sunburn, the picture would be ruined.

Anna Nilsson has been at Truckee, for she's featured in "The Way of the Strong" and surrounded by a strong cast, including Joe King, Harry Northrup, Irene Yeager and directed by Edwin Carewe. Anna recently slipped over an eighteen-foot snowbank and had to be hauled back by ropes tied about her waist. There's one beautiful thing about it, Miss Nilsson was born in Sweden, land of the ice and snow, so she didn't mind the toboggan act.

Dorothy Phillips nursed Allen J. Holubar while on their way back from New York, and so contracted influenza herself. When the train arrived in Los Angeles, Dorothy was as sick as her husband, and both were taken home and put in charge of trained nurses. They are both working again now, however.

Nigel Barrie, who before the war was in pictures, supporting Marguerite Clark and Clara Kimball Young, and who has been a lieutenant in the Royal Air Forces, has ar-

rived in Los Angeles to support beautiful Alma Rubens. They are doing "Diana of the Green Van" under the direction of Walter Worsley. Mr. Barrie was an aviation instructor in Toronto, Canada.

A joke was played on Viola Dana, but the little lady came back with a strong one still. It seems that one of her intimates gave her a telephone number one day, saying, "Vi, if you ever get stuck for a car, call the Phoenix Garage, you can get a machine there day or night, and they're mighty reliable people to deal with."

Some weeks later, Miss Dana was intending to remain at home with her mother, at Hollywood, the new Hollywood home, and disperse her chauffeur for the evening. Later, she remembered an errand in town which must be done at once, so called up the number given by her friend and asked for a taxi. A laudible response told her that she had called the Hollywood Fire Department. Well, Viola was off and remembered that her friend had said something nice coming to her.

Next time Violet drove to town in her friend's car, the auto got stalled, and Viola Dana offered to get out and call a garage. Instead, she nabbed the nearest copper and told him her friend was blocking the highway. Of course, her friend was "tagged" and Miss Dana disappeared promptly and rode back to Hollywood in a California Cab chuckling when the driver looked about often to see his patron were in her senses.

Jack Pickford has switched leading ladies, having borrowed Marguerite de la Motte from Doug Fairbanks. Clara Horton had been originally engaged for the rôle, but after a few weeks' lay-off for the entire company, something went wrong and so Marguerite got the benefit of the ill wind that surely did blow somebody good.

One big excitement happened in Hollywood for at the Fox Film Corporation, big change took place the day the entire Sunshine comedies company, including Director LeRoy, were fired. The Fox Company gave out a statement to the effect that it was for the interests of the corporation, financial and otherwise, to disband the Sunshine Comedies Inc. They will now produce bigger and better comedies, but under different direction and policy.



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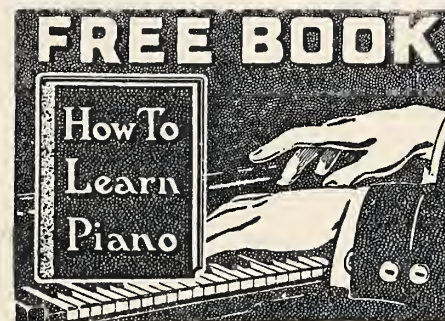
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MOTION PICTURE C

She Doesn't Talk of Her
(Continued from page 47)

"I soon discovered that the screen stage were radically distinct things. I think, too, that every actor who played in pictures has been helped by the time. I think the films are a sort of first-aid to acting."

Miss Heming, who was sitting in her dressing-room at the Cohan and Company Theater, where she has been playing this season in "Three Faces East," paused in removing her make-up.

"The salaries in the films have been wonderful," she smiled, "but even now they will not continue. Theater managers tell you every year that they are going broke at the high salaries, but they keep right on producing plays. I suppose it will be the same on the screen."

Miss Heming loved playing opposite Geraldine Farrar. "She's a fascinating and splendid to work with," she said. "But really the most interesting experience I've had in the studios occurred only the other day, when we were making a war benefit picture. Cyril Maude was the principal rôle."

"We'll start tomorrow at 8:30," the director told us. "Don't wait for breakfasts. The first scene is a fast scene, we'll have real food at hand. It can save time and expense by being right in the set."

"Knowing studios, I fortified myself with breakfast before I started in the morning. But poor Mr. Maude believed what they told him. It was exactly 10:30 when the breakfast was served. Every time Mr. Maude was in a state of collapse. Then the director informed us that he was about to take a series of close-ups, which meant that we could only eat while the camera was up and then wait for everybody else to be filmed. We had to keep even during breakfast."

"They turned on the ghastly Cooper Hewitts just as Mr. Maude looked at his plate. He had scrambled eggs, but the queer green light made them look quite awful. 'Oh, I say,' protested Mr. Maude. 'I can never eat these horrible things.' But he did. Every time I see him he shudders and mentions his 'pale breakfast.'"

Miss Heming longs for the screen to do costume or romantic pictures. "I know that's rank heresy," she smiles. "every one says the public won't go for them. But I'm sure that's because romantic photoplays have been stilted and unreal. Were they just as human as modern stories, the costuming would give picturesque aid."

"You see, I love beautiful clothes. Do you intend to go back to the films?" we ventured.

"Going back on the screen? Of course. Doesn't it always get you in the end? 'Three Faces East,' being a sort of love melodrama, seems to have fascinated film magnates. I've been receiving film offers and film offers. One of them is going to get me before long."

(Seventy-four)

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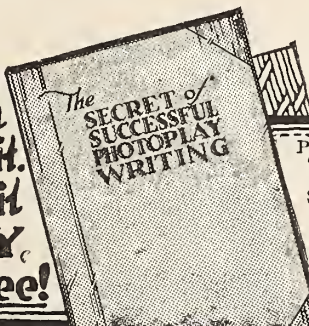
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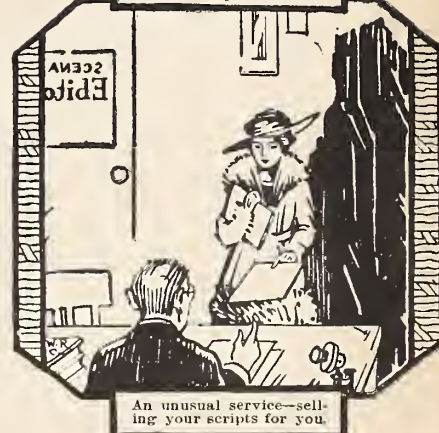
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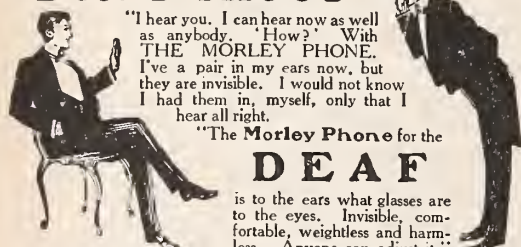
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The results of my system are shown on my own person and that is recommendation enough.

The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name

(Continued from page 49)

alive in the breast of the beginner.) Marjorie Daw was "discovered." At Geraldine Farrar's advice, Cecil B. De Mille gave the child a five-year contract.

"And that," said Marjorie Daw, "was the greatest thrill of my life!"

After "The Warrens of Virginia" she appeared in "The Secret Orchard" with Blanche Sweet, "The Puppet Crown" with Ina Clair and Raymond Hatton, and "Out of Darkness" with Charlotte Walker.

When she reached the "awkward" age the company sent her away to school. Among the pictures made since her return are "The Jaguar's Claws" with Sessue Hayakawa and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Mary Pickford.

The Fairbanks pictures are "The Man from Painted Post," "A Modern Musketier," "Bound in Morocco," "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona."

"But I think that the most thrilling experience I ever had in a picture was when we were making 'A Modern Musketier,'" she went on. "You know some of the scenes were taken at the Canyon Du Schley. Before we left here I was looking forward to a glorious time. Mildred Harris had a vacation about then, so she and her mother went with us. Then I fell and broke my ankle and had to be sent home. It was thrilling but disagreeable!"

She belongs to the most exclusive club imaginable. They meet every Tuesday night at the home of Lillian and Dorothy Gish. The club has only a few members, the Gish sisters, Blanche Sweet, Constance Talmadge, Mildred Harris and Marjorie Daw being the most faithful. (Tuesday is the night that they are least likely to have engagements, because it is "fight night" at Vernon, and among the men the younger set is likely to be there in a body.)

I almost forgot to tell you about Marjorie Daw's New Year resolutions. She is going to try and be more careful about business and from now on she is going to carry a notebook with her wherever she goes.

"Why the notebook?" I queried.

"Because," she said, "I've changed my ambition. I want to be a scenario writer. And, perhaps, after a while I'll write short stories, too; who knows?"

Across the Footlights

(Continued from page 7)

Shuberts. "Scandal" has already reached the footlights in London, where it is a distinct hit, with Arthur Bouchier and Miss Kyrle Bellew in the leading rôles. There is a piquant "nightie" scene in the stage version that has had London gasping.

STAGE NOTES

Mrs. Vernon Castle has returned from London. She says she will not dance again, but will appear on either the stage or screen.

Nat C. Goodwin died at the Claridge
(Continued on page 83)

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Jews of the Studios

(Continued from Page Four)

Emerson has recovered from a serious case of the flu.

White has been resting at Palm Beach starting her new serial, "In Secret."

Reed is dividing her time between the drama, "Roads of Destiny," and the studios, where she is at work on her production under that organization's name. Marc MacDermott is playing opposite her in the drama, as yet unnamed. Miss Reed's first United production was "Her Code of Honor."

Robert Warwick has returned from Europe. At the time THE CLASSIC went to press, Warwick had just signed with the Paramounts and his return to the screen will be in the film version of "Secret Service."

Reports that he would produce in England after all, Herbert Brenon sailed to England early in February, taking Doro with him. Mr. Brenon's first production in England will be "Twelve Ten," by Earl Carroll. Later Mr. Brenon will produce Louis Joseph Vance's "Daughter of the Lone Wolf" and Richard Roden's "The Impudence."

de Mille is now at work on Edgar Selwyn's "For Better, For Worse." Mr. de Mille isn't a study in marriage or a war but "the biggest subject I have ever seen."

Petrova has returned to vaudeville for the season.

Griffith announces that he may take a break from theater for a repertoire screen season, representing a series of his productions from his newest, "The Fall of Babylon," "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," back to "The Birth of a Nation," "The Avenging Conscience," "The Birth of a Nation," "Home" and "The Birth of a Nation."

Mower is now playing opposite May

Murray, the Mack Sennett comedienne that he is to return to the stage.

Leslie and a Vitagraph company returned from the South, where "The Birth of a Nation" was filmed.

Morrison is out of the army and "cits" again.

L. Rothapfel, former director-general of the New York Rialto and Rivoli, is now head of Rothapfel Pictures Corporation, offices at 130 West 46th Street. The organization plans to produce complete films, including features, comedies, scenic magazine reels.

Im Strauss, the artist, has organized a new Strauss Feature Films and will make a series of photoplays starring Lelia. Mr. Strauss believes Miss Hope is a star.

FOUND CLASSIC IN DUG-OUT

Reggie Lyons, of the Land and Air Unit, A. E. F., writes to THE CLASSIC that he is still alive. Reports had reached the studio that Lieut. Lyons had been killed. That another officer of that name was Lieut. Lyons was with the 79th Division Signal Corps photographer, serving in a strenuous campaign until hostilities ended Nov. 11. Later he was taken ill with pneumonia and had been in the hospital for five months at the time of writing.

Lyons was with the Vitagraph company for nine years. He reports that he found a copy of THE CLASSIC in a German dug-out at the Bois de Consengoye, France.

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The world's strongest and most perfect athlete, whose unaccepted challenge of competition to the greatest living "strong men" still stands.

You will make one if you marry some happy, healthy, pure young girl, and make her the mother of children who will be a grief to her and a reproach to you as long as you live.

Are you strong, vigorous, healthy, with good red blood in your veins and an abounding vitality, that will impart to your children the same qualities when you bring them into the world?

Or are you weak, thin, stoop-shouldered, with your blood like water, or poisoned by constipation; dyspeptic, bilious; eating poorly and sleeping poorly—just dragging yourself through your daily tasks, with no biff or pep or get-up-and-go about you?

What YOU are, your children will be, only MORE so. There's no getting around it.

The Law of Heredity Can't Be Evaded

You can be the father of strong, sturdy, happy children, no matter what you are now; if you take hold of yourself and build yourself up into the kind of man you ought to be; the kind of man you WANT to be, and—above all—the kind of man your wife or the girl who is to be your wife, wants you to be and BELIEVES YOU TO BE NOW.

Don't Be Only Half a Man!

You never can get ahead; you never can be successful; you never can be happy or make your wife happy or have happy children unless you WAKE UP and pull yourself out of the rut. Unless you build up your physical organism, strengthen your vital organs, clear the cobwebs out of your brain: **FIT YOURSELF** to live a whole man's life and do a whole man's work in the world.

If you have erred in the past and are suffering now, or fearing the later consequences of those youthful indiscretions, **get hold of yourself, BE A MAN;** correct the conditions that will be fatal to your own happiness and the happiness of the girl you love if you should enter the state of matrimony while those conditions still exist.

NO MATTER WHAT CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MANHOOD; whether it was your own fault or circumstances you could not control, **YOU CAN BE A REAL MAN AGAIN** and the father of happy, healthy, laughing children—**AND I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME ONE.**

Let Me Help You Become a REAL MAN

I can help you build yourself up; help you strengthen your nerves, heart, lungs, liver, stomach; help rid you of headaches, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation. I can help you turn that thin, watery blood of yours into the rich, red blood of a fighting man fit to fight the battle of life under ANY circumstance and WIN IT.

Whatever handicap you may be laboring under, the result of weakness caused by early errors, I can help you correct it and without the use of powders, pills or potions of any kind. I can help you mentally and physically to become the kind of man you want to be: a man your wife and your children and **YOU YOURSELF** will be proud of—the kind of man who is **A SUCCESS IN THE WORLD.**

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Take hold of yourself in time, by sitting down and filling out the **Free Consultation Coupon** below. Get a **FREE COPY** of my book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy."

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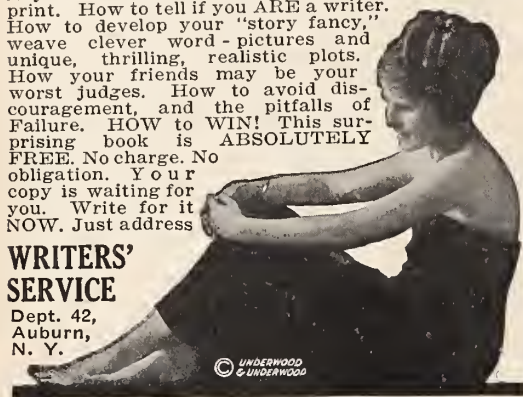
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Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

(Continued from page 23)

"I will," said young Warner, and two days later he sailed for America and has lived here ever since.

In America he appeared successfully in "Nurse Marjorie," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "Salomy Jane," "These Are My People." He became a full-fledged star in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," from which time he has remained one of the most popular men on our stage.

This winter his Broadway success was called "Sleeping Partners," but he has signed a contract to go to California and do pictures as soon as he can leave this popular play.

"It's better that the baby should be in the land of sunshine, where she can be out of doors all day long. For myself perpetual sunshine is as tiresome as perpetual rain. The bad must come to make the good appreciated.

"Do you like pictures?"

"I like them if they are produced properly, which, I might add, is seldom. Frankly, I cannot tolerate a lot of noise, a lot of vulgar swearing. I will be with pleasant people—the Robertson-Cole Company. I am sure they will let me have things as I would have them. I am going to make it a rule that there be no swearing or roughness about the studio. To make a production that is artistic in any sense of the word, the atmosphere must be congenial."

Mr. Warner is a keen student of human nature. He is a wide reader, and, of course, a clever talker. His voice has the soft-tone quality, resultant from generations of culture. He is a perfect example of control. He can feel, but you would scarcely know it. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, he never laughs boisterously. He is like a Kentucky race-horse, nerves taut, sensitive, with all of his surplus speed check-reined for the life race by perfect poise and mental balance.

"Marriage," says H. B. Warner, "is a success when it is fifty per cent. teamwork and fifty per cent. sense of humor. The trouble with most couples is that they forget the other party is human. Wives should realize that men are creatures of failings. Did they laugh at them all annoyances would be forgotten. Women love strength in a man. Strength of mind, character, or physical strength.

"I believe married life is the only happy existence. As some one once said, 'Man was not meant to live alone.'

"My sister lives in England, you know. She has her own little home in the suburbs. She is comfortable. For eight years I have tried to persuade her to come and visit us. You see, I couldn't make her stir herself out of her comfortable rut even to come and see me. But now there's Joan, so I am sure she will come to us in California, and then I will have all my people with me. I shall be a perfectly happy man."

"Will you mind leaving your New York friends?"

"I have very few real friends," said he, philosophically eyeing his cigarette smoke. "I seldom see those I have but were they in trouble, I would walk to them barefoot over glass-covered pavements, if it would help them. A friend is a person who loves one for all his faults and wishes to help one overcome his failings. It is easy to call one's friend when all is rosy.

"I believe in luck, you know. Luck is the only thing that makes one person succeed where another fails."

I gasped. "You believe in luck?"

"Certainly. Opportunity knocks—and a person makes a great success. He may have no more ability than another man who plods all his life. But luck showed him his opportunity."

"And you really want your daughter to go on the stage?" I asked, my mind reverting backwards.

"Certainly, if she wants to—and she will want to, I am sure. I am proud of my profession. Why shouldn't I be? The stage does as much for the happiness of humanity, perhaps more, than any other business. People who are afraid of its immorality are all wrong. I do not go to church as often as some. My religion is in my own heart. I know what is right or wrong according to my own ideals. I do not fear death. I know I were going to die tomorrow I would not be afraid. Death is the smallest thing."

We are glad that H. B. Warner is coming back to the screen. A man who has separated the gold from the dross of existence, a man whose talents are inborn, and who has received a knowledge of life as it should be, can give to the silversheet an authority, poise and understanding.

The Extra Girl Becomes Village Belle

(Continued from page 53)

graduates. She smiled a greeting to every one in general, and every one in particular thought she intended to smile for him and smiled back. That was the way with a genuine smile. Any number of people may take it without infringing on the rights of others.

Of course, it was Ruth who received the greatest round of applause, for she was the most beloved girl in the village. It was Ruth for whom Ann Egger reserved her best smile, for she had responded to her teaching more than any other child in the school. It was Ruth's mother, Miss Kingsley, who shed tears of joy at her unmistakable popularity, which tears said nothing to preserve intact for the close-bending back until her face was parallel with the skyline. It is only through tears can be prevented from following the line of least resistance, to the downward and disappearing. Tears and other queer reactions, too. When

(Continued on page 87)



Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swear they will keep mum about this and they wish they may drop down dead in their tracks if they ever tell and Rot.

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(Seventy-nine)

The Star on the Defensive

(Continued from page 17)

arrangement to bring about moving picture world dominion, and we came together. There is no reason why others who make first-class pictures, such as Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young and others, could not join our organization should they so desire.

"We have plenty of capital and business backing to put into effect the necessary booking machinery, and the public will be the gainer by the new organization."

The big stars will and must produce fewer and better stories. This means the coming of the story into its proper place. We see signs of this everywhere. Mary Pickford pays \$80,000 for "Pollyanna" and "Daddy Long Legs," while Anita Stewart buys "Virtuous Wives" for \$40,000. Any price for a good story! In time similar prices will be paid for original scenarios and the big writers will begin to create for the screen. Then will the photoplay begin.

It isn't an impossible conclusion to believe that producers will of a necessity cease to turn out photoplays on machine schedule and divert their attention to creating from four, six or eight sincere, dignified, well-done productions a year—productions that will draw because the name of the maker will come to mean something.

We are told by exhibitors that just four stars can be depended upon to draw in any sort of weather: Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks and Norma Talmadge. Yet, with one exception, the draw of even these fluctuates. Chaplin maintains his tremendous pulling power because he devotes two months or more to making three reels of comedy; to cutting, eliminating and changing until he has a well nigh perfect bit of film. Chaplin alone of all screenland is looking into the future with prophetic eyes. On the other hand, Fairbanks turns out "Arizona" and flops. His next may pull him up again. Miss Talmadge draws ahead with "The Heart of Weton" after one or two just average pictures. So it goes.

The star combination, whether it is just a strategic scheme for the moment or a permanent thing, foreshadows just one thing:

The making of better and fewer pictures, with increasing valuation placed upon the story.

The World to Live In

(Continued from page 65)

count. But oh, my dear, if I could I'd give you all those things that you want—wealth and happiness and the whole wide world——"

"You still love me?" asked Rita, in a queer little voice.

"I still love you," nodded the doctor, "after everything."

"Why, then you have given me all those things!" Rita cried. "Wealth—and happiness—and the whole world!"

And she snuggled her head against his rough tweed shoulder.



The Field of Dishonor



HE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so. But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace. It is a story so startling and curious with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that maker of romance—

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Corinne, Chocolate Cake and Deep, Dark Secret

(Continued from page 21)

put me in pictures. The best I could was to try not to look dazed. But really was. Now I've learnt how to my identity a little in a part, I think.

"I want to do melodrama. I like that best. There's one play I'd just like to do—'The Willow-Tree.' There's possibility that I shall have it, too."

"Every night I go to the movies. Miss Griffith ran on. 'It's the only way to advance. I study all the stars, I love Alice Joyce best. When I tell her that, and also that I have the next dining-room to Miss Joyce down at the graph, every one marvels. By all the rules, we should be throwing make-up at each other. But she's a dear.'"

Miss Griffith sighed. "If I could photograph like that! My!

"I love rôles that call for beautiful costumes—simply love 'em. Gue have a luxurious soul."

We hated to stop the confessions of that mysterious favor was preying on our mind.

"What was that you wanted us to do for you?" we asked, casual-like.

"It's this," said Miss Griffith, all earnestness. "Tell folks I'm not married. 'cause I'm not."

"Really?" we ventured, recalling that every one fancied she was Mrs. W. Campbell.

"Honest and true. It's awful to be credited with a husband when you haven't got one. And I haven't. It all started when I was in California. The report got out that I was to be married. I was press-agent here in New York and used it in publicity just as if it happened. And I've never been able to stop it ever since. That report is right on going and going. It's—horrible!"

"Frightful!" we appended.

"When you haven't really got one," continued Miss Griffith. "I wish my weren't out shopping. She'd prove to you."

But we couldn't wait for mother's return from her shopping expedition. So we present our facts as we gathered them.

Corinne certainly ought to know. Anyway, we believe it, because we looked into those blue Griffithian eyes.

A Dozen Chaplins, and They Are All Charlie

(Continued from page 71)

You have seen people sitting beside the chauffeur mentally driving the car. You can see them stiffen as they jam imaginary brakes and step on imaginary throttles. Well, that's Charlie at a fight. He ducks and snorts and dodges. If you sit next to him you go home with lacerated ribs. When the knock comes and one of the fighters is on the floor squirming and writhing in agony Charlie's face looks worse than the sufferer.

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Peggy Does Her Darndest

(Continued from page 58)

in it that would go swell with your hair!"

He came closer, leering down at her. "Listen, baby-doll, I got a hankering to see the inside of the house yonder. If you slip down tonight at twelve, say, and let me in, that comb is yours! And a kiss in the bargain. How's that listen to you?"

The French maid considered, smiled delightfully and without guile. "Mais certainement!" she told him. "Tonight at twelve—wee, wee!"

During dinner that night Peggy was unusually silent. And afterward she disappeared as completely as tho Fate had simply erased her from the blackboard of Life. On the porch below, saccharine with moonlight, confidence-compelling, the Honorable Hugh held the fair Eleanor's hand, and thought, so clever are women, that he did it because he wanted to.

In the room above a small figure was busy assuming, one after another, various strange and wonderful disguises, from that of a minstrel show negro, thru low-comedy Irishman, caricatured rustic, to the same ferociously mustached individual who had disturbed Mr. Ensloe's soliloquies in the library some nights before. But none of them was fully satisfactory. They did not, so Peggy decided, make her look *different* enough.

Chin in cupped hands, she considered the question, and a great light was vouchsafed her. Eyes shining, cheeks flushing, she stole from her room and down the hall to the pink and puffy chamber where, amid rose Du Barry curtains, French gray and cane and crystal jars and bottles, her sister planned her conquests. From a well-filled wardrobe Peggy chose a vampire gown of satin strung with jet, daringly cut, worldly wise, and, clasping this wickedest of costumes to her breast, she scurried back to her own room and proceeded to array herself in it.

Aghast, she stared at the shameless and sophisticated young person in the mirror, and for an instant she quailed. But Peggy was game.

"Tho it's queer," she reflected, as she sat herself down in the big chair by the window to wait, "how much more disguised I am by taking things off than by putting things on!"

Let us now, in the manner of the poets, proceed to apostrophize midnight and bid it hasten on black-sandaled feet to keep its nightly tryst with the world.

No doubts or apprehensions disturbed Harrison Ensloe's slumbers. No fear of impending matrimony writhed thru the Honorable Hugh's dreams. Neither her steel-pronged halo of curlers nor chin-strap harness awakened the vampirish Eleanor from pleasing visions of being presented at the Court of Saint James.

Crash! And again a crash, succeeded by a hollow groan.

In the library below Peggy stooped calmly over the prostrate figure outspread at her feet, examined a rapidly swelling protuberance on the point of his



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in and spoke aloud, with pardonable complacency:

"A bully uppercut, if I do say so! But that left is still weak."

Inarticulate sounds in several keys drew her gaze to the doorway, wherein good framed the Ensloe family and the honorable Hugh. Peggy beamed upon them, waving an explanatory hand at her victim. "After the diamonds," she explained, succinctly. "Your precious herlock overslept himself, dad, so I had to step in."

Mrs. Ensloe ran to her daughter with hysterical sob. "But precious," she stammered, "he had—a—gun!"

"Sure he did," assented her daughter, calmly, "but I just naturally handed him an upper to the jaw and it took. That's all."

"Oh, I say—ripping!" cried the Honorable Hugh, taking a step toward her, managing to look, in spite of his disadvantageous costume of pajamas and dressing-gown, extremely dignified, remarkably handsome, essentially masculine.

Glancing at him, Eleanor was suddenly reminded of the curlers and chin-strap and fled with a shriek, followed more slowly by her father and mother, who had caught a certain look on the two faces they were leaving, and were wise of their generation.

However, they might have stayed for all the Honorable Hugh. To him there was only one person at present on earth, slim, gallant girl-creature with shy brown eyes and a wistful, frightened smile. With a little low laugh he went to his One Person and took her into his arms.

"Peggy," said the Honorable Hugh, "I love you!"

"Maybe," suggested Peggy, against a crimson brocaded shoulder, "maybe it's just this dress—"

"Maybe it's just—you!" said the Honorable Hugh, with a shake in his deep voice. "Oh, little Peggy-girl! Wont you say that you do care—just a little—for me?"

Peggy's red-gold hair nestled against his breast, Peggy's red lips lifted to his kiss. "Well," whispered Peggy, contentedly, "well, I'll do my darndest to!"

Across the Footlights

(Continued from page 76)

Hotel, New York, on Jan. 31. His last appearance was in "Why Marry?" in Philadelphia a few days before.

David Belasco has just produced a drama of Irish village life, "Dark Rosaleen," in which Eileen Huban has the leading rôle.

Marjorie Rambeau is playing the star rôle in Leighton Graves Osmun's "The Fortune-Teller," prior to departing for London for an English season.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates are appearing in Philip Moeller's "Molière," Miller playing Molière, Miss Bates appearing as Madame de Montespan and Holbrooke Blinn being seen as Louis XIV.

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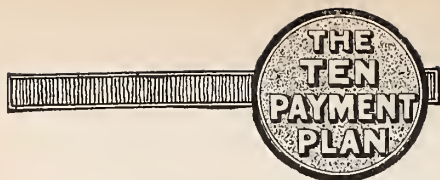
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WM. P. S.—Oh no, Charlie Chaplin is handsome without his make-up. His wife is a little beauty. Carol Holloway is with Vitagraph. Thanks so much. When I get letters like yours, it makes me try to turn on my cheerfulness and lighten the way for my readers.

LILLIAN L.—Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address was delivered Nov. 19, 1863. House Peters with the Garson Company. His last play was "The Forfeit." Jack Holt is with Paramount, and Ben Wilson is not playing.

JOVIALIS, THE JOVIAL.—Never noticed that. You like "Bleak House" best. Remember when I was a youngster I always liked "Great Expectations" and "Tale of Two Cities."

MRS. J. M. W.—La Marseillaise, the French national anthem, was composed at Strausburg, and was so called because it was first printed at Marseilles. May Allison's sister never played in pictures. Dustin Farnum is 44 years old and William Farnum is 42.

BELIEVE MUH.—You ask why is it that on most of our covers the players have their mouths open. He who has fine teeth laughs most. Thanks for all you say, but applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

SLIPPERY SLIM.—So you have been called a sweet kid. Reminds me—Willie fell in the molasses barrel in the shed. "Now I'll lick you, Willie," his mother said, and that's what I ought to do to you, kid. But for your tender years I would—you're so sweet. All letters should be addressed to players in care of their company. Yes, yes—go on!

FLORETTE DE GRASSE.—It was General Joffre who said to the French army at the Marne, Sept. 5, 1914: "The hour has come to advance at any cost, and to die rather than fall back." They are thinking of renaming Ocean Boulevard in Brooklyn Joffre Boulevard in honor of him. Sessue Hayakawa is going to remain in pictures and not go to Japan.

M. V. W.—I never brought up any children, so I can't advise you—a little out of my line. But I know that a boy resents injustice more than punishment, and nothing has a better effect on children than praise. Try it.

SALLIE SAPHIRE.—A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart. What does this mean to you? When you find yourself inclined to be angry, speak in a low tone. Save yourself, Sallie.

SUSAN B.—For some reason or other, I haven't been hearing from the soldier-boys. They are all too busy. Soviet is a Russian word and means council or committee. It is used particularly at present to designate the councils of the working men and soldiers who are controlling the actions of the revolutionary government.

DAME ELMORE.—Elsie Ferguson has played in "The Danger Mark," "Hearts of the Wilds," "The Lie" and "Doll's House." Pauline Curley in "Bound in Morocco."

RUSSELL.—Your letter was a cracker-jack. The shortage of coal is due to the lack of labor, congested transportation and increased consumption. But if there were no little people in the world we should not be great, and we

ought not to be great except for their sakes. Henry Walthall played briefly in "The Awakening" on the Broadway speaking stage.

FRANK.—No I am not so bald that I don't know where my bald head leaves off and my face begins, nor do I keep my hat on when I wash my face. You want more about Robert Harron. Didn't you know that two-thirds of life are spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting.

ALICE O'H.—Too late now.

TOE DANCER.—As a toe dancer you may be wonderful and also a good singer, but I can't help you get in the pictures. You apparently are a good automobilist. And, as you say, actions, looks and words step from the alphabet and spell character. Some character to the Orientals.

BLUEBIRD.—Thanks for the dime. All about Eugene O'Brien. He's quite a boy, and getting a place in the sun for himself. Don't know how you would describe it, but alimony is the cost of an affinity. No, I never belonged to the Alimony Club—how could I on \$9 per?

PRINCESS L.—Wallace Reid, he is 26. Frank Mayo married—no. But our general health is the speedometer that tells us how fast we are living.

EYE-WANNA-NO-SUM-MOHR.—Shoot, and you will get it. Mignon Anderson, Metro; Miriam Cooper, Fox; Marguerite Courtot, isn't playing. Mack Sennett is in California. Yes, for the Brady picture. Join one of the clubs. There—is not your store of information enriched?

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Pearl White is writing a book on her life. Will let you know when it is finished. Shouldn't take much longer, because she isn't very old. Isn't it so the higher we rise, the more isolated and colder we are? You see if I was an ice man I'd be colder still.

CLOWN PRINCE.—Jules Raucourt was Pierrot in "Prunella." Edna Goodrich in "The House of Lies." Nothing is too much for me. James Kirkwood directed Evelyn Nesbitt in "I Want to Forget."

THU JAYS.—You ask what is the difference between the moon and a drunkard. That one is so old that it has whiskers. Because the moon is full once a month, and the drunkard is full every night. But, pray, what has this to do with M. P.? So you are going to be married according to the fortune-teller. My boy there is no teller of fortunes except Bradstreet and Dun.

SHRIMP FLYNN.—Alice Brady was Flora and Helen Montrose was Mrs. Maitland in "The Death Dance." Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After" at the Plymouth Theater, New York. And why worry? Shrimps don't worry. The two great causes of worry are idleness and ill health.

DAKOTA BILL.—Well, a box came in to me for Christmas without any contents, marked "Received in bad condition," and that may have been from you, Bill. Thanks just the same. Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in "Love in a Hurry."

(Continued on page 86)

(Eighty-four)



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The Movie Encyclopaedia

(Continued from page 84)

BEE S.—Irene Castle has denied that she is to wed Tom Powers of the old Vitagraph. Some day we'll have an article in THE CLASSIC on how double exposures are made. Your ending is good, but let me say that there is one thing worse than dishonesty—incompetency, and you have neither.

MISS MOVIE.—So you think I am getting old very fast. Not any faster than the rest of you. Billie Burke is about 32. Antonio Moreno is again playing for Vitagraph. No, I haven't been bored by your letter, and you can go on wondering whether I'm a lady or gent, as you put it. Nothing doing—you can't bribe me. (Note—Did you know that a gent is a person who wears pants and pronounces *Italian* eye-talian?)

INQUISITIVE ANN.—Fire away, Ann; I've got my typewriter all set. A regular old Monarch machine, electric lamp alongside of me, huge opening, (they call it my waste-basket), and letters in front of me, letters behind me, and—well, just letters everywhere, volleying and thundering. Let me know how you make out with your studies.

DAFFODIL.—Reminds me of spring. Looking in the florist's window the other day, I read a sign, "We give a packet of seed with every plant." Across the street in another florist's shop, read a sign, in bold type, "We give the earth with every plant." Yes, Gale Henry is still commedienning it.

LOTTA NERVE.—Not so much. Clovis established the kingdom of France upon the site now occupied by the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Oh, but Frank Losee was Uncle Tom.

APPRECIATIVE.—Dont know where you can reach Leo Reed.

BUSHWICK COMMERCIAL GIRL.—Harold Lockwood was his real name. Robert Walker is 31 years old. Yes, E. K. Lincoln is married. Thanks for the fee.

ANNEXING BILL.—Florence Vidor played in "Till I Come Back to You." Your letter was encouraging toward the end, but it sort of back-fired at the start.

GENE.—Some one here is agin me. Who is it? The Spartans do not inquire how many the enemy are, but where they are. I am not a woman. *I am not a woman.* I AM NOT A WOMAN. The next person who intimates that I am should prepare for the worst. I have the grandest little bunch of spinach on my anatomy called the chin that you ever saw, and women dont usually grow such luxuries. So you dont think Fred Stone ought to be revealing the screen secrets. Mae Marsh is m-a double r-i-e-d now.

SUN MAID.—No, my child, you always get an answer in THE CLASSIC. So you want to see more of Mary Miles Minter. Then you should see her in her bathing-suit. And you dont like Olive Tell, because she smokes and makes fun of God's image, "mankind." You're right; the men should not be made the laughing-stock of women.

SUGAR LUMP.—Thanks for the picture. My dear, description only excites curiosity; seeing satisfies it. Gloria Hope was in "The Auction Block." Join one of the correspondence clubs; a list of addresses furnished upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

MADELENE.—So you dont think we ought to publish the private lives of the players. Why so, when they agree to it and our readers demand it? Tom Chatterton is on the stage.

I. O. U.—That's a bad title to select. Are you so used to signing it that you have the habit? May Allison and Joseph Kilgour in "Social Hypocrites." William Duncan in "Fight for Millions." Yes, Earle Williams is really married, and happily so. Mary Anderson is married also. Yes, Alfred Whitman is married.

JOAN.—Irene Castle was with Pathé. If you care enough for the result, you will almost certainly attain it.

HAZEL H.—All right, Hazel. But marriage often unites for life two people who scarcely know each other. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Poor Rich Man." They are now playing at the Vitagraph studio.

MARGARET AND DINAH.—You just write to them and they will send their photos.

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(Eighty-six)

The Extra Girl Becomes a Village Belle

(Continued from page 78)

tors see them—real ones, that are in no way related to the bottle of glycerine reposing in your medicine-chest—they give whoops of delight and insist upon the preservation of those tears, no matter how dear the cost to the neck of the generator.

But Director Charles Brabin appreciated them. Does this name bring up any associations, dear fans? Yes, he is the same six feet something of director who gave me my first engagement at the Vitagraph 'way back in the dear dim past. You will remember he was directing Peggy Hyland at that time, and you will also remember that I entered his presence with fear and trembling. When I ran into him one evening at the Fox office, I greeted him with all the joy one bestows upon the returned collar-button.

"Want some work?" he asked.

I confessed that and the hope that some accident might hurl me into W. F.'s arms, or else that I might fall gracefully in front of his patent-leathers so that he would be forced to give me some sort of notice—these and nothing more were the causes of my several pilgrimages to 46th Street.

"Well, ask Johnnie Kellette what to wear, and be at the studio tomorrow morning at nine," he concluded.

"Well, it's winter, Ethel, and—and—well, look as old-fashioned as you can. See?" So said Kellette later.

I nodded understandingly, and sat up half the night trying on bows and dresses that Miss Wiggles says I wore when she was a babe in arms, but which I am still sure must have waved merrily from one of my ancestral clotheslines.

Anyway, the next day I obediently clapped and clapped and clapped while Mr. Brabin was taking a thousand feet of tears. So well did my applause register that the director said I might flash some more in his picture; in fact, a great deal more, and then, just when the birthday party came along and all the other girls and boys of the village were there, I got "it"—even now I am afraid to encourage its return ever so softly by its name, and Miss Wiggles and I sneezed and sneezed and sneezed, and took all sorts of medicines and all sorts of nourishment, while the Kliegs and the Cooper-Hewitts daily shone, but not for us. They took the birthday party, ate the cake and everything without us, and Kirah Markham, Mr. Brabin's secretary, told me how very effective it all was and how Miss Nesbit's surprise was so genuine that it brought a lump into her, Miss Markham's, throat. Then after Miss Nesbit had bravely fought it off for a few days and later Mr. Brabin had stubbornly declared that it shouldn't touch one of his six feet, life again resumed its normal joyous course.

This picture, "Judge Not," is the kind that always makes the women slyly wipe their eyes in the friendly darkness of the little playhouse and causes the men to

(Eighty-seven)



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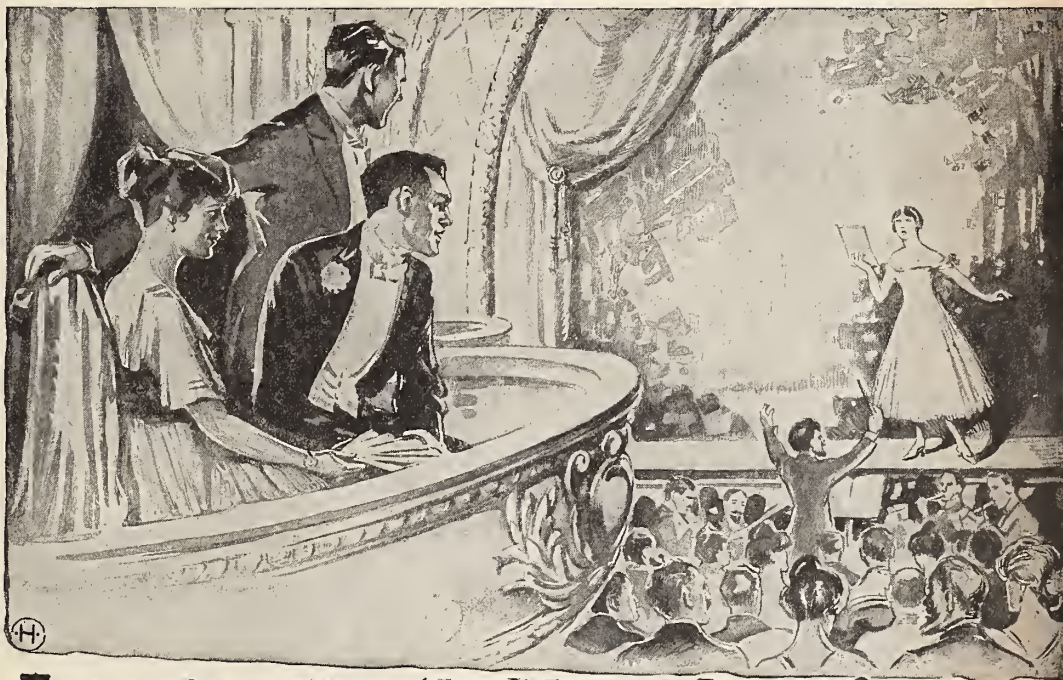
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wish they hadn't and determine not to again. Of course, there's always a handsome young minister in such a story—the romance of the plain, older ones never sees the light of the celluloid—and he always presides over a tiny white church. Such a little church Director Brabin found viewing the surrounding country from a green knoll in Old Tappan, N. J.

The clang of a trolley bell has never disturbed the roosting of the chickens of Old Tappan, nor has a railroad ever lifted the mortgage from an Old Tappan farm by running gaily thru its back yard. As it was in the beginning, it nestles sweetly and quietly far away from the beaten track. We were glad that it was so, both for Old Tappan's sake and for our own. Trolleys and railroads have ceased to thrill us seasoned travelers, while sightseeing buses that pick you up at the Fox office in New York and whirl you thru miles and miles of unbroken country—well, how could they help but cause joy to the human soul? Now and then we had to get out and walk up one hill or down another, and at regular intervals we were forced to admit that the air was a bit frosty for even the summer days of January. As far as the Jersey side of the Weehawken Ferry every one was talking at once, and then by degrees a general calm settled down over the two big buses.

As we were going down the final stretch to Old Tappan we caught sight of Miss Nesbit, Mr. Brabin, Andy Culp and the rest of the staff eagerly scanning the road for our approach. George Lane and his camera were already stationed opposite the church, all set for action.

"Gee, it makes you feel just like a star to be late and keep everybody waiting and everything, doesn't it?" joyfully exclaimed one of the extras.

"Dream on, fair one," encouraged her companion. "Your check will be the best little alarm clock you ever had."

In one corner of the tiny Tappan church we balanced mirrors and make-up boxes on our knees in a sad attempt to make up.

Meanwhile star and director paced the countryside while the sun slowly but surely continued to slip over to say "Hello" to the picture folks in California. At last, however, we were ready, and Andy Culp arranged us in groups on the lawn, just as if we had stopped to gossip at the close of the morning service. Some of us were still exiting from the little white doorway, and soon Ruth came forth in a becoming purple hat, a long blue cape and a quaint ruffled dress. Two of her girl friends tried to coax her to walk home with them, but, intimating that she had prospects of more pleasing companionship, she smiled her way thru the gossiping groups, stole quietly past her mother and father, who were exchanging choice bits with friends in the foreground, over to the fence, where Alec Peters, (Gladden James), was waiting for her.

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(Eighty-nine)

There was a reason for her "stealing by" her parents. They in no way approved of her seeming fondness for Alec, who was brakeman of the train on which Ruth took her daily trips to high school. Alec came from New York and easily dazzled Ruth by his city ways. Ruth's father, however, had seen him gambling around town and had failed to be dazzled. That night when Ruth, who had stayed out later than usual, tried to gain her room by the ancient and honorable method of removing her footgear, she dropped one of her slippers, which is also an ancient and honorable method of announcing one's arrival to a sleeping household. She soon found herself looking into Père Hayes' angry face. He warned her that if he ever saw her with Alec Peters again he would disown her. The next day Ruth told Alec of her father's threat, and he persuaded her to elope to New York with him, promising to marry her as soon as he could obtain a license. Of course, Ruth didn't know that he wouldn't, but you do, and you also know that he will finally cast her off and leave her alone in a big city.

The next time we appeared at the Old Tappan church, which was really just after we had consumed our sandwiches and pie, but on the screen is months and months later to allow for the minister's trip to New York, his rescue of Ruth from the life she has been forced to lead and her return to her heart-broken mother, we were a very much excited congregation. The minister had persuaded Ruth to resume her former place in the choir, and then he had preached a sermon on the Magdalene, hoping thus to soften the hearts of the congregation toward the wanderer. It didn't seem to do much good, tho, for as she came from the church on the arm of her father the youngsters started to jeer and gossiping women turned their backs and drew aside their skirts.

"The idea of the hussey's coming to church!" one of my group ejaculated, vehemently.

"But the minister approves," I declared just as vehemently, for we had been ordered to hold indignation meetings that would "register."

"Of course he does. There's a reason. Cant you see he's sweet on her?" said Teacher Eggleston.

The only excuse I can offer for our uncharitable attitude is that in reality we had not heard Crawford Kent's sermon on "Judge Not." He is scheduled to preach it to us tomorrow, but I dont think it's going to make any impression upon us, for if it did, we would have to return to Old Tappan and take the scenes all over again. We have assured Crawford that he need have no scruples about extending the sermon over an indefinite period. If it finds no resting-place within our narrow minds it will find a welcome-little-stranger wreath hung in the window of our flat purses, so here's hoping!

And hoping!



Marguerite Clayton
World Film Star

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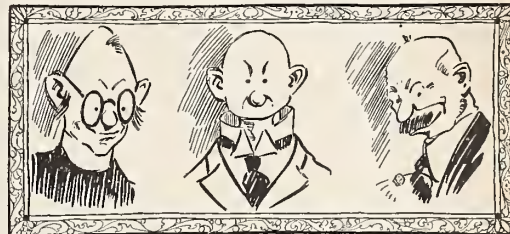
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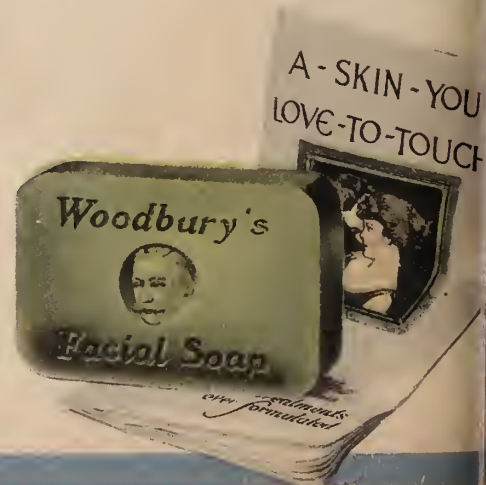
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Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett in "Partners Three"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Lina Cavalieri in "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark in "Three Men and a Girl"
Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper"
*Dorothy Dalton in "Extravagance"
Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish in "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee in "Puppy Love"
Vivian Martin in "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason in "The Winning Girl"
*Charles Ray in "The Sheriff's Son"
Wallace Reid in "Alias Mike Moran"
Bryant Washburn in "Poor Boob"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book). A Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. De Mille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "The Marriage Price"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"
*William S. Hart in "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "The Village Smithy"
"Relly's Wash Day"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Beresford of the Baboons"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Once a Mason"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth's Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met some one I had met before. I couldn't remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by \$100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war bride.

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know *how* I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the *Seattle Post Intelligencer's* account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by \$100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced

(Three)

judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-day—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

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We would prefer, as a matter of record, that each entrant send her name and address to us, although this is not absolutely necessary, as the "Sweet" Pearls will be presented to the winner of the contest whether she sends us her name or not. If you would like a copy of our catalog, please so state when sending in your name. Those entering the contest and sending us their names should address L. W. Sweet & Co., Inc., 2-4 Maiden Lane, Contest Department, New York City.

NOTE—Full details of contest will be found on page 52.

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242 Sapphires or Rubies, 4 fine Diamonds, \$90.00
243 Twin Ring, 2 fine Diamonds, \$35.00
244 Hoop Ring, 1 fine Diamond and Ruby, \$45.00
245 Tooth Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$60.00
246 Ladies' Belcher, 1 fine Diamond, \$35.00
247 1 fine Diamond, 4 Diamonds in shank, 18K White Gold, \$225.00
248 Ladies' Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$25.00
249 Ladies' Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$75.00
250 1 fine Diamond, White Gold Ring, \$55.00
251 Red Cameo, 1 fine Diamond, \$20.00
252 White Gold Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$30.00
253 7 Diamond Cluster, \$90.00
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Experts hesitate to pass opinion on these beautiful reproductions of the expensive Oriental Pearls.

Ruth Roland wearing "Sweet" Pearls



Movie Stars wear "Sweet" Jewelry.

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These pearls are indestructible and of unchangeable lustre. You can order any size pearls by letter. Each necklace complete with solid gold clasp in a handsome gray velvet box as illustrated. All strings are full length, 16 inches long, except G, 26 inches.

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Our goods are dependable from every standpoint, high quality—beauty—design and moderate price. We positively guarantee every article to be exactly as represented and to give satisfaction in every respect. Over 32 years of successful business proves our square dealing and that our word is our bond.

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applies to all exchanges of "SWEET" DIAMONDS. We share our profits with our customers by allowing them a yearly increase of 7 1/2% more than paid on all diamonds exchanged for more expensive ones.

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contains over 1500 gift suggestions in Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches, Rings, Pins, La Vallieres, Silverware, French Ivory Toilet Ware, Cut Glass, Cameras, and Phonographs. Send Today for "SWEET" DeLuxe Catalog. Write now to Dept. 499K. LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED AT FULL VALUE

L. W. SWEET & CO., Inc., 2-4 Maiden Lane, Dept. 499K, New York City

THE June Classic

The first Summer number of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is going to establish a brand new standard for beauty and interest.

Among the live features will be:

An interesting interview with the *Shelby Girls*, Mary Miles Minter and Margaret Shelby, illustrated by intimate new pictures.

A human talk with *Anita Stewart*, now busily at work on the coast upon her new series of photoplays.

Alma Rubens will tell her plans in a little chat which reveals a new angle upon the beautiful star.

Pretty *Hazel Dawn* has been interestingly interviewed.

Another personality chat of decided interest is with *Ernest Truex*, just now dividing his time between a Broadway stage play and the studios.

The whole country is—indeed the whole world seems to be—entered in *The Fame and Fortune Contest*. The June CLASSIC will present the eighth honor roll of the international contest.

The Celluloid Critic, recognized for his fearless comments upon the silverscreen, will discuss the current photoplays.

There will be interesting articles on the silent drama by *Frederick James Smith*, *Kenneth Macgowan* and other authorities.

The fictionized photoplays, as usual, will be the best obtainable. Probably you have noted that THE CLASSIC is obtaining the cream of the world's film production for short story presentation.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Five)

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Cover painted by E. O. Smith)

Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, her parents being stage players. She made her first stage appearance at the age of four and quickly became known thruout the Pacific coast as "Baby Ruth." Miss Roland played in vaudeville and stock in the coast States and finally became a screen player under the direction of P. C. Hartigan at old Kalem. There she remained for several years, finally being secured by Pathé as a serial star.

	PAGE
Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Marguerite De La Motte, Kitty Gordon, Alice Brady, Myrtle Lind and Catherine Calvert.....	11-15
The March of the Photoplay. The development of the scenario has created two schools of photoplaywriting.....	Kenneth Macgowan 16
A Dreamer of Dreams. An oddly exotic personality is that of Marcia Manon.....	Frederick James Smith 18
Hard Luck Tearle. Handsome Conway is at heart a restless pessimist.....	Hazel Simpson Naylor 20
In Pursuit of Billie. Miss Burke is a very, very busy person, and catching her is no mean task.....	C. Blythe Sherwood 22
War and Women. Captain Robert Warwick breezily discusses battlefields and femininity.....	Faith Service 24
The Endowed Photoplay. Vachel Lindsay talks upon the need of an uncommercial screen drama.....	Charles Jameson 26
Saturday to Monday. Constance Talmadge's piquant new comedy told in story form.....	Dorothy Donnell 27
Living Down the Name of Percy. Such is the terrible task of Percy Marmont.....	Faith Service 31
Farnum's Fishing Foray. William Farnum's vacation trip into the tropical Gulf of Mexico.....	32
Me by Myself. The amusing confessions of a real comedienne written by herself.....	Louise Fazenda 34
Earle and His Ambitions. The elusive honeymooner, Earle Williams, makes a few confessions.....	Fritzi Remont 36
A Woman There Was. Theda Bara's colorful new story narrated in story form.....	Faith Service 38
A Daniels Come to Judgment. Little Bebe Daniels is going in for the serious drama very soon.....	Fritzi Remont 42
Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—They're all Frank Losee, who is a character actor of many parts.....	C. Blythe Sherwood 44
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review. Frederick James Smith	45
In the Broadway Theaters. Interesting moments from the successful New York stage plays.....	46
The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom. The new Florence Reed picture in the filming.....	Ethel Rosemon 48
Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice. Mollie King, who divides her time between the stage, the cabarets and the theater.....	Sue Roberts 50
The Newest Beauties of the Fame and Fortune Contest.....	52
Enter—The Baby Vampire. Olive Thomas' newest rôle.....	54
The Stronger Vow. A picturesque short story based on Geraldine Farrar's newest photoplay.....	Olive Carew 55
Gossip of the Pacific Coast.....	Fritzi Remont 60
Double Exposures. Humorous comments upon the screen plays and players.....	Conducted by F. J. S. 62
The Movie Encyclopedia.....	The Answer Man 84

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Just to show you how our Advisory Service operates, we might cite the experience of Rodney Hynson of Pasadena, Cal. Mr. Hynson tried and tried to dispose of his stories to motion picture companies; each time he failed. He had almost given up hope of ever winning recognition when he enrolled with us. In less than two months we handed Mr. Hynson a check for \$500 for his first successful photoplay synopsis, "Prince Toby," which you will shortly see on the Arterfax program.

Then—there's Mrs. Kate Corbaley—another of our members, who has averaged more than \$155 monthly during the past year through the sale of photoplay plots. Mrs. Corbaley is the mother of four small children and did all of her writing during her spare time.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when the spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Forty-Fourth Street.—Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and the danceful Kitty Doner.

48th Street.—"The Net." An unusually good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—"The newest production, 'Everything,' lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capably with a capital C. The company might be better and handsome William Courtenay more sincere, but for a' that the play is good.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play.

Punch and Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau company at this intimate little theater. The season is largely devoted to the glittering and vivid playlets of Lord Dunsany. Admirable acting and finely artistic staging.

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir

Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate. Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, the being arraigned in his own court. The deluxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and he brother, Charlie King, and George Harre contribute excellent first aid.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The corral experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. F. Anson make the most of their rôles.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for play, and a hero out of such a perfidious robe as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who loses her voice—an heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story. Effie Shannon is excellent. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming plays of the season. Lola Fiske makes a hit in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmet Keane.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle. Remainder of cast is the original New York company.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

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Across the Footlights

JUST now interest in the theater world is centered in the effect prohibition will have upon the stage. The general opinion of producers seems to be that the theater will profit greatly by the coming dry era, altho the cabaret form of entertainment seems destined to suffer.

"I am not a prohibitionist—in fact, I am against prohibition," says Marc Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger, "but I believe that prohibition will help the theater. Of course, it may injure the cabaret performances, but the theater proper will be helped." David Belasco is even more enthusiastic. "Prohibition's influence upon the theater will be tremendous and, in my opinion, will work a vast deal of good for players and managers alike. The box-office will be certain to reflect the changed conditions, for its coffers will benefit enormously by the dollars once spent for drink." Daniel Frohman points out that the motion picture industry has already eliminated thousands of saloons in this country. "The theater is always the supreme resort as the source of pleasure, recreation and entertainment," he says, "and it will be further benefited by the prohibition mandate. The added prosperity to these places of amusement, which I feel will accrue to it, will enable managers to develop the resources of the theater in providing wholesome and intelligent amusement to the limit." Lee Shubert speaks in similar vein. "The theater," he says, "will benefit greatly by the existence of prohibition. Already the cinema has shown how it can affect the public that is accustomed to pay for the cheaper priced places in the theaters. I expect to see prohibition, by keeping the public out of expensive restaurants and cabarets, do the same for the first-class theaters that the cinema has already done by attracting the men from the saloons."

The remaining hope of the metropolitan cabarets seems to lie in the revival of the dance craze. Since the coming of the armistice the dance has been returning to popularity with a bang. The Cascades at the Biltmore, the ballrooms at the Astor, the grill of the Waldorf-Astoria and the other smart dance centers have witnessed a marked increase in the popularity of terpsichore. Will the end of Bacchus silence the jazz? That remains to be seen.

Altho Lent has, of course, affected the theater, the season's business of the metropolitan spoken stage has broken all records. "East is West," with Fay Bainter, at the Astor Theater, for instance, has jumped into one of the year's financial hits. And such productions as "Tea for Three" at the Maxine Elliott, "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, "Up in Mabel's Room" at the Eltinge, "Dear Brutus" at the Empire, "Tiger, Tiger" at the Belasco, "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety, and "The Better 'Ole" at the Cort go right on to record business.

(Seven)

"Hello, Chief:

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

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GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

William A. Brady has withdrawn his resignation from the presidency of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry. A dinner was given in his honor at the Ritz-Carlton, at which the Motion Picture Club of America was organized and \$20,475 raised towards the building of a clubhouse.

C. E. Shurtleff, former general sales manager for the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, has closed with Mrs. Charmian K. London, wife of the late Jack London, for the exclusive rights to all of the London books for the next five years. Mr. Shurtleff plans to produce four pictures a year.

The Rothapfel Pictures Corporation has signed Wally Van to direct the first production, starring Elaine Hammerstein.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased Rida Johnson Young's "The Lottery Man" for production.

Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and Blanche Sweet have been visiting in New York, making the trip together.

Katherine MacDonald has her own producing company now, with Colin Campbell as director. Miss MacDonald will produce in Los Angeles.

Irene Castle has been signed to appear in Famous Players-Lasky productions. The first will be a Robert W. Chambers story, "The Firing Line."

Bessie Barriscale was recently called to New York by the illness of her sister.

Frances Marion, well known as a scenario writer, has returned from France and is again with Famous Players-Lasky. Miss Marion was in special war work.

Lieut. Tom Forman, now out of the army, has been re-signed by Famous Players-Lasky under a two-year contract to play juvenile leads.

William Fox has gone to Europe.

Thomas H. Ince has just signed contracts with Lloyd Hughes, a discovery, William Conklin, Douglas MacLean, Dorris Lee and Otto Hoffman.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne exhibited nearly a dozen dogs at the recent kennel show in Madison Square Garden, New York. Several won cups and ribbons.

Goldwyn has purchased Eleanor Gates' "Alec Lloyd" and H. H. Knibbs' "Overland Red" for Will Rogers' use. At the end of the Follies season Mr. Rogers will go West to start production.

The films have won over Briggs, the cartoonist creator of "The Days of Real Sport," "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and other series. These are being done in the form of one-reel comedies at the Thanhouser (New Rochelle, N. Y.) studios, the principal parts being enacted by children.

Marguerite Clark has been vacationing. Now, however, work is well along on "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Charles Bryant is again leading man for his wife, Mme. Nazimova, in "The Brat," now being produced by Metro on the coast.

Alma Rubens has been Manhattaning.

June Caprice returns to the screen as co-star with Creighton Hale of the new Albert Capellani Productions, to be released thru Pathé. Production work is being done at the Solax (Fort Lee, N. J.) studio.

(Continued on page 64.)

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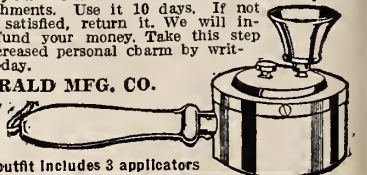
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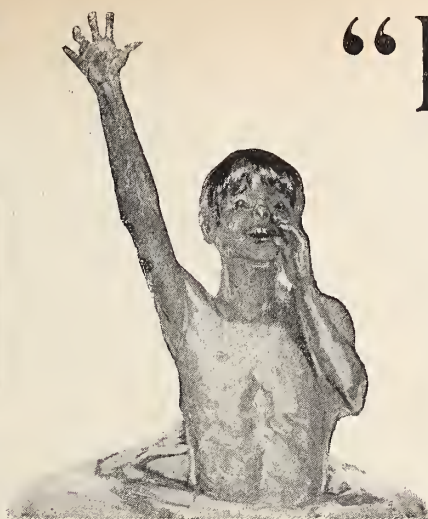
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Motion Picture Classic



MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

Miss De La Motte has been coming to the front recently in Douglas Fairbanks productions. She was the Lena of "Arizona." She has just completed work in "In Wrong," with Jack Pickford, and has returned to the Fairbanks forces.



KITTY GORDON

Miss Gordon was famed on the English musical stage as a beauty before she first dazzled New York in "He Came from Milwaukee" with Sam Bernard. She soon became a star in her own name in "The Enchantress" and other productions. Then World Film won her to the screen. Now she's one of the United stars.



ALICE BRADY

Light opera, drama and the photoplay have been the successive steps in Miss Brady's career. This season she has been dividing her time between the stage hit, "Forever After," and the Select studios. Now she announces that she is leaving Select soon, perhaps to make pictures abroad.



MYRTLE LIND

Myrtle Lind ran away from home to join the movies. Statistics do not state where said home was located. Anyway, she was going to dramatic school when the screen idea seized her. Now she's one of the most famous of Mack Sennett's beauties. Thus Art is served, after all.

MAHERINE CALVERT

Ms Calvert is perhaps
best known for her play-
ing "The Deep Purple,"
"A Romance of the Un-
derworld" and other
plays written by her
husband, the late Paul
Strong. Frank Keeney
brought her to the screen and
she has just been doing
"Fis of Fate," the Sal-
vation Army-Paramount
feature.



The March of the Photoplay



© Hartsook

TEN years ago we began the experiment of transferring gray matter to celluloid. In a short decade we have worked out the intricate and miraculous task of taking a man's mental conceptions of other beings, sorting them out on paper by rudely developed rules of plot or by much more potent intuitions, representing them in the shape of human actors, photographing those representations of thoughts, and then sorting them out all over again in the film editor's laboratory, all in order that they may finally find their way back into the human mind again as mental conceptions of human beings.

Ten years we have had for the working out of a new story-telling art. Five years, if we go by the date when five-reel feature pictures first began to be made. In that time the photoplay has gone as far as other arts have gone in a hundred years. From Homer to Euripides, 1000 B. C. to 450 B. C., is no further in technical development than from an early Broncho Billy melodrama to "Branding Broadway."

Part of it has been the progress of mechanisms — cameras, lighting, laboratory. Such progress has been equaled in other mechanical fields, in the development of the automobile, for instance.

But it is in the vital thing, the thing of the animating spirit, the spark of life, the idea, the story, and the means by which it is recast in celluloid, that the surpassing progress has been made. The flood of cheap re-issues of Hart are proof enough of how far the story teller has gone in ten years. Take "Man to Man," with Rheba Mitchell. I have been unable to locate its birth certificate, and it may well be that this curious two-reeler is not more than five or six years old. But, whatever its age, it demonstrated how tremendously far we have gone.

The story isn't at all bad in itself. It contains plenty of material and suggestions for one of those well-nigh perfect yarns that Harlow and Ince give us today. It brings a New England maiden out West to take charge of her dead uncle's property and drops her into a dance-hall. Thereafter come the conversion of Hart to love and

better ways, a conflict with a concupiscent gambler and a game of poker in which Hart wins the girl by out-cheating a cheat.

As the men of the early days put the story together, the incidents drop out of the camera with no more cumulative excitement than



Upper left, Jeanie MacPherson; center, Monte M. Katterjohn; and, below, Marion Fairfax. "Ten years ago we began the experiment of transferring gray matter to celluloid," says Mr. Magowan. "In that time the photoplay has gone as far as other arts have gone in a hundred years. From Homer to Euripides is no further in technical development than from Broncho Billy to 'Branding Broadway'."



By KENNETH MACGOWAN

chewing-gum out of a penny-in-the-slot machine. There is nothing of what makes screen art today—no human detail, no bits of atmosphere, no conflicts of emotion in the souls of the people, no possibilities of unhappiness, no suspense and not a shred of understanding.

"Man to Man" contrasts all the more vividly with the photoplay of today because in locale and action it is so decidedly of the particular school which has pushed the art of screen story-telling farthest—the Ince-Sullivan alliance. Griffith remains the master of the movies, and his own school of photoplay writing is vital and perhaps more important because of its natural humanity; but the group that worked with Thomas H. Ince and C. Gardner Sullivan at Culver City more than a year ago have done more to create a distinct and exclusive method of story-telling. The photoplays to which Sullivan and Katterjohn and Hawks have put their names—"The Crab," "Hell's Hinges,"



Above, Anita Loos, and, left, C. Gardner Sullivan. "The Sullivan dramaturgy is not unlike the Ibsen dramaturgy in its definite, tight structure," declares Mr. Macgowan, "while John Emerson and Anita Loos are products of the Hauptmann vein of naturalness"

"The Bride of Hate." "The Flame of the Yukon," "The Paws of the Bear," "Carmen of the Klondike," "Shell '43,'" "The Phantom," for example—all bear a close family resemblance. The ones I name were made when all three were working in the Ince studio, and they all show the same characteristic method of handling. The

action is pared down to the bone and then fleshed with exact and appropriate details. The film is started easily and naturally with the introduction of a character or two and an emotion and a place, which gradually begin to accumulate action—and interest—about them. There is no awkward "Now I'm going to tell you a story" start. There is no moralizing. Life just begins to live before you. As you go forward with the story, the effect is of a taut and clean-cut structure designed to achieve the strongest possible dramatic effect. Descriptive subtitles are keyed to the emotion of the story. They are never allowed to seem like necessary explanations of an inept continuity man. Lacking the usual verb, saying "Filled with indecision" instead of "John is filled with indecision,"

(Continued on page 71)

A Dreamer of Dreams

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THERE was an odd exotic leisure in the way Marcia Manon's slender hand stole across the restaurant table and gracefully selected a bonbon—a picturesque atmosphere of sunny, warm lands in the way she indolently lifted the bit of candy to her lips.

The sound of jazz music from the hotel orchestra and the hurried chatter of nearby voices clashed. Marcia Manon, with all her exotic flavor, is not the Broadway exotic. She frankly admits her dislike of the city's madness.

"I love to be awakened by the sunshine and the birds rather than the hotel clerk at the telephone. And the noise, and the rush, and the would-be Bohemianism, and the satisfied old women who live in New York hotels, they all disrupt my thoughts. Still, I am getting used to the noise. Now, at least, I sleep nights."

Miss Manon came on from the coast, let us hasten to explain, in order to play in "The Malefactor" with Jack Barrymore. This visit was her first to New York, at least the first she remembers.

"I was here once before, when I was two months old. My mother was Italian, my father Russian



Abbe

Marcia Manon is a real child of the theater. She was actually born in the Palais Royal in Paris. Her mother was Italian, her father Russian. Above is a study of Miss Manon with Elliott Dexter in "Old Wife for a New" and, on the opposite page, a study of her in "Stella Maris."

He was actually the Parisian director of the Palais Royal in Paris. Indeed, he was actually born in the Palais Royal for my mother had chanced to visit the theater and the evening occurred. So I am in truth a child of the theater.

"My parents brought me to America, but, thank heaven!, they kept me in sunny California. Our theater

I grew up. I longed for a career on the opera stage. I studied and studied. Every cent I could get toward developing my voice.

"I reached nineteen, and still my ideal was far away. I decided to try doing extras in the

(Eight)

You Get Just What You Dream About, Is Marcia Manon's Philosophy



the rôle, but couldn't get her, and they tried player after player in the part. "I was given a chance, altho Miss Pickford quite frankly did not believe I could do it. They tried me for three days, studying the bits of negative in the darkroom at night. Then they decided to keep me. The only other chance I have had was the de luxe comforter in 'Old Wives for New.' Really, I can't see why I am being interviewed. I haven't accomplished anything yet."

Miss Manon smiled—a tired, far-away sort of smile. She selected another bonbon, leisurely, with a minimum of physical effort.

"I believe you get just what you dream about," she went on. "Nothing more and nothing less. I am not a fatalist. I have worked too hard. You must work to succeed; work hard, unwaveringly. The successful are those who can disregard pain—who are strong enough to do that and go on. The real people have sacrificed and suffered to be where they are."

(Continued on page 65)

"I am not a fatalist," says Miss Manon. "I have worked too hard. You must work to succeed; work hard, unwaveringly. The successful are those who can disregard pain—who are strong enough to do that and go on. The real people have sacrificed and suffered to be what they are"

movie studios in order to keep up my voice culture. But I have never been able to do anything without doing it whole-heartedly and sincerely.

"I always came to the studio the very first in the morning. I still do it, indeed. I worked hard, waited long hours, and kept at it. Finally, I got a chance as an Apache girl in 'The Victory of Conscience,' with Lou Tellegen. There was a scene where Mr. Tellegen laid his hand upon my head for a second. I burst into tears. The drama touched me, I was tired, and the tears came.

"They incorporated that into the scene. They had noticed me. That night William De Mille tried me in a rôle in 'Anton the Terrible.' Up to that time I had hated and feared Mr. De Mille, but I have since come to genuinely worship him.

"Those two bits started me. Finally I got a sympathetic little rôle with George Beban in 'One More American.' I like that best of anything I've done. Finally I had my chance in 'Stella Maris' with Mary Pickford. They wanted Mary Alden for



Hard Luck Tearle

THE world considers Conway Tearle one of the most popular matinée idols of the present-day stage or screen.

Mr. Tearle thoroly believes he isn't a matinée idol, never was one, and never wants to be.

"To be a matinée idol," says Mr. Tearle, "all that is necessary is a knack of wearing clothes, the money to go to a first-class tailor, a pretty face and the ability to clutch the girl gracefully in the last few moments of the third act."

"I never was a pretty man. I dont want to play namby-pamby heroes. I want to play men with a dash of deviltry in them, like ordinary human beings. I want to play men that have problems to meet, who perhaps make mistakes but profit by them, and who, out of the heat of their hells, forge themselves into successes. But save me from the callow hero who never did anything wrong in his life. Such men exist only in the movies and on the stage."

Conway Tearle tries to be a persistent pessimist. Seldom have I met a person of the stage so thoroly lacking in conceit. The Tearle ego is undeveloped. He is sure no one likes him. He is positive he has the least luck of any actor. He verily believes that he has nothing to say that will interest the world. He even doubts his own braininess. He is one of those restless individuals who, no matter how much they accomplish, never quite reach the goal of their ambition.

And he absolutely fails to realize that this very lack of self-satisfaction, which is the death-knell of so many popular actors, is the surest sign in the world that *he* will not stand still, but will continue to advance. He fails to realize that as he goes on, his ambition grows in proportion, so that he thinks he never accomplishes it. To those who look no farther than today it may seem a curse to be perpetually dissatisfied, but to those gifted with an insight into the art of creation it is common knowledge that contentment or a fatty self-satisfaction spell the end of achievement.

The stage is Conway Tearle's natural inheritance. His father was Ormsby Tearle, one of the most famous English

actors of his day . . . his mother, an American actress, Minnie Conway, with a theatrical lineage which stretched back to 1712.

Conway was born in America, but was taken to England when he was eight years old. There he received his education at Winchester.

In spite of the fact that his ancestors had mapped out his destiny, the stage, he studied law and even took up professional boxing as a means of livelihood.

"Imagine me even attempting to be anything but an actor," says Tearle. "Why, it just couldn't be done, and so I finally succumbed to the call of the blood and took up my proper profession."

Among his first plays were "The Geisha" and "Ben Hur."

After six years of consistently good acting in London, Tearle sought America, where he made a decided hit with Grace George.

The records of that time show that he was the most sought after actor in America. Again his version of the story differs.

"Dont," he almost pleads, "say any one ran after me or that I got m a s h notes."



Above, Robert Leonard directing Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle and, left, a scene from "Nancy Lee." Conway is a persistent pessimist. The Tearle ego is undeveloped. He is sure no one likes him. He is positive he has the least luck in the world. He even doubts his own braininess. He is one of those restless individuals who, no matter what they accomplish, never quite reach the goal of their ambition

It isn't true. No one ever pays any attention to me."

Tearle has romantically melancholy eyebrows. They glower gloomily over his deep-set eyes. But there is a certain whimsical upturn to his mouth which belies his depression. He maintains that everything he has ever obtained has been thru sheer hard work.

His modesty is real. He believes his own statements and, all proof to the contrary, you couldn't make him believe differently. He says where another actor has made a hit in a very short time without any

effort, his didn't come without the most excruciatingly hard work. This was as Rene in "The Hawk." He was not called upon to take the part until three days before the play was to open in New York. At the time he had walking typhoid, but did not know it. He was obliged to rehearse his part for three days and three nights, with the result that he scored a big hit, but he very seriously undermined his health.

"I like the stage better than pictures," says Mr. Tearle,



Left, Miss Talmadge and Mr. Tearle at an informal between-the-scenes luncheon. "With all due respect to picture directors," says Mr. Tearle, "they want to talk, think, walk, do everything for you. You are nothing but an automaton that carries out their ideas"

"I like playing on the stage because I have most of my afternoons off, can play golf, get out in the country in the machine—live. In the studio I work all day—and get into a dress-suit the next morning at 8 A. M.

"You ask what I'd do if I were bound to an office? Routine work? Dear lady, it couldn't be done."

Conway Tearle admires women that have brains, and yet he says that he is afraid of those that have.

"They're always obtruding themselves and making a man feel insignificant—and a man doesn't like to feel insignificant. I know I haven't an overly large supply of brains, but I don't want any one to make me feel this all the time."

Mr. Tearle has one failing. He just can't remember to keep an appointment to save his soul. He cannot be bound. He is as irresponsible as a gold-fish. He hates to have people make a fuss over him—particularly women—and yet he says he would like pictures better could he think that the picture public liked him.

One of his greatest charms is his voice and his perfect English. He is a finished diplomat, tactful, as are all innately well-bred people.

He will always be a seeker, a hunter for that elusive happiness, that self-satisfaction which is just beyond, whose gossamer wings teasingly brush his eyelids and pass on.

He is a romantic figure, a gallant, a genius, with all of a genius' moodiness.

He is one of the most popular actors on the screen today—and *he doesn't know it.*

"and I think I always shall. On the screen I am simply depicting some one else's thoughts; on the stage I can put my own interpretation across. With all due respect to picture directors, they want to talk, think, walk, do everything for you. You are nothing but the automaton that carries out their ideas. You wait three weeks for your big scene, and then—woof!—you discover it is nothing.

"Of course, I think the ideal way would be to direct myself. Be a director? Heaven forbid! I mean I would like to plan out my own work like Chaplin does. For instance, I would have given anything to have played 'The Silver King.' My father starred in the original stage production. It was one of his greatest hits. It does seem as if the screen part might have been mine, but you see, no luck, no luck at all.

"Everybody asks me what screen star I like best, and I always answer, diplomatically, the one I am playing with at that time. As a matter of truth, I think Norma Talmadge is the fairest, squarest star of them all. She is willing to go fifty-fifty every time, to give a fellow a chance.

"That girl has real brains. I don't see why some one doesn't star her on the stage. I think she would be a tremendous success. She can really act.

In Pursuit of Billie

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD



Scott Shinn

Little Florence Patricia, two years old, is Billie's Land of Promise. "I love her so," says Miss Burke. "I love them all so. Baby, mother, the home, the chickens and dear, kind Flo. Why, I can hardly realize that I've been married five years. Five! They've been five wonders." On this page are pictures taken on the Hastings-on-Hudson estate

MONDAY (at the home of Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at Hastings-on-Hudson)—"It is too bad. She has just left. Ye madam rises extremely early, as she attends to the marketing for the little baby herself every morning before going to the studio."

Tuesday (at the Famous Players-Lasky studio, N. Y. C.)—"Miss Burke cannot see any one. She has to double work on three scenes here and then leave immediately for the fourth set at Fort Lee."

Wednesday (at the office of Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.)—"Billie has run over to the Knickerbocker Hotel to lunch some wounded soldiers."

Wednesday (the same—at the hotel)—"Miss Burke has hurried the boys out for an auto ride before taking them to see a matinée."

Thursday (at the photographer's)—"You have missed Mrs. Ziegfeld by a hair's breadth. She rushed away with the baby to keep an appointment with the physician."

Friday (3 P. M. at Madame Leclaire's)—"My poor sweet Billie won't be able to get here this afternoon. Such a rushing! She's changed her hour for six o'clock . . . oh, if you intend to wait, take another seat *et mettez-vous a votre aise, ma'm'selle.*"

Such was my campaign to capture Billie. But I couldn't have found a more inviting place in which to wait three long hours. It was delightful, this salon, with its brocaded hangings, silken cushions, softly dimmed lamps and gilded furniture



Apeda, N. Y.



Miss Burke Is 'Very, Very Busy

of the quaintest foreign style. On the walls were pastel miniatures, in the corner a Louis XVI desk, across were trellised mirrors, and against clocks, vases, books and candlesticks were photos—hundreds of them, all autographed. They were from one celebrity after another, but the majority of them "From Billie Burke."

"See? Ees that not a darling?" asked madame, indicating a picture of Miss Burke with garlands in her long, thick, plaited hair. "That was Billee's début on the stage about nine years ago in England. Billee was so *magnifique* that, altho at the time she was studying music (she, too, had a charming voice), George Edwards insisted on having her in his Christmas pantomime. Then here she ees in 'Three Little Maids,' that bright success, with Edna May.

"Charles Frohman was impressed with her acting with Charles Hawtrey in 'Mr. George.' He engaged her to return to America with him to play opposite John Drew in 'My Wife.' See? She ees here . . . her hair she now wears on top of her head, but she ees still the girl! She had been in America but one year when she was made a star in 'Love Watches.' There . . . ees that not a wonderful picture? After that I remember she played in 'The Runaway' with Ernest Lawford, 'Mrs. Dot' and in 'The Mind-the-Paint Girl.' Here are the pajamas I made for her that are now known all over as Billie-burkes! Shelley Hull was with her in that play, and also in 'The Land of Promise' and 'Jerry.' Billee ees simply heart-broken over his death. He was so young and fine.

"Last year Billee played with Henry Miller in the piece by M. Dumas, 'A Marriage of Convenience.' I thenk she loved



© Alfred Cheney Johnston

that the best of all her parts! The satins, the picturesqueness, the daintiness all appealed to her nicety of expression."

Madame left me to get ready the outfit "for Billee." Over two hours, and the time did *not* drag. There is nothing more diverting or enchanting than to view a growing

array of exquisite garments. "Here eet ees . . . such a state of wildness! In two days she goes away . . . and all these costumes must go with her. Look! Ees this not a sweet one?" And she held high for scrutiny a smart sports blouse

(Continued on page 76)

"You have no idea how a woman grows, spiritually and mentally and in every way," says Miss Burke, "when she has some one whom she can give her love and her thoughts." Above is a study of Miss Burke in "A Marriage of Convenience"

War and Women

By FAITH SERVICE

"You'll have to come back in a year or so, then," said the captain, ordering intricate *hors-d'oeuvres* in a casual way. "I expect to have one round about that time."

"Why a year?"

"I need perspective. I have none now. None whatsoever. I believe that it will take some time for most of the boys who have been over to get a real perspective on the thing, an honest realization. Of course, I can only speak for myself with any authority. Perhaps the whole thing was too big for me—or perhaps I was too small for it and it's dwarfed me, but I know that I simply cannot realize the thing. I feel exactly as tho I had never been over. As if the trip, all of it, were something that has never happened, something I might have dreamed very vaguely." He paused a moment, then said, wistfully, "Perhaps, tho, if I had had the good fortune to have a wound stripe or so I might have felt it all the more."

"You mean you wish you had been wounded, I take it?"

The captain looked at me with commiseration. "Do I?" he exploded.

"Gosh, every time I see one of the boys with an arm or a leg gone, my heart sinks into my boots. I'm ashamed of my arm where the wound chevrons ought to be. I wish the Boche had played tick-tack-toe all over my face with his cunning bayonet. There's just one affliction I *am* glad I escaped——"

"And that?"

"Loss of my eyes. I'd hate not to be able to see a pretty woman."

This were easier to imagine of the gay Lothario who, a few years back, charmed New York singing "Oh, You Dear, Delightful Women" in "The Balkan Princess," who later made problematical love to Frances Starr and, still later, stormed his way to a capture on the screen.

"You had rather a difficult rôle—over there, didn't you?" I asked.

"I was on General Pershing's staff, you know," the captain said; "Intelligence Department. It was interesting in a way, tho not dangerous . . . not very many thrills. It was my job to keep the general supplied with information, to go on important and private missions, and all that. Once, a few months back, I came over here. I met Foch and

(Twenty-four)



Apeda, N. Y.

TITULARLY speaking, one might expect of the following some sort of treatise, a ponderous tome, a species of grave and very learned pamphleteering, or, at best, a conglomerate mass of so-called propaganda anent women and something or other, or war and something or other else, or both. This is the dear, delightful instance where a title is misleading, which, we are told, a title should never, nev-er be. Getting down to cases, this has to do with women, likewise with war, but it is not the thin sugar-coating of the semi-ethical, semi-medical brief. It is an impressionistic account of the viewpoint of one well qualified to speak. It is first-hand information. It is by a captain and an authority on both subjects, delicate and indelicate. It is gleanings over a luncheon-table at the Plaza, where Captain "Bob" Warwick played host and interviewee.

Speaking thus glibly of a point of view regarding the war, Captain Warwick disclaimed having one.

"No point of view on the *war*?" I queried, never having heard of such a subnormal condition.

"No." The captain shook his head and laughed. "That seems strange to you?"

"Strange?" I yapped, echoing. "Oh, very, I should say!" I added: "That's what I'm here for—your militaristic point of view."

"There's one affliction I am glad I escaped on the battlefield," says Capt. Warwick. "That is loss of my eyes . . . I'd hate not to be able to see a pretty woman. I love all the women. The French girls! Ah! And the German women . . . Never let anyone tell you that they are dull, stolid, uninteresting"



Bob Warwick Dismisses Battlefields and Femininity

Clemenceau and most of the great French generals and officials. They are tremendous. Foch is a veritable superman."

The *hors-d'oeuvres* had given successive way to ices and black coffee. I veered. "Perhaps if you haven't quite got your perspective of war," I suggested, "women . . ."

He laughed. When he laughs he laughs mostly with his eyes, which are brown and have a twinkle in their depths, a wicked little twinkle. Paradoxically, one is reminded of a small boy. Thus, no doubt, the charm which has made "Bob" Warwick a menace to the chances of other less gifted members of his own sex.

"Women!" he said. "Why, I've always had a perspective on women. It is that they are invariably, individually and collectively charming."

"But after the war?"

"What then? They have been magnificent, of course. That did not surprise me as it seems to have surprised almost everybody. It was to be expected. It has not detracted from their charm—on the contrary. I love all the women. The French girls . . . ah! And the German women . . . never let anybody tell you that they are dull, stolid, uninteresting . . . it is not so."

He seemed about to go into a sort of cosmopolitan reverie, speaking feministically, when I recalled him with a figurative dash of cold water.

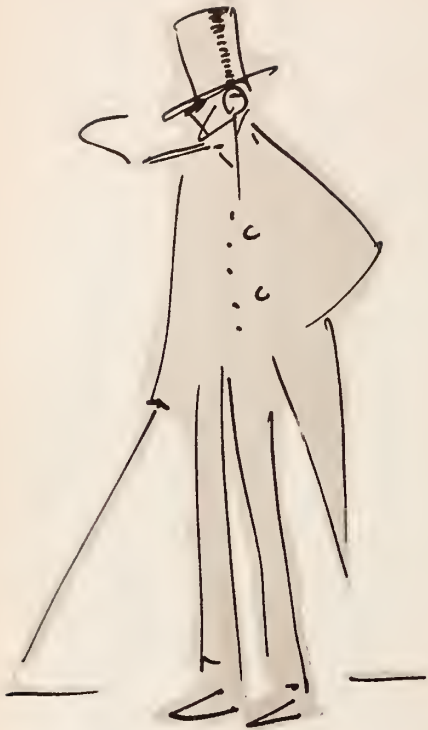
"Marriage?" I asked. "Do you still believe in it (Continued on page 66)"

"Marriage is a failure because, afterwards, women dont flirt enough," philosophizes Warwick, "and, therefore, men dont try enough. Men have one instinct which is stronger than all others . . . the hunting instinct. You take the average married man—he knows he doesn't have to hunt any more . . . He feels cheated, defrauded"



The Endowed Photoplay

By CHARLES JAMESON



scenario and bad so far as the director takes liberties with the scenario," said Mr. Lindsay.

The poet believes a "new alphabet that will be more universal than music and cut deeper into society than any other" will be created when the scenario writer fully learns how to "compose in motion." But the scenario writer and the scenario writer alone will be master of this new alphabet.

"THE future of the motion picture lies in the endowed photoplay," declares Vachel Lindsay, who always sees the screen from an oddly interesting viewpoint. Lindsay is the colorful Illinois poet who has made a singularly deep and searching study of motion pictures. In other words, he is a poetic fan. Some time ago he wrote a volume on "The Art of the Moving Picture."

In the interim he has been writing poetry and seeing more pictures. The results of his new ideas he embodied in a lecture given at Columbia University in New York City recently. And the cornerstone of his address was a plea for the endowed photoplay.

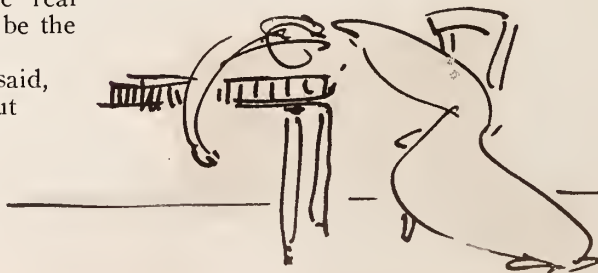
The fact that Mr. Lindsay was invited to address the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University on the photodramatic art deserves more than passing comment. The screen is advancing!

Mr. Lindsay's comments were vigorous, as one might expect. He began by declaring that he, with others, had once considered the director as the most important factor in the making of photoplays, but that he had, with those others, reached the conclusion that "the real hero of the moving picture would be the scenario writer."

"It is the scenario writer," he said, "who must supply the material out of which artistic photoplays are to be built," and he urged that the author's rights be proclaimed "in season and out until they dominate the field." "The photoplay is good so far as it follows the



Mr. Lindsay believes that the scenario writer has no chance in the commercial field. Scenarios with fresh ideas, upon being submitted to commercial producers, are put thru a script factory, reducing everything to a common denomi-



Center, Vachel Lindsay, the poet-critic. The cartoons of the conventional screen villain, hero and shero (in a state of collapse), are by Hendrick William Van Loon. It is against these conventional movie folks that Mr. Lindsay protests

nator so that it will appeal to "all of the 100,000,000 people in America."

Mr. Lindsay does not wholly blame the

producer. The necessity of appealing to every one is apparent from the commercial standpoint. Indeed, the present system, he believes has certain good points. For instance, the average of photoplay production balances favorably with the average of other producer, trying to reach the whole 100,000,000 at once. Specifically, Mr. Lindsay said that the "total product of magazines is not a bit better than the total product of motion

pictures."

But, with this mechanical digestion of all incoming scripts, the scenario writer of originality is lost. And unless new ideas come to the screen, how is the photoplay to advance?

Mr. Lindsay has his own answer. The endowed motion picture.

It would be costly and risky, of course Mr. Lindsay admits that. But "let some repentant motion picture millionaire do it," he remarks, humorously, and specifically proposes that a hundred or more centers of art and education—as universities, societies, etc.—unite behind the project

(Continued on page 77)

Saturday to Monday

BY WILLIAM HURLBUT

Fictionized by Dorothy Donnell from the Photoplay

Based on William Hurlbut's Comedy

SUSANNE," said Mrs. Erroll, stirring her tea with the air of one doing it a great favor, "says that she will never marry again."

"In my experience that remark usually precedes the announcement of an engagement," Mrs. McVey said sagely. She helped herself to sugar

with a prodigality that would

have turned

Mr. Hoover

idle and settled herself

sily. "No

oman

no does

not expect

get married ever

ys so."

There

en't any

omen who

not expect

be married!" The hos-

ess shrugged her pink negligéed shoulders. "Lemon, dear?

o? But one would think that after her first impossible ex-

perience! I happen to know that she was on the eve of

divorcing Carter when, fortunately, he did the tactful thing

dying. Of course, I never advise any one, but I should

think that she would stick to suffrage. Or perhaps raise

Chinese dogs, or go in for a soul, or something that she

could get rid of more easily than a husband."

She was a large woman, with a round, pink face, who af-

fected a babyish air of helplessness and fussy, dabby clothing.

er architecture was mid-Victorian, her ideas depended upon

what she had been reading last.

"I had rather a notion that Foxcroft Grey would be the next

candidate for the vacant position," Mrs. McVey purred. "He

seems so attentive. That was positively a bale of roses I saw



excitement. "The sly thing!" Lucy Delaney chirped. "Here we've mailed suffrage circulars together all the morning—wonderful circulars, so convincing! Mrs. Dobbs-Hogswell, leader of the English cause, said—but

no matter!

Susanne never

hinted such

a thing to

me. But

isn't it ro-

mantic!"

Mrs. Er-

coll pos-

sessed

herself

of the

paper,

read the

notice

therein with

resignation,

and re-

turned to

her tea.

"Dear me,

Lucy, you are so impulsive," she murmured. "It's merely the announcement of Susanne's engagement to Foxcroft Grey." She selected a bit of French pastry and passed the silver basket to her friend. "My dear, you must be sure to come. A week from today. I don't know why they delay it so long—a great many things can happen in a week."

The butler added another to the company about the samovar by ushering in Arthur Barnard, the new tenant, who had just leased Mrs. Erroll's bungalow at the foot of the lawn, a young man of terrible seriousness, whose chief characteristics were a feeble mustache, a large Adam's apple and a mission to enlighten the world by a series of problem plays upon which he was laboring.

"I have brought you, dear lady," he bowed over his landlady's pudgy hand, "a gift more wondrous than pearls and fine gold! I have brought you a precious thought, a little fledgling brain child of my own."

It developed that he had discovered that those unmarried were more truly married than if they were married, while the bonds of matrimony were far from liberty bonds, and the realization of the ideal was the true aim of existence. Or at least that is what his auditors got from his explanation.

He spoke in beautiful, gummy, soothing syrup phrases, ate a great many little frosted cakes without seeming

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY"

Fictionized from the scenario by Alice Eyton from William Hurlbut's comedy, based on Jessie Leach Rector's story. Produced by Select Pictures. Directed by Robert Vignola. Starring Constance Talmadge. The cast:

Susanne Erroll.....	Constance Talmadge
Foxcroft Grey.....	Harrison Ford
Charlie Hamilton.....	Walter Hier
Dot Harrington.....	Vera Sisson
Mrs. Erroll.....	Edythe Chapman
Arthur Barnard.....	Raymond Hatton
Mrs. Entwistle.....	Maym Kelso



In the little apartment, where Susanne bustled about like an energetic sunbeam, the scorched and oddly concocted dishes were seasoned with kisses

conscious of them, and held his audience enthralled until interrupted by the breezy entrance of Foxcroft Grey.

"My dear boy," cooed Mrs. Erccoll, "come here and be kist immediately, and tell me what you mean by running away with my little girl."

"The privilege of kissing you," Foxcroft explained, gallantly, "was my chief reason for wishing to marry Susanne. As soon as I saw you, two years ago, Mrs. Erccoll, I said to myself, 'If that woman has a daughter, I am going to marry her,' and last night, aided and abetted by the moon, I got her promise."

"The newspapers——" began Mrs. McVey. Foxcroft nodded with an air of modest satisfaction.

"I 'phoned 'em the good news as soon as the offices were open this morning so that Susanne would find her bridges hard to burn," he explained. "And I've given a month's notice to my apartment house."

"You live at the Bachelor Hall, dont you, Mr. Grey?" Mrs. McVey wanted to know, with roguishly wagging forefinger. "The only house in the city where women aren't admitted. Come, now; tell me truly, *aren't* there ever? I know there must be! Oh, naughty, naughty! Tut, tut—h-m!"

Arthur blushed chastely. He spoke loudly of women, dissected them on paper, and fled from them in the flesh, unless they were on the safe side of fifty. He had a deep-seated belief that they were one and all bent upon marrying him. Susanne in particular terrified him. Hearing her runabout stop now on the drive outside he rose to make his escape, but before it could be consummated Susanne was in the room.

There was an air about Susanne Sinclair, née Erccoll, as breezy and sunny as an April morning. She was the sort of woman whom others of her sex "never can see anything in," which, of course, means that she was as pretty as the proverbial picture, lithe, moon-blond, with the short upper-lip

that made Helen of Troy a decidedly dangerous and unsettling young person.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as they discovered Foxcroft Grey's well-featured face among those turned to greet her, but she tossed her hat aside and advanced to the tea-table, stripping off her gloves with perfect self-possession.

"I've been interviewing Lady Bugglesthwaite, the English suffraget that tied herself to the hitching-post in front of Lloyd George's house," she explained. "She's a wonderful woman—been in jail twenty-four times. She was hoping to make it twenty-five even, but the women unfortunately got the vote before she could. It's an inspiration to talk with her. However"—she helped herself liberally to sandwiches—"I don't believe in hunger strikes."

Arthur Barnard interrupted, his pale, intellectual face suffused with embarrassment. "You will excuse me, Miss Susanne, but I—really, I must be going. My play must not suffer from my wanderings in pleasant fields. I feel that I owe a debt to society."

He did not mention the debts he also owed to his tailor and his butcher. Coincident with his departure, Mrs. McVey and Lucy took their leave, and Susanne beheld with alarm her mother's preparations to follow suit.

"Why," she demanded of Foxcroft, as Mrs. Erccoll's pink-upholstered figure disappeared between the curtains, "why should people flee from an engaged couple as if they had the plague? And who said we were engaged anyway?"

"You did," Foxcroft assured her, "darling."

Susanne pointed toward the windows, thru which the sun was streaming in. "Last night I had a little too much moon, and it went to my head. You ought to know that a woman never means anything she doesn't say at eleven o'clock in the morning, with the sun in her eyes. You had no business making me think I wanted to marry you."

"You made *me* think you did." He led her to a chair before the long French mirror. "Sit here, dearest, so that I can see two of you!"

"If a man had any sense of honor," Susanne said, severely "he'd behave before marriage the way he is going to afterward."

"That," said Foxcroft, "is an odd conception of what is honorable! However, the main thing to be settled this morning is where we are going to live after we are married. And I think—it's only a suggestion—that we could talk rather

Arthur thought nothing of baring his soul to sympathetic ladies; he was not appalled by naked emotions, but he was acutely conscious of his pajamas



etter if you were to come over here onto this ottoman beside me, so, and put your head down on my shoulder so, and I were to kiss you so and so and so!"

"Marriage," Susanne mourned, without removing her pale gold fluff of hair from Foxcroft's neck, "is the mask civilization has fastened across slavery! When two people become one, that one is the man, never the woman. A wife hasn't the freedom of her servant girl——"

"I'll give you a day off, occasionally," suggested her lover, "every other Thursday, say."

"No!" Susanne sat up suddenly, and her eyes began to shine. "I'll tell you! We'll make it a Saturday to Monday marriage!" She clapped her hands, as one who has discovered the solution to the un-solvable. "We'll meet for dinner every Friday and be married until Monday morning, when we'll each go our way in absolute freedom, answerable to each other for our actions until the next Friday. We will not try to see each other or question each other as to how we spend the week days, but over the week ends we will!"—she blushed easily—"we will keep house and quarrel and talk about the high price of things and find fault with each other's clothes just like real married people! Well?"

Foxcroft Grey was not called one of the cleverest young lawyers in the New York bar for nothing. There is more than one way of winning a case. "It seems to me," he smiled, with perfect good humor, "that you have hit upon a very brilliant plan. If you like, I'll draw up an iron-clad contract to that effect, and we'll both sign it. And in that case no doubt I can keep my apartment. McCauley, the janitor, is a hard-hearted old Scot, but we'll show him the wedding certificate and he'll probably make an exception to his 'no ladies' rule."

"A wife is no lady," McCauley ruled, when, a week later, a taxicab deposited Mr. and Mrs. Foxcroft Grey in the Bachelor's hallway with the gentle patter of rice, "but then, a husband is no bachelor, either. I dunno, I dunno."

Foxcroft's argument was of the old reliable type. McCauley pocketed it with a dour grin. "You're exempt, Mrs. Grey," he told her, "but a word of warning to ye, I draw the line at nursing bottles and perambulators!"

The first matrimonial week-end was a grand success, despite the fact that Susanne's knowledge of cookery was limited to two kinds of Welsh rarebit, fudge and stuffed eggs, while Foxcroft's culinary contributions were the mixing of Bronx cocktails and the toasting of frankfurters. In the little apartment Susanna bustled about like an energetic sunbeam. The orchard and oddly concocted dishes were seasoned with kisses. The small figure in the fluffy silk and chiffon negligée sitting across the breakfast-table from him atoned to Foxcroft for the obvious fact that the toast was smoked, the coffee bitter and the eggs exceedingly hard.

Susanne assumed the rôle of matron like an ambitious actress studying a new part. When she went in for a new dress she flung herself into it with all her heart; now she took matrimony as she had taken up barefoot dancing, Bahaism and the Woman's Movement. When she stood on Monday morning pinning her very smart little hat with the cocky wing atop her curly hair, she congratulated herself that her experi-



ment had proved a grand success.

"Now to be happy tho married!" she murmured aloud, with a triumphant smile. "We are revolutionists. We will show the world that marriage need not be a degrading slavery, wiping out individualism—darn this mirror! It wasn't made to hold women's hats, that's certain—we will abolish boredom, nagging, jealousy——"

She paused. In the room beyond, the telephone was ringing shrilly, and Foxcroft was answering. "Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Grey's apartment—who is this? Oh, yes." Was it fancy, or did his tone change, grow conscious? "You—what? Well—er—I'm engaged this moment, but in half an hour—certainly, I'll be delighted. I'd suggest the fire escape. McCauley is such a crab. Very well, expect you then. G'by!"

Susanne jabbed the hatpin viciously thru her blonde coils. It was none of her business, of course, but—not that she *cared*—that was certainly a queer message for a man to get on his honeymoon!

"What was I saying?" she said, fretfully, to the exceedingly pretty but rather blank face in the mirror. "Oh, yes, we will abolish jealousy——"

Another girl and the fire escape! Three days married and already telephoning to other women! Well, it was lucky she

Susanne ran to him and fell down upon her knees, dimly conscious in the back of her mind that she had seen this done on the stage in a like situation

didn't care. She'd show him two could play at that game. She'd—

"Well, sweetheart?" Foxcroft had come softly up behind her, and the mirror for a moment looked like the June cover of a popular magazine. "How do you like marriage?"

Susanne laughed lightly to cover the scorched feeling in her heart. "Week-end marriage," she corrected, "perfect freedom of the individual, remember. No questions asked."

Foxcroft smiled. "Of course. We're under contract, aren't we?"

See you next Friday—Ritz, eh? Palmroom at six-thirty. Good-by till then, darling."

It was two nights later when Arthur Barnard, wrestling with esoteric soul-struggles, looked up from his manuscript to find what appeared at the first glance to be an angel, an exceedingly up-to-date and well-dressed angel with a cobweb of moonbeams in her hair, standing in the doorway of his sitting-room.

His frantic clutching of his dressing-gown about his pink pajamaed chest was purely reflex. Arthur thought nothing of baring his soul to sympathetic ladies, he was not appalled by naked emotions, but he was acutely conscious of his pajamas.

"Arthur Barnard," the vision said, in a tremulous tone, and advanced into the room, to his horror, "Arthur, I am in great trouble. You must listen to me, you must help me. Oh, oh"—continuing to advance—"it is terrible, terrible!"

"My dear Miss Sus—that is, Mrs. Grey," Arthur stammered, recoiling, "you must not come here. Suppose some one should see you! They might misconstrue—oh, please, please go away!"

Ignoring his frantic wail, Susanne flung herself upon her knees by his chair and captured one hand. Her wrap of satin and fur slipped back from her shoulders like creamy milk; her eyes, of the blue of violets dewed with grief, looked up into his. Not being a husband, Arthur Barnard was not water-

proof to woman's tears. He squirmed, but he listened, in of, as his better nature prompted him, fleeing the place immediately.

"Somehow," Susanne went on, with despairing tone, "my husband has conceived an unreasonable jealousy of me. He received an anonymous letter hinting that I was not true to him, and, acting upon it, he is coming, tonight, here!"

The playwright's mental agonies were pitiable. His eyes, the color of commercial bluing, seemed in danger of leaving their sockets.

"But here?" he moaned, and why have you come? Dear, things don't happen in life, only in plays."

"He is coming here," Susanne explained, sitting down.

"because he is jealous of you, and then he will find me here. As I came to warn you that you must not be found here."

Arthur staggered to his feet, knees chattering like castanets. "You—he-I!" He clutched at the air.

She looked up at him with a beautiful blush. "I've decided not to be a week-end wife any longer, but an all-the-time wife so long as we both shall live."

"You must be mistaken about the letter. My husband should any one write an accusation of me? My husband is blameless. I never received anything stronger than ginger ale, do not swear, go to bed at nine—cold shower every morning—"

His voice trailed to a gurgle. Watching him, Susanne felt the first doubt. After all, perhaps she should have considered some other man—could any one be jealous of Arthur? Still, the letter had been a masterpiece. She felt certain that Foxcroft would come, and then she would have her place, if not then, she was certainly unconventional. He should see that she, too, could have her little

affairs on the side. The sound of footsteps on the walk outside brought her to her feet, clutching at the pink flannel robe nearest her. "It's he!" she whispered, and for the first time fear swept her. What if Foxcroft thought—

She cast a frantic glance about the room, saw a door open for it, to be halted by Arthur's almost inarticulate protest. "No, no, not there—that's the bedroom, the bedroom—"

(Continued on page 67)

(Thir)



Living Down the Name of Percy

By FAITH SERVICE



YOU may think such a feat is not possible. There are *some* handicaps, you may say, which are just, dontcher-know, a trifle *beyond* . . . Percy, you pursue, is one of them . . .

Percy Marmont and glimpses of him riding on the African veldt, tramping thru the snows of the English lake district and navigating a steam-launch off the Scotch coast

We thought so, too. *We* thought: "Percy! Deah, deah! He will be a chawming chap-pie, oah, chawming!" Our mental processes evolved the *sweetest* pictures . . . pink teas . . . pink spats . . . a rosie-buddie in the button-hole . . .

By the law of logic and by right of name alone we should have committed the interview in some dim tea-room to the tune of French pastries and cocoa. But, it seems, neither logic nor names go to the making of the man.

We interviewed Percy Marmont in the thoroly efficient and wholly masculine office of Thomas J. Dixon. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Below us roared and seethed, a monstrous shifting coil, the traffic of Times Square. It was growing dusk. The intricate electric ads were flagellating the skies. It was all very



commercial. Very un-Percyfyed. The walls of the office were plastered with posters of "The Invisible Foe" and one or two portraits of theatric luminaries. Mr. Marmont was depicted, chiefly with hands, groping for God knows what. There were deep leathern chairs about. From one of these emerged, pleasantly,

rather lengthily, Mr. Marmont.

He is extremely lengthy. One of the tallest. He is also extremely fair. Fair hair, fair skin, fair eyes. There seemed to me to be something sort of Robert-Louis-Stevensonian in the attenuated length of his figure, his small, rather narrow head, his slender, nervous, interesting hands. He has *extremely* interesting hands. There is a *flavor* about the man. A difference. One does not know just wherein the difference lies, but knows that it is there. There is, one feels, a gentleness, a sort of a whimsical general comprehension, a great good humor. Withal something boyish. Something eager.

(Continued on page 72)



Farnum's Fishing Foray



The *Yuma* passing
out into the gulf
from Miami,
Florida

Bill landed five
large tarpon, the
average weight be-
ing eighty pounds



Above, Breakfast before harpoon exercise and,
below, Bill in the very act of washing up. The
first photo extant of a star doing this





Sunset in the Gulf of Mexico, the *Yuma* homeward bound in the ruby seas



Here is Bill Farnum snapped as he shot up Mr. Shark with his automatic rifle. *Below*, Bill conferring with Captain Thompson. At the lower left is a close-up of the shark.

After finishing the Fox production, "The Jungle Trail," William Farnum engaged the schooner *Yuma*, Captain Jim Thompson commanding, for a fishing trip. Out past the Florida keys they went, into the Gulf of Mexico. There Bill learnt how to harpoon the elusive swordfish and, as a climax to the expedition, he speared a man-eating hammer-head shark, weighing 1,500 pounds and 20 feet in length. It required a flotilla of soft-nosed bullets from Mr. Farnum's 22 automatic rifle to finish Mr. Shark.



Me By Myself

The Confessions of a Comedienne



WOULDN'T it be the most terrible irony of fate if you began with the aspirations of a Bernhardt and ended as a clown? I did.

What if you had spent hours with your father's best buggy robe draped around your rather dumpy figure in a desperate imitation of your favorite tragédienne, only to meet with shrieks of laughter when your family, thinking you were being murdered, burst upon you? It happened to me.

Have you not held yourself tense as you read Hugo or Maupassant into the wee, sma' hours and relaxed with relief when you came to yourself again? I have. Only I couldn't relax. It was real. I

was meant to assume Duse's laurel crown. Some day they would realize—then—oh, well, genius can afford to be generous.

I was raised in an atmosphere of roasts only on Sunday, starched calico dresses that scratched, and missionary meetings. My rather lonely girlhood had bred in me an absolute frankness toward myself and other people which made it difficult to understand the little peculiarities of folks in general. To laugh at them was the farthest thing from my mind. It was daily instilled in me that life was a serious proposition—there was no such word as humor, and comedy consisted solely of black-faced clowns and medicine fakers.

The worst bump of my life was when I found I was not pretty. My

personal appearance had been given no thought at home—it was taken for granted, and my sole sacrifice to vanity was to stand meekly each morning while the clammy end of a wash-rag trickled down my spine.

It happened at a school dance. I was frankly a wall-flower. Any overtures I made to the callow youths lined up against the wall made no impression—something was radically wrong. I hurried to the dressing-room and gazed at myself. No, I wasn't like those girls out there. My eyes were neither veiled nor mischievous—they were round and frankly stared at a then

"I am not pretty," declares Miss Fazenda. "Only a girl can realize what a terrible realization that is." The first director that engaged her remarked to his assistant, "Give the kid a chance—but put her in the back and keep her in the shade"



By LOUISE FAZENDA

unfriendly world; my hair fell in limp, drab folds—it was hair and that's all; my mouth was neither pouty nor cupid-bowed—it was something to put food into; of my nose, the less said the better; and my forehead and ears, exposed nakedly to the public, gave me a horrid, undressed feeling. I was not



(Thirty five)



Miss Fazenda finally worked her way up to ingénue rôles. "But I couldn't 'inge' worth a cent and it ended in my being fired." Then in desperation she tried the Mack Sennett studios, altho her friends had warned her, "Keep away from that place if you value your life"

pretty. Only a girl can realize what a terrible realization that must be.

For a month I was self-conscious—what was I good for? I had ambitions, but for what? One day an idea

struck me. I had always played a little; of course, I was an embryo Paderewski. Why hadn't I realized it before?

My imagination ran so riot that I pictured great audiences held spellbound under my music, then the clash of applause. Yes, I'd show them yet.

Living in flats is not conducive to genius—nor flat-dwellers sympathetic. One evening while rendering my own version of "Hearts and Flowers," there was a hard thumping on the ceiling—I must be quiet or move. I kept quiet.

Then I painted. Our rooms were mazes of lurid sunsets and moonsets, landscapes and seascapes—just which was which was rather difficult to discern. The family walked dazedly about with a rather bilious appearance and went off their food, till a kind friend came to their assistance. Wouldn't I like to make some money for Christmas? The picture company where she was employed were to use lots of extras soon—would I like to try?

"I'd love to, but I'd have to ask the family."

There was a pow-wow, and while great-aunts and second cousins gazed disapprovingly at this rebellious ugly duckling, it was decided that, as I had caused quite enough trouble already, they'd better let me have my way. Moving pictures sounded

(Continued on page 69)

Earle and His Ambitions



© Evans, L. A.

FILMS may come and films may go, but Earle Williams—

Thought I was going to use the same old ending, didn't you? No; this is all about the new benedict's ambitions, and they dont lead him into the temptation of going on forever, even in films.

I remember reading that young Mrs. Williams' pet ambition was to be fulfilled in California, for she had set her heart on a white house with green shutters. She's missed that house by a few kangaroo jumps, for it stands at the corner of a block which harbors but four dwellings on one side and none at all on the other. This unrestricted view gives outlook upon the foothills, shows up dandelion-covered meadows even in January, and makes one believe that the Williamses are suburbanites.

The Catalina Street houses are on terraces. It's 'most like living in a moated castle. There are lawns all around the houses and garages in the rear. The newlyweds' home is a one-story bungalow of brownish tints, has an awning-cloth hammock-swing on the front piazza, and is very snugly hidden from spying intruders by tall rose-vines and smilax, intertwined with asparagus.

It is the voice of Florine Williams which greets one over the telephone. It is she who protects her famous spouse from annoying, unnecessary conversations. Even tho you must give a minute account of yourself before Earle Williams answers the 'phone, you feel the

cordiality ringing thru his wife's mellow tones.

But once you're expected, the Vitagraph star isn't afraid to admit you himself. He's not a bit up-stage and, while his manner suggests reserve, he talks easily.

All the front rooms seem to open into each other, showing an alluring hominess. The furniture is massive mahogany, but it's all meant to be used and lacks stiffness. There are lots of Japanese things, many lovely lamps, Chinese lilies scenting the atmosphere, and a tall, antique candlestick stands guard over the hearthstone. But oh, the books! You've missed something if you cant see the handsome, low book-case, filled with beautifully bound volumes, and yet a concession is

chat—he acknowledged the fact with a sigh.

So we talked informally, as women gossip over the tea-cups, or men mingle smoke-wreaths with errant thoughts.

"What are your ambitions, Mr. Williams?"

"Ambitions? Dear knows, I haven't any! But stay; yes, I have. My whole ambition is to tour the world, and I'm going to do it—see if I dont. Of course, I've been in Europe and have done the Continent hurriedly, but that is not the sort of trip my ambition plans. I want to take an easy around-the-world-in-eighteen-months sort of trip, the kind of trip which isn't tiring and which would provide infinite amusement as well as educational advantages to Mrs. Williams and myself. I would not even fuss myself by planning ahead, just dally along,

staying as long in a place as it gave us pleasure, and then



made to the movies right here, for stands, filled with every sort of magazine devoted to the industry, brighten dull corners.

A hand-colored portrait of Mr. Williams in the familiar soft hat makes one wonder if by any sleight-of-hand trick it could be abducted, or whether the memories of "Arsene Lupin" and Mr. Williams' experiences along detective lines on the screen would make him fix the guilty party *sans* mercy.

Earle Williams' jewelry is unostentatious—but it's all *there!* A platinum watch-chain, ring and scarf-pin set with blinking diamonds blend with the gray suits he's so fond of wearing.

Imagine being written up and interviewed for eight years in all sorts of magazines! Even Earle Williams cant see the blooming beauty of a publicity

Earle Williams and his bride live in a pretty one-story Los Angeles bungalow of brownish tints, snugly hidden by tall rose-vines and smilax. Just above is a glimpse of Williams in "The Highest Ace" and at the right with Grace Darmond in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"



By FRITZI REMONT

moving on by slow stages—dont laugh. I dont mean the sort of stages you've seen in the movies for years past."

"How about ambitions in the direction of writing plays or directing?"

"I just finished co-authoring on a new play. I like that sort of work very much, but I never would assume direction of a play. It seems to me that sooner or later, most directors are a bit 'crazy,' to put it mildly. It's no wonder, tho, their responsibilities are so heavy. They receive all the kicks from the head office—except in my case, for I have contracted to do eight pictures yearly, and if we are behind, as we certainly are just now, having finished but two pictures and partly shot a third, the blame falls on me.

"To run off a picture in two weeks, as I have been known to produce one, means hard work. It cant be done where there are numerous distant locations, but, fortunately, in the last instance of the kind we had many studio interiors



© Evans, L. A.

Williams has one ambition—to tour Europe in leisurely around-the-world-in-eighteen-months fashion. "Just dallying along," he says. At the left is a view of the Vitagraph star as a polo player in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"

and city locations, and we worked a few Sundays.

"It's a strange thing, the way pictures run. Now, I have an ambition along this line. I'd like to do an entirely different sort of picture each time, a radical departure from the last produced. I believe it keeps the fans more interested in a star. But fate interposes and I find myself doing several detective stories in succession, much against my will.

"I had finished and exhibited a detective tale, and immediately my manager and I received endless scripts of detective stories, saying they exactly fitted me. Papers and trade journals stated that I would be welcoming detective plays. The New York office was swamped with detective junk. We waded thru piles of this stuff, reading and rejecting, but the Eastern office finally insisted on keeping a few, which accounts for me having starred in them.

(Continued on page 70)



A WOMAN THERE WAS

Fictionized from the Photoplay by

FAITH SERVICE

WINTHROP STARK was sent to Kolpee in the South Seas to convey to the natives there the word of God. He embarked for the atmospheric journey with the fire of the true and zealous missionary burning in his heart a lambent light. He felt only a vast pity for the dark bodies and the darker souls of the blindfolded creatures he had been enjoined to help. He hoped for converts, nothing more.

When he came back at last he realized a great many things apart entirely from the Word of God that he had never realized before, having been born and bred in New England with all and quite a little bit more than that implies, and having, chronologically and in due sequence, fallen in love with a New England girl. He learnt, for example, that while the Word of God may differ from land to land and from sea to sea, a woman's heart is a woman's heart, be it bared and barbed on the shores of remotest Lapland or among the tropics, where there is no light save only the light of the sun. He learnt that the stuffs of tragedy are mixed with the same ingredients there as in the stark, prim New England village wherein he had had his early training. Blood and love and death . . . death and blood and love . . . the woof and warp of the minor chord of the crucified human heart. He learnt that a woman's love is a woman's love . . . but we run ahead . . .

He landed in Kolpee after a journey upon a sea as sweeping as the wings of a mammoth bird, and as blue, or still bluer, than the eyes of the New England lass he had left with his modest diamond upon her symbolistical finger. He arrived at night, just after the moon, tremendous and richer than honey, was riding a low, thick sky.

There were queer murmurs about, strange scents and sounds, impending things. Now and again the gleaming dark body of a native would slide from some underbrush. A javelin would gleam whiter than the gleams of the javelin moon. Laughter would sound, uncouthly. Love would sound, also uncouthly. There seemed to Winthrop Stark to be a mighty lack of reticence, even in the blackness. Grown-up children, he mused, who had forgot to hide their brazenry of childhood. Men and women . . . in the dark . . .

The next morning Winthrop Stark walked slowly along the coast-line. Afar down he could see the naked pearl divers preparing for their work. The women back in the village were hammering at their meal. Children shouted and ran crazily into the sea. Now and then there would be a cry of "Shark!" Winthrop Stark moved slowly. His bishop had told him to take his time with these people.

"Come upon them slowly, my son," he had said. "Dawn upon them, as it were. Live among them simply and unostentatiously that

Zara was modeled in Amazonian fashion, with limbs as free as the air she breathed exultantly, skin deeper than wild olives, eyes like great jewels, hair a thick halo of shameless bronze . . . a magnificent creature

The South Sea Romance of the Rev. Winthrop Stark, the Beautiful Zara, Daughter of King Majah of Kolpee, — and the Black Typhoon.

"A WOMAN THERE WAS"

Narrated by permission from the scenario of Adrian Johnson, based on Neje Hopkins' story. Produced by William Fox, starring Theda Bara. Directed by J. Gordon Edwards: The cast:

Zara Theda Bara
Rev. Winthrop Stark..... William B. Davidson
Pulke..... Robert Elliott
High Priest..... Claude Payton

They may learn first of all to trust you and love you. Be a carpenter among them, if you know what I mean, even as Jesus of Nazareth."

Winthrop Stark had intended to follow faithfully the admonition of the reverend bishop. Winthrop Stark was that sort of a person. He had not counted upon Zara.

He had walked far past the sight of any person when he came, inadvertently, upon Zara. He thought, as he viewed her before she saw him, thought quite abstractly, of course, of the young Winthrop Stark, New England missionary, what a magnificent thing she was. Modeled in Amazonian fashion, with limbs as free as the air she breathed exultantly, skin deeper than wild olives, eyes like great jewels, hair a thick halo of gleaming bronze, clean blood that leaped and bounded under the sheen of her skin, a magnificent creature. She seemed, to Winthrop Stark, to be the primitive spirit of the South Seas. The meaning of the bludgeoning moon, the riddle of the incomprehensible flowers, the answer to the negroid meaning of the resistless sea. Of course, Winthrop Stark did not think of these things concretely. They ran thru his brain, inchoately, and were gone before the girl rose and stood before him, assuring his clean sweep of limb, his steady eyes, his stern countenance, with her jeweled eyes.

"I am Zara," she announced herself, in a colorful contralto, "daughter of Majah, King of Kolpee."

Winthrop Stark took off his clerical hat and smiled.

"I am the new missionary," he said, and then, somehow, he was silent. He seemed to read something in the dark, liquid eyes full upon him sadder than fate, more immutable than eternity. He had an unaccountable sense of wishing he had never come to Kolpee, never dared to dream that he could convert these fervid children with their riotous heathenry.

"You stay long?" Zara questioned him.

Stark essayed a smile. "Until I have done my work," he answered, gravely.

The girl tossed the defiant bronze strands from her brilliant, dark eyes. "What work you do?" she questioned him. "You come for pearls. But no."

But no," smiled the young and zealous missionary, "unless I can call souls pearls, which you probably do not. I have come here, Zara, to teach your people the Word of God. The word of love. Of divine love."

The red, sullen lips beneath his gaze smiled. Zara had understood the meaning of the word love. She, too, had dreamed, here on this island, sleeping, a mammoth flower in the blue cradling of the sea. The winds, the scents, the heavy presence of living had taught her much of love. Pulke, the chief pearl diver, had tried to teach her more. Unlike the scents of the winds and the sea, he had failed. He dived deep and brought up from the jealous depths the rarest pearls of the Pacific, but he could not dive deep enough to find the hot, awakened heart of Zara, Princess of Kolpee. He could not dive deep enough for that.

Winthrop Stark could not dive for pearls at all. He knew nothing of the profession. He knew little of these dark people. Yet, as he stood there on the hot gold sand, with the girl touching his fair head and a smile in his cold New-England eyes, there awoke in the half-tamed breast of the South Sea Island princess a passion everlasting. Secrets were revealed to her. Meanings became clear. All her formless, painful, swirling days became patterned and clear to her. There was no confusion anywhere. She smiled up at him—Winthrop Stark had the absurd idea that she had found

here are no fine shadings of convention in the South Sea Islands. A man talks with a woman because she is a woman and not for any other obtuse reason. Pulke, the pearl diver, saw the missionary talking with her on the beach . . . saw them talking under the hot, triumphant sun, saw them talking under the wan, beguiling moon. He saw red. The man from the new world might be here, even as he had said, the peak of his God, but it was not of

That afternoon in Stark's cabin Zara put her arms about him. She pulled his reluctant head to hers. She whispered to him . . . that he was a god and she worshipped him



The day after Zara pronounced of love the dreaded black typhoon came upon the village. The ancient superstition of sacrifice ro tenfold. Zara offered herself

any remote God that Zara was learning.

Pulke, the pearl diver, did not reason this out. He only knew that he had been diving for months and months for a pearl he knew of which must surely bring him the possession of the Princess of Kolpee. He knew that between

him and that consummation stood now not merely the finding of the pearl, but the slender black figure of the man with the "head of a little sun."

There are certain definite and very simple measures in the South Sea Islands. One bears a grudge. One goes to the king and demands the death of the inimical one. Thus Pulke. He went to Majah, King of Kolpee and father of Zara, and told him fervently that this missionary was in Kolpee not for the purpose of a new God, but for the purpose of Zara. He, Pulke, desired the death of Stark.

Majah was not a king by reason of a cool sense of judgment, and life was very tame. The death of the white missionary, with his evangelical face and stirring words, would be a sensation. No doubt a fête could be held. There could be feasting, and it might be something of a pacifism to the now impending black typhoon.

There was one gentle spot in Majah. His love for Zara. He looked upon Zara almost with superstition. He had seen the miracle of her birth, the surpassing miracle of her growth, the blessing of her burgeoning beauty. There was no female on Kolpee to be compared to Zara. And she was his. She was the only thing, the only achievement, on which Majah could look with a swelling of his copper chest, an inflation of his pride.

When she pleaded with him, arms about his barbaric neck, for the life of the white missionary, he acceded. He reserved judgment. Zara turned on Pulke and bared her teeth.

"You cause white man's death," she spat at him, "and you die slowly, by poison. I kill you. Zara, reigning princess. I kill you . . . horrible . . ."

That afternoon, in Stark's cabin, Zara put her arms about



him. She pulled his reluctant head to her. She whispered to him and said that she understood, that the love he had come to teach was the love she felt, that he was God and she worshipped him. She told it to him brokenly, gutturally, with her intense, hot, savage heart in the telling with all of the growing, befogged soul she had tried, not wholly in vain, to quicken. She promised him brokenly, to be his people.

She said she had read books at the missionary school. There had been preachers before . . . and she knew . . . She would be a slave . . . something . . . his future queen . . . he would be King of Kolpee, or just

God, as he already was . . . or he could go forth on the sea as he had come and she would follow him, cradling him in her arms. She whispered violent things to him, and he felt the mantle of her passion swoop down upon him like a robe of many throbbing colors.

He had come to teach the Holy Word of God . . . and had taught the pitiful love of man . . . himself . . . to the woman, who was so savagely, tragically . . . just woman. He prayed for help.

Zara drew back from his stillness. Her jeweled eyes were dimmed as the fires had been killed in them. She tried to speak, and at last made articulate, "You . . . don't love me . . ."

Winthrop Stark did not answer. Refutation seemed to him impossible in face of this palpitant heart, which seemed to him to be breathing nakedly before him, a flower he was about to crush . . . He moved away and bent over the small trunk in which he kept his small possessions. Without speaking, he handed her a modest silver frame encircling a modest, young face; a face banded with smooth hair, with guileless mouth and calm, unquestioning eyes. Zara stared at it. Her vivid face questioned the smooth one in the frame. Her fascinating eyes besought the replete ones. The cry she gave startled Winthrop Stark, startled even the cabin not unused to the mortally wounded yelps of animals hurt.

She met his eyes. And he shook his head in the affirmative. "She is too cold," screamed Zara, utterly distraught. "I know not of love . . . nothing, I tell you . . . nothing whatever . . . at all . . ."

Winthrop Stark closed his eyes. A line flashed through his head: "Love's dim, cathedral ways . . ." It was so white

him, with Alice and him . . . "Love's dim, cathedral ways . . ." This was discord, this love Zara offered him. This was profanity. Vicious, scarlet, destruction. It would be destruction, he knew it. It would burn his soul to ashes and his body to damnation. It would leave him nothing but a husk to drag back to that sweeter, saner thing that awaited him in the New England town. Profanity . . . of course . . . then why the engulfing warmth that rose up to assail him like the hot, impossible breaths of assaulting roses? Why the nostalgia that swept over him? Why the desire, sinister, horrible, conquering? He flung off the closing arms . . .

"Zara!" he heard himself saying. "This is not love . . . I have not come on such a mission as this . . . I . . ." Zara laughed. She laughed horribly, he thought. She snatched the little, nun-like picture from him and trampled it under her savage feet. She turned on his cabin and wrought destruction upon it. She raised up his priestly garments and flung them forth. She was a fury. The fury of the South Seas.

"I finish," a voice said at the window, and Stark turned, to see the teeth of Pulke gleaming at him even as the many pearls gleamed. He saw a javelin raised. He closed his eyes . . . he had come to preach the calming word of God, and he was to die in this vise-like coil of human lusts and passions.

Then he felt Zara before him. Saw the poised javelin dropped. Knew that her breast had been his shield.

When Pulke had gone he kissed her hands, hanging now supinely at her side. She raised her eyes and they were jewels melted into tears.

"You right, Sun Man," he said, sadly; "your white girl love you as you now of love. Your life far from me. But after death"—her husky voice fell—"after death . . . you tell me . . . spirits live . . . wherever they . . . will . . . I live . . . with . . . you . . ."

Winthrop Stark sat a long while in silence after Zara had gone. He felt that he had known very little before the typhoon of her amazing love had ludgeoned its way across his pathway. He felt that he had learnt a very great deal about love . . . about women . . . about the way of things . . .

Things move rapidly on the South Sea islands. There are no fine nuances of expression. Things happen vividly, brutally, without prelude or prolog.

The day after Zara's pronouncement of love the dreaded black typhoon came upon the village. All of Winthrop Stark's missionary teaching died. The ancient superstition of sacrifice rose tenfold. Zara offered herself.

"It shall be in the water," she muttered, she made ready for the sea, while the terrified, paralyzed, staring natives watched her, powerless to avert this sacramental thing she was doing for the saving of their lives. "It shall be on the shining sea . . . herefrom he sail . . . away . . ."

When Winthrop Stark got to her at last, past the outraged natives, she was very far gone. As he carried her onto the beach

he felt, in the unaccountable way he had felt many things since he had come to this land of nude feeling, that her great heart was crushed within her breast, that she was, inwardly, bleeding to death. If he had succeeded in bearing a feeble torch to her poor, immured soul, he had, in the doing, mutilated her vivid heart . . . the heart she had offered to him . . .

When the black typhoon was over and the uprisings consequent upon it were quelled and a sort of sultry peace settled at last upon Kolpee, it was found that Majah was dead, that fifty natives were dead with him and that Zara was reigning princess.

When they brought this news to her, Pulke and the high priest and the other, dearer, slender priest in his slim black, the old fires lit a moment in her eyes. She motioned Stark to her side, and he bent over to catch the words that rose with difficulty from her crushed breast. "When I go, Sun Man," she whispered, "it no longer safe—for you. They think you do these things—the typhoon—my sacrifice—my father's death—they not calm yet—I, as reigning princess, can—"

"Pulke live on after I am gone. He remember that he love me, but that I love you and that so am I gone from him 'ever and 'ever."

The reigning princess of Kolpee said little more. She exacted from the high priest the promise that the Sun Man sail from Kolpee in safety. She was reigning princess and she knew that her last word would be sacred. "You go back," she whispered to Stark, as he made the sign of the cross over her fallen head; "you go back . . . and I . . . and I . . ."

Winthrop Stark sailed at sunrise. The sea was wing-like, blue and very calm, the sun was pale and undemanding, but far off in the receding distances the island of Kolpee glowed like an opened flower beating like a heart . . .



When Winthrop Stark got to her at last, past the outraged natives, she was very far gone

A Daniels Come Judgment

Bebe loves dancing most of all. She started dancing at the age of eight and she has loads and loads of prize cups stored away. They even say she's the best dancer in all the Los Angeles movie colony



Bebe is afraid of just three things—gas-stoves, spiders and guns! She isn't at all afraid of making speeches, but *spiders!* Gracious!

SPEAKING OF guns and things, we'll start right off by saying that Bebe Daniels is afraid of three bugaboos, gas-stoves, spiders—and *guns!*

The other day she was faced with her pet aversion, a good-sized Colt—no, not a foal, silly, but one of those put-you-out-of-your-misery Colts and, tho Bebe stuffed her ears with cotton and was prepared not to hear a thing, she ruined a perfectly good shot by scrooging her face up into a pretty good imitation of a persimmon-eater and had the company tied in knots with laughter. Of course, there were retakes, and she behaved herself beautifully the next time and showed what a pretty Bebe she really is.

But that's not all. The other night fond *Maman* was out, and Bebe had unexpected visitors. She wanted to concoct tea, but she hadn't the nerve to say she was afraid to light the gas-range, and finally hit on the brilliant idea of using hot water from the instantaneous heater, which is a self-lighter as soon as a faucet is turned on. Bebe forgot that

it wouldn't be really boiling water, and the tea was as weak many a photoplay story. She chattered entertainingly, made it up in delicious cakes and candy, and had the guests emptying cups very politely indeed.

If you want to see the real Miss Muffet act, just prowling in Bebe's dressing-room in the famous old Bradbury mansion, top of Court Flight, now used by the Rolin Film Company for a studio. Bebe owns a big part of that outfit, for they gave her the finest room in the old house, the second floor from which has a huge bay-window facing out over the entire city. Tropical trees throw their shadows on the sunlit, uncarpeted floor, a huge evergreen tries to invade the second-story men to deeds of valour, and Bebe loves everything about her dressing-room, except the spiders which will insist on climbing up to weave fanciful meshes for the flies that come to Bebe's parlour. Just about the time I entered, the "three little maids from



school, the inseparable trio Bebe Daniels, Myrtle Mosquini and Stella Harrison, were doing the Dorcas in the aforesaid bay-window. January fourteenth was near—mark the date on the fans, and her chums were busy concocting birthday gifts for the star of Rolin comedies. Roach, manager of the studio, was fortunate enough to be on the same day, so the girls were fixing up and planning for a

cheon in the big room, with an exchange of gifts all around. Court Flight is a funny institution. a little cable line boasting of two es, which balance each other and prevent accidents to those who ascend the top hill from Broadway and the Hall Records to the upper part of Court meet. The finest view in the city, they this little ascension, and, arriving at top, you'll get a splendid eyeful of Los Angeles courthouse. Close to even as this is, you'll closer still once I've interviewed Daniels.

Oh, yes, we were talking of spiders, aren't we? Well, he was biting off a of silk thread—just that!—when in crawled of her Muffety admirers and landed in the work-basket!

this were only a phonograph instead of a magazine, we'd give you a fine imitation of doing the scale, for Miss Daniels shrieked and waved wildly, a flying leap for a straight chair and forgot promptly that this was to be a scene.

After brave Marie Mosquini, the official spider-remover of the trio, had caught the creature in a bit of newspaper, her heart stopped palping and she vigorously crept back to her task of being lace on—

So, you don't! Some of this story is pretty private—just me'n Bebe style.

Anyway, we got quite well acquainted, and if a spider removed formality.

Stella is making a beautiful robin's-blue sweater for Miss Daniels' birthday.

Bebe says it *must* be done on time and her word always goes. Marie

Mosquini said, laughingly, "You wouldn't think Bebe could be afraid of anything, would you? I've seen her get up at ten

minutes' notice and make a speech before thousands of people and get away with it in great shape. Oh, Bebe, do you

remember, the time you had to speak on 'Ambition' at Pasadena, at the Red Cross benefit?"

Miss Daniels joined in the three-cornered laugh of the initiated. "That was funny," she said, reminiscently. "When

was asked late one afternoon to come to Pasadena that night, I told them I

could come for forty minutes, but had an engagement to dance at a Red Cross

affair in Los Angeles for the same evening.

They said that would be all right, and worked in the studio till the last moment, hurried to dress and have a little

trier, and mother and I were whisked off to the entertainment *muy pronto*.

"I took my seat at the front of the hall, mother remaining in the rear. Not a thing happened, and I got very nervous wondering if I could get to Los Angeles by 9 p. m. Finally, I told an usher I would either have to speak right then or not at all. I had been so fussed by all the rushing about that I'd never even thought much about the speech, but had outlined a little of it driving to Pasadena. Marie and Stella were to be there, and what do you think? Later they told me that Marie got so nervous for me,

Miss Daniels is going to desert farces—and bathing-suits. The Drama is calling and Bebe is going to devote her time to Art

knowing I'd not written down a thing on 'Ambition,' that she had to leave the hall when I started talking. So she needn't brag about being so courageous about spiders; she's got a weakness, too.

"When I got up to talk, I promptly forgot all about my outlined talklet, and started right in boldly, tho I must admit that I never can control my heart-beats when I have to talk. Let me dance, sing, act, do stunts before the camera or anything like that, and I'm cool as Alaska in winter, but talking makes me terribly afraid!"

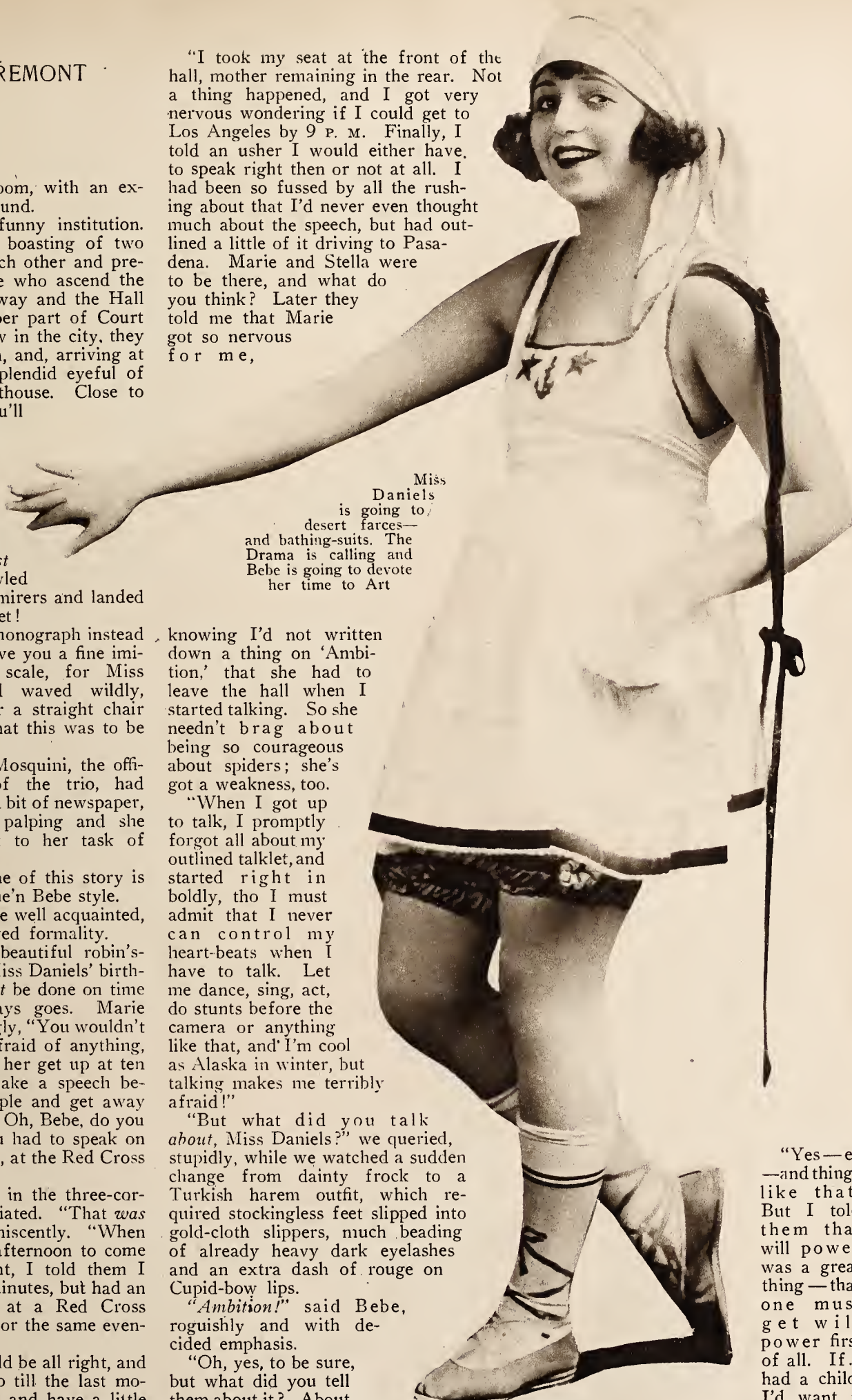
"But what did you talk about, Miss Daniels?" we queried, stupidly, while we watched a sudden change from dainty frock to a Turkish harem outfit, which required stockingless feet slipped into gold-cloth slippers, much beading of already heavy dark eyelashes and an extra dash of rouge on Cupid-bow lips.

"Ambition!" said Bebe, roguishly and with decided emphasis.

"Oh, yes, to be sure, but what did you tell them about it? About your own experiences?"

to have a temper and a strong will. You

(Continued on page 74)



"Yes—er—and things like that. But I told them that will power was a great thing—that one must get will power first of all. If I had a child, I'd want it

Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—!

They're All Frank Losee

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

FRANK LOSEE started out as a boy to study law. That is, the *he* to which his folks were able to dictate. But in between dusty volumes young Losee was haunted by the whispers of *himself*—the callings of his heart's desire. He —wanted—to—act. And because his want was earnest, because his earnestness persisted in caring for a thing of interest, because his interest was supported by youth in all its doggedness of determination—he gave up plowing printed words, and joined the Hooley Stock Company of Brooklyn.

When a famous cartoonist made world-known that series, "Let George Do It," he meant really, and should have said, "Leave it to Frank." Whenever the Hooleys were in doubt as to whom they could cast for their varied parts, they would come up smiling with the inspiration, "Say! There's that big, young person—the good-



Upper right, Mr. Losee playing himself; just below is a glimpse of Mr. Losee with Pauline Frederick in "Sapho"; in the lower right corner, as Scarpia in "La Tosca"; as Uncle Tom in the small circle; and, lower left, in "Great Expectations"

looker with the round voice."

His thirty years' training on the legitimate stage well prepared him for the cinema. Mr. Losee has played the rôles of richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, as vividly as he enacted the parts of doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. To both his stage and screen directors he showed that, when it came to a toss-up between tradition and something new, he could win out with the latter, by completely abolishing the idea of having just "certain people for certain people." He did away, once and for all, with the belief that, if an aged negro were needed to portray an aged negro, the casting men would have to go out and find an aged negro.

These incessant switchings from part to part

(Continued on page 78)



The Celluloid Critic

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

THE house of Pathé contributed the one unusually interesting thing of the month, "Common Clay," with Fannie Ward. This screen adaptation, by Ouida Berre, of Cleaves Kinkead's melodrama, may not find its way into our list of the best photoplays of the season—because of its banal conventionality—but Miss Ward's playing stands out at the very forefront of the year's acting.

"Common Clay" starts as a veritable human document, the vital story of a young woman, raised in squalor, who longs for luxuries and pretty things. But Mr. Kinkead lapses into the usual melodrama of the persecuted heroine and the illegitimate love-child. Thru all the trite situations Miss Ward is an intensely moving and dramatic figure. The star has never given a better characterization to the screen. There is a genuine grip to it.

George Fitzmaurice's direction has its excellences and weaknesses. His interiors of wealthy homes are obviously huge studio sets, with cloth checkerboard "marble" floors and canvas walls of painted "stone." But Mr. Fitzmaurice has succeeded in getting every player into the dramatic spirit. The cast is wholly admirable. Mary Alden contributes one more unforgettable portrayal, a very real woman of the slums. There is one genuinely big moment in "Common Clay," when she sees little Ellen Neal go into the night. Fred Goodman's weak man-about-town is a distinct thing and W. E. Laurence reveals

vivacity Miss Allison lends the slender little theme. It is just a farce built around the younger sister of a wealthy family—a tomboyish hoyden who revolts against her elder sister's tyranny and steals her beau. "Peggy Does Her Darndest" is brimful of fun, the beautiful May being admirably assisted by Rosemary Theby as the autocratic sister and Dick Rosson as the gymnastic brother, while Augustus Phillips makes the small rôle of a gentleman crook stand out. This comedy marks a new milestone in the career of a young woman who is going to be the most popular comédienne on the screen.

One of the ushers at the New York
(Continued on page 79)



Top, William Farnum and Louise Lovely in "The Man Hunter"; right center, Fannie Ward as the heroine of "Common Clay"; and, left, Corinne Griffith in "The Girl Problem"

One of the liveliest of the Broadway musical comedies is "Some Time," at the Casino Theater. The striking chorus is one of the features. Here are four remedies for the Tired Business Man: Ann Toddings, Anna Stone, Renee Hughes and Marie Astor

Leo Ditrichstein is contributing one of his most brilliant characterizations in the Continental comedy, "The Marquis de Priola," at the Liberty Theater

The piquant Peggy Hopkins has the leading rôle in New York's newest boudoir farce, "A Sleepless Night," at the Bijou Theater



White, N. Y.



© Goldberg, N. Y.



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In the Broadway Theaters

Ruth Donnelly and Ralph Sipperly offer brisk comedy performances with George M. Cohan in "A Prince There Was" at the George M. Cohan Theater



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(Left) Known to operetta as a delightful voiced songstress, Eleanor Painter is winning new laurels as a dramatic actress in the melodic - drama, "The Climax," now on tour

(Right) One of the popular hits of the season is "East Is West," at the Astor Theater. In this drama Fay Bainter offers another picturesque creation

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One of the bright features of "The Velvet Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theater is the lovely Fay Marbe



© White, N. Y.



© White, N. Y.



Campbell Studios

The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

WE were resting between scenes. In hushed tones we were exchanging confidences that, if shouted from the housetops, might have turned monarchies into republics, Bolsheviks into Holy Rolloys, and ended for all time any doubt in the public mind concerning the League of Nations and the freedom of the seas.

"She's a winner," eloquently whispered "Muffins" brushing the hair back from his high brow.

"Believe me, old girl, they don't come any finer," supplemented "Coffee," writing "Finis" on the table of the last olive on the plate.

"She's the best little woman in the business," remarked John Stahl, *sotto voce* to an interested spectator.

At that moment the subject of discussion approached, with that graceful glide which has long been our envy and the object of our unsuccessful imitation. She was enveloped in squirrel from chin to toes. Her eyes shone thru the brim of her black lace hat and, "Muffins" put it, "she was a winner."

But it takes more than that to make and keep scores of friends like "Coffee" and "Muffins" and Mr. Stahl.

"You must be genuine and human and then—we then you should worry about anything else," "Coffee" told me later.

It all came about this way. My best friend announced one day—and oh, how she flattered me!

"Get a story about Florence Reed, and I'll forgive you for going into pictures."

You see she (the best friend) comes from Worcester, Mass. Worcester has one great reason for pride besides its proximity to Boston, and that is the fact that Florence Reed was at one time leading woman of its favorite stock company.

Above all things I crave my best friend's forgiveness, so one morning I waited at the corner of Forty-second Street and Tenth Avenue for an I-dare-you-to-catch-me until the Indian outside the nearest cigar store had nothing on me in the line of being a permanent feature of the landscape, and was rewarded by finally landing on my arched insteps at the door of the Fifty-fourth Street studio. As usual, a courtroom was in the act of being transferred to the screen. Now if there is a courtroom lying around loose in which I have at one time or another failed to grace its hardest bench, I can in no way account for its escape. The chamber of justice had one lone seat vacant, and the lone seat had a thousand beckoning hands. Even before Assistant Director Fred Hazenmeyer had engaged me I found myself moving towards it as if in a trance. Here and there a face that had aided me in decorating other courtrooms in previous existences smiled at me in friendly greeting.

Florence Reed has been dividing her time between the stage play, "Roads of Destiny," and the screen studios. She has just completed "The Woman Under Oath," in which Miss Rosemon appears with her

The jury had already assembled. In general composition it was not unlike other juries that sit and are paid to fill space; in fact, I recognized several jurors of yesterday, and even the year before that, except that it was made up of eleven men—and one woman. The woman, of course, was the heroine, Miss

By ETHEL ROSEMON

Reed. She was watching with intense interest Gareth Hughes, under the grilling questioning of the prosecuting attorney. Did he recognize the gun? Had he purchased the gun on the night of the murder? Had he gone to David Powell's apartment on the same night in the suspicious company of said gun? He had, but he still per-



Top, Miss Reed, Blyth Daly, daughter of Arnold Daly, and "Coffee." Center, Hugh Thompson, Fred Hazenmeyer, assistant director, Miss Reed and John Stahl, director. Below, Miss Reed, Miss Rosemon and "Coffee"

be registered upon the screen? But Miss Reed is the actress whether the audience is looking or not, because—well, I suppose because it is a way real actresses have. Every reaction to the words of the

attorney was mirrored in her expressive face. I thought of Mr. Stahl's words: "These are not moving pictures, but mentality pictures. Every turn of Miss Reed's eyes registers a thought."

When the accused, the witnesses, the
(Continued on page 80)

isted he had not fired the shot that had temporarily discontinued the villain's line of shameful deeds. The prosecuting attorney was confident that he had won his case. In measured tones he imparted that confidence to the jury in general and to Miss Reed in particular. While he was thus engrossed in his oratory I had an opportunity to make a note of one of the main differences between a movie star and an actress. According to Hoyle, the former's face would have remained impassive, for the camera was shooting over her shoulder, getting the back of her chic little hat and the corner of one small ear, but not a glimpse of her face, so why should she express emotion that could not possibly



Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

WRITING about kings and queens at this particular stage of the world's development would seem an inauspicious beginning for a popular story, royal families being rather out of favor nowadays.

However, that oft-quoted exception-to-the-rule is the subject now being treated, for right in the heart of New York there exists a royal family which, we dare say, will always be popular and well-loved by its subjects. A royal family whose queen is a King. In order not to disturb you by any further anomalies, I hasten to explain that I am speaking of Mollie King.

Mollie, (no one ever thinks of calling her Miss King, so democratic this queen of Broadway), reminds us of that well-known saying, "sugar and spice and everything nice." She makes us think of crushed strawberries, out-of-season, and ice-cream; of pink and lavender crêpe-de-chine, of ermine and sables, but principally of diamonds, huge, sparkling, million-dollar diamonds.

One cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, think of Mollie King without these things, and yet, while we waited for her to get up at midnight, (she was singing and dancing on the Century roof) her sister Nellie told us of the time when they were youngsters. Nellie and Mollie had both played on the stage since babyhood, largely in vaudeville.

Immediately after this Mollie King was featured in the Winter Garden and has been a queen of musical comedies ever since.

"Mollie always was a cute kid," said Mother King.

"She didn't have a voice, but there was just something about her that everybody liked. Whenever she'd picked up, in her shrill little soprano, she would command immediate quiet and attention from the most crowded audience.

"And the most generous child, no more sense of responsibility than the man in the moon, always jolly, always loving life, always doing something for other people."

"O-o-o-h, mother!" a voice like the cheerful chirp of a canary called from the inner recesses.

Mrs. King jumped to her feet.

Two seconds later she returned. "You can come now; I've got her buttoned up."

"It is so nice of you to come," Mollie greeted us, and chatted on quickly without giving any one a chance to put in a word. "Awfully good of you. Wont you have some of this—and this—and this?"

I found myself being loaded down with candy boxes, which a little servant hand shoved into mine, from innumerable drawers of the commode, in front of which she stood. Boxes covered with lavender brocade, five-pound boxes, ten-pound ones, and insignificant two-pounders appeared as if by magic from every crevice.

"Oh, that's all right; don't say a word, I've got lots more, dear. Don't know what to do with them, really I don't."

The dispenser of bonbons stood still for a second.

Her beauty is quite breath-taking, the sort of pink-and-gold and baby-stare beauty that you read about but don't believe in. Her soft, dark eyelashes, far longer than those ever described in

the season's best-seller, frame eyes of hazel hue. Golden curls peeped from beneath an enormous black picture hat ornamented with priceless birds of paradise. Her lithe young figure was swathed in clinging black velvet.

Her father entered and wrapped an enormous coat of the richest sable about her.

"Be sure and keep that bundled around your neck, Mollie," he admonished. "Are you sure you have everything, honey?" Little Mrs. King hovered anxiously around.

Mollie King reminds one of crushed strawberries, out-of-season, and ice-cream; of pink and lavender crêpe-de-chine; of ermine and sables, but principally of diamonds, huge, sparkling, million-dollar diamonds. Mollie o' the movies is just now featured on Broadway in "Good-Morning, Judge," and in the Century roof show



By SUE ROBERTS

"I feel like wearing jewels. Where *did* I leave them?" said Mollie, feverishly fumbling around her boudoir.

We looked worriedly about. Precious jewels might be peeping from the rosy, lavender lace coverlets that draped the cool, ivory-colored bed. Maybe they were caught in that deep pink canopy of silk and lace. Surely that was a diamond that peeped from the cunningly simulated rosebuds that ornamented the floor lamp.

But no, from the same white commode from which, magician-like, she procured the boxes of candy, Mollie drew forth a jewel-case and, carelessly slinging it over her arm, said she was ready.

And, from out of all this exotic materialism with which the public had endowed its darling, Mollie King's eyes looked at us, round and expressive of childhood, straightforwardly, deprecatorily, smiling with good fellowship.

We left her at the stage door. The steel-cut buckles on her small black pumps sparkled as she tripped in. "Be sure and come back and see my dressing-room, wont you, dear?" she called, as she entered the mysterious back-stage regions.



Out in front we were shown to a table in the very center of the roof. The show was a very brilliant one, but we waited uneasily for Mollie.

Her brother, Charles King, appeared and was the object of much applause. Finally we could stand it no longer. We tripped down some dark passages, hemmed in by canvas scenery, until we reached an open space directly behind the stage. Here stood statuesque chorus-girls, gorgeous in their stage plumage and beautiful in spite

Mollie King's beauty is breath-taking, the sort of pink-and-gold and baby-stare beauty that you read about but don't believe in. Her soft, dark eyelashes frame eyes of hazel hue. Golden curls peep from beneath enormous picture hats

of rouged faces and carmined lips.

Mollie King's dressing-room was gayly pointed out to us.

Four chorus-girls were peacefully reposing on Mollie's couch. Mollie's maid was serving them with refreshments, while the queen and star of the show sat in front of her light-studded mirror doing her own hair.

(Continued on page 89)



White

The New

Now that most of the foreign lands are contributing to the Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, interesting comparisons in the matter of national beauty can be made. Thus far the American girl not only holds her own, but the entire field! But one or two young women born outside of the United States or Canada have thus far won an honor position in the international contest. What more can be said of the beauty and charm of the American maid?

The sixth honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest has been decided by the judges to number:

Delilah Otte, of No. 63 Chestnut Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y. Miss Otte is a blonde type with blue eyes. She is five feet eight inches in height. Miss Otte, by the way, was one of 29 young women picked from thousands of entrants in the "Typical American Girl Contest" conducted some time ago by *The New York Times*, the jury of



HELEN LEE WORTHING



Above:
DOROTHY E. FISHER

Left:
MARGUERITE A. HAUPT

Right:
MARIE CHAPPELLE



Time and Fortune Beauties

judges including such artists as Fisher, Stanlaws, Flagg, King, Boileau, Gilbert, etc.

Helen Lee Worthing, of No. 1073 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Miss Worthing is a Southern beauty, with blonde hair and dark-blue eyes. She was born in Louisville, Ky., and is in Boston studying singing and dramatic art. Miss Worthing won quite a little attention in the Boston papers at the time of the recent influenza epidemic. She donned a Red Cross uniform and volunteered her services to the Brookline Red Cross, personally aiding in the nursing of sufferers. She drove her own car, too, in transporting patients for the Red Cross. Miss Worthing is a member of the Louisville Dramatic Club, a well-known amateur organization.

Marie Chappelle, of No. 49 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Chappelle has dark-gray eyes, auburn hair and is five feet seven. She has never been on the stage or screen.

Marguerite A. Haupt, of No. 1917 Sixth Avenue, Spokane, Wash. Miss Haupt has gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet four.

Dorothy E. Fisher, of No. 318 18th Street, Seattle, Wash. Miss Fisher has brown hair, blue eyes and is five feet four and three-fourths in height. Thus the rivalry between Seattle and Spokane goes merrily on. Both these cities seem to be contributing thousands of portraits to the contest.

Alice May Marvin, of 19218 Walnut Street, Berkeley, Cal. Miss Marvin has appeared on the

(Continued on page 83)



Above:
DELILAH OTTE

Left:
ALICE MAY MARVIN

Right:
VIRGINIA BROWN



Rosemary Theby and Robert Ellis have prominent rôles in Olive Thomas' support



In her first Selznick production, Olive Thomas plays the flapper vampire heroine of the Hattons' piquant farce, "Upstairs and Down." One of the lively scenes is a bathing-suit party in the servants' quarters of a Long Island residence



Enter—
the
Baby
Vampire



The Stronger Vow

Told in Story Form from the Geraldine Farrar Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

It was carnival night in Seville. Over the ancient city the azure tent of the sky was hung with the glowing lanterns of the stars and a great, round, softly colored moon was wafted above the cathedral minarets like one of the balloons in the square below. From every balcony streamers caught the crimson light of the torches and sent it reaming on the soft breeze. From every shadow sounded low voices, quivering, importunate, lilting laughter, kisses.

Carnival in Seville! Youth and the madness of youth, love and life's magic, heat of old passions, old hates wreathed with exquisite courtesy, like a stiletto wound with rose vines. The masks that the balleros wore covered dark faces, and darker desires, the arch eyes peeping over waving fans were full of strange lights and glows, shadows of the flames that sent tall Troy crashing into embers ages hence.

"Ah, but I adore the festa!" The girl in the *loge* above the marionette booth bent forward to uncoil a serpent of confetti over the crowd below. The blue lanterns strung along the balcony lighted up her strong yet sweetly rounded figure as she did, the proud chin and head set on the white column of neck, the hollows of the young bosom between lace folds of the mantilla. The man watching her silently from a corner of the box caught his breath at her fairness, tho it was an old tale to him. He was a broad fellow, with a thick, stocky figure and a handsome face, bitten by the acid of many passions, fearless in a fight, forgetting in a grudge, unswerving in his purposes. And this girl, with her dark, lusterless wreaths of hair, her arching

brows and proud, high-bred beauty, was one of his purposes. He wanted her with a want that ate him like corrosion, and he would have her when his time was ripe.

"Do you know, cousin," she turned to him gaily, "my mother met her fate at

the carnival, and so perhaps I, too——" She was busy drawing a golden ribbon thru one of the painted eggshells which the venders sold. "She sat in a balcony and flung a bauble into the crowd, and my father—who must have been a handsome man then

—caught it and brought it back to her, and that was the beginning. So you see I am really a daughter of Carnival. I wonder whether——"

She had lifted the gay toy above her head and tossed it out above the shifting crowds. The others in the box applauded; even the duenna smiled approval. Dolores De Cordova, of an old Castilian family

whose line ran unbroken and unsullied to the farthest horizons of history, could say, with the old French monarch, "I am not accountable to conventions, for I am a convention."

Pedro Toral scowled. He hated to be reminded of his distant relationship,

A romance of love and vengeance in old Seville and the Apache dens of Paris





Slowly she sank down upon the couch. Under the veil her face was a white horror. "A lie," she said, with difficult lips. "A lie—"

he hated the knowledge that other men had the same rights of looking at her and adoring her that he possessed. Sometimes he was not quite sure that he did not hate her, with her mockery and high disdain and unreachableness.

Jose, her younger brother, was peering over the railing, watching the flight of the whimsical token. "A prize! You've won a fine prize, Dolores!" he shouted, doubling up with laughter. "See, that tall caballero in the monk's cloak caught it, and *Dios!* but he's looking this way—he's coming, I do believe!"

In the square below a tall, straight figure, cloaked and masked, was pushing among the crowd of masked merry-makers, in their direction. Glimpses of conventional evening dress showed beneath his cloak, and he wore a silk hat, fantastically wreathed with purple and green paper streamers. There was an assurance in his carriage, an air of authority about him that showed even in his grotesque mummery.

Dolores' eyes were sparkling with mischief as she leaned gracefully against the rail and looked down, the rich color coming and going in her cheeks. Pedro, gazing, leaned to Jose with a snarl. "Surely you will not allow him to speak!

A nobody out of nowhere. What are you thinking of?"

"Oh"—Jose tossed the thought from him with an impatient shrug—"what's the odds? This is carnival!"

The painted eggshell swinging from his fingers by its tinsel ribbon, the stranger stopped beneath the box and lifted his hat with a sweeping gesture. "I have come to thank you, señorita," he spoke with a pleasant voice, "for this favor,

which has made it possible for me to speak to you." "It is the Fates that you should thank, señor," Dolores laughed. "I entrusted my message to them."

Toral rose, white with rage, and dragged Jose to his feet and out of the box with him. "In another moment I should have slit that fellow's throat for him!" he growled as, later, they sat about a table in one of the numerous temporary dining booths, while a Pierrette inclined to stoutness served them with wine.

Jose, who had already had rather too much wine that evening, tossed off his glass before he replied. "Oh, you're impossible, Pedro! Always trying to pick a quarrel. There's no harm in it. The man was a gentleman—any one could see that."

"You shouldn't have allowed it," Toral insisted sullenly. His eyes searched the circle of boxes about the square until they discovered a white arm, lying along the rail, a graceful head bent to meet the gaze of the blurred, dark figure standing beneath. His fury mounted to his brain, clouding sense and discretion. "And if Dolores was all that she should be, she would not allow it, either. Only a light woman——"

"Be careful what you say!" Jose was on his feet, quivering, with his hands at the other's throat. "Take care, or they will be the last words you ever speak!"

And while they struggled Dolores and the stranger talked on in sentences as light and light of meaning as blown bubbles of talk about them, while their eyes gazed steadily into one another, spoke of other things.

"THE STRONGER VOW"

Fictionized from the scenario by J. Clarkson Miller, based on Izola Forrester's story. Produced by Goldwyn Pictures, starring Geraldine Farrar. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast:

Dolores De Cordova.....	Geraldine Farrar
Señora De Cordova.....	Kate Lester
Juan Montojo.....	Milton Sills
Pedro Toral	Tom Santschi
Bibi Le Boux.....	Hassard Short

Anna nodded sleepily in the back of the *loge*; all about them the music of guitars and violins wailed immemorial longing. The dancing and gesticulating figures in clown's garb seemed like creations of a dream, and in all the hot and spangled night there seemed but they two—

Afterwards, when the De Cordova carriage had come and Dolores was seated, the stranger sprang up beside her. "Is this the end, lady, or the beginning?" he whispered. He had unmasked, and she saw a young, grave face, with finely cut features, turned to her, with a look that set her soul to singing.

The many-colored rain of confetti blew about them, her silky folds of hair were rainbow with it, and her eyes were misty with the light of dreams. "It is strange, but then life is strange," she answered. "The Future still wears her mask, Señor, and what lies behind it we may not know. Yet it may be—"

He put out his hand and drew it back, not touching her. "We shall meet again sometime. I am as sure of that as that I shall some day cease to breathe," he said, quietly, with a slow, deep breath. "Till then, farewell," and he was gone, vanishing to the rout of maskers.

In her dimly lighted bed-chamber Señorita De Cordova lay, propped upon high-piled pillows, awaiting the return of her son and daughter from the carnival. She was a little, frail, wisp of a woman, in whom the fires of life still smouldered with a remnant of their old flame. She could still thrill to the memory of old, long-faded loves, still nourish the traditional hatreds of her house at her withered breast.

When Dolores stood on the threshold the woman on the bed raised herself with a little cry. It was as tho her old self stood there, fresh from the carnival that had given her her power. She stretched out her arms. "My child, what has happened?"

But she did not need to ask, Dolores did not need to answer. For a long while there was silence in the room, each woman looking down the pathway of the years, the one along a traveled road, the other, wonderingly, along the path that stretched ahead into the blinding glory of the sun.

A strange sound brought them back to the present with a start—the shuffle of slow feet on the courtyard stones, men walking heavily, as if they bore some burden. The lower door swung open with a clang and the shuffling feet began to ascend the stairs in portentous silence that seemed to shriek with sinister, unuttered things.

Señora Cordova, she who had not walked for years, rose stiffly from her bed and stood on her feet, waving aside her daughter's hand. "Your brother"—she said the words with a deep certainty—"he is dead, and they are bringing him home."

They were standing in the same frozen immobility when the dreadful procession entered, a carriage driver, an officer, several maskers still in their foolish panoply of light-heartedness, bearing be-

"I've brought you here, My Lady Disdain, to see that you fulfill your vow," he told her. "With your own hands you're going to kill your new husband and afterwards—"

tween them the still form of Jose De Cordova, the last male of his line, dead with a cowardly knife thrust between his shoulder-blades.

Dolores ran to the still figure, sobbing out inarticulate grief, moaning, stroking the heavy rings of black hair on the white, cold forehead, but the mother, straight and tearless, spoke with steady lips. "Who did this thing?"

A squat, broad figure detached himself from the shadows of the stair and came into the room. It was Pedro Toral, shielding his ravaged face from the light. He spoke in short, jerky sentences, never ceasing to shield his face with one broad, muscular hand. He and Jose had supped together and said farewell. A little later, as he was returning home thru a dark alley, he had stumbled over the body of his more-than-friend, his dearer-than-a-brother, foully done to death! At his cry a crowd had gathered and he had shown them the way home. That was all.

"Dolores," Señora De Cordova said tonelessly, "you alone are left of our house to avenge your brother. You are only a girl, but you are a Cordova. Swear that you will find his murderer and kill him."

Dolores raised herself to her superb height. Every vestige of color was gone from her face, and her eyes were the only living things about her. She touched her finger to the blood that dripped from Jose's wound and made the sign of the cross above her head. "Blood for blood! Life for life!" she cried, in a ringing tone. "I swear that I will avenge my brother!"

If time cannot erase old scars, it at least heals them so that they no longer throb. In the days that followed Dolores was caught up into the whirlpool of life and tossed hither and yon until at last she was cast upon safe shores. A twelve-month later found her in the house of her aunt, Doria D'Olonne, the widow of a French attaché, in the Rue Eugénie in Paris. The Señora De Cordova's frail thread of life had snapped soon after her son's body was



laid away in the family vault under the limes, and Dolores had left her birthland, a sad-eyed beauty in her black robes, who contemplated taking a nun's vows and sighing away her life behind the gray, ivied walls of some convent.

No nun, this, who stood radiant in white satin and pearls, with the look on her face that a woman wears but once, when she stands beside the man she loves and repeats proudly before the whole world her vow to "love and honor until death do them part."

The Marquis De Valera, who stood beside her, was a tall, serious man, with finely chiseled features and an air of authority. He was a member of the Spanish Legation, and a hundred tales were whispered among the crowd of guests who attended the wedding as to how the two had met; at Monte Carlo, one related, at the embassy ball, corrected another. Only one person in the room besides the two most concerned knew the tale of the meeting, on a night of revelry and color, more than a year gone by.



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Pedro Toral, outwardly impassive, smoothly garmented, a gentleman attending the wedding of a distant cousin, was, in reality, a soul in hell. His fingernails were white with the strain of his clenched hands, and behind the lids of his downcast eyes smouldered the fires of unholy flames. Yet his lips wore a little still, writhing smile as he hugged the thought of his purpose close to his sick heart. Afterward, when she went upstairs, he would strike, not with blows, but with words. He would watch the happiness slip from her face, watch her joy turn to hatred.

He made the most of his moment. Facing her behind the closed door of her boudoir, he deftly reopened the wound.

"Have you forgotten your vow to avenge your brother? Bah! How soon women like you forget! A kiss, and you fling away your honor, the honor of your race, like a handful of ashes——"

"Why do you say such things to me now?" Dolores asked him, clutching her joy desperately round her. "Give me this moment of happiness, Pedro. It is mine, I tell you—mine!"

He looked at her and laughed cruelly. "Happiness? With the murderer of your brother?"

Slowly, as if the sap were gone from her, she sank down upon the couch. Under the veil her face was a white horror. "A lie," she said, with difficult lips. "A lie——"

"The truth." Pedro whipped a handkerchief, sinister with stain, from his pocket and pointed to the crest in the corner. "Do you see that? I found it beside Jose—his blood is on it, the same blood you dipped your finger into when you swore that his murderer should die!"

her voice was very weary. "I will not—forget my vow. Now, Pedro, leave me. For the love of Mary, leave me. I can plan—what—I must do——"

A wild moonlight was blowing about the streets when Dolores slipped out of the rear door of her aunt's house, ran, stumbling, down the Rue Eugénie, seeking the shadows and clutching the folds of her dark cloak about a plain gown that had been brought with her from Spain. At the corner where the great bulk of the cathedral squatted against the sky she paused; then, with a desperate haste, pushed open one of the chancel doors and entered. From the shadows figures slipped after her to the church portals and there set themselves to wait.

"Make no mistake," their leader told them, in a hissing whisper; "she must have no chance to scream. Down the aisle there, then to the right to the Café of the Red Brothers——"

"Did we ever fail you before, master?" the burliest shadow muttered, hoarsely. "This wont be the first little job, Trust to Bibi, she shall be silent as the dead."

When the bandage was jerked from her eyes and the veil from her lips, Dolores looked about her at rough, bare walls, mouldy with green damp, earthen floor, rude tables and chairs, wine-steeped, and into the blazing face of Pedro Toral, which had slipped all pretense of gentility, leaving a human animal with bared, slaving fangs and bloodshot eyes.

"I've brought you here, my Lady Disdain, to see that you fulfil your vow," he told her, licking his lips with thick tongue. "With your own hands you're going to kill your

(Continued on page 64)



How to give yourself a "professional" manicure

A few minutes' care once or twice a week keeps your hands flawless

ALWAYS—day and night—are you proud of the appearance of your hands?

With the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can *always* be as well-groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

To make the cuticle smooth

The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail,

gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Rinse off the dead surplus skin thoroughly in clear water.

To whiten nail tips and polish nails

Next, directly from the tube, apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. This leaves the nail tips snowy white.

Finally rub Cutex Cake Polish on the palm and pass the nails briskly over it. If you wish an especially brilliant lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

Some people, after using water, find that the cuticle at the base of the nail tends to become rough

and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a cream especially designed to keep the cuticle soft and pliable.

Do not think that by spasmodic care you can *keep* your nails well groomed. Whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. Then *regularly* once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure. In this way, you can keep your nails *always* lovely.

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Gossip from the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT



for Jack Pickford; Mark Larkin, who used to do the publicity honors for Balboa but who had the honor of being selected by winsome Mary to "cover" her doings, and pretty Lois Wilson herself, resplendent in a

son, who came in all dimples and pretty flushed cheeks.

At the counter Kathleen Kirkham slid her fish-tail evening gown over a rough stool and ate her luncheon with as much appetite as if she'd had Dresden and cut-glass befitting the gorgeousness of her frock.

By a window, at a table built for two, wee Mary Pickford Rupp was lifted into a chair by the Pickford chauffeur, who enjoyed a complete dinner while the baby uncomplainingly and with great appetite negotiated graham crackers and milk. She's not a bit spoiled, that youngster, and never asked for a bit of pie or ice-cream, as most little tads do.

Apropos of Mary, Jr., I must digress sufficiently to tell you of her youthful admiration for Francis Carpenter, who was seen on the lot ready to do his bit with Jack (Continued on page 68)

THERE is not at present a more interesting studio to visit than the Brunton. There are so many stars leasing space on the Brunton lot that one can't help calling it a treat to spend a day there.

In the first place, they are building a bungalow suite for Mary Pickford, who will have her own dressing-room, bath-room, publicity director's suite, and every convenience for her new productions.

Jack Pickford has a suite in the administration building, which also harbors Sessue Hayakawa, Frank Keenan, Olive Thomas, Bessie Barriscale, Alma Rubens, Kitty Gordon, Dustin Farnum and now Clara Kimball Young. When one walks down the broad hall of this building, which is flanked on either side by the stars' suites with their respective publicity offices, a real insight into this huge industry of picture producing is gained. In the hall, I met George Fisher, who has been doing a picture with Frank Keenan and Lois Wilson; Ted Sloman, now perfectly at home in Los Angeles, after his three years' stay in Santa Barbara; Pat Dowling, installed as publicity

ballroom frock covered by a loose, fur-collared coat, as she'd just come in from location.

Luncheon was a mighty amusing thing. We all gathered in a shack attached to the edge of the Brunton lot like a barnacle to a wharf. At one table, Sessue Hayakawa had just finished dallying with a bit of food, but graciously arose and used his paper napkin to clean up the one side for roguish Mary Ander-



Maurice Tourneur, (upper left), went to the bottom of the sea off San Pedro to direct scenes for his "The White Heather." Center, King W. Vidor, his wife, Florence Vidor, and their brand new baby, Suzanne. Below, Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess in an off-the-screen moment





Shirley Mason

and Ernest Truex

in "Come On In"

Notice the silver bar. Perhaps Ernest should evince more interest in the gold band binding him to his beaming bride. Maybe the silver bar made the gold band possible though. What do you think?

Paramount Picture

Miss Shirley Mason is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

To give your complexion the wrong kind of care is as harmful as though you gave it no care at all. Every skin needs to be kept well cleansed and soft but it also needs to be kept toned up and healthful. It is the therapeutic quality of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in combination with its softening and cleansing properties that has made it the ruling favorite for 32 years. Time and use have proved it the best for you. Get a jar today and begin to use it every night and morning.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is Beauty in Every Jar



Ingram's Velveta Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada

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FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

(146)

WHY MAGAZINES ARE AS THEY ARE

Scene: Editorial sanctum.

Time: 10 A. M.

Editor gets brilliant idea, reaches for telephone.

Give me Murray Hill 8500.

Line's busy on Main 8700.

I want Murray Hill 8500.

One moment, please. I'll let you speak to the superintendent.

(Slightly annoyed) I don't want the superintendent—I want Murray Hill 8500.

(Fifteen minutes pass, while editor rattles hook) The number you want has been changed to Murray Hill 8500.

(Feebly) Do I get it?

This g'man wants Murray Hill 8500.

(Prolonged discussion in distance over merits of Murray Hill 8500.)

(Peevishly) Do I get Murray Hill 8500? Ringing it, sir.

(Voice sounds on wire, editor's hopes rise) Let me speak to Mr. Botsford.

Who? This is Cathedral 4200?

(Tears in eyes, rattles receiver) Wrong number. Get me Murray Hill 8500.

Main 6500?

No, no! Murray Hill 8500.

Here's your party—Plaza 8500.

(After pleading with Plaza 8500 to get off wire) Wrong number again. Get me Murray Hill 8500—M-u-r-r-a-y H-i-l-l. Ringing them.

(Long pause. It is now 11:45 A. M.)

What number did you say?

(Inarticulate) Murray Hill 8500.

Busy!

(Editor collapses under desk, mumbling Murray Hill 8500.)

IMPRESSIONS UPON ENTERING A SCREEN THEATER ON A RAINY DAY

First reel—Well, anyway, it's raining outside.

Second reel—Wonder if it's clearing?

Third reel—Bet it's clearing.

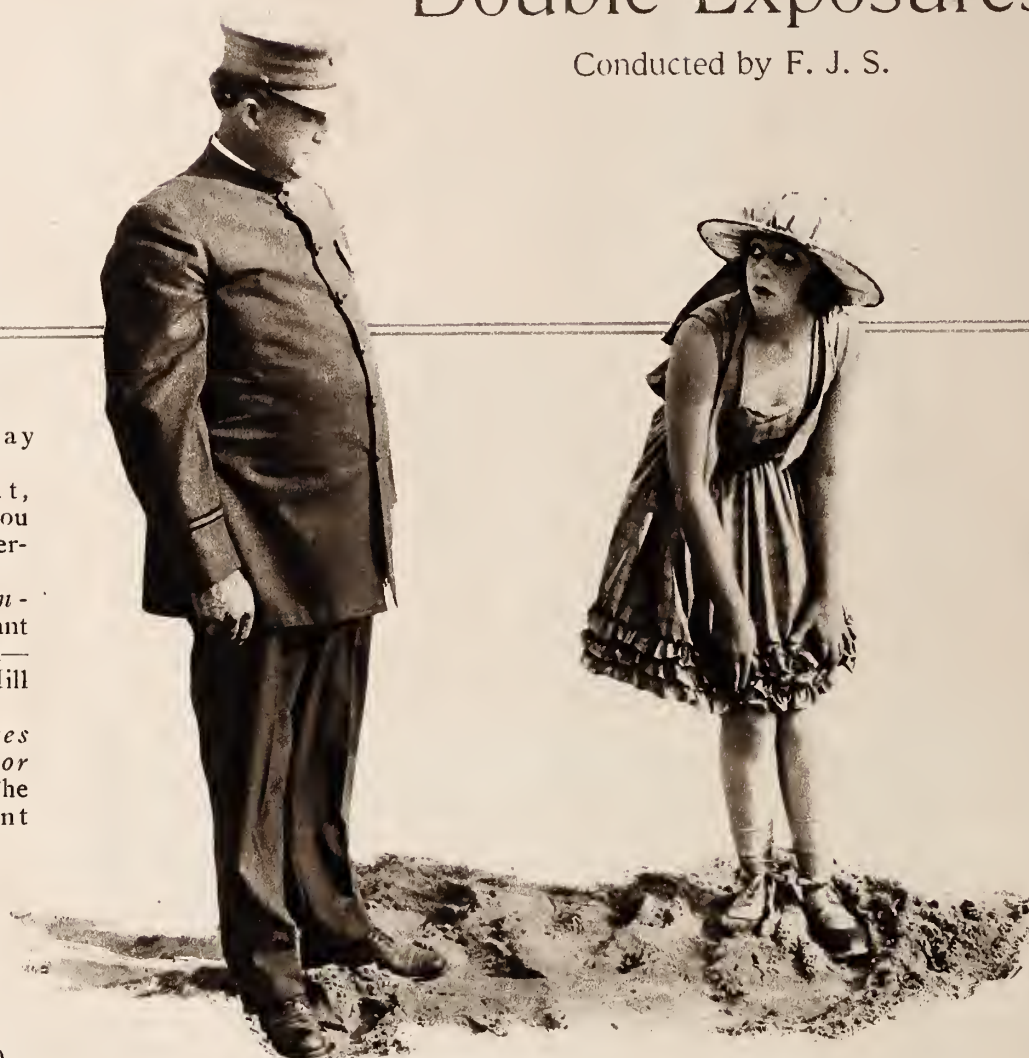
Fourth reel—The sun must be shining.

Fifth reel—Exit.

As far as we are concerned, the artists who make the comic animated cartoons can have the job of rolling up the barbed wire in France.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



Wanda Hawley drove her new car straight thru a California bungalow the other day, knocking the family side-board into the street. Which is just another ad. for California. Where else, we ask, would a Wanda

Hawley drop in so informally?

New York women have started a crusade against lingerie displays in shop windows. Well, we still have the Sen-nett comedies.

Norma Talmadge has now reached the point where a face powder and toilet water have been named after her. Thus she achieves the artistic level of Mary Garden.

It took eight hours, says the press-agent, for Director Dawley to get a horse

to yawn in filming Doris Kenyon's "Twilight." Apparently no one thought of showing the horse Miss Kenyon's "Street of Seven Stars."

THE TENSEST SCREEN MOMENTS OF THE MONTH

Corinne Griffith as a modiste model in "The Girl Question."

May Allison in her gym suit in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."

May Allison in her riding knickers in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."

May Allison in her vampire gown in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."

We respectfully add two members to our 1919 baseball team: Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Phillips.

We certainly admire the optimistic David Griffith in holding the story of "The Romance of Happy Valley" as a studio secret until the release of the photoplay. There was just one leak. Back in the middle ages that very plot, minus trimmings, originated, and it has been done at least a few times since. Still Mr. Griffith was quite successful. The puzzled fans who sat just behind us when we viewed the picture consider the plot a total secret.

What more can we ask? The fiction of *Snappy Stories* has been secured by a producer for the movies. Thus the literary level of the screen takes another uplift.

The Art-O-Graf Corporation signs Franklyn Farnum in New York and takes him to Denver to star in an eight-reeler, "The Wolves of Wall Street." Nothing like getting the locale exactly right!



NORMA TALMADGE
 "You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY
 "I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."



BLANCHE SWEET
 "I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

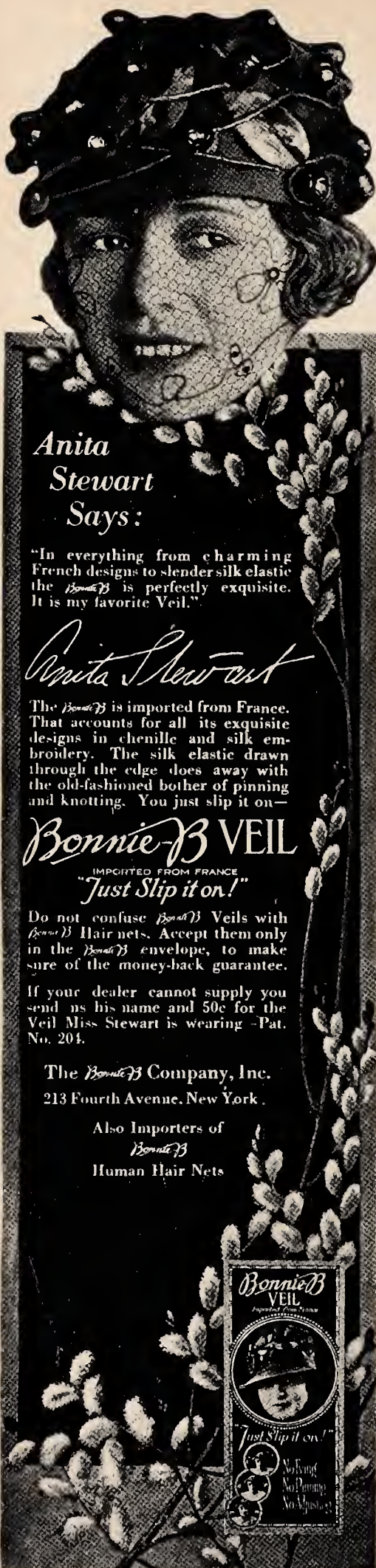


MAY ALLISON
 "Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."



MAE MURRAY
 "Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best."

The Stronger Vow (Continued from page 58)



Anita Stewart Says:

"In everything from charming French designs to slendersilk elastic the *Bonnie B* is perfectly exquisite. It is my favorite Veil."

Anita Stewart

The *Bonnie B* is imported from France. That accounts for all its exquisite designs in chenille and silk embroidery. The silk elastic drawn through the edge does away with the old-fashioned bother of pinning and knotting. You just slip it on—


Bonnie B VEIL
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
"Just Slip it on!"

Do not confuse *Bonnie B* Veils with *Bonnie B* Hair nets. Accept them only in the *Bonnie B* envelope, to make sure of the money-back guarantee.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and 50c for the Veil Miss Stewart is wearing—Pat. No. 204.

The *Bonnie B* Company, Inc.
213 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Also Importers of
Bonnie B
Human Hair Nets



new husband, and afterwards"—he thrust his dreadful face closer—"afterwards you'll stay here till I get tired of you. And now you know me, Pedro Toral, for the first time! Pedro Toral, the most powerful man in Paris, the king of the Apaches, who can at a snap of his fingers send kings tottering. Pedro Toral, who always gets what he wants, and who will get you!"

She sat without moving, in a sort of hypnosis of horror. They were going to bring Juan here—force her to kill him—the man she loved! Yes, she could not deny it. She loved him—he had slain her brother, she had vowed to hate him and kill him, but very lately she had sworn to another and a stronger vow. She loved him, no matter what he had done, who he was, without reason, better than her family honor, better than her oath, better than her life itself.

And they were bringing him here for her to kill him! She sat crouched in her chair, apparently blind to what went on about her, while the taut minutes of waiting ticked themselves away. But in reality her brain was working swiftly, sifting possibilities, forming mad plans.

A hand touched her shoulder. A pallid tatterdemalion, sucking at an unlighted cigaret, stood beside her, jerking a prehensile thumb. "He's in there. Here's a knife." She felt cold steel pressed into her fingers. "If you do not kill him, others will. Strike for the heart."

Dolores clutched the stiletto and moved to the doorway, her guide at her heel. Her staring eyes were fixed upon the man who stood, bound hand and foot with ropes, in the center of the circle of wolfish faces. She felt Toral watching her greedily, and, with all her woman's wit, she summoned an expression of rage and loathing and moved to the side of her husband. The flash of hope and joy in his eyes faded into bewilderment as she spoke cruel, bitter things, accusations, reproaches, invective.

"You—you, who killed my brother, how dared you touch me with your crimson hands!" She hardly knew what she said as, dagger-point pressed to his bosom, she drove him step by step backward across the room, nearer and nearer the stairs. At the foot of them she flashed behind him and, with two lightning strokes of the keen blade, cut away his bonds before the watching Apaches could understand her purpose.

"And now, my love, save yourself!" she cried, in a ringing tone. With a growl of rage, they were upon them, but Juan had caught her in his arms and taken the stairs three at a time. The door at the top was locked, but the one at the right opened under his desperate hand. He flung her from him as he shot the bolt home, and turned to her, broad shoulders braced against the blows already raining on the panels.

"My dear one," he said sadly, "I am afraid our honeymoon will be into the silent land of death!"

"So long as we go together what matters?" she whispered against his shoulder. "Juan, why did you kill my brother? I ought to hate you, but I cannot, only why did you, why?"

He frowned. "Your brother? Then that was he I found on the night of the carnival! There was another man, a short, stocky fellow, strangely like that Apache chief out there, bending over him, but he fled at my approach. I tried to stanch the wound with my handkerchief, but he was already dead. Dolores! How could you suspect me of that?"

She touched his cheek. "I think I never did," she whispered, "for I loved you even when Toral told me—Toral who tried to foist off on you his own scarlet deed!"

The panel ripped from top to bottom and an arm wielding a dagger was thrust in. Juan drew her back and held her close. "One last kiss, oh, my dear love—my wife!"

With the shouts and blows in their ears, they were alone, for one perfect moment, heart to heart, lips to lips. Then, with a rending crash, the door fell.

Yet, strangely enough, it was not the wolf pack that surged in, but blue-clad gendarmes, distributing lusty blows right and left upon the panic-stricken Apaches binding their hands and leading them away. "One of the bunch split on the rest—wanted revenge for his sister being wronged, he told us. I think, monsieur and madame, we arrived in good time, non?"

"You have given us life," Juan D Valera said, slowly, in a strange, far away tone. Then, looking down into the beautiful face still held close to his breast, he gave a low laugh of pure gladness and kissed the red, quivering lips until they grew warm and quick again. "We have come back from the honeymoon of death, my rose of Seville, my carnivorous flower!" he cried, a great pulse of gladness beating thru the words. "Welcome home!"

GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 8.)

Vitagraph has purchased Robert W. Chambers' novel, "The Cambric Mask," for Al. Joyce.

Lieut. Earle Metcalfe, just out of the army has been engaged to direct Paramount-Flamingo comedies.

Chester Withey is again directing Norma Talmadge after a siege with the influenza. Miss Talmadge is filming a Russian drama, with Pedro de Cordova, Marc MacDermid, Marguerite Clayton and Marguerite Courtès in her supporting company.

World Pictures will star Lewis S. Stone in a series of eight super-pictures during the coming twelve months. Mr. Stone is at work on the first, "Man's Desire."

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle has contracted to appear in Paramount comedies for the next years more.

Geraldine Farrar, following the closing of the Metropolitan opera season, departs for Culver City to begin her film productions. She will continue at the Goldwyn studio until October.

(Continued on page 65)

A Dreamer of Dreams

(Continued from page 19)

"Nothing comes by chance. You work and work and finally, perhaps, comes the reward."

The light of interest was in Miss Manon's eyes. Oddly fascinating eyes they are, vividly shining out from the pale olive, immobile face.

"Screen acting is hard work. But it isn't so hard, to my way of thinking, as being a cash girl. I could never figure out two plus two and get it right.

"I don't like to do vampire rôles. Because I realize that unsympathetic rôles get you nowhere with the public. Look at Mary Alden. A great actress, but lost in a maze of big—but unloved—characterizations.

"I live a very plebeian existence in Los Angeles with my mother and brother. We have an apartment. Mother is a wonderful cook. We give little musical affairs on Sunday nights to our friends. That is about the limit of my social life.

"Perhaps the sameness of it all had rather started to bore me. When I came to New York I resolved to live in Washington Square. That lasted three days. I came uptown in a hurry—to find luxuries and comforts.

"I am not a Bohemian, I guess," Miss Manon smiled.

"I have three idols," she went on. 'Jeanne d'Arc, Napoleon and Bernhardt. I would give anything to be as great as Bernhardt. I could, too, if I had it in me to dream and work and sacrifice consistently.

"My name came about by chance. My real name, you know, is Camille Ankewich. But that I knew would never do for a screen player. One night we sat watching Geraldine Farrar in 'The Devil Stone' in the Lasky projection-room. Miss Farrar was playing Marcia Manot. 'There's your name,' said William De Mille. And so we changed Manot to Manon and I became Marcia Manon. Sometimes I regret that I did not retain Camille, however. I love it, even if a great novelist did put a bit into disrepute."

The interview was ending. "I have not talked so much in all my New York stay," concluded Miss Manon. "I have been too confused. But I can't think of a thing to add, unless you say that I believe women who are too mental are a bore. And I never want to be a bore."

GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 64)

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased the screen rights to J. M. Barrie's 'The Admirable Crichton' and Walter Brown's 'Everywoman.' Cecil De Mille will produce the Barrie drama.

Mme. Olga Petrova is appearing in vaudeville.

Madge Kennedy has just made a flying trip East to see friend husband, Captain Harold Holster.

Herman Polo, aged 76, father of Eddie Polo, died recently in New York, following an attack of pneumonia.

(Sixty-five)



"I'm as Good a Man as Jim!"

"They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He's the fourth man in the office to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us.

"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any one of them. All I need is special training—and I'm going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise mine. If it can bring a better home with more comforts to Jim and his family it can do it for us. See this coupon? It means my start toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scranton tonight!"

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, mills, mines, factories, on railroads—everywhere.

Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation.

Yes, you can do it! More than a million have done it in the last twenty-seven years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6761 SCRANTON, PA.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
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**PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM**
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.



Wrestling Book FREE

You can learn to be an expert wrestler at home—during your spare time. The book tells you how. The world's marvelous undefeated champion and his trainer will now teach you. Learn wrestling, self-defense and judo easily at home by mail. Know all the science and tricks. First chance to learn from world champions. Men and boys, here is your great opportunity. Send for **Frank Gotch and Farmer Burns** book today stating age. Burns Sch. of Wrestling, 1655 Remick Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

You Have a Beautiful Face
BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped
Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.





He Will Take The Bubble Grains, As You Know

Offer a boy a dish of bread and milk, and a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. You know he will take, ten times in ten, these flaky, toasted bubbles.

In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded. The grains are shot from guns. He gets a scientific food, where digestion is easy and complete.

When children like it better—vastly better—why not serve some Puffed Grain to them in every bowl of milk.

Offer Him Choice At Breakfast

Serve Puffed Wheat to him, and beside it any other wheat food.

He will see in Puffed Wheat flimsy, toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

He will taste an almond flavor, much like toasted nuts.

There was never a whole-wheat dish ever created which could tempt a boy like that.

When Puffed Grains are best for them, and are liked best, why not always serve them?

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c—Except in Far West

How to Serve

With cream and sugar.

With melted butter.

In bowls of milk.

As ice cream garnish.

In your soups.

Also douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3962)

War and Women

(Continued from page 25)

now that the war has come to an end?

"Decidedly. I always have believed in marriage, and more so than ever now. But I haven't believed that many marriages are successful, and I believe I've a pretty darn good theory why not. In the first place, it is, or it should be, an Art. Do you know the real secret of most of the failures, most of the ennui, most of the deadly boredom leading to suicidal tendencies or— forbidden fruit?"

"No," I admitted.

"Women don't flirt enough after marriage," he summed up, triumphantly, "and therefore men don't try enough."

I committed an act of mental digestion.

"You see," he went on, in the half-serious, rather tentative way he had, "men have one instinct which is stronger than all others—the hunting instinct. It is what promulgates wars, this desire to conquer; it is what first leads a man to the pursuit of a woman. You take the average married man—he *knows* I doesn't have to hunt any more. On the contrary, the game is bagged. The game is up. Waiting. Within reach. Suddenly, unconsciously, sometimes consciously, I feels cheated, defrauded. He feels a lack. Therein lies the danger. I tell you, if women were only clever enough they'd flirt . . . they'd keep a man hunting . . ."

"But what about the sweet idealism I begged. 'The tranquil domesticity, the home and all that?'"

"We don't live in that sort of an age," said the captain. "No doubt that is the way things *should* be, but they are not. We live in a fast age, don't you think? We've either got to play according to rule—or be cheated out of winning. For all hands, women as well as men, it's better to play up." He laughed again. "I'm in 'wavy over my head,' he said, with naïveté of manner peculiar to him and rather charming, "but then," he added, "one generally is when one gets on the subject of women."

When I asked him why he was going back to the screen in preference to the speaking stage, he winked one eye confidentially. "I suppose I ought not to say this to you," he said, "but the fact is I need the money! After the war, you know . . ."

"Typically American," I mused, after he had installed me in a taxi and I was jolting homeward, "typically, oh, very typically masculine. The battlefields of war on one side, dear delightful women on the other, Captain 'Bob' between the two . . . actor, warrior, mere man!"

Carmel Myers has gone to San Francisco, chaperoned by her mother and driving her own big Hudson sedan. She took with her a party of young folks, and this is Carmel's first real vacation. Her Eastern trip being more in the nature of a patriotic duty, including visits to the cantonments, last year. They are taking in all the sights of the Bay cities.

(Sixty-six)

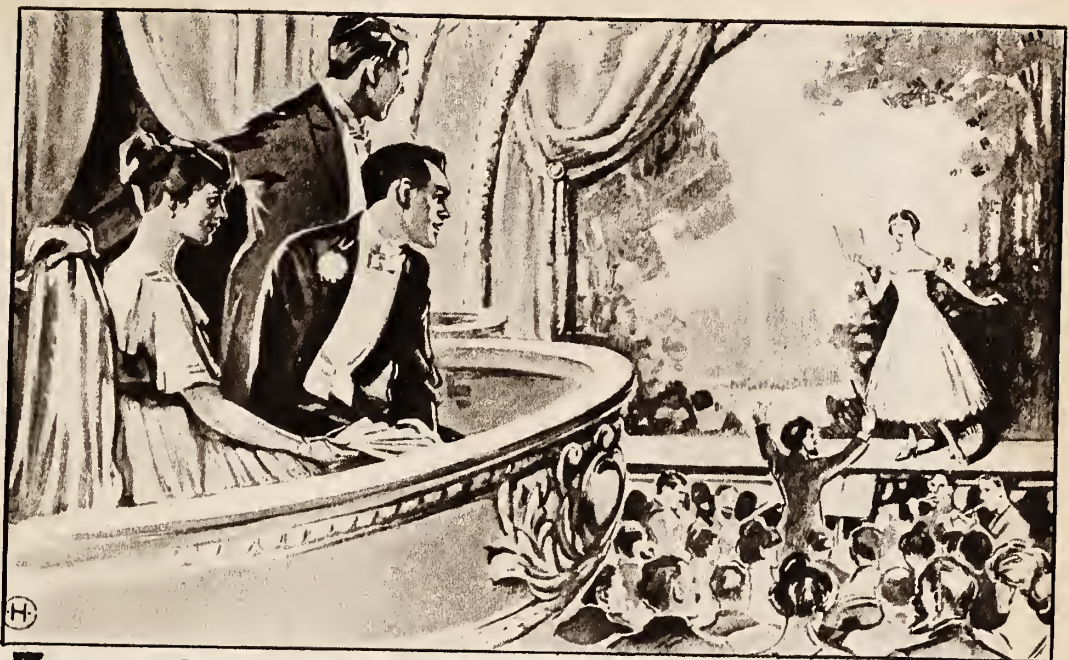
Saturday to Monday
(Continued from page 30)

Foxcroft Grey, standing in the doorway, bowed formally to the discomfited pair. "Good-evening," he said coldly. "I am afraid I have interrupted. I came to see Mr. Barnard about the matter of his lease, but it can wait." He was turning away. Susanne ran to him and fell upon her knees, dimly conscious in the back of her mind that she had seen this done on the stage in a like situation. She clutched his coat, spoke tragically: "No, no, Foxcroft! You shall not go until you have heard my explanation!" "I am not asking for one," her husband said, still in the same painfully polite tone. "You forget our contract. By its terms I have no interest in your movements from Monday to Friday. Of course, if I were a husband in the ordinary sense of the word—" He glared at the shivery Arthur, who attempted to glare back and failed miserably. "Before God I am innocent!" Susanne wept. "Tell him so, Arthur! Tell him so, Arthur! Tell him our relations are platonic, tell him—" "Don't trouble." Foxcroft Grey made an exquisite bow. "It is really quite unnecessary. Until Friday, Susanne. Good-night, Barnard! Pardon my intrusion."

The door closed softly behind him. Susanne, still on her knees, stared after him and burst into a shower of tears, not feminist tears, but large, wet ones that dripped from the point of her nose, reddened her cheeks and made little paths in the pink powder thereon. "There!" she sobbed, illogically, turning upon the speechless Arthur. "See what you've done! I hope you're proud of yourself, breaking up my home! Foxcroft will never forgive me—oh, oh!" Arthur Barnard reached for his mustache and, finding it, tugged it, and thereby gained an idea from his reeling brain. "Don't distress yourself," he begged her. "Mr. Grey is a gentleman. He will allow you to get the divorce, and I am a gentleman—I will marry you and make an honest woman of you!" Susanne stared, then burst into hysterical mirth. "You!" she gasped. "Marry me? Oh—my—God!"

It was a very contrite little figure that, the next day, stole into the masculine portals of the Bachelor's. McCauley, dusting the imitation ferns in the vestibule, looked up at the unhallowed sound of skirts with a scowl that changed slowly to a smile as he recognized the intruder. "Tis an awfu' time I've been having!" he confided to her, wiping his honest brow with the duster. "After men take all the trouble to live in a place where womenfolk is forbid, it seems they break their necks tryin' to see which of them can smuggle a lassie in! Bachelors aint that they were once, that's sure. 'Twas only the other day"—he warmed to his reverie under his auditor's flattering interest—"Mr. Delaney, that lives over

(Continued on page 68)



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Saturday to Monday

(Continued from page 67)

your man, brought a lady home from dance on a bet that she wouldn't stay his sitting-room all night. She took him up, and did so, but when morning came her nerve failed and she tried to get away down the fire escape—"

"The fire escape!" Susanne faltered. "Why, that must have been—tell me who—"

McCauley winked. "I gave her a piece of my mind and sent her home in a taxi," he said, as he brought the cleaning lift to a halt at Foxcroft's floor. "We'll mention no names. She was a good lass, but foolish."

Susanne fitted her key into the lock and stole into her husband's apartment. Her heart was beating wildly. She felt not like a suffragist, nor an individualist, nor a feminist, but very humble, helpless and sorry like a little girl who has done wrong and is sorry.

In the living-room, Foxcroft was reading the paper as calmly as though his heart was not broken, his home not shattered. He looked up as she entered and nodded casually.

"Don't be polite—treat me as if we were married!" she quavered.

Foxcroft laughed as he took the smiling, twisting hands in his own. "Foolish Susanne!" he said. "You don't suppose I didn't see thru that game? And, anyway, I couldn't be jealous of that little shrimp. Now look at me, truly, couldn't you?"

"You conceited thing!" Susanne sniffed, but she smiled, like the sun coming out from behind a cloud. "Well, maybe you can't be jealous, but I can be! So I've decided"—she looked up at him with a beautiful blush—"I've decided not to be a week-end wife any longer, but an all-the-time wife"—her blue eyes grew gleaming, she lifted her face to his kiss—so long as we both shall live."

Gossip from the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 60)

Pickford. We overheard a great bit of conversation between those two. Sybil wee Mary, "I'm going to give you another five dollars for you, little boy. I like you and I want to take you to my house to stay forever'n ever."

Francis bristled right up, his countenance fluffed up in the strong wind as he replied, "Don't you dare to do anything like that. My mother would discipline you if you did!"

Mary was unperturbed. She seemed to have realized that money will do a great deal in this world. "Yes, I will, too. I want you and I'll give your mother five dollars for you, little boy."

Francis struck an attitude worthy of the co-star of "Aladdin" and started his feet angrily as he shouted, "Don't you dare! Don't you ever think of such a thing! Why, you'd just kill my mother if you tried anything like that—she can't live without me."

With that he raced off in an agreeably indignant frame of mind, leaving wee Mary looking decidedly puzzled.

Me By Myself

(Continued from page 35)

doubtful, but it would keep me away from home, they thought. Temperament in four rooms was like a fire-cracker in a teacup—anything might happen.

The great day came. We started out at seven o'clock in the morning. I, clad in my Sunday best, shoes that pinched, and the family jewels, boarded a car filled with Broadway cowboys and ex-soubrettes, and after choking for an hour from the smoke and dodging tobacco juice, we reached our destination, a motley moving picture camp in the hills.

It was to be an Indian picture, and we stood in line for our costumes and wigs. Just before my turn came the wigs gave out—it was just my luck! I must have shown my keen disappointment, for the assistant said, "Give the kid a chance; put her in the back and keep her in the shade." I have often wondered if any one was ever startled by the sight of a blonde Indian flitting before them.

That was the beginning. A new vista had been opened to me. Soon I received \$25 a week—it was dabbling in high finance.

A happy year followed, then the blow fell. I had gained a little recognition as the general utility woman of a small comedy company, playing everything from Swedish servant girls to dainty ingénues with flowing curls and all the accepted regalia. In parts that had character to them I succeeded fairly well, but when it came to ingénues, I couldn't bring it off—worth a cent. That started trouble and ended in my being fired.

I had tried to skip gracefully around and smile winsomely, but I was never more awkward in my life, and my smiles were awful caricatures of anything human. The director was plainly losing patience. We came to the place in the story where my sweetheart and I climbed in a tree to hide from my pursuing parents. We had to sooner settled ourselves comfortably in a bough, when it came crashing to the ground. When my senses had sufficiently recovered, I found myself, professionally speaking, at liberty.

"At liberty" was putting it mildly—I was just plain loose. After a few weeks of hunting for a position I looked for a job. Even those were very will-o'-the-wispy. I tried every place I had ever heard of, except the Keystone. Somehow it frightened me. Every one said, "Keep away from that place if you value your life." I didn't think much of mine, but I wasn't crazy about having it banged out by a rick or policeman's club.

Things got worse and worse, and one day, in desperation, I set forth for the studio of bricks, bruises and bumps. It was a very mild-looking little place at the foot of peaceful hills. I was just laughing at myself for my foolish fears when a patrol full of cops came tearing from the side entrance, clubs and guns in hand.

(Sixty-nine)

One look was enough. I made for home!

I went there every day for a week before I had courage to ask for work. On the eighth I walked meekly up to a fierce-eyed individual, who later turned out to be Mack Swain. "Was he using any people today?"

"Can you shoot a gun?" he roared back. Could I shoot a gun? I hadn't worked in a Western studio for a year for nothing. I should say I could—with out batting an eye.

He eyed me up and down. "All right, come as you are, only take that Christmas-tree off your head and wear something human." I had always admired that particular hat, but to work again I would have worn a mud scow.

That was an eventful day for me. We were taken out to the park, but after waiting around for hours, my turn came. It was my chance. Gun in hand, I waited for orders, my heart doing a fandango in my throat. "All right, camera!" yelled the director. Somebody—I think it was me—rushed forward. "Shoot!" somebody yelled. I shot. "Shoot again!" I exploded all the remaining chambers. "Good!" a strange voice called. "Take a fall!" I grew cold, but kept working. Such an indignity had never before fallen to my lot. "Take a fall!" The voice was now a shriek. It was now or never. Somehow I threw my feet into the air, hurled myself forward and hit.

They were laughing—was it with me or at me? Anyway, I'd done my best. If this failed, it was the "want ads" for me.

"All right, miss. That's all for today. Eight-thirty in the morning, please."

I couldn't wait for a car and ran all the way home. Almost strangled myself on water, so couldn't tell the wonderful news for an hour, anyway.

I must have been up half the night making faces at myself in the mirror and practicing falls. When morning came I was a little the worse for wear, but happy.

I made the call, and it's been eight-thirty every morning since.

I did have a few faint yearnings toward drama, but have reconciled myself with the thought that every one has a hard luck story and to create smiles was worth any sort of sacrifice.

Serial comedy is my ambition. Clowning and buffoonery are for children. Little humorous accidents that can happen in everyday life are the real laugh-getters. If your audience put themselves in your place, you are accomplishing something. Personality and thought photograph, and to get laughs you must feel them yourselves, not mechanically portray a character because you are told.

I have gotten over the childhood aches of plainness and realize that to be happy one must be busy, and as long as I can't be any one else, it isn't so bad to be me.



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Earle and His Ambitions

(Continued from page 37)

"Now, I recently did an English story, and right on top of that they purchased another for me—same location I don't want to do it right after the other because I'm afraid I will have would-be playwrights concocting English society dramas for me by the score.

"I'm afraid the law of suggestion is a work. I wish I knew how to break the telepathic cords. I'm as fond of variety as any onlooker, but it does seem as if they tried to tie me up in the 'three of kind' dramas. I began to do a story back East which followed one much like it, shot last year. Accordingly when I came out here, I dropped the work, and what do you suppose? I just got word from the East, asking if I could not possibly finish the old story and rush it through. So as I don't want to be disobliging, I've succumbed to the law of sameness once more.

"Now, titles are queer things," said Mr. Williams, reflectively. "For instance, I finished a play near Coronado in which the Government aided considerably. That is one reason we were slow in finishing it, for we had to await the convenience of aviators and others in the service, and the working title was 'The Ace,' which naturally would lead people to expect a military play. However, the title has been changed to 'The Highest Trump,' and I very much fear that people who abhor cards and who haven't any idea that the highest trump is an ace may be deterred from seeing this drama.

"The funny thing is that about a year ago, when I first came out, everybody said eagerly to me, 'Well, how do you like our State?' I said one day, 'Our State? Where did you come from?' The lady answered, 'Oh, I left Massachusetts nine years ago; this is my State now.' I said, 'It would be more appropriate to call it my State than yours, for I was born in Sacramento and I certainly do belong to California.' I will eventually to live in the country out here. I love the life of a country squire. I don't mean away back from the railroad or electric cars, but country enough to give one lots of ground about the house and a place to keep a few animals. It seems to me that the ideal way to live is to be within motoring distance of town, and yet far enough away from business and city noises to have it called 'country' by one's friends."

Outside stood the classy special Hudson speedster which is Mr. Williams' steed. Not a car at the recent auto show in Los Angeles could compete with it. I've been told. The telephone bell rang and our twilight musings were suddenly interrupted. Mr. Williams returned smiling.

"Mrs. Williams just wondered if we had finished our chat," he said, politely. "I have promised to call for her at a friend's home, so unless you can think of anything else you want to ask, I think I'd better go after her—at once."

(Seventy)



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The March of the Photoplay (Continued from page 17)

they seem mere comments and interjections. The story is always arranged so as to flow as much as possible without their help. The whole effect may be melodramatic, because the stories are violent and the method pushed to extremes. But the Sullivan dramaturgy is, after all, not unlike the Ibsen dramaturgy in its definite, tight structure. Perhaps Henry Bernstein, building on Ibsen, is the best parallel.

To keep up what may be extreme comparisons, the other distinctive school of the photoplay, which grew up beside Ince in the studio of Griffith, is in the Hauptmann vein of naturalism. The master himself, Frank Woods, and the directors like Allan Dwan, were largely responsible for it. John Emerson and Anita Loos, for all their individual flavor, are products of it. Whatever we see today that bears the initials "D. G." or has passed thru the hands of one of Griffith's old directors, has that priceless quality of naturalness and humanness which, as an end, is worth all of Sullivan's splendid theatricalism. You may wonder, however, if the plausible reality of a picture of the Griffith school couldn't be got by a little neater work, a little less waste of space, a little less tendency to ramble. So far as Griffith himself goes, I have to confess that I am very tired indeed of the one piece of theatrical mechanism—the rescue by some form of chase—which he has lugged into every picture since "The Birth of a Nation" to get that sure-fire pep which Sullivan gets by a careful and workmanlike development of whatever plot he has in hand. In spite of valiant belief in humanness, I begin to think I prefer Sullivan. At any rate, Sullivan's methods can be used for Griffith's ends.

Of course, there are other schools, or at any rate, classes, in the development of the photoplay. The propaganda play, from Eustace Hale Ball's "Traffic in Souls" to the latest products of Lois Weber, is not to be sniffed at. Mack Bennett and Hamilton Del Ruth have contributed a distinct method of their own. As for Chaplin—well, who wants to see a better screen story, better told, than "Easy Street"? There has even been a school which might better be described as an academy—a five-foot shelf of the world's classics—an Encyclopedia Britannica of stories. I mean the products of Paramount during its first four years.

Since Griffith and Ince joined the pyramids of Zukor and Lasky, things are different and better. But what a strange collection of famous novels and plays and Broadway failures the Paramounters gave us to match against the original and screen-wise products of the old Triangle! They began with yarns that didn't fit the screen, and they told them with continuities that seemed to have no conception at all of screen possibilities. They did one splendid thing, however. They demonstrated the absurdity of taking stories as shaped by

the needs of other mediums instead of going to the root of the stories themselves—human beings.

There ought to be a law against the screening of plays and a severe penalty for any continuity writer who doesn't throw overboard three-fifths of every novel. If we had seen to it these last five years, where might the prodigious art of the photoplay not be today?

Just where the credit for a screen progress belongs is always more difficult to say than where the blame ought to rest. It is easy to see that if a scenario editor starts by buying a stupid play, his co-laborers are never going to be able to make it into a good photoplay. But when a really decent product is on the screen, it isn't so easy to determine just who did the trick. Aside from acting and lighting and photography, the genius in the treatment of the story may lodge in at least five places—or, as is more likely, in a single dominating one.

There may be a good plot to begin with—maybe an original, maybe the leavings of a novel. Then there is the synopsis. At that point a writer may vastly enrich a story, give new directions to it and supply all sorts of valuable suggestions. Next, the continuity. If the continuity is bad, it can ruin everything that has gone before. If it is good, it can almost remake a story by its utilization of minor possibilities of action. After that the director can enrich the continuity or ruin it. Finally, along comes the film editor to spoil the work of all four or to salvage an almost hopeless production.

The recipe with Ince seems to have been a dominating personality, always intensively but creatively critical, surrounded by men of first-class ability, who react to that dominating personality and stand out by that reaction. Griffith seems to be more a great personality that never bothers to have very much to dominate. He does the whole job himself. Film editing, directing and continuity writing are his regular tasks, as those who have read of his making of "The Birth of a Nation" know. But it is further true that Griffith is frequently the creator of the idea, the builder of the synopsis. There was once a certain "Granville Warwick," unknown to studio directors but prominent on the credit titles of many Triangle productions. Not infrequently the scenarios he wrote bore interesting resemblance to earlier yarns, yarns from the old Biograph knitting-bag. There was "Diane of the Folies," for instance—just "Oil and Water" done over. When David Wark Griffith dropped out of Triangle, "Warwick" dropped with him. And until Griffith came back from Europe, "Warwick" was silent. Just the other day he turned up as author of Griffith's "Greatest Thing in the World." Perhaps he is a relative of the mysterious Monsieur Gaston de Tognac, who has been "suggesting" or "conceiving" other European-born Griffith products.

But, however that may be, nobody who

(Continued on page 80)

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Living Down the Name of Percy—(Continued from page 31)

And enthusiastic. *We* were armed, fore-armed, with the facts that Mr. Marmont was a Londoner and that he had but just toured the world. Also that he was stopping over in New York longer than he had anticipated.

"Why"—we asked.

"I got aw'fly interested in the movies," Mr. Marmont rather tactfully replied, "and they then wanted me for 'The Invisible Foe'—and, all told, it was so jolly interesting, so jolly hospitable, dont you know . . ."

We "shot" a few more inquiries, such as, "Were you born right in London?"

"Indeed, yes. Born and bred there. In the part of London that would correspond to uptown here in New York. I'm a cockney, you know, a genuine cockney. Pure cockney. The streets of London . . . all my childhood and youth were spent there."

"An actor? You were destined for that?"

"Not by my parents. Oh, no! I was educated for the bar. Studied for the bar. And I was most wretchedly unhappy in the work. I shall never forget just how unhappy I was. I hated the life. Hated the confinement. It was all so colorless to me. Then—well, I had a friend, the proverbial friend, who was connected with the stage. He offered to give me a chance. I—ran away."

We thought, there in the dimming office, that we could vision it all . . . the tall, pale, eager youth bent, unwillingly, over the musty, fusty law-books . . . staring past them . . . beyond them . . . to a land of chameleon scenes . . . to the art that beckoned him with a myriad mystic tongues. Law makes a dingy thing for such an one.

"Stock first," Percy was saying, in his light, pleasant voice, "a great many of them London plays which never reached here. Then came this trip about the world. We played every sort of a play, even to 'East Lynne' and 'Lorna Doone.' We played in the farthestmost corners of the earth. African veldt, in the Australian bush, in all the cities, great and small. We were chased by a German submarine, we had all manner of adventure. It was quite tremendous. It is amazing how keen Africa is about the stage. Johannesburg is quite, quite modern. Very New Yorkish. Well, then, America. I had no idea of remaining here. It was simply en route."

"What of America?" I suggested. "What do you think of it? Do you like it, or the reverse? What of New York?"

"I am quite mad about it," said Percy, "quite. The West is stupendous. I can't get it into my head. I never imagined such vastness (pronounced 'varstness'). I was totally unprepared for the West. New York is much as I imagined. Not so different from London. Except, perhaps, down about Wall Street. There it is unbelievable in its energy. When I am down there I feel like saying, 'Oh, stop, please stop, just for an instant. It is too much!'"

"The American girls?" I interpolated, tentatively. "Comparatively, I mean."

Percy laughed and lit a cigaret and said: "Aren't girls the same—everywhere?"

"Are they?"

"Pretty much so. Nice. Just girls. Comparatively . . . well, the New York girl is different from the English girl chiefly in that she has more 'pep' and much more sophistication. I think the café life probably makes for that—the getting away from the family earlier, too. Then the American girls are more consciously independent, rather more effete, dont you know? Strange, too, that it should be so in a country so much newer, so much younger. But I suspect that is a great deal surface . . . they are really very young, your American girls, and wholly delightful. Of course, I have had experience only with the people in the profession. I found Miss Ferguson absolutely delightful—oh, absolutely."

Nice response.

I asked him where he had elected to live, coming here a stranger to a strange land. He said Long Island. Bayside, I believe, or Bayshore, or Bay something or other.

He said that he had moved to Long Island that he might have a garden. "It has been one of my dreams," he said. He added, "But I haven't had the time. One doesn't have much of that here in America."

"You are married," I asserted.

"What should I answer?" he laughed.

"The truth, of course," with severity.

"Well, then, yes. Yes, I am."

"I knew it."

He elevated his facile eyebrows.

"Because," I enlightened him, "other wise you would not be living suburbanly on Long Island."

"The garden—" he reminded me.

"You haven't it."

"Caught!" he laughed.

He has a charming accent, English which we all know, but somehow distinctly delightful. He thinks *we* have an accent, too, which is quite amusing to us. He said when he first got here he used to love to sit back in his chair and say to people, "Oh, please go on and talk. I want to listen."

"I feel especially proud of an achievements of my own," he said, in conclusion, "because I was born with such a frightful handicap—or nearly so."

My interest was intrigued, to state the case mildly. What I *didn't* imagine!

"It's hardly fair," Percy was pursuing behind spirals of smoke, "to handicap chap so early. But I was. I don't know that I can ever quite forgive my parent. They named me Percy. Percy, conceivably of it! Do you think I can ever live down? Do you?"

"No," I said, and rose to go.

His face fell. There was a dismal silence.

"You already have," I said; "it must have been awful—but you've done it!"

How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you talk to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about anything?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning \$40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out! That incident marked the turning point of my life. I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that I had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the worst talker."

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting \$40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I

made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk, for my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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Mr. Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.
Advertising Manager,
Motion Pictures Magazine,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Dobie:--

This letter may be an agreeable surprise to you - and if it is, I shouldn't wonder.

Heretofore, a good paying publication has always gotten repeat orders from me. And of course, I'm going to follow that policy because the life of our business hinges on it. So too with every other line.

But THIS year Motion Pictures has paid us so well that I take no little pride in writing you about it.

Our fiscal year closes on February 28th. Up to and including January 31st the Magazine cost us about 10% for quite a large volume of business. I still have another month to go and I think I am safe in saying that the actual cost for the past year will be about 7%. And then too, this does not include the pro rata share of "Miscellaneous" Sales your Magazine is entitled to. After you do get your share, I think the Magazine should cost us no more than 4% or 5%. That's quite a record and you are to be congratulated.

Now don't you feel "cheesy"? Again I say, I shouldn't wonder.

Yours sincerely,

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A Daniels Come to Judgment

(Continued from page 43)

can always train a strong characteristic and make it useful, if you know how," and Bebe nodded sagely, "but if you haven't any will, it's awfully hard to acquire it. You certainly never can achieve your ambitions in these days of stress and obstacles unless you *do* have will and you've got to show a temper some times or people will think you are a foot scraper."

"Listen to Bebe talk! That's what I call preaching without practice," interrupted the pretty, blonde Stella. "You never see her around here with anything even approaching a mental storm-cloud and she's been here two and a half years at that."

"Oh, that's because everybody around here is so nice to me," replied Miss Daniels, modestly. "But you'd have laughed at that 'Ambition' speech; I really drew forth lots of applause, and mother said, as we drove away—really I was sort of insulting—mother said, 'Bebe I didn't know you had it in you.' And on the way into Los Angeles I had to learn a new song, three verses and a chorus. You can imagine what an exciting evening that was for me."

"What do you sing, Miss Daniels—soprano?"

"Oh, no; I sing—*everything*," said the young lady, with an all-inclusive sweep of two lovely bare arms, over which trickled a little cream-lace fashioned into harem-angel sleeves, dotted with lavender sequins. "I sing by ear, and I can be soprano, contralto or alto at will. I really began as a soprano, but a teacher misplaced my voice, and I don't suppose I use it correctly at all now. But I am just lucky—or else the public likes my up-to-date songs."

Bebe Daniels has lots of loving-cup trophies won at dancing contests. She began at eight years of age to dance her way to public favor and has an enviable reputation in Los Angeles now.

"Do you intend to remain in comedy, Miss Daniels?" Everybody loves to deal in futures at some time.

"My contract expires in June of this year. I can't say what I will do, but probably I'll remain with Pathé and switch over to drama. I like straight parts, and I've had so many years' experience on the stage that it would be very pleasant to turn away from light comedy to something heavier, more satisfying to one's soul."

There was a pause, during which Bebe teased her bobbed *lox*. The familiar cascade over one side of her forehead and puffs over the ears were accomplished with a puckering of delicate eyebrows.

"Luncheon, Bebe," chirped a messenger voice in the hall.

"Coming!" warbled Bebe, in her best soprano.

And we all did the "Where is now the merry party I remember long ago?" as Retakes and luncheon wait for no man or woman, either—at a studio.

(Seventy-four)

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In Pursuit of Billie (Continued from page 23)

of imported pongee. There were others . . . others . . . each more attractive than the ones before, and each, with all their wealth of style, not half as delightful as they were going to be when graced by and gracing their adorable mistress.

Then, at last, came Billie Burke. "Well," (after the introductions and excused excuses), "I've had a time of it today." She smiled and dropped into a chair. "Getting clothes for baby! You'd think the shops would consider the wardrobe of infants. But they don't. "Which reminds me," said Billie, consulting her platinum wrist-watch, "that it is time to telephone my sweetie. Every day, when I am in town, we kiss each other good-night over the wire."

She gave central her number and turned to madame, saying, "Tell the lady, dear, what a child is Florence Patricia. Imagine! Only two years old and . . . Oh! Hello! Will you let me speak to baby, please?"

"Good-evening, sweetheart! What? 'Baby's o'weddy to go Palm Beach'? Is ooh, darlin'? Tell mamma, baby happy? 'Baby's werry happy!' Yes, sweetheart; mamma's very happy, too. Mamma bought baby lovely pair of white gloves today. What, darling? 'Baby mus' go wash her hands and go to sleep'? All right, precious. Here's my kiss . . . m-m-m-m . . . nice and long. Nighty-night!

"That," she confided, turning to me with joyous dampness in her eyes, "is my land of promise. I love her so. I love them *all* so. Baby, mother, the home, the chickens, and dear, kind Flo. Why, I can hardly realize it, that this week is my marriage anniversary of five years. Five? No, it can't be! It must be four. It is impossible to have time fly so rapidly. Why, it seems like yesterday that I had no one to think of but myself. Five? Oh, dear me, at any rate they've been five wonders.

"You have no idea how a woman grows—spiritually, mentally and in every other way—when she has some one to whom she can give her love and her thoughts. Some one for whom she wants to strive and go on working so that she can be worthy of the respect due her from one she is capable of worshipping.

"Flo is a wonderful man. It puzzles me often how anybody so stacked with work and so busy with ideas can, day in and day out, time and time incessantly, make it a habit to please *everybody* the way he does. I have never known him not to pay attention to the thousands of trivialities strangers and subordinates are continually bringing up before him. Flo, as far back as I or any of his associates can remember, has never been known to refuse a request. And the phenomenal part of it all is that he keeps every one of his worries and problems to himself. If he is nervous, he is fretful *inwardly*. His temper, when it does do harm, he allows only to hurt Flo.

"We really did not have to go to

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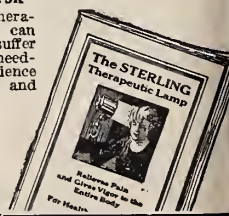
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Florida this year. The weather in New York has been so mild. We have had no winter at all. And the baby practically lives in the country at home. But Flo, who is always looking out for other people, despite the business that presses him in town and the two Frolics that he has to take care of and the new spring Follies which he ought to begin to plan, insisted upon taking us all away from, as he terms it, the devastation of thaw.

"Oh, is he a 'home' man? Well, that's Flo all over! He just loves his fireside and little Princess Pat. The only thing that bothers him now are the pangs of jealousy he is going to feel when she grows up. How we laughed the other night, when he told us that at the table! He says he is frightened at how he will act towards her beaux—for the sake of the beaux! But one thing that the two of us have already decided is that, if Pat wants to sing, she can sing. If Pat wants to write or paint or compose, she can. And certainly, if Pat cares for the stage, I am not going to combat with her the way my folks did with me. And whatever she does care for we are going to train her to be *good* at. For the thing I most disapprove of in planning the future is that our Pat will grow up to do nothing."

The Endowed Photoplay
(Continued from page 26)

A center of film production, suggests Mr. Lindsay, could be established at some central point, as Columbia University. The various branches would see to the distribution and presentation of the productions.

Thus would an avenue of advance be opened to the photoplay—and the scenario writer.

Mr. Lindsay calls attention to the fact that grand opera and orchestral music are largely endowed in this country. "These endowed arts," says Mr. Lindsay, "have an influence upon commercial art; they mellow it and raise its standard."

The national taste in music has advanced because of endowed opera, says Mr. Lindsay, and he points to the propaganda work of the popular and commercial phonograph, dependent upon the privately endowed opera.

The artistic dignity of pictures will only be realized when the endowed photoplays arrive, predicts the poet-critic. "There is no mellower in the moving picture business, and what it needs is a mellower. A moving picture institution, endowed as is grand opera, would modify the unmitigated commercial field.

"The perfect photoplay," Mr. Lindsay said, in conclusion, "will use its own alphabet and not depend upon the English language. The presence of subtitles in the photoplays of today is evidence that the moving picture has not yet developed this alphabet to the point where it can meet all requirements, but I predict that the screen in time will cease to lean upon written words."

(Seventy-seven)



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Vegetables are good foods and necessary. But the kinds we picture average about 100 calories per pound in energy value. And the average person needs 3,000 calories per day.

Fish is good food, but fresh fish averages 300 calories per pound. You would need 10 pounds per day.

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This is what 3,000 calories cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of 3,000 Calories			
In Quaker Oats	- - -		\$0.15
In Round Steak	- - -		1.23
In Veal Cutlets	- - -		1.71
In Blue Points	- - -		7.50
In Average Fish	- - -		1.80
In Salt Codfish	- - -		2.34
In Squash	- - -		2.25
In Canned Peas	- - -		1.62

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Oats

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It costs one-tenth what meat or fish costs for the same energy value.

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You desire to know the secrets of personality. How to make a positive success of yourself in your ideal career whether this be in married life, in business, on the stage or movies, or in any vocation.

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Is the writer of the above specimen a worker or slacker? A saver or spender? Sentimental or hard headed? Would he make a good general manager or just a faithful employee? Is he honest? The answer to all these questions and many more can be accurately told at a glance. It is easy to learn and fascinating as a novel.

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Address.....

Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—I

(Continued from page 44)

admirably fitted him for larger, more permanent rôles later on. There are few veteran theatergoers who, the minute they touch upon the subject of Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata," do not spontaneously remark, "And Frank Losee! Will you ever forget him?" Then followed a successful run in "The House Next Door," and after that his memorable two years under the management of David Belasco in "The Rose o' the Rancho."

Four or five years ago, while he was acting with William Faversham in "The Hawk," William Faversham, who was just starting to attempt his first picture, tried to persuade him to "come along with me and slide into the silversheet." "I flatly refused," now laughs Mr. Losee. "After growing up in the land of realism, it seemed ludicrous to dwindle down to the movie studio of make-believe."

"My initial screen work happened when 'The Eternal City' was being filmed. I went to watch one day, partly out of curiosity, partly because Elliott Dexter and Pauline Frederick are old friends of mine. As I appeared, one of the directors called to me, 'Hello, Losee! You're just the man we need. Come, exactly as you are, get in on this. All you have to do is lie still and pretend you're dead.' Well, you know how any old thing goes during vacation! So I took up the challenge and acted the corpse."

"That is how I got my first drilling in playing before the camera, too. For as I lay there on my back over an hour, while the others around me rehearsed and rehearsed, I could not help but absorb the directions. I was compelled later to make use of them, for altho I was 'dead' at the beginning, I had to continue with my part, as they had taken the last scene first! After I finished that picture with them, I went back next season to play with Ernest Truex and Henry Miller in 'Just Outside the Door.' We ran only nine days. That left me without something to do and prompted an offer to be with Dexter again and Marguerite Clark in 'Helene of the North' by the Famous Players-Lasky, with whom I have been ever since."

"My ideas haven't changed any. I feel the same about the lack of verity under the Cooper-Hewitts now as I did at that time. In fact, the taste of the pudding had given the proof. For instance, here I am talking to you, and at any moment the boss will call me, and out of a perfectly clear sky I shall have to go on, feel miserable, act tragically, and show that my heart is breaking because my daughter ran away with a second-lieutenant. As you are bound to ask me, then, why I am here, I shall deliberately, without any pretense, tell you the truth. Having been born, schooled, influenced, grown and now getting old and wise in New York City has made of me a confirmed commercialist!

"You can put it in print, too. I am not ashamed of it."



Marguerite
Clayton
World Film Star

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\$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Remit in coin, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send, at once, Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR," and the Hermo Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR," you will never be without it. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

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(Seventy-eight)

The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 45)

Rialto Theater protested to us about Charlie Ray in "The Girl-Dodger," (Paramount). "Gee," he groaned, "they all like it so much they're staying for the second show." Herein Ray plays a college grind, a bespectacled dreamer, who meets the village belle and fancies her a chorus-girl. Later he discovers his error and is invited to a dance given by the young woman. Once at the party, he loses his evening suit trousers under hysterically amusing conditions. Here is a situation such as confronts one in an evening's nightmare. Ray makes it highly laughable. While not the equal of his hero of "String Beans," Cuthbert Trotman is nicely humanized by Ray. There are many little details, such as the vague look in the grind's eyes when he removes his glasses. We like Dorris Lee as the girl and Hal Cooley as the fascinating "gloom buster." "The Girl-Dodger" is an ideal celluloid farce and the author, J. G. Hawks, is to be congratulated.

We readily concede that "The Girl Problem," (Vitagraph), is pretty poor drama—but it did rest our eyes. The plot has nearly escaped us, but Corinne Griffith in her variety of gowns provides all the dramatic suspense we desire. Miss Griffith plays a modiste model who writes short stories in spare moments. To the shop comes Ernest Sanford, successful author, in quest of a model for his satire on femininity, upon which he is working. He engages the literary manikin, takes her home and, of course, falls in love. And everything turns out all right, of course, when the model dashes off a best-seller, beating out her employer-lover at his own game. If we remember clearly, Walter McGrail was the author and Agnes Ayres the society maid engaged to him, but all we really recall is the star. The story lacks the breath of life, but Miss Griffith doesn't. Which is the lure of "The Girl Problem."

"The Better 'Ole" is different. For that, many thanks. Filmed in England, it is adapted from Bruce Bairnsfather's famous cartoons, the same drawings that formed the basis of the stage success now running in New York. Bairnsfather's slow-thinking, courageous, blundering old Bill, the very spirit of the old British army that passed away at Mons, obtained a remarkable vogue early in the war. In the screen version, Old Bill, with his two comrades, (Bert, always worried over his trick cigar-lighter which never works, and Alf, with his penchant for femininity), move thru a series of lively incidents. Old Bill even foils a German plot to blow up a bridge. But, in the main, "The Better 'Ole" concerns itself wholly with the behind-the-lines, out-of-the-trench moments of soldier relaxation. There are many differences of method in the production, but, on the whole, the Welsh-Pearson Film Company has made quite a workmanlike pro-

(Continued on page 82)

Don't Commit A Crime Against The Woman You Love



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"Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

NO AMOUNT of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit, if you make some pure, trusting young girl your wife when you are UNFIT to assume the duties and responsibilities of a husband and a father. Her whole future life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; no one will be able to help her if YOU prove faithless to her trust in you. *Don't put the matter aside*, you can't get away from it; you can't make any girl happy, if you are weak, impotent, sickly; grouchy with dyspepsia or biliousness, poisoned by constipation, or suffering from any other devitalizing ailment. Stop and think, right now, for HER sake, if not for your own. What CAN her marriage to you bring her, but lifelong regret and sorrow, if you are only an apology for a man, with your muscles flabby, your blood like water and your brain woozy as a result of your condition.

She Thinks You Are a Man

She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can *respect* as well as love. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your own with him; who is able to protect her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally who will ultimately make her the mother of healthy, happy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her the mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT! Think of the weak, ailing, rickety, defective boys and girls such men bring into the world—pitiable little creatures, with no chance in life, living reproaches to the father who begot them. Don't close your eyes to these things. They are *Facts*; facts thoroughly understood by every breeder of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL, as well as a MORAL, crime to marry when unfit.

Make Yourself 100 Per Cent Fit

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What if you have burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin *now, TODAY*, to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your lost vitality and make a manly, red-blooded man of yourself. It's the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out—and *you can do it, if you go about it the right way.*

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No matter what your work or business or occupation, you can build yourself up in my way without interfering with it in the least. I'll help you strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach and every other vital organ; I'll help you free yourself from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, catarrh or other chronic ailments; I'll help you steady your nerves and clear your brain and send the rich, red blood of life and vital energy coursing through your arteries again, so that you will be THE man your wife believes and expects you to be. I haven't any patented dope or bottled physic to sell you. I haven't any iron-bound, muscle-fatiguing, tiresome routine of exercises or straitlaced, ascetic living to recommend. I am a Builder Up of Men, and I build them up in Nature's way—the way that was successful in making me the strongest man in the world; the way that is succeeding with my pupils, thousands of them, in every country of the civilized world.

Don't Be Discouraged

Never mind how low down you have fallen; I don't care a rap what your present condition is or what brought you to it—I *know I can improve you 100 per cent* in a few short months. I am doing it every day for men who had given up all hope: bringing back their health and strength; making them respected members of society again; filling them with life, and ambition, pep and ginger, and enabling them to make a success in the world. I can do for you what I have done and am doing for others, and I WILL DO IT, if you will mark NOW, on the coupon below, the trouble or troubles that are affecting you, or the points you are most interested in, and MAIL IT TO ME TODAY.

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| ..Headache | ..Disorders | ..Poor Circulation |
| ..Thinness | ..Constipation | ..Skin Disorders |
| ..Rupture | ..Billousness | ..Despondency |
| ..Lumbago | ..Torpid Liver | ..Round Shoulders |
| ..Neuritis | ..Indigestion | ..Lung Troubles |
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The March of the Photoplay

(Continued from page 71)

knows the Griffith studios denies that D. G. is as skilful a scenario writer as he is a director. And perhaps it would be as unwise to deny that great screen art should be the product of a single Admirable Crichton, a single many-faceted Pooh-Bah. Gordon Craig believes that the man that writes a play ought to be able to costume it, design its scenery, direct it, and—if his own career is any sign—press-agent it as well. The movies have proved that that is the surest way of putting a century of art development into ten years.

The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

(Continued from page 49)

jurors and the various attorneys and clerks had been photographed to Mr. Stahl's complete satisfaction, he turned his attention to the members of the bench brigade, not that we were important factors in this "thrilling drama of life and love," but just in front of us sat the sweetheart and mother of the accused boy. They were the other two sides of the triangle, and it was essential to depict their emotions to complete the third or fourth reel. It was a thrilling moment in the proceedings when the torture of the boy caused the sweetheart to rise from her bench—and no bench or occupant thereof could censure her for rising—and cry out that it was to avenge her that the boy had committed the murder.

"Honey, dont you see that they are going to send this boy of yours to the electric chair? Oh, they cant do it, they cant do—" pleaded Mr. Stahl, trying to bring the facts home to the mind of the little girl.

"All thru," Mr. Stahl announced around six o'clock. Miss Reed had left about four, much to my regret, but then, I suppose she did need a few minutes' rest before the evening performance of "Roads of Destiny," and we hustled away from the courtroom.

It was two long weeks before I was again on the Tenth Avenue car, studio-bound.

When we finally reached the studio there was a general scramble to get ready in the ten minutes that still remained. May MacAvoy, who was playing Miss Reed's sister, and two of the star's protégées, an old school friend, Mae Griffiths, and Blyth Daly, daughter of Arnold Daly, shared the room with me.

"Oh, I think it's just wonderful to be in pictures," the latter enthused, waving a stick of grease-paint in the air. "I came over to call on Miss Reed the other day, and when I said 'Oh, how I'd love to be in pictures,' she answered, 'Well, then, you shall be.' And here I am. Isn't she just too adorable for words? You know I go to the Art League mornings, and this is a little water-color I did of her."

(Continued on page 88)

Favored by the Stars



There is a little secret kingdom every woman knows—her intimate toilet table. There she arranges certain special treasures. And first among these, "the woman who knows" will place Boncilla Beautifier.

May Allison.

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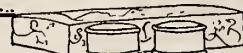
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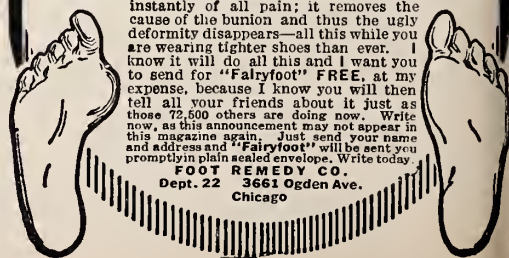
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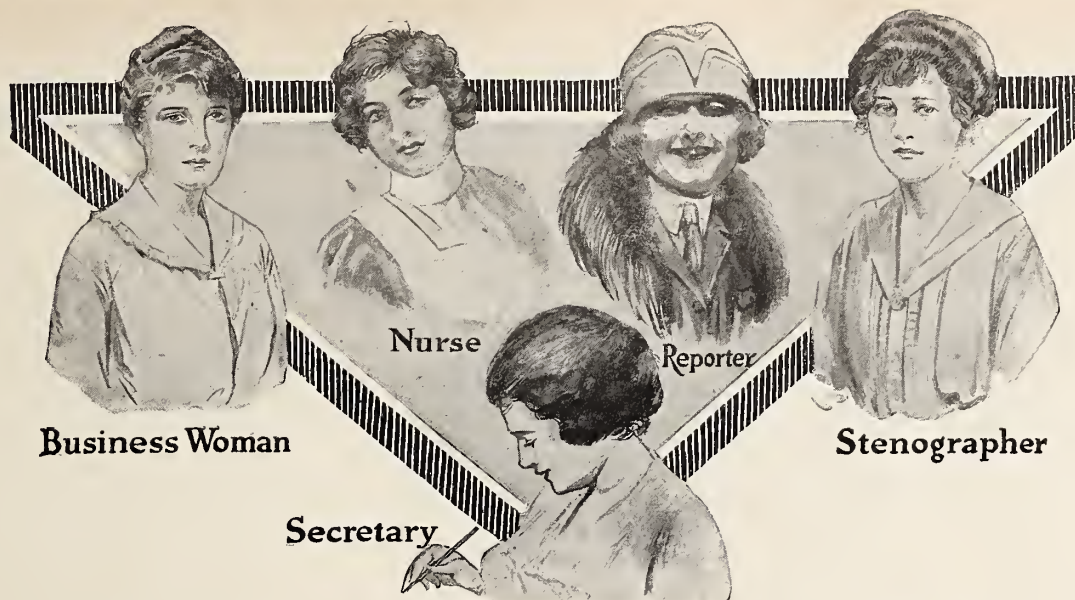
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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 79)

duction. Charles Rock makes a human characterization out of Old Bill.

"False Faces," the Thomas Ince production of Louis Joseph Vance's romance, is a bully screen melodrama, a considerable distance behind "Sporting Life," but still a distinctly well-sustained thriller. "False Faces" continues the adventures of Mr. Vance's popular character, the Lone Wolf, thru the world war. Remember Herbert Brenon's high-speed "Lone Wolf" with Bert Lytell? Here the Lone Wolf's combat with the German secret service and his efforts to aid the beautiful heroine, who is carrying a valuable Allied message in a tiny tube, provide plenty of excitement, not the least of which is the way the adventurer is picked up at sea by a U-boat. Later the Lone Wolf sinks the submarine and escapes. Henry B. Walthall is the hero of "False Faces" and he does all sorts of difficult physical stunts not usually connected with the Little Colonel. On the whole, Walthall makes the Lone Wolf interesting, altho he should never wear a gray fedora. A hat like that simply doesn't go hand-in-hand with romance. Mary Anderson is pleasant as the heroine and the direction of Irvin V. Willat is keyed to a splendid speed. The U-boat scenes are admirably done.

Just after Vitagraph does Charles Klein's "Lion and the Mouse" with indifferent success, Paramount follows with his "Maggie Pepper." Oddly the lesser stage piece is infinitely better screen entertainment. This we credit to the continuity, the humorous subtitles and Chester Withey's keen direction. "Maggie Pepper" has been told in story form in THE CLASSIC, which makes repetition of the story unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Ethel Clayton as the slangy department store employee is a bright figure of comedy and sincerity, while Elliott Dexter is, of course, a highly satisfactory store owner. "Maggie Pepper" isn't much of a screen drama, but it is good entertainment.

"Paid in Full," (Paramount), adapted from Eugene Walter's drama, seems to have swallowed up Pauline Frederick bodily. Miss Frederick is well nigh lost in the unfolding of this dramatic sermon upon living beyond one's means. The real honors go to Robert Cain, as the weakling husband who steals in order to acquire luxuries and then wants to hold his freedom at any price. Here is one of the best bits of celluloid playing of the year. But slightly less effective is Frank Losee's vigorous Captain Williams. Losee's identity is almost completely sunk in the character. As a screen play, "Paid in Full" will hold your interest, but it lacks the cumulative power of the stage drama, because the adaptation follows the drama too literally. A story must be told in different fashion for the silverscreen than for the footlights.

William Farnum's "The Man Hunter," (Continued on page 86)

The Newest Fame and Fortune Beauties

(Continued from page 53)

screen, being remembered for her playing of the little sister Mary in "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" with Jack Pickford. That was in the summer of 1917. Miss Marvin has brown eyes, brown hair and is five feet five.

Virginia Brown, of 565 West 162d Street, New York City. Miss Brown has had some slender experience. She has brown eyes, black hair and is five feet four and one-half inches in height.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for June will carry the seventh honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between March 1st and March 15th. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for June will follow with the honor roll for March 15th to April 1st. This method of presenting honor rolls will be continued until the end of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

The closing date of the contest has not yet been decided upon, but it will be announced in both THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you happen to be within a short distance of the office of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, please do not telephone the office for information regarding your pictures. With thousands of portraits arriving daily, the impossibility of giving out information of this character is plainly apparent. Do not write to ask if your portraits have arrived safely. These queries cannot be answered.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. Do not place stamps in separate envelope. These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls. Pictures may be lost in handling and we cannot guarantee the safe return of portraits.

If your pictures were entered before March 1st and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. The contest is open to men.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

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Address..... (street)
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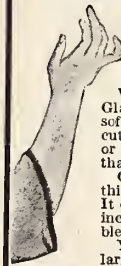
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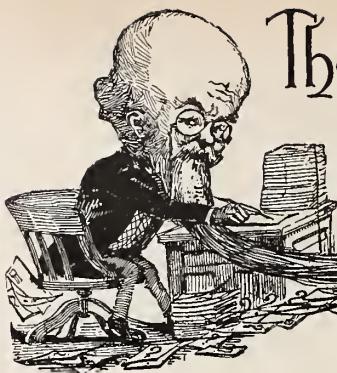
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

"The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MONSIEUR LE SOUTHLAND.—So you have missed me. Yes, the editor tried to keep a large part of me out again this month, but I fooled him. I leave it to you—aren't these answers more important than advertisements? Niles Welch in "Reclaimed" (Paramount). "The Death Dance" was taken in the East. John Bowers was born in Indiana. He is six feet and weighs 180 pounds.

LESLIE H. S.—I agree with you when you say knowledge is power—that is, if you know it about the right person! You'll be a famous photoplaywright some day if you keep on. Robert Gordon in "Blue Blazes Rawden."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS FAN.—Why, Audrey Berry was in to see the Answer Man, and she is prettier than ever. You refer to Jack Mower as Graham in "Jilted Jane." Wanda Hawley in "Border Wireless."

MARY W.—You say you want the December 1918 MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which we are out of, and you will be glad to pay for it—Mary Wasaha, 659 Oak Street, Bethlehem, Pa. You're going to get a raft of magazines, Mary, when our readers know that you are so nice and good-looking.

DIMPLES.—So you are physically down and out, and medicine does not help you. Nonsense! I don't believe you are anywhere near out, but you may be down temporarily. Get out in the sun. Remember that where the sun does not go, doctors do. Nature is the only real doctor we have. All that medicines and physicians can do is to assist Dr. Nature. That will be about \$1.50 for the advice. And you want an interview with Thomas Meighan. Look up the February 1917 MAGAZINE issue.

INTERESTED.—After seeing Corinne Griffith in "The Girl Question," you think it would be a matter of the question of clothes. Fifth Avenue was scoured for those gowns, and they look it, don't they? You want an interview with Carlyle Blackwell. Very well, you shall have it. But I certainly cannot here give you the biographies of the ten players you mention.

CHICK.—So you want to register a kick. Go ahead. You don't care for Norma Talmadge in Chinese or Indian parts, but want her as her real self. We shall get in touch with Norma immediately, if not sooner.

ARTHUR M.—Say, what do you think I am? How am I going to get a list of all the Greek motion picture players? It can't be done.

MERCI MONSIEUR.—Avec plaisir. Thomas Meighan and Bobby Connelly in "Out of a Clear Sky." So you think Marguerite Clark "hogs" the screen. I have no influence when it comes to getting Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien to play together. Perhaps you have.

CORP. H. I. S.—You think I am very funny, do you? Alas, alack! I haven't a funny bone in my body—not even a funny-bone. But I have a large wish-bone. You bet I would like to get better acquainted, so don't forget to call.

JEAN KELLER.—Yours about husbands was interesting, but remember that a lover has all the virtues and all the defects that a husband has not. Pauline Frederick and Tom Wise

are to play together in a stage play in September. Send for a list of correspondence clubs. Oh, yes, I remember beautiful Octavia Handworth. Lillian Concord in "The Trouble Maker" as the mother.

JAGUAR.—I agree with you when you say never take advantage of another man's ignorance, but it's often done. No, G. M. Anderson is in New York, connected with theatricals. Well, if it contains fires, wrecks, murders, kidnappings, etc., I should call it melodrama of the rankest kind. But the governor who refused to pardon the lady who murdered her husband probably believes in Volts for Women. Turn off the current; it's getting warm.

KATHLEEN H.—Thanks for the fee. Monroe Salisbury was born in New York and is with Universal. Mollie Pearson and August Haviland in "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Pretty ancient, but—No, I have never had the pleasure of kissing the Blarney stone. Mae Murray will return to the stage. They say Mae Marsh is no longer with Goldwyn.

MRS. GEORGE N. M.—No, I won't print your address. Oh, yes; why, I arise every morning at 6:30. I missed it only twice, once when I woke up and found my watch was not going and once when I awoke and found my watch gone. Oh, boy! No, no admittance to studios when they are taking pictures. You expect me to be nice to you when you call me a woman's Zounds and gadzooks!

DAKOTA BILL.—Howdy! Ho hum! such life. You Westerners are made of great stuff. Certainly I admire Taft. He is now more often toasted than roasted. He usually makes a big impression—particularly on a feather bed. L. C. Shumway is going to be Lilli Walker's leading man, and remember Herbert Pryor, of Edison? He's the heavy.

EDITH H.—Pardonnez moi. Why, brandy called cognac, after the French town of the name in the brandy-making region of Angoulême. William Gillette, who is playing "Dear Brutus," is 65. Nat Goodwin was when he died recently. De Wolf Hopper is and E. H. Sothern 59. Why, I happened to pass Caruso and his bride the other day, and she certainly is a beauty.

CLASSIC D. D.—So you thought Miss Crawford was "a chickenly queen" in "Who Number 1? Prenez garde."

KARENINA.—That's up to you. Every extraordinary man has a certain mission which he is called upon to accomplish. I am so to say that I know of no corn cure. The thing is to grin and bear it. A good, strong swear often helps a little—great oaths for little aching corns grow.

PHONE OPERATOR.—Hello! No, this wire is not busy. Liars Held Carrera was the one in "The Liar." Harold Lockwood died Oct. 1918. The other player you mention is formed. You know a man of refined mind but of physical deformity somewhat resembles an oyster; the shell is not pleasing to the eye but its contents are exquisite to the taste. Ring off, please.

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.*

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually



Juliette Fara

fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader.

There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

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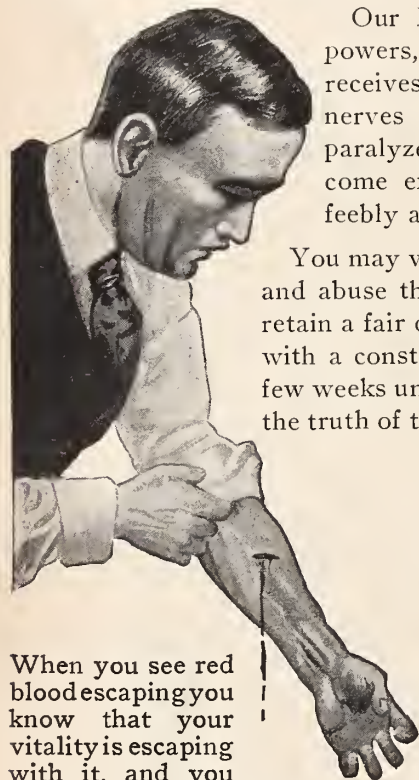
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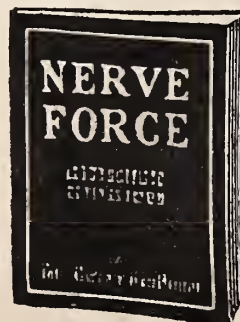
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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 82)

(Fox), is a symphony in revenge. Henry Benton ruins George Arnold and sends him to prison. Thereafter, for five whole reels, he is on the verge of strangulation by the vengeful George, who is of course, no other than Farnum. Finally George, Henry and the girl the villain longs to marry are cast away on a desert island. The young woman comes to love George and everything ends festively when Henry falls over a convenient cliff. Personally, the hyper red-blooded Farnum rather bores us, but "The Man Hunter" is well directed by Frank Lloyd. For the first time in our recollection a shipwrecked hero accumulates whiskers.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," (Paramount), will probably entertain you if you like that sort of thing. You know—homely optimism amid a background of goats, tin cans, mud and matrons at washtubs. This is all very well but we personally prefer Corinne Griffith or May Allison. This photoplay, by the way, may confuse admirers of Alice Hegan Rice, for it is a combination of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary," with Lovey and Miss Hazy played up and Mrs. Wiggs completely soft-pedaled. Marguerite Clark is the Lovey and again she fails to approach her screen work of a year ago.

Let us confess that "The Wicked Darling," (Universal), gave us our first glimpse of Priscilla Dean. We were disappointed. Miss Dean's hair isn't nearly as temperamental as her pictures indicated—or perhaps she is wearing it a different way. The wicked darling is the belle of the underworld who falls in love with a chap from the social set. There is a pearl necklace everybody tries to steal, revolver combats and other melodramatic incidentals. Naturally, things end happily for the wicked darling. We found our interest wavering all through, strikes us, on observing her in one picture, that Miss Dean is essentially comédienne. But Universal doesn't seem to agree with us.

Alla Nazimova misses fire all through "Out of the Fog," the screen version of H. Austin Adams' stage drama, "'Ception Shoals." This, also, has been told in story form in THE CLASSIC. The love story of the untamed little girl of the lonely lighthouse rock should have developed into a gripping and colorful screen piece. But all through Mme. Nazimova seems to just fall short of striking a big, convincing note. Is she never to equal the vivid grisette of "Revelation"? Albe Capellani's direction presents unexpected limitations. For instance, when a storm appears to be raging at the windows of the lighthouse interiors, outside flashes indicate decidedly placid weather. And there are other lapses. We liked the work of Henry Harmon as the grim old keeper of the light.

Will the Nazimova of "Revelation" return in the coming "Red Lantern"?

Let's hope so.

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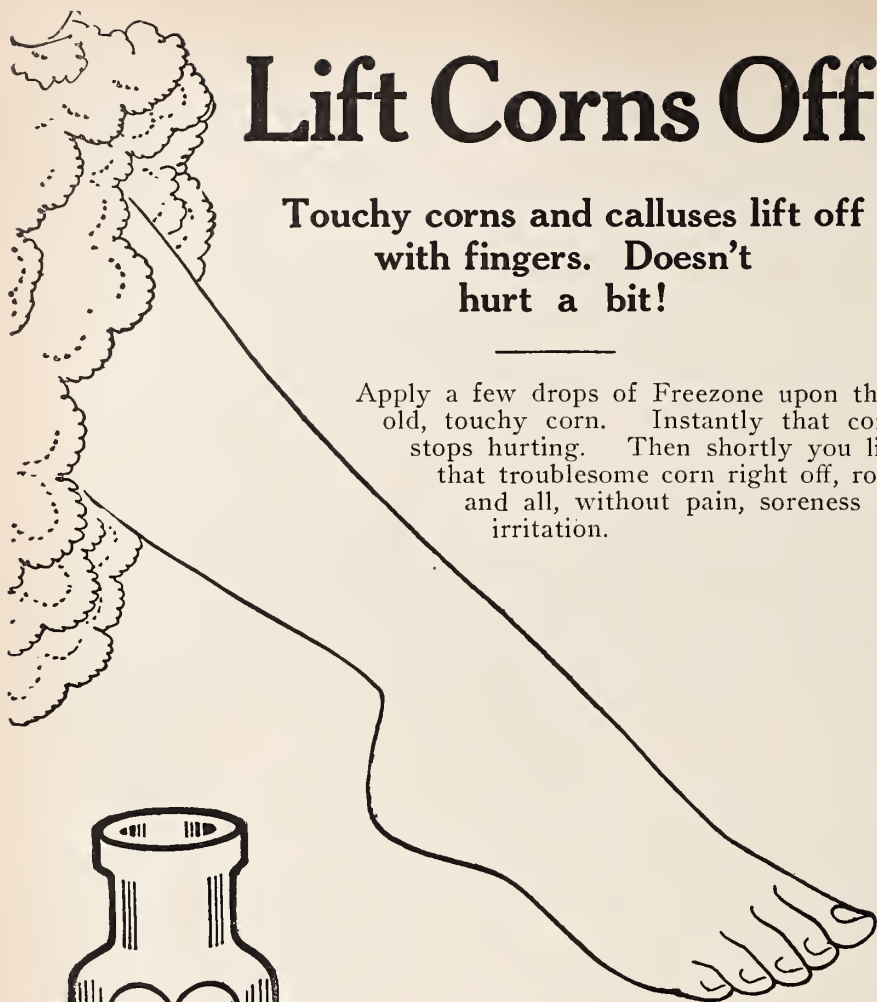
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The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

(Continued from page 80)

"Of whom?" I questioned.

"Why, of Miss Reed, of course. When I showed it to her she said, 'Blythie dear I shall certainly have to see that you go into pictures at once—and stay there indefinitely.' Isn't she adorable?"

Just then there was a tap at the door. "Getting made up all right, Blythie?" Miss Reed inquired. "Goodness, girl aren't you about stiff?" she inquired when she had been in the room long enough to have her breath form dramatic icicles which hung gracefully in midair.

We were. The boiler had taken upon itself to burst the previous evening the way boilers frequently do the night before a particularly cold day when the is an evening dress scene to be taken. A few minutes Miss Reed was in consultation with the powers that be, President Bimberg and all, and shortly afterwards our toes began to thaw under the welcoming glow of the electric stove that was decorating the floor.

The cabaret scene was of the usual picture variety, where every one laughed and makes merry, a few drink celebratory tonic that registers champagne—although the poor tonic will lose its main excuse for living after July first—and no one eats.

Of course, we had to remove our coats when the director said "Picture!" for what fan would enjoy seeing a heatless as well as a meatless cabaret even to Florence Reed—and I—graced the screen?

"John, Fred, Jack Holbrook, coats!" Miss Reed called, as soon as the camera had stopped grinding. "Well, anyway, the idea, John Stahl, of your directing with your overcoat and gloves on!"

"Very well, dear lady, I will take them off at once," he laughed, as he wrapped the star in overcoats that seemed to come from every corner of the studio.

"It's a case of 'The Woman Under the Coats' instead of under oath, isn't it?" she said. "Now, John, don't get my hair mussed up with that collar. Speaking of hair, mine seems to be puzzling a number of people. After every matinée I find a group of girls outside the stage door, evidently movie fans, bent upon discovering what sort of locks I wear in the street."

"And then I suppose you pull your hair away down over your ears and hustle, don't you?"

"Now, you know me better than that, John. Still, it's great to be a woman of mystery, isn't it?"

"Don't know. Never tried it," replied Mr. Stahl.

"Coffee" and "Muffins" sat up and begged for an olive and a piece of celery and as they munched the "cabaret specials" they declared it was jolly great to be the pets of a genuine human like Miss Reed, a picture star, a stage star, an actress and everything.

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

(Continued from page 51)

"Hello, dear!" she greeted us. "Can you find a chair?"

The chorus-girls, far too comfortably ensconced in the star's dressing-room to remove themselves, somewhat impaired my powers as an interviewer. So I studied my surroundings. The walls were plastered with telegrams of congratulation from critics, producers, prominent men, other actresses and actors. Here indeed was all the glamor of the theater.

"That Smith girl said you were only in understudy once; that's not true, is it, Mollie?" quoth the chorus-girl in Alice blue.

"No, dear, it isn't," said Mollie, as she wisted her golden locks into the precise hapse she wished.

"And that Gray girl—you know, the one who has a husband and baby, and swears he hasn't—she got turned out the other day. They say she drank." The lady in a brown spangles rolled this delicious morsel of gossip slowly between her rimsoned lips.

"Now, that's too bad. Cant anything e done for her?" said Mollie, carefully dding the last touches of make-up to er peach-like complexion.

"Nope; guess she's too far gone for nat," harped the third guest, as she elped herself to the box of cigarets re-osing on Mollie's table.

"Want one?" she offered us, gener-ously.

We gave up in despair. For a moment e held Mollie's perfumed little hand in e, then we hurried away—out past a ew of the principals and chorus-girls atting final pins in their elaborately écolleté costumes. The atmosphere was arked by a lack of worry. If the over-e was finished, why, the musicians ould play another bar. Why worry . . . Out in front, I reached my seat under rkened lights.

Suddenly the spotlight flashed on.

An audible gasp ran around the semi-circular audience. In the middle of the e stage there stood, all alone, a slen-er figure clad in pure shimmering white tin, a touch of coral beads spanned ft white shoulders. It was the daz-ng, cameo-like beauty of the girl's face, amed under the huge picture hat of al-colored velvet, that accounted for e gasps.

Had she done nothing more than stand ere and let them look at her, the dience would have been satisfied.

She stepped forward and smiled . . . e took the audience into her confi-ence. She seemed to say, "You are my ends. I like you."

Everybody forgot their pristine amaze-ent at her beauty; they clapped and pped and clapped. They banged on the les. The music started . . . Her little voice spoke the words to a ular song.

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(Eighty-nine)

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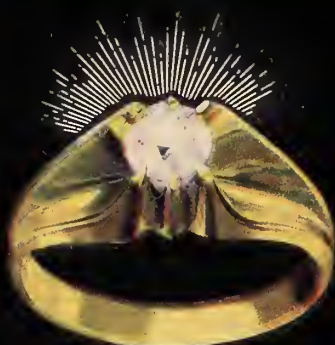
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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the memberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could let it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line

the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. That is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure. I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may believe I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or anything I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I could lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred

when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell; Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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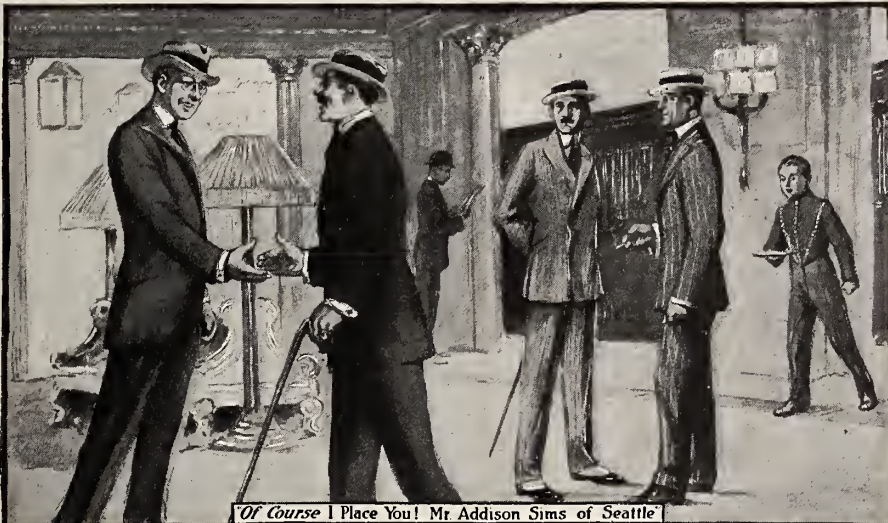
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Address.....

..... M. P. Classic—6-19



words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

The first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the names of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx



The Curtain of Life

THE screen draws back the curtain of life, unveiling the thoughts, loves, passions and ideals of humanity. In fact, the secret of the fascination of *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures is that they show you yourself as you really are, or as you *might* be.

Every man and woman, high or low, rich or poor, can sometimes find the very features of his own character.

Year after year Famous Players-Lasky Corporation draws together the greatest talent of the screen, of the theatre, of literature, and gives out the results of all this concentrated genius in the form of an ever-changing stream of photo-plays—dramas, comedies, travel pictures.

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ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to April 30th.
Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in
"The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett in
"The Law of Men"
Billie Burke in
"Good Gracious Annabelle"
Lina Cavalieri in
"The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark in
"Let's Elope"
Ethel Clayton in
"Pettigrew's Girl"
*Dorothy Dalton in
"The Home-breaker"
Pauline Frederick in
"Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish in
"Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee in
"Rustling a Bride"
Vivian Martin in
"Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason in
"The Rescuing Angel"
*Charles Ray in
"Greased Lightning"
Wallace Reid in
"The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn in
"Something to Do"

Paramount Artcraft Specials

"Private Peat" with
Private Harold Peat
"Little Women" (from Louisa
M. Alcott's famous book)
A Wm. A. Brady Production

"Sporting Life" A Maurice
Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" starring
William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in
"My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in
"Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in
"Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in
"Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"The Girl Who Stayed
at Home"

*William S. Hart in
"The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford in
"Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in
"Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett
Comedies
"The Foolish Age"
"The Little Widow"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"The Last Bottle"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in
"The Amateur Liar"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that ANY *Paramount* or *Artcraft* picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

THE July Classic

For mid-summer THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is assembling an ideal number—light, bright and vivacious, with several timely and absorbing articles to balance the July atmosphere.

Elliott Dexter—The able Paramount leading man is about to become a star. The July CLASSIC will present an up-to-the-minute chat with him.

June Elvidge—A breezy little interview, with special pictures, has been captured for the mid-summer number.

Louise Lovely—The lady with the chocolate eclair name makes interesting copy. You'll be absorbed in her personality story.

Gloria Swanson—Is anybody more interesting to film fans right now than Gloria? Here is the first heart-to-heart talk with one of the most promising of screen actresses.

and

A fascinating article about the Martin Johnsons, who are taking motion pictures to show to the cannibals of the South Seas. Besides a dozen or so other features, there will be an important announcement about *The Fame and Fortune Contest*.

along with

Hundreds of stunning new pictures. THE CLASSIC has its own photographers both East and West waiting to catch the unusual. Small wonder that THE CLASSIC is now recognized as the liveliest and most beautiful of motion picture magazines.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Portrait by Lumière)

Mabel Juliene Scott was born in Minneapolis, of Norwegian and French parentage, to which may be traced her hardy Norse vigor and Parisian vivacity. She graduated from stock into vaudeville, where she attained considerable success. Then came motion pictures and her unusual hit as Necia in Rex Beach's "The Barrier." Miss Scott is at her best in portraying the outdoor type of primitive girlhood.

	PAGE
Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Bert Lytell, Irene Castle, Clara Kimball Young, Louise Huff and Wanda Hawley.....	11-15
What the Photoplay Might Do. Interesting suggestions from the able producer of the legitimate theater, Stuart Walker.....	Charles Jameson 16
The Patrician of the Photoplay. Elsie Ferguson is a blending of fragile beauty and cerebral vigor....	Frederick James Smith 18
Don Pedro de Cordoba. Of Spanish and French parentage is the fascinating leading man.....	Faith Service 20
The Screen as a Repertoire Theater. Business methods of the films and stage interestingly contrasted.....	Kenneth Macgowan 22
A Mansfield of the Follies. It's the glorious Martha....	C. Blythe Sherwood 23
Standing Room Only. But Wyndham, being a huge Englishman, requires plenty of it.....	Barbara Beach 24
A Star Who Really Did Her Bit. Edith Storey, who has been driving a war ambulance for many months.....	Harrison Haskins 26
Redhead. Alice Brady's newest photoplay of a Titian-haired cabaret belle told in fiction form.....	Faith Service 27
Shot at Dawn. A brief glimpse of Hazel.....	Aileen St. John-Brenon 31
Who Put the True in Truex? Ernest and his home life.....	Esther Elvidge 32
Those Shelby Girls. The daily life of Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby.....	Fritzi Remont 34
Summer in the New York Theaters. Interesting Moments on the Broadway Stage in the Month of June.....	36
The Gown Quest. The dress problem of a star, as told by Bessie Barriscale.....	Marie B. Schrader 38
The Witness for the Defense. Short story related from Elsie Ferguson's newest photoplay of mystic India....	Dorothy Donnell 39
A Hale Fellow Well Met. Sur-r-re, in this case it's Creighton, who was born in Cork, Ireland.....	Sue Roberts 43
The 1919 Bathing Girl Arrives. Introducing the Mack Sennett seaside favorites in their newest maritime poses.....	44
The Celluloid Critic. The latest photoplays in review....	Frederick James Smith 46
The Luxurious Louise. The real Miss Glaum as she is beside her own fireside.....	Mary Keane Taylor 48
Beauties From Every Land Enter Contest. The eighth honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest.....	50
The Man Who Turned White. Story based on H. B. Warner's first return-to-the-screen photoplay.....	Olive Carew 52
The Extra Girl Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer. The first Creighton Hale-June Caprice comedy in the making.....	Ethel Rosemon 56
The Influence of June Upon a Mere Onion.....	57
Double Exposures. Humorous Comments Upon the Screen Plays and Players.....	Conducted by F. J. S. 60
The Movie Encyclopedia.....	The Answer Man 83

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's powerful study of the primitive in man. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a tremendous performance of the Parliamentarian. Staged with all the admirable detail typical of a Belasco production. One of the really big things of the dramatic season.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteless staging, especially the magic wood.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—"The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capably with a capital C. The company might be better and handsome William Courtenay more sincere, but, for a' that, the play is good.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Republic.—"The Fortune Teller." An interesting play that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Marjorie Rambeau does some really wonderful acting, the best seen in New York in years. Rest of cast not in her class and play is weak in last act.

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, thus being arraigned in his own court. The de luxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Charlie King, and George Harrell contribute excellent first aid.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Net." An unusually good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle; remainder of cast is the original New York company.

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THRU THE LOOKING-GLASS

Haven't you often wondered just what foreign nations thought of us, our arts and enterprises? In this remarkable article, the FRENCH viewpoint regarding American films is entertainingly told.

MARC MACDERMOTT

Every picture fan will be delighted with this new interview with a favorite who has remained popular from the early film days.

SOLVING THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

Alice Joyce will tell just how to accomplish this difficult feat, in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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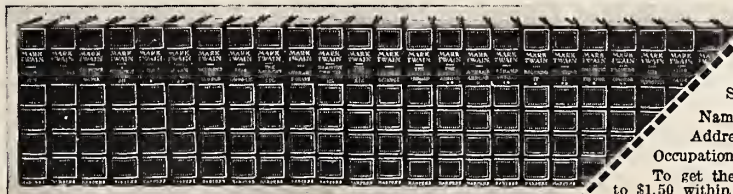
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DEATH OF SIDNEY DREW.

Sidney Drew died at his home, 876 Park Avenue, New York City, on April 9. Death was due to a combination of ailments. The Drews had been playing in their stage production, "Keep Her Smiling," on tour, being forced to close in Detroit when Mr. Drew was brought home for treatment.

Mr. Drew's fatal illness, in a large measure at least, was due to the death of his son, Sidney Rankin Drew, who gave his life as a member of the famous Lafayette Flying Squadron in France. Mr. Drew bore bravely under the shock, but the pain was there. In a CLASSIC interview last December he said: "It does hurt to realize that the last of the Drews is dead, that the name of Drew will die with my generation. But it is good to know that Rankin died better than any Drew has ever lived or died."

The screen owes a great deal to Mr. Drew whose influence, coming at a psychological moment, uplifted film comedy to a remarkable degree. Mr. Drew believed that the screen needed the best—and he stuck to his standards. Moreover, he brought the best traditions of the stage to the films. A foster brother of John Drew, a foster uncle of Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, and the last of a long line of players, he brought an honored and distinguished name to the photoplay. It is probable that no other single influence has done more to elevate the art of screen playing. The photoplay loses not only a splendid comedian in Mr. Drew, but a leader and a pioneer in all that is finest histrionically.

Behind the Screen

Robert Gordon, fresh from U. S. A. service, has been re-engaged by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton for a forthcoming production in which Sylvia Breamer will also appear.

Evelyn Greeley is now a full-fledged Work Film star. Previously she has co-starred Carlyle Blackwell is said to have left Work Film.

Maurice Tourneur is now at work in Culver City, Cal., on "Romany Rye," with Jack Holt, Lew Cody, Pauline Starke, Seena Owen, Tully Marshall and Wallace Beery in the cast.

Katherine MacDonald now heads her own producing company with a studio in Los Angeles. "The Thunderbolt" is the first production, with Thomas Meighan, Forbes Stanley, Spottiswood Aiken and Adda Gleason in the support of Miss MacDonald. Colin Campbell is the director.

Work is progressing rapidly on the S. L. Rothapfel unit programs. Harry Mestayer and Grace Darling play the leads in his first feature play.

Jesse L. Lasky has purchased William Gillette's "Too Much Johnson," Louis Joseph Vance's "The Black Bag," and James Fagan's "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," played on the stage by Douglas Fairbanks. Wallace Reid will film "The Black Bag."

Dorothy Phillips has renewed her Universal contract, her present arrangement terminating in February, 1921.

Frederick L. Collins, president of McClure Productions, Inc., and publisher of McClure's Magazine, is in Europe.

Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro, has been visiting at the Coast Metro studios.

Eugene Mullen, recently scenario editor of Vitagraph, is now in charge of the Universal Coast script department.

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drug store or toilet goods counter
in the United States or Canada.
A 25 cent cake will last a month
or six weeks.

*Sample cake of soap—Booklet of
famous treatments—Samples of
Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial
Cream and Cold Cream—sent to
you for 15c.*

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size
cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large
enough to last for a week of any Wood-
bury treatment, together with the booklet,
"A Skin You Love to Touch," giving the
famous Woodbury skin treatments. Or
for 15 cents we will send, in addition,
samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder,
Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co.,
906 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 906 Sher-
brooke Street, Perth, Ont.*



BERT LYTELL

Lytell is a Herbert Brenon discovery and he made his first hit as the dashing, reckless hero of Mr. Brenon's "The Lone Wolf." Now he's a Metro star. Bert had a long stage career before he went into the films, his last appearance being in "Mary's Ankle."



Motion Picture Classic



IRENE CASTLE

Ira L. Hill

Irene Castle has returned to the screen with Paramount after doing her bit in the world war. Mrs. Castle has resolved never to dance again, since she could never find a partner equal to her Vernon. But film fans are satisfied that the vivid young woman who established her skill in a number of Pathé productions is back on the silversheet again.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Witzel

Miss Young has been a screen luminary since she first flashed into meteoric success under J. Stuart Blackton's developing hand at old Vitagraph. Miss Young has been on the stage since she was a kiddie, her parents being well-known players. Miss Young is now a foremost Select star.



Campbell

LOUISE HUFF

Miss Huff was born in Columbus, Ga., but her folks soon moved to New York. With her sister, Justina, she longed for a stage career. "Ben Hur" was one of her first engagements and, after considerable experience in stock, she joined the Lubin forces. Later she was a Paramouter and now she is a World star.

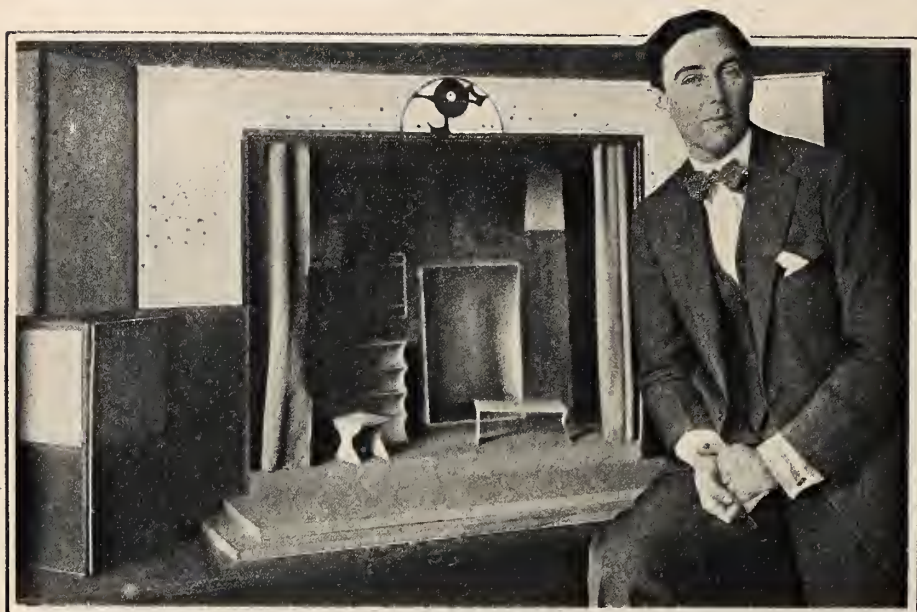


Witzel

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda is now a figure to be reckoned with on the screen. Her hits in "Old Wives for New" and "We Cant Have Everything," proved that fact. Once she was known in the films as Wanda Petit. But folks began to make puns about the name and Wanda changed her cognomen.

What the Photoplay Might Do



By
CHARLES
JAMESON



PROBABLY no one is better to talk of imagination on the stage or screen than Stuart Walker. For a long time a lieutenant of that master of staged David Belasco, Mr. Walker has attracted world-wide attention in his Portmanteau Theater.

Mr. Walker's Portmanteau Theater has been an institution of singularly lofty ideals. To it America is largely indebted for its knowledge of Lord Dunsany, whose colorful dramas of gods and men combine beauty, satire, imagery and tremendous dramatic suspense. All of Mr. Walker's productions have been marked by the real spirit of the stage art, which is at once simple, imaginative and spirited. And from all this, he has developed a repertoire company of striking excellence.

"Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to even discuss the photoplay," says Mr. Walker, "because I know so little of the way in which it is handled. It is very easy to point to something and say it is wrong. But men have spent years and millions of dollars in business and have a very good reason for doing a very thing exactly the way.

Upper left, Stuart Walker and a model of his Portmanteau Theater, showing how stage settings are designed. The final set is built from the miniature

Left, A scene from Mr. Walker's production of "The Book of Job," with George Gaul as Job of the Biblical land of Uz

"It is not that I have seen a few photoplays. I am once really quite determined



n. That was before I went into one
your de luxe movie houses and heard
symphony orchestra play Massenet,
er which came a singularly beautiful
ic film with quotations from Rupert
oke and finally a drama with no little
gination.

But most of all I have found that
en producers are afraid to do any-
g new. They have developed a set
es of things to portray a set series of
tions and they put every story thru
identical mill. For instance, there is
chase, with its many variations, as a
ns of attaining suspense.

It isn't that screen producers lack
gination. They frequently reveal
iant flashes of it. *But they are*
aid to carry their imagination to its
cal conclusion. They wander back
the groove of set situations, be-
ng somehow that audiences demand
and can understand nothing else.

I recall one vivid instance of this,
icture called 'The Cruise of the Make-
eve.' That little make-shift ship of
rds, boxes

barrels in
sordid tene-
et backyard
a blinding
of imagi-
on, but the
ector—or
it the sce-
o writer?—
ed himself
y from it
fearsome
lity. I heard
le around
say they
ld like to
ntinued on
age 77)

*Top, Another view
of Mr. Walker's
stage setting for
"The Book of Job,"
with Margaret
Mower and Eliza-
beth Patterson at
the right and left
as Narrators and
Mr. Gaul (center)
as Job talking with
the three men from Uz.*

*Right, Mr. Walker's
presentation of Lord
Dunsany's "The
Laughter of the
Gods," with McKay
Morris as the king
and Margaret
Mower as the queen*



The Patrician of the Photoplay



them?" she asked, with a delicate little smile. But Miss Ferguson is not a *poseure*. Unless possibly in her graciousness to a mere interviewer. At least there is no pose in her directness. She expresses her likes and dislikes without trying to gild them. There is no affectation in her manner. She has not forgotten her own struggles. The delicacy and the fragility of Miss Ferguson's beauty do not quite prepare one for her cerebral vigor. Miss Ferguson can—and does—think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity.

The delicacy and fragility of Miss Ferguson's beauty do not quite prepare one for her cerebral vigor. Miss Ferguson can—and does—think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity.

think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity. "The stage dearest my heart that of the little singer against fate."

© Ira L. Hill

LOUIS XV never had more uninterested thoughts of the future than we. What of the stars waiting to be interviewed in 1920 or 1921? Have we not just chatted with Elsie Ferguson—for a whole evening—by the gorgeous fireplace of her gorgeous Park Avenue home? Can we ever hope for a greater esthetic thrill?

Interviews may come and interviews may go, but never will we forget our picture of Miss Ferguson gazing into the crackling flames. The patrician poise, the laughter in her quizzical blue eyes, the saucy tilt of her nose as the flames played upon her beauty, the black velvet evening gown with the one touch of color, a crimson rose.

There were dozens and dozens of roses gracing the grand piano. And, tossed over a chaise-longue, was a rich tapestry purchased that morning—a tapestry of fabulous cost woven with infinite care some four hundred years ago in a dark and gloomy monastery by painstaking monks who little wotted of the movie future.

Miss Ferguson, anent the tapestry, whimsically admitted her possible extravagance, at least her love of the luxuries of life. "What would life be without



By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

cast," she
"because it
ed a message
those young
men who are
ing their fight
ywhere—in
ity's hall bed-
ns and the
ts. That is
of all my
en rôles, I
most for the
in 'The Rise
enny Cush-
There was
er struggler
fought her
to happiness.
e most about
essing some
of message
rd the bet-
ent of so-
"
Miss Ferguson
not talk of
mission with
She merely
ats to help
s just a lit-
She has too
in of a sense
umor to con-
her art too
usly.
or instance, in
ssing a cer-
leading man,
k remarked:
s unyielding
ven he em-
ees you he
e't give an
And it's
lly hard to
embraced like
"
C her screen
periences Miss
rson talks in-
eingly. "At
s I was fright-
ll confused,"
e confesses. "I
never forget
ate of mind
g the mak-
g of 'Barbary
ep.' Then I
re to care
ely for the
n Next came
er disturbed
rid of confu-
n with the
cent changes
ectors which



Miss Ferguson cred-
its her whole devel-
opment to the stage
rather than the
screen. "One does
not develop in the
studio," she says.
"The necessary
method of doing
disjointed scenes
here and there
from the photoplay
prevents a genu-
ine living of the
character. On the
stage you play a
character straight
thru for many
nights. It grows,
expands, mellows—
and you develop
with it"

seem a part of
photoplay mak-
ing. Then, too, I
took it upon my-
self to say a good
deal about the se-
lection of my ve-
hicles, and I made
a number of bad
choices. 'Heart of
the Wild,' for in-
stance.

"I had wanted
to do that because
I had played
'Pierre of the
Plains' on the
stage. But when
I came to do
'Heart of the
Wild,' based on
that play, I found
that I had
changed. I was
young, undevel-
oped, fired with
extreme youth
when I played Jen
behind the foot-
lights, but when I
came to do her on
the screen I found
that I had devel-
oped. I could no
longer feel her in-
genious view of
life."

Miss Ferguson
credits her whole
mental develop-
ment to the stage
rather than the
screen. "One
does not develop
in the studio," she
says. "The nec-
essary method of
doing disjointed
scenes here and
there from the
photoplay pre-
vents a genuine
(Continued on
page 87)

© Ira L. Hill

Don Pedro de Cordoba

YOU know what to expect in a motion picture studio, don't you? The lights and the props and the dust and the sound of hammerings, shouts, commands, the grinding of the camera, the shiftings, the inevitably waiting groups of actors, weird or natural, the desultory, staring on-lookers, the occasional blasé child. The reek of the grease-paint, the scrambling carpenters, the glimpses of ornate reception-rooms, palm gardens and conservatories. These are the things of a studio.

I went to the Talmadge studio to interview Norma Talmadge's new leading man, Pedro de Cordoba. Perhaps you have seen him with Farrar on the screen and with Elsie Ferguson. Perhaps you saw him with Marjorie Rambeau in "Where Poppies Bloom." I saw him in Russian habiliments but with the manifest spirit of old Spain, only I wasn't certain it *was* Spain until he told me so.

There is a reason for everything in this world which is essentially reasonable in its fundamentals. There is a very good and sufficient reason for the Castilian atmosphere of de Cordoba, which reminds me that I wish you might hear him pronounce his own name. It is soft, slurring, infinitely musical and magical. You see, Don Pedro's—I simply cannot dull the magic of his birthright by affixing a horrible *mister* to him, not after hearing that name in the Spanish tongue—Don Pedro's parentage



Photo C. Smith Gard



De Cordoba's parentage was fascinating. His mother was a true Parisienne, dainty, dark, vivacious. His father was a Spaniard, born in Camaguey in Cuba. Pedro was born in New York, in the shadow of the Metropolitan Opera House. Above is a portrait of de Cordoba and, at the left, is a glimpse of Pedro with Director Chet Withey and Norma Talmadge doing "The New Moon" at Lake Saranac, N. Y.

was tascinating. His mother was Parisienne, dainty, dark, vivacious, father was a Spaniard, born in Camaguey in Cuba. Spain . . . and The deep, dark, splendid glow of old wine, mellow old wine, stored wine and the swift exquisititude of champagne of Paris, evanescently jeweled . . . and de Cordoba with *both* blent within his veins made it seem so stupid and phlegmatic to be born just plain, everyday man—so obvious, so sort of ridiculous.

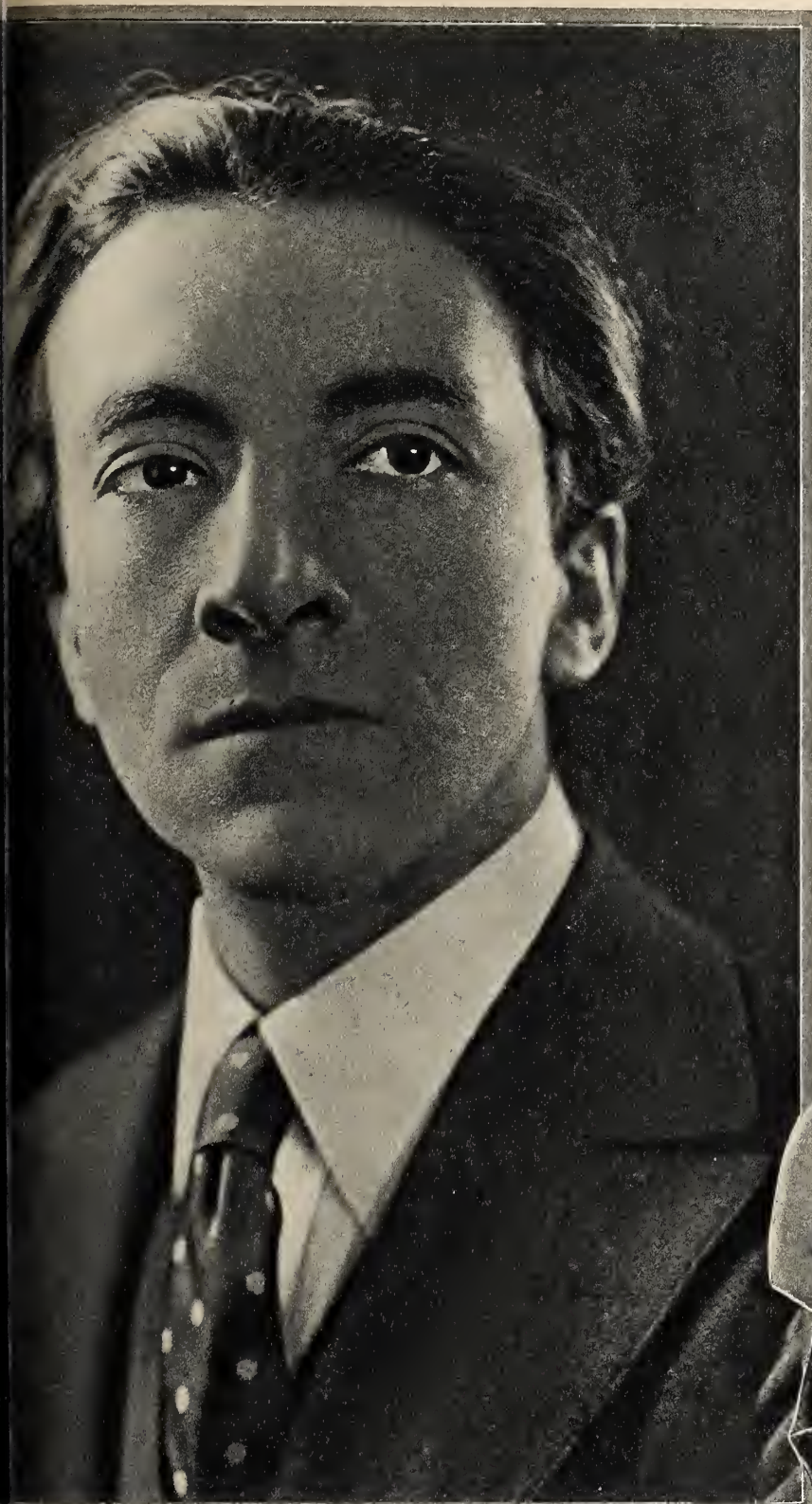
Of course, de Cordoba was

By FAITH SERVICE

than the Parisian. He is too serious for Paris, too slow in his movements, too inscrutable in his smile and his eyes which are sad. Paris speaks occasionally in his smile, his smile which is humorous, even light. More, he has that subtle, inscrutable charm of older civilizations than ours, older legends, older mythologies. He has that instinctive wisdom which has come from beauty touched with decadence. He has that atmospheric richness born of the Old World, specifically of old Spain.

There is an inescapable atmosphere . . . the bravado of toreadors waving a bunting of scarlet . . . murmurings and secrecies under lichen cathedral walls . . . the old cathedral Ibanez has written of . . . shy doñas draped in mantillas of black lace caught at the breast with a crimson, scattering rose . . . courtyards where vivid hibiscus flowers come to a flagrant maturity only to die away, and green and orange lizards sun under fountains

(Continued on page 77)



by C. Smith Gardner, N. Y.

too. In the shadow of the opera house, where his lullabies were arias from Tristan and Isolde. He, too, his small desire to be an operatic star grew and waned with his great love of music. "Concentrate on music now," he added, "musical music, it is, I might say passion."

De Cordoba looks his age. Probably a great deal more the Spaniard

De Cordoba is a good deal more the Spaniard than the Parisian. He is too serious for Paris, too slow in his movements, too inscrutable in his smile and his eyes, which are sad. There is an inescapable atmosphere of the bravado of toreadors. *Right*, a scene from "The New Moon" with Miss Talmadge and Don Pedro



The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

You hear very little today of the old battle of the stage *versus* the screen. Mrs. Fiske asserts that Charles Spencer Chaplin is a great artist, and Walter Prichard Eaton admits that Griffith knows his business. Also scenario writers, moving picture press-agents and too enthusiastic young critics have got over announcing the demise of the legitimate. The stage will recover. And so will the screen.

But there is still a *versus* worth *versusing*—the organization of the stage *versus* the organization of the screen. It is worth thinking about, because the business organization of any art or any industry has its effect on the quality and price of the product. Thinking won't change these things. Economic forces will attend to that. But it never hurts to have an intelligent audience on the side-lines of evolution.

There are two kinds of theater organizations—America's and Europe's. America's is bad. Most of Europe's is—or was—good, some of it perfect. America puts on plays in New York or Chicago for long runs. The cost of putting them on is multiplied by the fact that everything from actors and scenery to company managers and stage hands is hired or made for just that one production and discharged or scrapped if it is a failure. That means high prices for all these things—a sort of accident insurance. If the play is either great enough or commonplace enough to appeal to about 200,000 New Yorkers, it lives and goes out on the road and makes money, lots of it. And all the other producers try to

produce one like it. Nobody is making any money out of the play that only 50,000 of us want to see.

Over in Europe, before

the war, they had a kind of theater that served both publics, the wholesale and retail. It was the repertory theater—our old stock company with modern improvements. Actors and scenery and managers and stage hands all worked together, the whole season

thru, in a single theater. They put on a dozen new plays that one theater, and kept a dozen old ones alive, at just a half what we pay for a single "success" and three or four failures. Audiences got to know their theaters and managers and actors and were able to depend on them to always give them a certain quality of entertainment. There theaters' artists were as dependable as the old Triangle or Griffith's Chaplin. Three or four nights in the week some big new success was running. Another night was given up to some standard drama for the minority—Ibsen or Shaw. On a couple of other nights Shakespeare or a play of three or four seasons ago was to be seen. Each got its own audience and had no competition from the others. There are advantages in all this—financial and artistic—that we can't touch over here. Even our specialized "type" actor isn't to be compared with the rounded player of the Continent who has had a dozen different parts to play each year.

What about the screen? Well, at various times the screen has come pretty close to a lot of the good points of the repertoire theater. Different as it is in principle—making a single film production and then circulating copies all over the land—and badly worked out in as many phases of its business organization as there are, the screen has, or may have, curious points of resemblance to the best type of theater management.

The movies fall behind often enough—even behind our Broadway methods. Screen-blight, for instance, is written all over the movie system. The stage keeps the mere personality in its place much better than it used to. Rounded productions are apt to be the stage successes today, replacing the star system of a few years back. The movies stick to it even tho Griffith and

The movies often fall behind stage land's methods. Screen-blight, for instance, is written all over the movie star system. The stage keeps the mere personality in its place much better than it used to.

The movies stick to the star. They stick to it, tho Griffith and Tucker and De Mille have shown that the photo play's the thing. For the star is about the only sign-post that the public has yet learnt to recognize as a guide to the probable merits of any of the hundreds of fly-by-night films.

It is unfortunate that the stock company—the basis of the cheapness and expertness of the repertoire theater acting—should have partially disappeared from the studios.

Tucker and De Mille have shown that the photo play's the thing. For the star is about the only sign-post that the public has yet learnt to recognize as a guide to the probable merits of any of the hundreds of fly-by-night films.

(Continued on page 71)

You hear very little today of the old battle of the stage *versus* the screen. Mrs. Fiske asserts that Charles Spencer Chaplin is a great artist—and peace is in the air



A Mansfield of the Follies

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

I didn't really mean to spy. But the odor of flowers attracted my attention to look in their direction, and behind them I saw some interesting books, and in back of the volumes, in state, stood the photograph of Hazel Dawn, and high above the Dawn hung a Leyendecker poster, and, in a direct angle, pointing to the other corner of the room, peeped a hockey stick.

"Skate?" query *au naturel*.

"No," illuminatory smile. "Not now. I like swimming and I
(Continued on page 76)



Martha Mansfield alternates between the Ziegfeld Frolics and the motion picture studios. She is best known on the screen for her work as leading woman for Max Linder several years ago

THE day before I interviewed Martha Mansfield I went to Alfred Cheney Johnston for some photographs.

"Martha?"—he began, his face lighting up—"Martha? You'll just love Martha. She is so frail. She is an exquisite pastel. You can't connect Martha with the theater at all. She is sweet, and fine, and dainty—a fragile flower."

I believed all this until the next morning.

When the Mansfield door opened.

And she stood in front of me. Not smiling.

But *laughing*.

And wearing a sports costume.

Of the gayest color.

And revealing from under a hat.

Hair.

More dazzling than any bonnet.

And greeting: "I'm so glad you came just when you did. Because if you had not arrived at this minute, I should have gone for my walk."

We went inside. The living-room was cheerful and cozy. Miss Mansfield did not sink into the divan, but crossed her legs on the piano bench.

Photos by Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Twenty-three)



Standing Room Only

By BARBARA BEACH

WYNDHAM STANDING has no excuse for not being a good actor; in fact, he only followed the course of least resistance when he became one.

Nevertheless, it required the combined efforts of two press-agents, one wife, a studio manager and a star for me to obtain an appointment that I might discover the reason for his dramatic existence.

When his star, Elsie Ferguson, providentially took it into her pretty head to steal a day's vacation from finishing "The Witness for the



Above, Mr. Standing in "Rose of the World" with Elsie Ferguson; *upper left*, an off-screen glimpse during the filming of "Eyes of the World"; *center*, a snapshot during the making of "The Witness for the Defense"; and, *below*, talking with Warner Richmond at the Fort Lee, N. J., ferry

Defense," Mr. Standing's wife dutifully repeated my plea that he give THE CLASSIC some recognition, and the studio manager said he could have the day off. The press-agent told him the office wanted him, the office publicity manager begged him to spend his holiday within the portals of their marble Manhattan office building ready to tell a 'phone-worn reporter the story of his life, then, and not until then . . .

I found myself confronting a sleekly groomed but somewhat embarrassed giant.

He looked for all the world like a hale and hearty Englishman. His voice in greeting was resonant and firm, his hand large, vivid-gripping and welcoming. There was an amused twinkle in his pale blue eyes.

At once the thought came to me of an English squire standing before an open door thru which came the fragrant warmth of blazing logs,

of a beckoning dining-room, whose table groaned with steaming roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

The impression remained vividly, even as I mentally praised the Famous Players-Lasky Company for having furnished their offices with a huge, softly cushioned davenport. For Wyndham Standing is the comfortable sort of a person who belongs in big chairs. Altho he wears spats, a yellow overcoat and carries a cane, I have a suspicion that he cherishes a fondness for a pipe.

"You came originally from?" I began dutifully.

"England," he said, thereby confirming my belief that at one time or another all actors hail from the British Isles.

I learnt that Papa Herbert Standing was one of the best known actors on the English stage, equally well-known was Uncle Sir Charles Wyndham and the six little brother Standings who, one after the other, sought the stage. Nevertheless, Wyndham, who made the seventh little Standing, tried to breast the tide of things as they are and studied law.

It wasn't any use. Papa Standing and brother Guy and Percy and Jack and the rest were all making good on the his-
toric boards. As a tropic traveler is lured back to Southern lands, as the call of the sawdust ring is irresistible to the circus clown, so the call of the stage is to those that have it in their blood. The instinct is as strong as life itself.

So with young Wyndham. His first stage experience was obtained in the English provinces, as all good English actors obtain their training. His first big success was in "The Chimes of Normandie."

Then came America and pictures. There also Papa Standing had gone before him and paved the way. It was, again, only according to the natural law of events that Wyndham should follow.

"My wife and I both became Americans—by adoption," confided Wyndham proudly.

A country that is good enough to live in should have your allegiance—don't you think?"

"I do—at intervals," I confessed.

He laughed, a jolly, deep-dimpled laugh.

I was reminded of the comment of the woman who sat beside me during a showing of "Paid in Full," in which Mr. Standing played the part of Jimsy opposite Pauline Frederick.

"He has *such* a good face," she enthused.

I repeated the remark to Mr. Standing. His face reddened boyishly up to the very roots of his finely brushed, light hair.

"That was good of her," he said, "but Jimsy was a lovable character. In other rôles I have played, people have shuddered—I was so brutal as the villain. Once I even heard a woman say, 'Isn't he a wretch? I'd hate to meet *him* on the street!'"

"I never want to be considered a type. When one becomes a type, one ceases to advance. In spite of the progress the photoplay has made since its first inception, I believe that it is still only in an embryonic stage. One of the reasons for this is that directors depend too much on types. They should depend more on brains, on the ability of a person to feel his part, to project his thoughts across the silver-sheet, instead of being simply the photographic counterpart of a character."

"I believe that a time is coming when a good many of these types are going to be weeded out. There will remain individuals who can so live their characterizations that they are felt across the screen. Norma Talmadge is an example of what I mean. The player is going to be able to express every little mood, every varied thought, because his intellect is capable of feeling the part. There will be no need of the subtitle. I tell you it is not the wild gestures, the hair-tearing acting, the tricks of the trade, nay the Olga Nether-soling that is going to lift the art of the screen out of its embryonic age. It is the thinking, here!"

he lightly tapped his forehead—"and the feeling here," he placed his hand over his heart.

"At the present time there is also an overuse of the close-up. The more close-ups, the less possibilities of a dramatic, smooth-flowing story."

Personally, I am very interested in the art of the photoplay, but I found

Mr. Standing so vitally absorbed by it that I had great difficulty in switching the conversation back to personalities.

Like a writer discussing his latest story; a painter, his most recent portrait; a mother, her only child, was Wyndham Standing with his theories on photoplay acting.

It is his hobby, and if he were not such a jolly soul and could he have an aversion for anything, it would be for the type actor. And could one imagine Wyndham Standing and

Wyndham Standing looks for all the world like a hale and hearty Englishman. His voice in greeting is resonant and firm, his hand large, vivid-gripping and welcoming. You catch the impression of an English squire standing before an open door thru which comes the glimpse of a beckoning dining-room with tables groaning with steaming roast beef and Yorkshire pudding

(Continued on page 79)



A Star Who Really Did Her Bit

By HARRISON HASKINS

later it developed that Miss Storey was quietly doing her bit. No dazzling announcements blazoned in the newspapers, no pictures of the star in uniform, not a single word appeared.

Indeed, Miss Storey doesn't want publicity for her war work. Why? Because "it's been such bully fun," as she explains it. "It thrills me and pleases me—and that's enough."

Miss Storey has been steadily driving an ambulance for the National League for Women's Service. This doesn't mean chauffeur-ing a motor-car thru the metropolitan streets in a natty uniform. Far from it. Miss Storey, like the others, reports at nine o'clock in the morning and devotes the day to meeting incoming transports and liners at the docks and transporting the sick and wounded to hospitals thru the maddening congestion of Manhattan street traffic, to transporting men from place to place and to special emergency work.

When the great Perth Amboy explosion occurred, Miss Storey drove her car for thirty-six consecutive hours, thru the night, the blinding smoke and the bursting shrapnel, in bringing the injured to safety.

And that was but one of the things.

The "flu" epidemic brought

(Continued
on page 80)



Photo Apeda

A GOOD many actresses have been photographed at the bedside of wounded soldiers. A whole lot offered much valuable advice on how to win the war. Half a dozen or so talked about volunteering as nurses and ambulance drivers. But Edith Storey actually did her bit.

For months Miss Storey has been driving a war ambulance in the streets of New York—a work no less valuable than handling one behind the Flanders lines. And when the influenza epidemic hit the metropolis she deserted the steering-wheel with scores of other drivers to take the "night nurse shift" in the crowded New York hospitals.

All of which gives you some idea of what a very real person is Edith Storey. The downright sincerity of Miss Storey has always shone from her work on the screen, lifting it into the unusual. She is just as honest and direct a young woman in real life. We know of no other star quite like her.

Last October she left a Metro starring contract. Film fans wondered what became of Miss Storey. She disappeared completely. Months

Last October Edith Storey left a Metro starring contract. Film fans wondered what became of her. She disappeared completely. Months later it developed that Miss Storey was quietly doing her bit—driving a war ambulance



Photo Apeda

REDHEAD

Fictionized from the Select-Alice Brady Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

"DAMN'D redhead!"
"Red—but not damned."
"I said . . ."

The girl stepped over to the disheveled youth, who stood swaying and glaring at her in his bath-robe, and laid a forcible hand on his arm. From under the villified red hair her eyes blazed blue and keen.

"You cut this," she commanded; "we've done it, and it's as much of a mess for me as it is for you—more, likely. What do you think I'm getting out of it? What do you think

I'm likely to get out of *you*? I may have been a cabaret singer and not high enough in the "Sore" Hundred, but I could earn my own bread and butter. I was a somebody. I wasn't a good-for-nothing parasite, living on the money of a decrepit old man and sneaking the kisses of a bunch of rowdy women. That's all you've been. Now you've overstepped yourself, my son! You've got a bit drunker than usual—even for you—and a bit spoonier than customary even with *me*. You've married me . . ."

"Bunk!" interjected the tousled young man, with rather flat scorn.

"No bunk about it," snapped the Redhead, with fury. "Roly Gard is a notary and as certified as any notary ever was or is ever likely to be. There were witnesses a-plenty. You signed the certificate—so did I. It's iron-bound all right, all right, Mr. Wise Alec."

Mr. Wise Alec looked the part of anything save wisdom. He essayed more scorn.

"After some of

the 'decrepit old man's' cush yourself, eh, sister?"

The Redhead stood her ground. "Never you mind what *I'm* after," she told him; "you hustle and get after a job. That's *your* cue. We're married. Drunk or sober, the fact remains. When a girl—or a fellow—gets married, things change . . ." An unaccountably wistful light tempered the belligerent blue of the Redhead's eyes, but the tousled youth ignored it. "Things change," went on the Redhead; "things get straighter. Cleaner,

sort of. They've got to—
with us. We're a family now. I'm going to run straight, Matt, straight—
r than a string."

The Gilded Youth sneered. "You tell 'em well," he scoffed. "Well, as for me, and thanks to you, I guess I'll run on the Bread Line."

When uncle hears of this it will be good-by, little Mattie. A cabaret girl as a Mrs. Matthew Thurlow will be the knock-out blow to I'll Nunkie. His heart's none too good as it is. Farewell, damn'd Redhead; hope the Narrow Path sits well, young 'un."

Ten minutes later the dingy door of the dingy, unsavory room shut to with a bang.

Daizie Mellows, christened Maud by her sponsors in baptism, waited until there was no chance of the door reopening, then she flung herself on the bed and sobbed and



A month later Matthew Thurloe drifted into the cabaret again where Daizie jazzed in a string of beads or so and a very heavenly smile and a cloud of intriguing red hair

dug her knuckles into her eyes and tore at her red head, at her young breast, at her flimsy clothing. I want to die!" she shrieked in fierce undertones; "oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd, please let me die!" Then, suddenly, she reared upward and sat erect. She shook her fist at the dun wall. "But I'm gonna live," she rasped fiercely; "I'm gonna live . . . an' live an' live . . ."

A month later Matthew Thurloe drifted into the cabaret again where Daizie jazzed in a string of beads or so and a very heavenly smile and a cloud of intriguing red hair. He drifted in quite



Little damned Redhead . . . with her kisses one could not forget . . . and her eyes one could not evade. If he had not hated her . . . he might have loved her . . . I floated off on the somehow delightful possibility of loving the Redhead . . . then the Redhead stood in the door. "Are you sober, Matthew?" she asked, succinctly.

Matthew was unprintably profane. The Redhead stood it without flinching.

"Where th' — am I?" finished Matthew.

"At home," said, equably, the girl.

"Th' — I am! *Whose* home?"

"Yours," said Daizie. She added, "And mine."

Matthew Thurloe fixed her with his eye. He sneered. He looked peculiarly unpleasant when he sneered. No one saw a woman who loved him could have resisted letting fly at him. Daizie stood supine. There was something pathetic in her attitude—a sort of a waiting . . .

Matthew sat up, with dignity.

"Case of abduction, I see," he observed.

"Call it by any name that suits you," said the girl.

"If you want a man this bad," resumed Matthew scathingly, "far be it from me to break your heart. I'll go hunt up a job."

"You'd better," said the Redhead; "I've given mine up."

"You've—"

"Certainly. You're my husband. - You've got to support me."

"Well, I'm—"

"Go hunt your job," said the Redhead, with steel in her voice.

Matthew went.

When he had gone Daizie, christened Maud, did the work of the three rooms she had rented and furnished out of the earnings of many dances and many, many tips, then sat down by the window to sew.

After a while the sewing dropped to her lap, her eyes looked out of the window, past the dingy roofs, past and beyond the sky-line to a country where long-dreamed dreams come true . . . to a land where she and Matthew walked together, hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart, where lust and drink and ribaldry were not and love was all . . . Two tears welled up

alcoholically. He was entirely *too* alcoholic to note the sudden light in Daizie's soft blue eyes. He was rather too befogged to note that she plied him with more alcohol assiduously and consistently. He thought, vaguely, that it was kind of her. He got over his post-matrimonial belligerence. He harked back to the luminous days and lurid nights when he and Daizie had just been "pals." What a magnificent pal she had been! What a four-squarer! Never any fourflushing about Daizie. Never any renigging. She had always been "there." And what a looker she was . . . dear, damned Redhead! With her scarlet mop and her laughing mouth and her kisses one could not forget . . .

Matthew Thurloe called her to him and kissed her, and, kissing her, was lost. Oblivion rose up in soft floods of ecstasy and submerged him. Wave after wave of delight seeped his soul in liquid bliss. Then he slept.

When he awoke he was not at all certain that he was awake. He had sort of got out of the habit of awaking in a room delightfully darkened, with a pitcher of tinkling ice at his right and a squatty little jug of roses at his left. There was a peace about the little room he lay in—a peace he could not define. Somehow or other, irrelevantly, no doubt, he was reminded of his mother, long ago dead. She had passed out of his life, leaving only the shade of a thought, cool, calm, tender and very hushed and holy. It was almost like that in here. Almost the way his mother would have had it had she been living to shelter him from sin.

His last memory was of the Redhead . . . of kissing the Redhead, deliriously . . . damned Redhead . . . how he hated her! How violently he hated her! How desperately!

and dimmed the bright, amazing blueness of her eyes . . . they fell and the idle needle pricked them into nothingness . . . over the tiny tragedy her brave mouth smiled . . . Matthew was an expert mechanic. There had been courses at college . . . degrees and brilliant promise . . . then cabarets and drinks and girls with voices to beguile had come between young Thurlow and his sane, straight chosen line. He had struggled for awhile—then the struggle had seemed to be not worth while. Life had staled in his mouth. Pleasure had turned a carmined cheek to him and, under the rouge, lo! her cheek was jaded! There had been more cabaretting, more drinking, more and more girls. Now and then there had been occasional pull-ups. A nice girl . . . a hope again. Then the nice girl had turned out to be not so very nice after all, and Matt had dived deeper than before into the substratum of things to drown, assuage, crush out his shallow pain. Then Daizie . . . Daizie with her devil's hair and her laughing, provocative mouth and her astonishing straight, clean eyes. Daizie . . .

Matthew turned to mechanics again. With Daizie to feed him, to wake him in time, to greet him at night, he somehow did not find it such hard sledding. After a while he even liked the work. He got a raise. Then he got another raise. One night he took Daizie out and bought her a black satin frock and a funny little black hat with a blue rose. He laughed before he knew it, because her blue eyes were so brightly blue beneath it. Then he relapsed into sullenness again. Before they had reached home he had called her "damned Redhead" four times.

"Some marriage, this is!" he sputtered, as he bade her good-

night, with surly ill-grace, at the door of the tiny room she inhabited.

"Better than the old stuff," said Daizie; "cleaner . . . sweeter . . ."

"My eye!" grunted Matthew, and slammed her door for her graciously.

He sat on the edge of his divan and scowled into space. He hated the way her red hair floated before his mind's eye, a living nimbus. He hated the persistence of her eyes.

In her room Daizie sat on the edge of her bed, too, but she was smiling.

A fortnight later Daizie announced one evening that her mother and father were coming to town. Matthew had never seen just that look in her eyes.

"You've just got to play up for me, Matt," she told him. "You see, mummy and dad are nothing but babies . . . dear, big, ridiculous babies. They've never heard of a cabaret. If they ever got into one they'd think they were in hell. They'd turn up their toes and die if they ever thought their little Maud had ever done the hula in the place she did. They're fresh from the farm—the real, honest-to-God variety. Oh, they're real enough. They're the realest things on earth. Matthew—I know you don't care about *me*—but don't give them beasts for thoughts. Don't hurt them . . . don't. Well, they think I worked in a department store until I was married. They think I'm just the same—as I was back home. They bank on me. Matthew . . ."

Matthew growled from behind his uncompromising paper. But he had not been reading the paper.

Daizie's progenitors were undubitably the real thing. Wisps of the home hay all but protruded from their amazed ears. They stared vastly, oh'd and ah'd and were "tickled to death" with everything and everybody, including especially and demonstratively their "gal" and their new "son-in-law." Father Mellows informed his daughter in the not ill-pleased hearing of Matthew that she had "cotched a hummer," and Ma Mellows reinforced the eulogy with an emphatic "Lands, yes!"

Matthew felt a thawing in the frigid zones of his heart. Here was something essential. Here was something good. He invited Ma and Pa Mellows and their delighted daughter to dinner and a show.

"Are you sober, Matthew?" she asked, succinctly.

"Where th' — am I?" demanded Matthew.

"At home," said, equally, the girl.

"Whose home?"

"Yours," said Daizie.

"and mine."



Daizie glowed. Matthew took note of it and found time to hiss into her ear, "This isn't for *you*, darn you!" The confounded girl continued to glow under the hat with the shadowy blue rose. What the devil, squirmed Matthew miserably, were girls with scarlet hair born for . . . girls with scarlet hair who wore blue roses and whispered like a magii in a dream? To torture him? To pull at him with soft deliriums? To take his heart and twist it and contort it and toss it about like a shuttlecock? To . . . oh, damn the girl anyway! Damn the red head of her!

Ma and Pa Mellows departed at the end of a crammed, jammed week. They had the time of their lives!

They had, they felt, crudely, really lived. They thought Maudie's man was the epitome of all the heroes of romance, the facsimile of all the plutocratic scions of wealth and prestige, the final authority on all subjects, earthly and celestial. They considered that Maudie had taken rank with the immortals.

Maudie was tearfully sorry to see them go. She would miss them. She had been happy with them. There would be no more comfy parties for the four of them. There would be no more of that worshipful Matthew, who threw back his head and laughed with Pa . . . who . . . who kist her good-night under the beneficent gaze of Ma. There would be no more of this stuff of dreams . . .

"You're not . . . not going to kiss me good-night any more, are you, Matt?" she asked him the night the old folks departed.

Young Thurloe scowled at her. "I'm not on exhibition *now*," he reminded her.

He was not on exhibition the next night, either, when his plutocratic Uncle Parker Thurloe sent for him and offered to reinstate him if he would "cast off" the little "gutter rat" he had picked up with Uncle Parker was nearly on

exhibition, tho, on a marble slab. Young Matthew tore this up. He hurled incriminations frightful to the ear at Uncle Parker. He defended his "damned Redhead" as a madonna, a blessed damozel, a houri, a combination of all the virtues; and

none of the vices. He swore he would rather starve than lie to her; he raved that he would rather be dead than without her. He left the house, still ringing. He left Uncle Parker disheveled and incongruously grinning hopelessly.

He couldn't go home and face her. His newly liberated love long congealed within him, vs. raging like a tornado. He would be lost if he went to live now . . . he would stumble to her on his humbled knees . . . he would kiss her hand, the tips of his fingers . . . he would worship her and pray to her . . . he would, in brief, make a bally ass of himself. One doesn't do that. One plays safe when one plays saner.

He renovated his attire and strolled into Claridge. He had some coffee—that was his line now—and then up home. Home

Daizie was home! Something almost unbearable stabbed him at thought of her—then he saw her—sitting at a table near with Roly Gard. He saw Roly Gard talking with her. He saw the play of her hand with the stem of her glass. He saw her as, it seemed to him, he had never seen her before—a woman, infinitely desirable—a woman, his, with another man. His Redhead . . . who had toiled for him, saved for him, thought of him, made him. The girl who had transformed a round

(Continued on page 70)

(Thirty)



"This is life, by heaven!" said Matthew. "This is life, my mate!"

"And love," said the girl, "and love . . . and dreams . . . come true . . ."

"REDHEAD"

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Charles Maigne, based on a story by Henry Payson Dowst. Produced by Select Pictures. Directed by Charles Maigne. Starring Alice Brady. The cast:

Daizie.....	Alice Brady
Matt Thurloe.....	Conrad Nagel
Roly Gard.....	Robert Schable
Parker Thurloe.....	Charles A. Stevenson
Mr. Mellows.....	Charles Eldridge
Mrs. Mellows.....	May Brettone



Shot at Dawn

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

THERE are two things that strike you the minute you meet Hazel Dawn. One is that she is pretty and dainty. The other that she has so much common sense, along with decided opinions of her own. Somehow you don't quite expect it of an ash blonde. It's the unwritten law of the Medes and—blondes.

Hazel Dawn is the type of blonde who knows what she wants when she wants it, and she believes in sticking to a thing until she gets it. Not that she makes a fuss if she has to wait or if things go wrong. She does not believe in getting temperamental and she is not over-fond of people who do, but she does believe in carrying out a principle, even if force has to be used to get it.

And she has been known on more than one occasion to do it. There is the story, for instance, of how she treated the young Harvard undergraduate whose attentions became annoying when she was playing in a musical comedy up in Boston.

She was coming out of the theater one evening, when a youth, who was very much smitten with her charms over the foot-lights, stepped up and murmured, "Oh, you sweet thing!"

Miss Dawn did not appear to notice his observation. Whereat the young man, thinking he had been too reserved, advanced somewhat closer.

"You for me," he chuckled.

Miss Dawn hurried towards her car, while the youth, fearing he might thus lose sight of her forever, took her by the arm, and said, "Don't be so stingy with yourself!"

Miss Dawn decided to follow his advice. Biff! Bang! He

(Continued on page 69)

It is an unwritten law that brains do not go with blond prettiness. Hazel Dawn is the exception that proves the rule. *Above*, Miss Dawn as she appears in the stage success, "Up in Mabel's Room"



© Ira L. Hill

Who Put the True in Truex?



White, N. Y.

WHOEVER did, or whatever did, it's a good job. A thoro one. A complete one. And by the same token, there is nothing so difficult to recount as the essential truth. It defies ornamentation as unworthy. It scorns fine verbiage. It evades floweriness. It jeers at platitudes save of the nudest. And I must tell the truth herein, if I never have before, the truth, the whole truth about Ernest Truex because, integrally and essentially, Ernest Truex is essential and integral.

There is nothing of the mummier about Truex. There is nothing reminiscent of strutting, peacock-wise, the boards; nothing of the spectacular; nothing of the Jarley Waxwork exhibition spirit. He is quite simply Man, the Male. More, he is fundamentally, wholly and avowedly a Family-Man. Capitals intentional. He is *first of all* a Family-Man. In his family, in the very bosom of his family, rests his interest, his heart and the fine good spirit of the comedy-akin-to-tears which animates his work. He rings true because he is true.

He had rather a quaint picturesque Beginning-of-Things, considering the fact of his birthplace, which was Rich Hill, Missouri. Rich

Hill, a typical, rather stultified, seen-in-the-Movies little Western town. Father Truex was a doctor. Came there once to Rich Hill a magnificently characteristic Old-Time Actor, a relict of the Time of Booth, phrase richly dear to the hearts of the Craft. He was called Edwin Melvin. He had, describes Truex, with a humorous tenderness, a mouth that connected the ears with an amazing facility and a staggering display of gold teeth. He had rheumatism and he had memories. "I was with Booth, sir," he would wheeze portentously; "with Edwin Booth. I was the Gravedigger to Booth's Hamlet, sir, the gravedigger, sir. With Edwin Booth."

Fate and increased rheumatics maneuvered Melvin into the hands of Truex père. Truex père did things, did great things, sir, for the rheumatics. Result: near-death-bed gratitude on the part of the histrionic Melvin and a promise gutturally intended to "make a Booth of the lad, sir, a Booth of the lad."

The young, six-year-old Ernest-lad was nothing loath to be made a Booth of, having cherished in secret rather vaguely Boothian aspirations long ere the advent of Edwin Melvin. Edwin Melvin organized a Dramatic School and young Truex enrolled.

Edwin Melvin was a relict of an Old, Old School. He was old himself; sad, no doubt. He was sick and weary, an artist who had become humorous rather than a humorist. But he was a sort of an artist, at least an artist-soul basking in the long-glancing rays of genius dead and gone. He knew the methods of

Left, a study of Ernest himself, and, below, Mrs. Ernest and the two Truex kiddies, Philip and Jamie. "My boys and I are pals," says Truex. "I'd rather be with them, doing things with them, than with anyone I know. They're pretty much the whole show with me"



By ESTHER ELVIDGE

Booth. And the tricks, if tricks there were. He knew his richness. He had savored his legend. He gave a dark, sombre, heavily fragrant but invaluable store to the wide-eyed, open-eared young Truex. At seven he had young Truex strutting the boards as the Melancholy Dane. Conceive—at seven! Hamlet, seeped in tragedy. at seven. "My kids," said the grown-up Ernest, "sing 'Over There' and do a bit of jazzing and that's the limit. They've probably never heard of 'Hamlet.' If they have they think it's some new brand of breakfast food. I'm just as glad."

Shortly thereafter, the Truex home in Missouri broke up and young Truex toured about the country with his mother and another child, a girl, of his own age. They did Shakespeare in all the small towns. Cant you see them? Pigmy Romeos and Juliets languishing with a passion it would take them years to grow and tears to know. Gay Rosalinds, grim frantic Lears, imposing Petruchios, dark vengeful Iagos and Othellos.

Then some manager saw the youthful Shakespearians and young Truex played his first real rôle on the real stage as "Little Aulus" in "Quo Vadis?" From then on he just kept steadily at it, studying when and where he could in between times, working, growing more and more in love with his art, more and more determined to make good.

Now, before the low-water mark of thirty, mere adolescence for the fortuitous male, he is playing on Broadway, has played on Broadway and has effected a sinecure in the coy heart of Gotham, both speakily and screenically.

He speaks almost with perfervor of Chaplin. Chaplin, the Artist. Almost with reverence. He would like to be, he says, sort of an "Intellectual Chaplin" . . . not that Charlie is not intellectual—he must be, of necessity, to
(Continued on page 69)



Above, Truex in his dressing-room, and, below, as he appears in the stage comedy, "Please Get Married," with Edith Taliaferro. Truex has been actively on the stage since he played the rôle of little Aulus in "Quo Vadis?" as a child



White, N. Y.

Those Shelby Girls

EVERYBODY has been saying, "Isn't it nice to see Margaret Shelby working with Mary Miles Minter again?" For a long time the powers that be had decreed that it was poor business policy to allow sisters to act together. Mary tried out so many "contrasts" that her pretty blonde head refused to register further impressions of feminine supports, and she sighed with relief when Margaret once more entered the cinematographic arena.

Those girls thoroly understand each other. That's one reason why everything moves so much more smoothly when Mary and Margaret are cast together. They are splendid foils for each other, for Mary closely resembles her handsome, blonde mother, and Margaret has the dark, dashing Southern charm of her father.

Even in their friendships the girls are totally dissimilar. They never like the same people, and each has her pet feminine chums. Of course, that eliminates jealousy and makes the girls keenly interested in each other's doings. Their gossip and cosy little chats are not for outsiders to participate in, but if you have ever wandered around a corner of the big stages at Santa Barbara, or back on the lovely pergola where the girls pour tea, giggles and imitations will greet you.

Margaret Shelby had been spending much of her time in Los Angeles, with Grandmother Miles as chaperone, in order to perfect her voice. She had planned to go back to musical comedy—but when Mary begged her sister to return, Margaret came home to Santa Barbara.

The other day, in the projection room, every one was amused at Mary Miles Minter's remarks anent her latest production. While the picture was being run, Mary said, "Would you look at the little nondescript blonde next to that beautiful dark girl? I wonder why they let her act at all!"

But Mary couldn't really help acting. There's a great secret about it. She was destined by fate to become an actress, and here's how.

Before Mary Miles Minter saw the light o' day, Mrs. Shelby was compelled to leave her dearly loved Texas home and move to Shreveport, La. She grieved over the loss of friends, the separation from Mrs. Miles, her mother, and couldn't see anything nice about the new surroundings. She voiced her discontent continually, and really gave way to so much self-pity that when Mary was born showing a birthmark, Mrs. Shelby felt she had been punished for her complainings.

A bright red star showed up on baby Juliet's forehead, for everybody knows that Mary's real name is Juliet Shelby, and Juliet she is called by her family and intimates still. Mrs. Shelby felt convinced that her resentment at being compelled to leave Texas, the "Lone Star State," was responsible for the mark.

About two years ago, Miss Minter subjected her "star"

Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby, are splendid foils for each other. They never like the same people and each has her pet feminine chums. Of course, that eliminates jealousy. They have recently been playing together, altho Margaret had planned to go back to musical comedy. On this page are two studies of Mary Miles Minter



By FRITZI REMONT

Below, Mary, Mrs. Shelby and Margaret, and, right, a study of Margaret. The Shelby girls live on the no-breakfast plan, starting the day's work on boiling water with lemon juice. They partake of a light luncheon, never "piece" between meals, and finish the day with a plain dinner, cutting out sweets and substituting fruits



Photo Bushnell

to electrolysis, with the result that only a faint white outline of a perfect five-pointed star remains, "right in the middle of her forehead," where curls hide it so well that no one has suspected Mary of being a Texas baby.

Some months later, an astrologer called at the American Film Studios and was introduced to the Shelys. He was shown Mary's birthmark and said, "You've always worried about that mark and blamed yourself for its presence, haven't you? You ought to be glad your daughter has it, it is the insignia bestowed by Fate to foreshadow your young daughter's stardom on stage and screen."

And they do whisper about Los Angeles now that Mary has been seen at the Hotel Alexandria luncheon table very frequently with David W. Griffith and Mrs. Shelby for chaperone. The Shelys had made plans to tour Europe, but it is said that Mr. Griffith wants Mary to do at least one picture for him before she sails abroad. The passports are already secured, but the date of sailing is indefinitely postponed, for the great man has said "Wait!" and no one dare disobey. So our little Mary is destined to achieve still bigger things by way of her lucky star.

The Shelby girls live on the no-breakfast plan, starting their hard day's work on boiling water with lemon juice. They partake of a light luncheon, never "piece" between meals, and finish the day with a plain dinner, cutting out sweets and substituting fruits. They believe that food ruins more good constitutions than the incessant grind before the camera, and that not even a make-up box can ruin a complexion kept lovely by restricted diet. Their complexions prove their theories are right-o, too.

"I think tea-drinking is a silly affectation for busy people, don't you?" questioned Mary Miles Minter. "We serve tea for the sake of our guests, but Margaret and I seldom indulge—we sometimes make an exception on Sunday afternoons, for then we 'put on dog'—another thing I despise, for anything which is not natural to one should be taboo, I believe."

Miss Minter has other marked dislikes. She despises "mush letters" and throws them unread into the waste-basket. She dislikes men who stare at her, thinks very young males are usually uninteresting, and wishes she could give up the screen for the stage.

On the other hand, Mary dotes on middle-aged, sensible men, likes cigarets when OTHER people smoke them, and "simply adores" honest criticism, especially suggestions made by fans.

As soon as a production is finished, the Shelby girls pack up their frocks and distribute them to less fortunate girl-friends in Los Angeles and the old South. A complete set of ten-year-

(Continued on page 74)



Helen Menken, at the left, contributes one of the most interesting characterizations of the season in the human little drama, "Three Wise Fools," at the Criterion Theater. Her playing of the distraught heroine of the Winchell Smith-John L. Golden drama is vivid and compelling



Below is one of the striking relaxations for the tired business man at the Winter Garden, where the extravaganza, "Monte Cristo, Jr.," is successfully holding forth



Campbell

The charming Evelyn Gosnell, above, has made a distinct success in the farce-comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room," at the Eltinge Theater. A glance at this boudoir glimpse of Evelyn should convince any skeptics who believe that the drama isn't advancing

White



White

Summer in the New York Theaters



"Good Morning, Judge," is doing nicely at the Shubert theater, thanks to Mollie King, George Hassell and Charles King. One of the pretty aids of this trio is Constance Huntington, whose portrait appears just above

A Cohanized opera comique is "The Royal Vagabond," the colorful and tuneful musical offering at the Cohan and Harris Theater. The brain of George gives pep plus romance. Here we have Grace Fisher and Frederick Santley in a charming moment of "The Royal Vagabond"

The Gown Quest

The Problem of a Screen Star

By MARIE B. SCHRADER

beautiful gowns, you have to travel three thousand miles from Los Angeles to New York to get them, just as many of your New York women have been accustomed to travel three thousand miles from New York to Paris for the same purpose. Now, isn't that simple? New York is the Paris of America."

I felt ashamed of my guessing powers after that.

"Actresses of the spoken drama," continued Miss Barriscale (and, by the way, have you noticed with what delicacy of distinction screen stars refer to plays and players of the stage?)

(Continued on page 68)



"Oh, it's good to be in New York again!" exclaimed the beautiful Bessie Barriscale as we entered the tea-room of the Knickerbocker at just the right moment, when the orchestra was playing that soul plaint from "Samson and Delilah."

"Why, that's Bessie Barriscale," whispered a young woman to a friend as we passed. "I thought she was out on the coast."

"Did you hear that?" asked Miss Barriscale as we were seated. "Isn't it wonderful the way they keep up with us out there? How I love them for that! There's no place like New York, except Paris."

"That's the first time I ever heard that the two cities were at all alike," I observed. "Madame Sarah Bernhardt once told me that Washington, D. C., and Paris are first cousins in looks, but that New York is unlike any other place on earth."

"And Madame Bernhardt is quite right," said Miss Barriscale with her attractive smile and well-bred, sweet voice, with just a trace of a fascinating Southern accent.

"But how can that be?" I inquired, completely puzzled. "First you say they are and then you say they aren't alike."

"Oh, that's easy," merrily replied Miss Barriscale. "It's just as easy as the answer to a puzzle—after some one has told you the answer. New York is like Paris because, if you want

Two—er—varied studies of Bessie Barriscale, the Robertson-Cole star. "New York is the new Paris when it comes to gowns," declares Miss Barriscale



The WITNESS for the DEFENSE

Narrated by Permission from the Scenario Based on
A. E. W. Mason's Play

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THROUGH the filmy dusk the notes of the temple bells floated like the petals of a golden lily, drifting languorously on the heavy air. The dim room, with its arched casements closed against the ever that stalks thru an Indian night, was breathless, as tho all the air had been sucked out and nothing but the heat remained, quivering, viscid, something that could be breathed, touched, almost seen.

Stella Ballentyne's slender height drooped like a wilted flower above the keys of the piano—brought by ox-cart from Bombay. The white curve of her throat was etched against the dark wall hangings, the tender modelling of chin, a mouth like that of the Venus of the Louvre, passionately carven, almost as colorless as the insensate marble. For the rest her hair was a soft blur of pale silver-gilt, and the light from between the shutters fell on her beautiful dinner gown, waking fires in its iridescent tints so that she seemed to be sitting among streaming flames.

The man in the doorway watched her thru narrowed eyes; his handsome young face, with a certain hardness in its heavily modelled features, seemed to stir and twist, tho it might have been the effect of the shadows that moved constantly in the room, cast by the passers in the street beyond the half-closed shutters. Harry Thresk was no novice of Love; he knew well what it was he felt for this pale, slim English girl whom Captain Ballentyne had brought back to the great house of the governor-general ten months ago; he knew what he wanted—he thought he knew how to get it. He had been discreet, playing his game without amateurishness, but tonight he meant to show his hand—

The slender fingers touched the keys languidly, and the ghost of an old English love song crept into the fetid air, like a strange breath of wild roses blown from some Lancashire lane—"Oh, that we two were maying." In the heavy atmosphere of India, sick with spices, heavy with decay, musty,

unclean, it seemed an alien thing, like the woman who played it with hunted eyes and tightening throat. England! Less than a year ago, yet she had been an exile for uncounted years, she



A story of love and tragedy in mysterious India amid the call of the temple bells

had heard the temple bells pealing thru immemorial dusks like this, she had awakened in a myriad blazing dawns to shudder away from Life afresh, and accept it, and go on.

Her head drooped forward, and a tear splashed hopelessly down on the keys. She was not given to crying, not even her *ayah*, the secret, brown woman who dressed her masses of fair hair, and put her sumptuous clothes upon her beautiful passive body, had ever seen her cry, but that song was like a touch on the quick of her soul. "I cant bear it," she whispered, "I cant go on—"

A step sounded on the rug beside her, and a hand, cold even in the paralyzing heat, touched her arm. She sprang up quivering and faced Harry Thresk's covetous smile. He spoke in a low voice that seemed to insinuate many things, intimacy, a secret shared—"Stella—I heard you. You shant bear it, any longer, you shant go on!"

The wife of the governor-general held her head high, forcing her lips to smile gallantly. She drew her arm from his touch without haste yet with a sort of inner withdrawal that should have warned him not to go on. "Mr. Thresk! You—startled me—I was indulging in a good old-fashioned fit of the blues. The heat I suppose; I cant seem—quite to get used to it."

He brushed aside her words impatiently. He had gone too far to draw back now, and besides he thought he had read her rightly, her shrinking horror of the man she had married with his crassness, his parade of ownership, his reputed brutalities. "Dont put me off, Stella! I tell you I heard you, and I've been watching you for months. You're unhappy, frightfully unhappy—no one who loved you could help seeing that, and I love you; I'm—I'm crazy about you, for you, you Wonder Woman!"

"Hush!" Stella Ballentyne said faintly. "You mustn't—you dont know what you're saying—"

He pressed her mercilessly with his insistence. "Come with me, tonight—back to England, away from all this heat and stench and misery. Think of the cool green of the lanes, and the cool blue of the sky, and the little thatched cottages cuddling around a stone chapel—" he was wise enough to leave his own passion in the background and play upon her homesickness like an instrument, but she moved from him restlessly, the cold light from the window writhing across her bared bosom and drawn face like the shadows of flames.

"No! No! Someone is coming—" she gave a breathless laugh—they train women well in these things. "I'm afraid I dont agree with you, Mr. Thresk—Bombay is more like Debussy than Wagner; what German could ever have set this crimson exotic, this musk and murder, to sound?"

Curtis Ballentyne, beefy, flabby of flesh under his heavy jowls, aggressively the master, stood on the threshold looking from one to the other without suspicion. He was so self-centered that he was not even jealous; besides, any man who was not a milksop could hold his wife—there were ways—

"What rot are you talking now, Stella?" he grunted. "Lo Thresk! Got a match? These damned native things wont light." The flare of the lucifer lit up his coarse-grained skin, his wiry black moustache, the web of fine lines radiating from his eyes. He was very pale, with the bluish tinge of skin that in men of a certain temperament denotes either drugs or drink; his wife glanced shrinkingly at him, then away with a flicker of dread in her eyes.

"I was just telling Mrs. Ballentyne that she should be thinking of taking to the hills if this weather keeps up," Harry Thresk said easily, "even the natives were bowling over in the bazar today. Bombay's no place for a woman before the rains."

"Luckily," Ballentyne said suavely, "luckily my affairs will take us out of town for a few weeks;—this government inspecting has its advantages, Thresk. My wife and I start for the jungle tomorrow morning."

A sound, neither a cry nor a sob, but something formless and inexplicable, drew their eyes toward the woman by the dimly outlined casement. She was standing rigid, with a curious tense expectancy as tho shrinking from a blow. Her eyes were dark pools with horror in their depths. "The jungle," she spoke in a flat tone, "the jungle—" the tone vibrated to life, agonized, importunate; "no, no, I wont go! Curtis, you cant make me go!"

Ballentyne strode toward her and gripped one bare shoulder so that his sinewy fingers sunk into the flesh, but his voice was



A sound, neither a cry nor a sob, but something formless and inexplicable, drew their eyes toward the woman by the dimly outlined casement. She was standing rigid with a curious, tense expectancy, as tho shrinking from a blow. Her eyes were dark pools, with terror in their depths. "The jungle," she spoke in a flat tone, "the jungle,"—the tone vibrated to life, agonized, importunate—"no, no, I wont go!"

old. "That will do, Stella—no heroics! Get to bed, and tell Hannah to pack your grips. *We leave at ten.*"

She looked at him dazedly, then the light left her face and eyes, leaving it blank, wiped of expression. Silently she moved across the room, draperies rustling like dead leaves, and the darkness of the corridor swallowed her. Ballentyne flicked the ashes from his cigar and sank heavily into a chair. "Hysterical—the heat affects women queerly." He fumbled in his coat and drew out a packet which he handed to the other man. "Here's that photograph of the outlaw, Gunga Dak, I spoke to you about the other day. It must be delivered to the authorities at Calcutta this week and his friends are doing everything they can to prevent its delivery. It's like having dynamite in your

had the sensation of having a knife stuck in my back whenever I've been out of the house! A native is glad of a chance to do murder for the price of a meal, you know."

Harry Thresk thrust the packet into his coat and rose. "Sure, glad to do it! It would be annoying to be murdered, I can see that myself. So long, old man—say good-by to Mrs. Ballentyne for me."

In the hot dusk he stopped on the terrace of the house to glance back. Outlined against the light of an upper window stood a woman's figure looking out into the night with arms raised behind the fine gold nimbus of her hair in an abandon

of despair. He stared up at her with tingling nerves. "Not yet, perhaps, but some time," he muttered, "as sure as she is a woman and I am a man."

Harry Thresk did not return from Calcutta for a fortnight, and news travels slow in India. It was not until he came back to Bombay and dropped in at the Consulate Club that he heard what sent the glass of whisky and soda crashing from his fingers.

"Too bad for a pretty woman to get into such a mess!" old Purdy, the tax commissioner was saying, unctuously, "but after all any girl who would marry a rotter like Ballentyne—"

"His character is no excuse for her murdering him, tho"—it was at this point that the crashing glass drew all eyes to Thresk's shocked face.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded loudly. "Ballentyne you said—and murder—"

"Where have you been, son?" McConnell of the artillery slapped him on the shoulder. "Why, the Ballentyne affair is the talk of the place; we haven't spoken about anything else since they brought the governor-general back from the jungle with a knife stuck thru his heart a week ago. His servants accuse Mrs. Ballentyne and she has been arrested. The trial comes off Saturday—Hey! Drink a drop of brandy, man, you look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

But Harry Thresk pushed the glass aside, and moistened his dry lips with his tongue. "She didn't do it," he muttered; "why—look at her! It's impossible—"

"Yellow hair isn't a good alibi, tho, my son," McConnell objected; "of course we're all sorry for her—Ballentyne was a swine when he was drunk, which was most of the time, but after all he was her husband and, if all wives who disliked their

pocket, but they won't suspect you have it. Take it up when you go Wednesday, will you, old man?—you may save my life. There hasn't been a day since I got hold of it I haven't

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE"

Told in story form, by special permission, from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based on A. E. W. Mason's drama. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Elsie Ferguson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast:

Stella Derrick.....	Elsie Ferguson
Capt. Curtis Ballentyne.....	Warner Oland
Henry Thresk.....	Wyndham Standing
Wigney Derrick.....	George Fitzmaurice
Dick Hazelwood.....	Vernon Steele
Harold Hazelwood.....	J. H. Gilmore
Teresa Derrick.....	Cora Williams
Mary Derrick.....	Blanche Standing
Baram Swigh.....	Leslie King
Richard Pettifer.....	E. Girardot

husbands went about sticking knives into 'em it would make it darned uncomfortable for most of us."

Thresk shouldered his way thru the group and called for his hat and coat furiously. He wanted to get out where he could think, could plan. He stepped out under the scintillant Indian heavens, trying to picture Stella Ballentyne, with all her soft luxuriousness, her frail, faint beauty, in a prison, and involuntarily his muscles tightened at the thought. He had felt for her as deep a feeling as his selfish sensuous nature was capable of; he felt for her, besides, the desire for possession which would not brook denial.

"Did she do it?" he asked himself fruitlessly as he paced the deserted bazar. "She was afraid of the jungle, afraid of him—but those little hands! Still despair will give a woman strength

for anything.

Yes! She must have done it. But she shant pay for it!"

"So that was why," Stella said, slowly. "I might have known. Men dont help a woman except for pay"

The Ballentyne trial was the sensation of India. The court room was crowded and the narrow, crooked streets about it were thronged with curious groups, clamoring to see the beautiful prisoner. Stella Ballentyne sat thru the opening hours in the witness stand and answered tonelessly the questions put to her. In her dead black garments, with her white face and the faint fine gold of her hair under the drooping black veil, she made a striking picture that might have been labeled "Tragedy." Only her eyes, burning with pain under the heavy lashes, were alive: the rest of her was a beautiful corpse-creature, indifferent to stares, to danger, to the stab of intimate questioning.

"Yes," she told them, "we had quarreled. He had been drinking—that was why he went to the jungle on his 'tours of inspection'

(Continued on page 64)



A Hale Fellow Well Met

By SUE ROBERTS

"I AM afraid," said Creighton Hale, as he greeted us, "that I am going to make mighty poor copy."

Promptly we made use of our ever-ready "Why?" "Because," he answered, while an amused smile curved the corners of his clean-cut, boyish mouth, "I can't talk about my favorite country estate, nor about my preference for my Rolls-Royce to any other Six, nor can I say that my pet dog is a thousand-dollar pom. So, so far as a press story goes, you have picked the wrong person."

Our spirits rose. We were decidedly tired of talking to stars who owned every extravagance. We regarded the young man beside us with respect. He looked like a prosperous young business man. His clothes were well-tailored but did not spell eater. He wore no jewelry. He made no attempt to be impressive. He was natural.

"I hate press stories," he went on. "In order to live up to publicity printed about them, stars would have to be millionaires a hundred times over. You don't fool the public! They know that, with the exception of two or three, actors are not millionaires, and it only makes them ridiculous to chant about their ranches, farms and country estates—in the rural. And anyway, does the public go to see us for what we have or what we are?"

Truly that round, boyish face masked a man's mind.

"We work hard. Day after day, when I was working in the Pearl White serial, I left my house at Great Neck at 7 A. M. and drove the little old bus to Jersey City, worked steadily all day, coming home my old hour at night, sometimes so utterly fagged I'd fall asleep at the wheel—and catch myself making bee-line for an obstructive lamp-post."

"You are an American?" we hazarded.

"Su-r-r-re and I might talk like this," said he, rolling his r's maliciously.

"Oh, Irish?"

"Right, born in Cork . . . and——"

Seeing there was no way out of it, he recounted his history.

Creighton Hale's father was an Irish singer and manager, who used to tour Ireland in repertoire. It was only natural that the lad should go on the stage; as a matter of fact, he was carried on before he could walk. Later he played all sorts of little Willies all over England and Ireland.

His histrionic activities were interrupted for a time when his father sent him to school in London. There he took up electrical engineering, but gave it up as a bad job and returned to the stage.

Ten years ago Hale came to America with Gertrude Elliott, (Lady Forbes-Robertson), and her company, remaining here ever since. His account of his first knowledge of pictures was told with true Irish sense of humor.

"I had known House Peters," he said, "in Indianapolis, where we were both members of the same stock company. When the season ended I came to New York to hunt a job, as we all do. One afternoon, while parading Broadway, I met a friend who said that a company

Creighton Hale was born in Cork, which makes him Irish thru and thru. His father was an Irish singer and manager who used to tour Ireland in repertoire. It was only natural that the lad should go on the stage; as a matter of fact, he was carried on before he could walk



Ira L. Hill's Studio



Just above, Phyllis Haver (left) and Harriett Hammond, a Mack Sennett newcomer, are trying a tilting match to the starboard of the Sennett lot

The 1919 Bathing Girl Arrives



Miss Hammond and Marie Prevost are experimenting with a little "shimmie dance." The space is limited, but then you don't have to move—your feet, that is—for the "shimmie"



A sea-going close-up of Miss Hammond is at the right



Note the effect of the farmerette movement upon the Mack Sennett girlies. Instead of the conventional bathing-suits, the Sennett beauties are donning the simple and unaffected overalls. Personally, we are strong for the maritime farmerette, when it is either Phyllis Haver, who is very much at the right, or Marie Prevost, in the fencing pose just above

Photos Copyright by Mack Sennett

The Celluloid Critic



could have told you that—God is love and light. He is everywhere." When the man protests, the child goes on, "When you close the blind a room is dark—Sorrow is where you never love in." Then his dead wife's sister, who has loved him always and cared for his child thru the years, comes—and out of the wretchedness of the past appears the foundation of a new happiness.

Mr. Vidor's doctrine is applied Christian Science, but "The Turn in the Road" isn't a preachment. Twice it sweeps to superbly moving climaxes. There is the love story of Paul and his girl wife amid the gentle atmosphere of a small town. Here is a slice of life itself. Again there is the return of Paul and his discovery of the secret of life. Mr. Vidor has lapsed into melodrama in telling his story, but his lapses are so far offset by the cumulative power of his directness that they are forgivable. "The Turn in the Road" is a mighty big thing.

The photodrama has able handling, from little Ben Alexander's touching Bob and Helen Jerome Eddy's sincere June to the distraught Paul of Lloyd Hughes and the brief but sweet little wife of Pauline Curley.

At last! David Griffith has contributed something to the screen which deserves its meed of praise and which—at moments—flashes to brilliant humanness. It is "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," (Arctcraft), which is, at basis, just another war story.

This time Griffith takes two love themes, first the story of a typical, healthy young American and his French sweetheart, and, secondly, of the chap's weak, lounge-lizard



"Boots," (above), has the finely unstrained Dorothy Gish and the finely unstrained Richard Barthelmess.

"THE Turn in the Road" is not a human document, but it comes nearer being one than any photoplay we have glimpsed in a year of movie-going. King W. Vidor, hitherto known to fame as Florence Vidor's husband, wrote and directed the story for the new Brentwood Films. And, were we a screen magnate, we would have been sitting on Mr. Vidor's doorstep the morning after seeing "The Turn in the Road"—and a blank contract would have been in our hand.

For, in one single picture, Mr. Vidor steps into the front rank of directors. "The Turn in the Road" touches upon a tremendous theme. What is life? Paul Perry is dazed by fate when death takes his little wife just as a child is born. Her father, a clergyman, tries to comfort him by declaring it is God's will. His own father, a man of wealth, has promised to do everything that money can do. The boy turns from them both and disappears into the night. His lonely wanderings in quest of the true God take him far, but finally he returns and drags himself, half-dazed for want of food, into the hayloft of a barn, when a little boy, his own child, crawls up the ladder. Then, in a scene exquisitely touching, the embittered man learns the truth of life from the tiny boy. "I've been hunting for God," he says, and the child answers, "Why, I



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

brother and his cabaret light o' love. It is in this second theme—in its showing how war regenerates the two—that Griffith touches his heights. But the director must have his war, and we are shown how the two brothers rescue the little French girl, undergoing the usual embrace from the usual dastardly Hun officer.

There are two or three remarkable scenes in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"—bits of life showing the director's uncanny insight into femininity. It may sound odd to mention a little moment where the cabaret girl—who but Griffith would dare to call her Cutie Beautiful?—cuddles into a huge chair and whispers nothings into a telephone. But the blinding flash of greatness is here. Again, in a moment where the lonely girl half sobs, half dances as her phonograph grinds out a rollicking war ditty. It is here that Clarine Seymour stands out so brilliantly. Griffith has a genuine discovery in Miss Seymour, whose playing is vivid in every detail. And Cutie Beautiful's fascinating "shimmie walk"! The screen has had nothing like it since Dorothy Gish's little disturber came gliding across the silver-sheet with piquant boisterousness.

Clarine Seymour, right, stands out brilliantly in Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Below, "The Brand" is an interest-holding Rex Beach drama, largely due to Russell Simpson's playing.

In one other thing Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" stands out. He has dared to present a kindly German soldier, even to showing the man leaving his old mother in the fatherland. Yet shortsighted critics have condemned this broad-mindedness.

It is in these few flashes



st across, Helen Jerome Eddy and Alexander in King Vidor's remarkable photodrama, "The Turn of the Road," and below, Lloyd Hughes and Pauline Curley in the same play.



that Griffith rather restores our faith in his leadership. If only he had literary discernment! "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," credited to a mysterious S. E. V. Taylor, is banal stuff, another variation of the old Biograph chase.

Miss Seymour overtops every one in the production, altho Bobbie Harron indicates the regeneration of the weakling with broad strokes,

Richard Barthelmess is commendable as the brother and Carol Dempster satisfactory as the Parisian sweetheart.

There are several reasons why "The Brand," the Goldwyn adaptation of the Rex Beach story, held our interest. Here, indeed, is the dance-hall girlie of the Yukon, the gold rush, the mushroom mining town, the scoundrelly gambler and all the rest. But "The Brand" grips because it tells a direct story that isn't warped to fit a star and which is staged with dozens and dozens of differences from the conventional movie idea of the Northwest. This last we credit to the personal supervision of Mr. Beach himself, who surely knows his Yukon country, and to the able Reginald Barker, one of our most dependable directors.

We guarantee that this story of the middle-aged miner who falls blindly in love with a dance-hall girl will hold you absorbed. Russell Simpson plays the old fellow superbly, and

(Continued on page 88)

The Luxurious Louise



Louise Glaum is an odd type. Known to the screen as a "vampire," she wholly loves home life and seclusion. Most of all she longs for housekeeping, a fireside, a good book and her pet dog, Runtie. Below is a home study of Miss Glaum and her mother

"Star Row." She's right next to Charlie Ray and Enid Bennett, and opposite the big swimming tank which will furnish her with lots of amusement in spare moments. You never saw Louise in a swimming outfit, did you? Miss Glaum says for once in her life she will allow the fans to see her in what she calls her "naughty-naughty" because most folks seem to think she lives in flowing draperies and fish-tail gowns.

The decorators at the Ince studio finished the little suite up beautifully, of course, each star bearing his or her own expense of interior fittings. One steps into a reception room whose windows are draped in pongee with side-drapes of heavy, dull blue. The wall paper is blues and grays, and the pictures are soft tones of blue, gold or gray.

There's a couch in the blue and gold with very lovely hand-bullion cushions, wicker chairs, a harmonious rug, a tiny desk which never in the world is going to hold Louise's fan letters, and best of all a new-fangled gas-heater which keeps the place comfy in the chilliest times. Any one who has lived thru the oil-heater stage of Los Angeles studios will appreciate this innovation.

Adjoining this room one finds a tiny dressing-room, separated from it by monks' cloth curtains stenciled in blue. Could a star possibly be more comfortably housed?

"Are you going to light-housekeep here, Miss Glaum?" I nosed in.

"I really *could* live here, could I? If we ever get flooded out in rainy season, I may stay overnight on my box-couch and cook a simple breakfast on the gas-heater. Anyway, I'm going

OUT of the chrysalis seclusion of unpleasant experiences, both business and domestic, comes now a regenerated, more sparkling Louise Glaum.

Unfortunately for Thomas Ince, he was unable to take Louise under his wing personally, for his releasing contract called for but four stars, but as he's mighty fond of the Lady of the Peacocks, he suggested that J. Parker Reed be his proxy. In this way, Miss Glaum has all the advantages of the most up-to-date studio in the world, advantages which cover stages, props, laboratories, interior decorators, and every possible accoutrement of the modern motion picture.

Louise Glaum's new dressing-room suite is in



By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

to have tea things here and you're invited right now to partake."

But Miss Glaum doesn't have to live in tiny quarters like this, for you see she has a beautiful closed car, a reliable chauffeur and a house in Los Angeles which is run by a maid who adores her, and protected by "Runtie"—her most beloved possession, the little bulldog who was left to die by some unfeeling folk, and whom Louise nursed back to life for three months of his early career. Runtie, being a grateful little brat, lived to be his mistress' shock-absorber and endeavors in every way to keep her from harm.

"Runtie hates to ride on the front seat with my chauffeur," said Miss Glaum. "He wants to sit inside in state, but he gets so excited if other dogs pass us in machines, that he tumbles all over my clothes, and chiffon draperies don't stay pretty with doggie-toes digging into them—for, you see, I often dress at home and then motor out. Sometimes my frocks are just yards and yards of georgette, net or chiffon put on by my dressmaker at home as it would waste too much of her time to go to the studio with me. I

(Continued on page 62)



Photo by Hoover



"I'm very happy now," says Miss Glaum. "I've gained much knowledge, I have philosophized and learnt that loss is often gain. . . . I want to play real women in the future. I want to live the women who suffer nowadays. It's not real to be sinless, none of us have reached that stage"

Beauties from Ente

AND still they come! Beauties from every clime to seek fame and fortune in the international contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and



Top:
CAROLYNN BROOKS

Right:
TOOTS SANDELL

Below:
EVELYN JEWEL POUTCH



Photo by

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Who could conceive of so many beauties—and so many varied types of prettiness? The originators of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST little realized the amount of feminine pulchritude in the world. Indeed, the judges are being fairly swamped with thousands of portraits, the large percentage of which are out of the ordinary.

Among the young folks from outside the home borders of our own states to enter THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

(Fifty)



Every Land Contest

is little Kikui Yamamoto, a Japanese lassie of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. A dashing would-be masculine star is Emilio Ad Alba, of 1279 Dagupan Street, Manila, Philippines. Still another is Roy Alan de Mercado, of 84 Naover Street, Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies. And a striking Spanish type is Marta Tglesias Castellanos, of Colon 1381, Montevideo, Uruguay. These representative folks from outside the boundaries of the United States proper just missed out getting into the eighth honor roll by a narrow margin. In at least one instance bad photography prevented an accurate decision.

The month's contestants brought to light a young woman with a remarkably interesting career in Mary Sharon, of the Hotel Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Altho but eighteen and born in Johannesburg, South Africa, Miss Sharon states that her parents were killed in a cyclone at Miami, Oklahoma, when she was thirteen. She



Photo by Empire, L. A.



Top:
GEORGE W.
SMITH

Left:
BEATRICE
ELLEN
LEVEY

Lower left:
MARIE
JOSEPHINE
STADLER

Lower right:
MINNIE
GAYNOR

Photo by Carey Art Studio

clerked and ran errands until she earned enough to go to Wyoming, where she rode in the several round-ups. She taught in a private school, homesteaded under the orphanage law forty miles from the nearest settlement, got a cattle herd and finally bought a ranch in Colorado. Miss Sharon says she has been in concert work, killed deer in Montana, shot elk in Wyoming and panned for gold in Colorado. We would like to add that she made a place in the eighth honor roll of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST. Miss Sharon might—if she would try again with new photographs.

The judges of THE FAME AND FORTUNE
(Continued on page 84)



THE MAN WHO TURNED WHITE



Fictionized from the
By OLIVE

H. B. Warner Photoplay
CAREW

IN the tent of Ali Zaman, (him whom they call "The Raider"), the moonlight lay on the outspread carpet in spectral pools, like dead daylight. In the distance a camel screamed and the dogs of the camp lifted up a moaning chant to the moon, but in the tent was silence and a sense of waiting.

The motionless figure, squatting on the floor cushions, did not stir when light shadows flitted over the pale, moonlit spaces before his brooding eyes—shadows of Arabs with turbaned heads and fluttering draperies, slim, secret shadows of women carrying water-jars on their veiled heads, the grotesque simulacrum of camels, gaunt and furtive, a little dancing shadow of undraped comeliness, maiden slender, frolicking with its own loveliness.

At last there was a thud of hoof-beats far out across the sands. A stir of arrival swept the camp. Voices shrilled, dogs barked, and the sands softly crunched under hurrying feet. Still the silent figure did not stir. Even when a huge Arab strode thru the opened flap of the tent and salaamed, he only turned the cold glow of his eyes upon him without speaking.

"Spokesman of Allah," intoned the newcomer, "greetings!"

"And to you," his master said curtly, "what hast thou brought from the well of El Mudir?"

"A prize more precious than rubies, more sparkling than diamonds, more glorious than the noonday sun," averred Joudar, the chief of the plainsmen, with a moistening of thick lips, "a woman as white as moonlight, as soft as the simoon, as fragrant as the vales of Araby! A woman with skin like the—"

The man on the cushions waved his hand. "Peace. Bring her in."

Joudar, dammed in the full flood, backed, gasping with stifled words of admiration, returned half leading, half carrying a slender figure in the crook of one immense arm.

"Behold!" There was regret on the fierce, dark face of the henchman as he surrendered his plunder and stood back, fastening his eyes on the white forehead under the torn, disheveled hair. Brown maidens were well in their way, and black maidens had their charms, but this one had skin like milk and white velvet and pale flower petals, and her lips were a red line instead of full and pouting . . .

"Joudar, leave us," Ali Zaman said heavily, "and see that we be not disturbed. Remember, if so much as one camel whinny, or one dog snarl, they shall be strangled. And if a man come across my shadow tonight it would be better for him that he had never been born!"

"Allah is the only God, and Ali Zaman is his mouthpiece," Joudar promptly responded, flexing his mighty waist muscles. Salaaming, he disappeared and the tent flap fell behind him, erasing all light.

The heavy panting breathing of the captured girl sounded in the silence. She stood drooping where the great encircling arm had left her, clasping and unclasping her small hands upon her slight bosom. And nothing happened.

Moments passed, freighted with heavy waiting. Then, if the cry was torn from her, the girl screamed hysterically once, twice. Afterwards she flung a bare white arm across her mouth and set her teeth into the flesh, eyeing

"THE MAN WHO TURNED WHITE"

Fictionized from the photoplay by George Elwood Jenks based on F. McGrew Willis' story. Produced by Jesse D. Hampton for the Robertson-Cole Company, being released thru the Exhibitors' Mutual. Directed by Jesse D. Hampton. Starring H. B. Warner. The cast:

Ali Zaman	{	H. B. Warner
Captain Arthur Rand	{	
Ethel Lambert	Barbara Castleton
Mrs. Mirabeau	Eugenie Forde
Capt. Cecil Beverly	Wedgewood Newell
Joudar	Manuel O'Jeda
Hans Mirabeau	J. Dwiggins
Faniina	Carmen Phillips

man across the slender barrier with wide, fear-darkened eyes. His slate-blue glance met hers like steel.

"Whence came you, daughter of an alien race?" he asked, in a deep voice. "Have you no friends to keep you from wandering on the great plains?"

Hearing her own tongue from that dark, mysterious countenance, the girl took a step forward, hope flickering into her eyes. "Will you set me free?" she whispered. "Surely you will not keep me here—they will be anxious! They will not know what has happened——"

There was not a hint of softening in the granite wedge of face that looked sombrely forth from the folds of the white rban. "Ali Zaman never frees his prey. Come hither, and let me look at you and see whether you suit me."

She did not stir, but the darkness pulsed to her defiance. With a lazy motion of one hand he struck a flame on the tripod beside him, filling the cone of the tent with a bluish vaporous glow. In it they regarded one another, the man with stilly smiling lips, the girl with brave disdain. She was a little thing that could be crushed by a man's hand, with hair like honey and brown eyes and the smallest hands in all the world. "Well?" she asked, presently, when he had taken his fill of her youth and sweetness and the incredible whiteness of her skin. "Well?"

He nodded slowly. "You please me. You please me very well. Come to me, flower of the far away. Do not be afraid of me, but do not cross my will."

Even the thin thread of her lips lost its color, but she did not stir. He rose

to his great height, arms folded, the white folds of his robe giving him a majesty that even in her terror she felt. "I am Ali Zaman," he spoke slowly. "I do as I will with whom I will. You shall be my beloved for a space; it may be little, it may be long. The world has done cruel things to me—why should I show mercy to any in return? Mercy—a coward's word!"

Over the top of a leveled pistol the girl's eyes flashed.

The Arab chieftain touched his belt. A smile bent his lips, tribute to her cleverness. "And if you do," he said calmly, "what then? How far do you think you could run from my avengers? How long could you live on the desert under the pitiless sun?"

But she was not listening to him. Pistol slipping from her relaxing fingers, she stood staring at him with such distillation of horror in her face that his eyes instinctively followed hers to where, in her struggles, she had torn a rent in his cloak. "So!"—the scorn of her voice was like red-hot iron, branding his soul—"so—you are a *white* man——"

Underneath the snow of the draperies his flesh gleamed in the faint light, not brown and desert-colored, but as dazzling white as her own!

For a moment he gazed down into her eyes with a curious look, as tho pleading with her not to judge, not to despise. Then, turning on his heel, he left her alone in the tent, the wind of his passing sending the shadows of the flames on the tripod flaring over his white robe. Ethel Lambert felt her



He saw a wave of color sweep the lovely face before him, and knew that she had remembered him, and that she was not angry—did not hate him.

And when she still would defy him he stepped forward and caught her to him, holding her passion-close, his breath burning on her hair. With a little low laugh of triumph he bent to her lips, but the kiss never scorched them.

"Stand back!"

(Fifty three)

knees faltering beneath her. Wave on wave of faintness beat on her brain, engulfing it, and she fell in a little crumpled heap among the silken cushions. When the world crept back, there was the night wind on her forehead, and overhead, very strangely far away, the familiar stars. Somewhere there was

motion, like a wave lifting her to and fro; somewhere there was an odd sound, like a heart beating fast and loud in her ears. Then she knew it was a heart, and her cheek was pressed against it, and the wave-like motion was a horse beneath her galloping over the shifting sands.

Opening her eyes, she looked up into a tense, dark face lined like a mask of pain. Ali Zaman spoke flatly, thru set teeth. "I am taking you back to your people." A ripple ran over the brown skin. "I found I was too much of a—a white man to keep you."

The girl, clasped against the thudding of his heart, watching the pale streaming of the stars thru the vast spaces above her, swayed to the tune of the powerful steed's galloping, felt a strange sense of familiarity, as tho she had known always that this moment would come. Perhaps—a tug of awe stirred her heartstrings—perhaps that was why she had come to the great desert; perhaps all her life she had been traveling to meet this wild, primitive moment thru her safe, conventional days.

"We are almost there," A Zaman said briefly.

"Hark!"

Somewhere ahead in the night the sound of music came

he turned and, leading his horse by the bridle, strode out in the desert, more than mortal tall in his white robes, beside the white horse under the white moon. Then the hot tears blotted him from her.

Late that night out in the desert a man sat, sinewy hands clasped about his knees, and stared desolately into a future darker than the midnight sky, lonelier than the vastness of the desert stretches, unilluminated by a single star of hope. He could not go back to his band of raiders; he could not go forward. For long hours he sat there motionless as if he had schooled Ali Zaman to silence. When he rose finally there was a bitter smile upon his lips and he

Behind the billow of sand a shrill sound rose and keened along the sky, mournful, ineffable. She laid a steady hand upon his sleeve. "Is it death?" It is death," he answered solemnly.



to their ears, and the mist was pricked with needle-points of lights. The man descended, and set his burden down, gently supporting her until life crept back to her cramped limbs. "The town lies a step before you," he said, pointing. "I can go no farther with you, for if it were known that Ali Zaman had brought you out of the desert your reputation would be gone!" He laughed without mirth and was turning away, but her hand on his white sleeve restrained him.

"Wait!" she whispered. "I can't let you go without knowing more—saying more—"

He shook his turbaned head. "Words cannot mend what deeds have done. Remember me, if you are merciful, as one who has suffered much from the world and wished to repay what he could in kind. Remember that I did you no harm. Or better still, do not remember me at all! And now, daughter of the green lands, good-night and good-by!"

She looked up, a long way up into the dark, tragic face, twisted with pain. "My name is Ethel Lambert," she said, with difficult lips. "I am traveling with my uncle and aunt. I wish you would come with me and meet them. They are very kind people, and they would understand, and try to help—"

"There is no help!" It was a wild, passionate cry. "There is no help for those in hell!" He controlled himself sternly. "You do not understand—some things. When a man's honor is lost he is dead to the world that knew him, tho his body may be a traitor and refuse to die. I am an outlaw, so I herd with other outlaws until I have forgotten—almost the ways of my kind! Or I had forgotten until tonight—"

He knelt suddenly before she knew what he was about and touched his lips to the hem of her skirt. Then, with a salaam,

eyes were hard. He struck the Arab steed a blow on his flank and watched him disappear, with dragging bridle-rein, whence he had come; then, turning, he strode into the town, keeping to the byways, until he came to a low iron door set in a blank brown wall. From a cord about his neck he took a key, set it into the lock and bent his great height to enter.

It was late the next afternoon when the door opened again and a tall, lean man, dressed in tourist garments with linen suit and cork helmet, came out and stood for a moment gazing about him without curiosity or emotion, tho a muscle in one bronzed cheek twitched spasmodically.

It was a hot day, the sunshine a turgid yellow on the narrow cobbled streets, the sky a glaze of blue that seared the eyes to look at. The heat shimmered in the air, distorting the passers' orange venders, Arabians; now camel drivers; women, veiled and cloaked, sending arrowy glances thru the eye-slits of their veils. The man in the pith helmet regarded them sombrely. He seemed to be steeling himself to something. At length he moved forward, holding himself very erect, tho his glance cringed involuntarily when it met other glances, and once, as an English army officer strode down the pavement, he seemed on the point of flight, but setting his jaw, went doggedly on.

In a wine-shop he flung himself down and ordered champagne, but when the bottle was brought he seemed in no haste to drink. His eyes, roving among the shadows, had spied other eyes watching him with recognition gleaming in their yellow depths. One moment he hesitated; then, gathering up bottle and glass, he went across the sodden floor and sat down at a table where a handsome Arab woman, boldly unveiled, was smoking a cigaret in a jeweled holder.

"Fanina—as beautiful as ever, too," he said lightly. "Time

himself loves you, Pearl of the Orient! And it has been so long—"

"It has been four years." She leaned tigerishly forward, eyes blazing. "What woman has helped those years to pass, else one? Nay, do not lie! There has been a woman—there will always be a woman for thee."

He laughed wryly, watching the bubbles in his glass. "Why speak of the past which is dead? The future alone liveth, and here will nevermore be woman for me"—his voice was taunted and his eyes—"unless perhaps a glass of wine now and gain with an old friend like thee, Fanina."

Her eyes narrowed to slits thru which she surveyed him vatchfully. "Where have you been? They said four years ago that Captain Rand had killed himself—"

In spite of his poise, the name stung him like a whiplash. "Captain Rand—well, why not? No more disguises; that's over." He spoke as tho to himself. "People's tongues will wag, of course, but if they stab deep enough, perhaps I'll have the courage to take the man's way out at last! Captain Rand by all means!" He filled his glass and held it up

in a fantastic toast. "Fanina, drink this with me—Captain Rand, dishonorably discharged from the Foreign Legion! The name reeks like a charnel-house!

A merry resurrection to Captain Arthur Rand!"

He had given Ethel Lambert two

"Water!" She turned with a start and looked at him with clear, troubled eyes.

Then, standing there in his linen garments, with his cork helmet in one hand, Arthur Rand remembered many things—remembered that he was an outcast whose name was anathema among all good people; remembered, under the amazed gaze of a stout, elderly lady, who hurried up to Ethel's side, that she did not even know his name and that she had great and just occasion to hate him and fear him.

He bowed with an echo of his old manner. "I am afraid you have forgotten me, Miss Lambert—Captain Rand," he smiled, easily. "I met you at the—at the fête the other evening."

He saw a wave of color sweep the lovely face before him and knew that she had remembered him, and that—Allah is merciful!—she was not angry, did not hate him. In an instant she had taken her cue from him, introduced her aunt and was seconding her invitation to lunch at the hotel.

In the next few days Arthur Rand alternated between heaven and hell. To be so near her, to be able to look at her pale, wonderful loveliness and hear the soft speech of his native isle on her lips—it was more than human to give all this up and go away, and so he lingered, and at length, as he had known it must, the die fell. Captain Randolph Beverly, of His Majesty's Own, returning from an inspection trip, strode into the dining-room and paused at the Lamberts' table, holding out his hand to Ethel.

"My word, this is a bit of luck!" he cried, gaily. "I was

days—three at the most—to leave the place that had so narrowly escaped meaning tragedy to her, to be on the safe side he kept himself hidden for a week. Fanina, the Nautch dancer, clung to him like a shadow cast by the past, trying with all her art to rewin the old careless light love he had once given her. But with a woman's quick instinct, she knew that she had failed and guessed why. With the desert woman love and hate are the same passion, as the rose and its thorn are one. Behind the drooping veils of her long lashes Fanina's eyes grew fanged and evil as her voice, honey sweet, plied him with questions until at last, all unsuspecting, Arthur Rand had told her of Ali Zaman, and Joudar, and the camp of the raiders where he had ruled as chieftain, eastward across the sands.

After a week had passed Rand told himself that he need not fear to meet the little white girl any longer. "She has gone," he thought, "gone back to the green places—the clean green places where I cannot ever follow." So he went for a walk in the bazaar.

And there, in one of the sidewalk shops, he found her bargaining with a greasy ruffian for the possession of a beadwork bag and about to be most ingloriously cheated. Afterward Rand tried to remember whether he had spoken without thinking or because he could not help it. At any rate, he cried out her name very much as a man dying of thirst might cry out

afraid I'd miss you—" His words trailed as his smiling glance fell upon Rand's white, set countenance. With starting eyeballs and a mottled, angry red staining his cheeks, he opened his lips, but Arthur Rand forestalled him.

He rose quietly in his place and spoke to Ethel as if out of all the world she alone was present. "Miss Lambert, this gentleman here thinks I have no right to be dining at your table. He knew me once, you see, some four years ago, when I was dishonorably discharged"—not a quiver of the white lips over the words—"from the Foreign Legion on a charge of—cheating at cards. He will tell you that I am a scoundrel and a cad to have taken advantage of your divine friendliness in this way, but—he does not know what he would do if he were in hell! Good-by, Miss Lambert. God keep you—"

He was gone, striding erectly among the tables to the door

(Continued on page 72)



The Extra Girl

By ETI



seemed particularly chilly and in need of a cup of the steaming tea which his man Friday was dispensing; "Big Ben" Taggart and "Lefty" Flynn lent their laughing approval to the scene; Flora Finch wore her best I-may-do-something-funny-any-minute expression, and no one paid any attention to the fact that Old Man Winter was claiming his own with a vengeance. It took just such a combination, backed by Zena Keefe's good-natured teasing of Assistant



WHAT did it matter that the spring blasts of the balmy belated blizzard threatened to send the huge glass moving picture conservatory of the Solax studio clattering down around our ears? Who cared that every time the door opened a gentle Arctic wind lifted tables and chairs and sent them gaily one-stepping with the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts? Director "Happy Cappy" beamed and proudly asked the extras, "Have you caught me?" which is his French idea of American slang. Sunshine June opened her blue eyes and sent us one of her merry smiles; Creighton Hale looked about to see if any one



Upper left, Creighton Hale and June Caprice in the prelude to a kiss and, in the circle, the conclusion to the osculatory interlude. Draw your own conclusion. Left, Miss Rosemon (in the Napoleonic hat) surrounded by "Oh, Boy" choristers

Director Ber Dorris because he seemed particularly at home playing father to ten pretty chorus-girls, to keep one assured that the world is a beautiful place in spite of a long trip from Brooklyn.

But, oh, boy, there were three happy days. For I had been engaged to do a "special stunt," in a striped black-and-white Pierrette costume, with the ten choristers. I am partial to stripes

(Fifty-six)

Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer

SEMON

because they resemble the vampire which I never hope to be and the zebra which I have often dreamed of being. (These are the reasons which I am giving the press, but among ourselves, girls, stripes that run at right angles to the eyebrows have a tendency to emphasize one's sylph-like form.)

And while I was experimenting in make-up, the other chorus-girls were dancing away, notwithstanding the fact that all the previous evening their eyes and toes had twinkled merrily in an effort to make some few hundred of the t.b.m. class forget their offices and perhaps their wives.

"Oh, gee, I wonder when we eat," one of the girls exclaimed with the final kick.

"More pep, girls," Mr. Capellani interrupted.

"These are college boys—Johns—come to take you out after the show," Mr. Vaughn interpreted. "Act accordingly."

"H-m, who ever heard of a college boy being a regular John?" one of the girls remarked. "Well, I suppose it goes in pictures, but I must say what they know about Johns wouldn't take the place of the cream on a crème de cocoa."

On tiptoe they stole to the door to catch a glimpse of the college chaps who aspired to the rôle of Johns. In the hallway Zena Keefe as Jackie was talking to "Lefty" Flynn, the leader of the boys. Just as the girls were stealthily gaining upon the couple, there was a rush around the corner of the dressing-room and the rest of the boys bore down upon the surprised little dancers and carried them off to the cabaret.

It was in this college restaurant—the only one in town that boasted of a cabaret—that the main action of the "Oh Boy" story took place.



Top, a close-up of Miss Caprice; below, June and her director, "Happy Cappy" Capellani; and, left, Miss Caprice Cinderella-ing for THE CLASSIC camera

Judge Carter, that venerable actor, William H. Thompson, with whose daughter, Lou Ellen, Creighton Hale had eloped, had been informed that this particular restaurant was not exactly the best place for the college youth to complete his education. But the

judge never took anything on hearsay, so when the hilarity was at its height he arrived to test the rumor by personal observation. As he sat at a corner table sipping a glass of seltzer, Jackie spied him.

"Get on to the old guy drinking water," she remarked to "Lefty" Flynn.

Then an idea struck her. She tiptoed over to the judge, called to a waiter to bring some whiskey and tried to persuade Mr. Thompson to have a regular drink. He protested, but one swallow convinced him that the young lady knew whereof she spoke. In a

(Continued on page 86)

June Elvidge believes that the back-to-nature movement shouldn't stop—even in time of peace. So she decided to raise an onion in the backyard of her suburban estate



Every night June takes up the onion and waters it carefully. This is inconvenient for the onion, but an absolutely sure way of making it grow



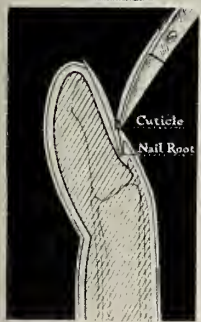
Note the admiration of the maid. June has just informed her that to be absolutely sure about the onion coming out all right, she is planting it already grown



Of course you observe the studious attitude of Miss Elvidge. Could an onion resist growing under these conditions?



The Effect of June Upon a Mere Onion



The only thing that protects the sensitive nail root is 1/12 inch of cuticle. Don't cut it!

Don't do this! It makes the cuticle ragged

Remove the dead skin gently, safely this way

The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth and even without ruinous cutting

When you use knife or scissors or even a sharp steel nail cleaner on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin.

If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. As any specialist can tell you, the skin in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

How to keep your cuticle smooth, unbroken

You can keep your cuticle so thin, smooth and even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

To do this, once or twice a week remove overgrown cuticle gently, harmlessly with Cutex:—

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it

into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Then rinse your fingers in clear water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands. In this way, you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

Thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes hang-nails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

With Cutex you can keep your hands well groomed *all the time*.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cutex Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.



Cutex Powder Polish can now be secured in this improved ivory-like tube, at the same price —35c

A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six perfect manicures. Send for it today! Address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set



Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



WHY WE WOULD
RATHER SEE PHOTO-
PLAYS AT PRIVATE
SHOWINGS

Scene: The dark auditorium of a movie palace de luxe.

Time: During a feature film.

The voices speak in the darkness just behind us.

First Voice: Say, Kate, aint it too bad about Charlie Ray?

Second Voice: What'er about him?

Divorced his wife, goin' to marry Theda Bara.

Honest! Why, Theda's married to Bill Farnum. They're divorced. Say, did'ja see that smash-up them? Ye-ah, faked.

Faked? Sure; Tessie's friend, Jennie, works as an extra over at the Fox studios, and she says that all that stuff is faked.

Yuh cant believe nothin' you see, can you?

Nope, and that night stuff. All faked, too.

You mean it didn't happen?

Ye-ah, happened, but in the day time. They painted in the night. Jennie told Tessie so.

Who painted it, Charlie Ray?

Nah, use your brain, Kate, the guys in the developin' place. Gee, some dress that dame's wearin'!

You said it. But I dont care.

'Bout the dress?

Nah, 'bout Charlie. I'd leave my happy home for him any day.

HOW COULD THEY GET ALONG?

A problem play without a door.
The persecuted heroine without a bed.
The villain without a cigaret.
The vamp without a clinging gown.
The ingénue without high heels.
The Western meller without a dance-hall.
The society drama without the other man.

Our idea of doing the impossible is to film the *plot* of the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy!"

Our favorite subtitle: The End.

The more we read of what exhibitors say about the pictures they play, the more we wonder how on earth the photo-play advances a-tall. List to these choice comments from exhibitors, published in *The Motion Picture News*:

"Under the Top": "Not an animal in it. Business poor."

"The Gypsy Trail": "Another picture like this will finish Washburn."

"Here Comes the Bride": "You have to be a real high-brow to get this. Barrymore acting either a drunk or a nut; hard to tell which." And also this: "Jack Barrymore very unpopular here, nothing to him."

"Prunella": "Nothing to it. 5,000 feet wasted."

Motion picture advertising always has its interesting flavor to us. Take the Outing-Chester pictures, which, according to the advertisement, are intended for:

"People who love dogs and skunks and rhinoceroses."

Personally, we draw the line at skunks, and the magazine owner refuses to let us keep our pet rhino tied to our desk.

And we note a charming Southern accent to the Vitagraph advertising these days. For instance, it refers to "Miss Dulcie From Dixie," as being as sweet as "cane sugah."

Also observe the warning in this dainty announcement:

"This is the model,
Mimi had eyes, such eyes—beware;
Form like Venus, man—take care.
Trust her not,
Stop, look, listen,
She's not an angel.

AS A MAN THINKS."

THE BIG NEWS OF THE MONTH

The staggering announcement that Marion Davies roller-skates every day along Riverside Drive.

Speaking of warnings, Olive Thomas says, via her press agent, that the vampire baby stare is a bigger world menace than the Bolsheviki problem. You're right, Olive, the Bolsheviki merely want to divide up property.

We're going to reorganize our movie baseball team in order to get Clarine Seymour in the line-up. Just imagine Clarine with her vibratory glide, running bases!



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value
of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."



BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."



MAY ALLISON
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."



MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



Freeman's FACE POWDER

Beauty of whatever nationality is enhanced by Freeman's Face Powder—for 40 years a standard toilet requisite. All tints, 50 cents (double quantity) at all toilet counters, or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

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Perfume Co.

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Cincinnati, O.



Free Book
Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

**EASY TO PLAY
EASY TO PAY**

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose from orchestral parts and many other things you would like to know.

You can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice, and soon be playing popular airs. You can double your income, your pleasure, and your popularity. Easy to pay by our easy payment plan.

MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT
Send for free Saxophone book and catalog of True-Tone Band Instruments.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
273 Jackson Street, Elkhart, Ind.

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and let me see what you can do with it. Many of the successful newspaper artists of today earning from \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what you too can accomplish. Please state your age.



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I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Brochure and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.



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Perfection Toe Spring**
Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause
of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.
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Dept. 290, 1328 Broadway (at 35th Street) New York



The Luxurious Louise

(Continued from page 49)

have shelves upon shelves of goods, lengths from ten to twenty yards, and one of the things I'll wear in 'Sahara' is made of wide georgette which I had specially dyed from cream to the deepest cerise. You can buy things of this kind in New York, but not out here. It's the same way about train gowns—the Eastern costumers carry them, but there's no call for many out here, and I do *love* trains. That is why I have a little dressmaker who makes things according to my own designs. The shaded chiffons look beautiful in a picture, even tho their colors are not seen."

As she talked, her chin always tilted upward, a little habit Miss Glaum has, her intelligent eyes shining sympathetically, her smile encouraging one to stay and chat, I studied this girl who has been registering vampire "impressions" for so long, and whose whole being is so utterly feminine, motherly and domestic. You see, Louise Glaum's real life is entirely different from her stage conceptions. She loves housekeeping, likes to stay alone with a fire, a good book and Runtie, and has risen bravely out of the chaos of heartaches caused by her divorce and business mismanagement.

"It was very hard at first," said Louise. "You see, I had always been romantic, and when I married, I had pictured a life of home-making and domestic bliss. I was always idealizing home, husband and even tiny happenings."

"Do you think that very early marriages are a mistake? Is it because people marry too young that they tire of each other?"

"No, I don't think it's that—for you remember how many old folks we see who have lived together forty or more years happily, and who married in their teens. I think it is because, in this business, we become tired, strained, we are flattered; if we are a little weak we are misled by those who flatter us; we may become irritable, temperamental—and then a sudden word, a lack of self-control—we meet some one who appears to be more congenial—well, it all spells divorce," said Miss Glaum very seriously.

Never has Louise Glaum looked so well, happy or childlike. Her skin is very clear, and the color in her cheeks isn't from a rouge-box. In private life she doesn't use make-up, as most of us do nowadays. Her hair is the shiniest brown, rolled over the ears, softly coiled in back, and peeping out under a very new and stunning brown straw turban. Turbans seem *made* for Louise—any shape or size is becoming to her.

"Yes, I'm very happy now, happier than ever in my life," said Miss Glaum in answer to my question. "I've gained much knowledge, I have philosophized and learnt that loss is often gain. It was hard at first to realize things—and I used to wish that I might die; I couldn't see much joy in just acting and then going home and finding no family life such as I had dreamed of. But now—I would

not go back to the old past. If I ever marry again, he will be a homely man, good, very intelligent, domestic—but not a man in the profession. He may be a business man or in any other profession but not in mine. When I say homely, mean of that type which is so intelligently homely that one says after a time 'Isn't he a splendid looking man?' But you see I'm idealizing and dreaming again. Somehow, I feel that I won't be making a second matrimonial mistake, tho."

"And what of your subsequent plays?"

"I'm reading magazines, books, in fact anything suggested or sent to me. Just about the time I wire an option to New York, some one else seems to have gotten there first. You see, I want plays that are true to life. People aren't shocked at reading domestic tragedies in newspapers; in fact, they seem to hunt those out particularly. It has been the custom too long to bar from the screen anything like the vivid sufferings of women who err in one direction, but are good at heart and who come thru all right, or else die before their regeneration, but still winning the sympathy of the audience.

"I want to do the *real* thing—I want to live the women who suffer nowadays. It's not real to be sinless—none of us have reached that stage. The thing which matters is how we make use of our experiences, how we can teach others, sympathize with them, understand their motives. No one of us who condemns can know what she might have done under just such circumstances. I am always analyzing complex characters—whether in books, in newspapers or in the plays submitted to me. I want to understand the effect environment has on others, ruminated this clever star.

"Your desire in that direction is going to carry you pretty far around the world, isn't it? You seem always to be carried to foreign locations—it ought to be mighty liberal education," I ventured.

"Yes, and I hate shams, too. I was real camels when I do a desert scene, not an inserted Pathé bit from a travelogue. I want to be where the sand is thick, not on the lot with a few toes shoveled in. We went to Oxnard desert this last time and, while we used a wind machine for the sand-storm, everything was very realistic otherwise, including the bad camels who wanted to chew the members of the company, and who did succeed in biting the negro attendant arm very badly."

"Have you tamed your peacocks?"

"I hate to admit that they are the most horrid, unruly, disagreeable birds I have ever saw. They simply won't do what you want. They screech and run, and, when it's necessary to use them, the chauffeur catches them and has to hold them until we get started. In fact, for 'Sahara' we hired trained birds who stood by calmly. I do love my peacocks just because I'm strong for bright colors."

(Continued on page 72)



Enid Bennett

in "Partners Three"

Enid just made a "lucky strike" with the sledge she is now shouldering. She looks "tight fisted" in the picture but this break of luck should change matters.

Paramount Picture

Miss Enid Bennett is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



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(151)

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The Witness for the Defense

(Continued from page 42)

—so that he could drink himself into beastliness without fear of being seen and reported to the Home Office. No, I do not remember what we quarreled about this time. It really does not matter, does it? I ran out of his tent into the jungle and waited there for hours; then when I thought he might be asleep I crept back, and I found"—she shuddered thruout her delicate frame—"I found him—on the floor—with the knife sticking up—"

The words died down to a whisper which the eager listeners—the greedy scavengers of society who always flock to a murder trial—leaned forward to catch. Questioning and cross-questioning failed to shake her story, and she was excused, to sit, with bent head and stilly folded hands, seemingly indifferent to what went on about her, or to what was said. A native servant was called and thru an interpreter he testified that he had heard "Missie Sahib" say that she would like to kill her husband. It was the very afternoon before the murder. The Sahib had killed her bird—a little yellow bird she had brought with her, on her marriage, in a wicker cage. The Sahib was drunk, oh yes, very drunk of a certainty, and when he was drunk he liked to hurt helpless things. Once there had been a child got in his way—

But the judge refused to listen to further loquacity and excused the man, who salaamed and disappeared. A stir went round the room which Stella Ballentyne, sitting absorbed and motionless in an isolation of spirit, alone did not seem to feel. She had threatened to kill her husband then—it looked bad, very bad.

Then from nowhere apparently a lean English figure rose and made leisurely way to the witness stand. Harry Thresk took the oath and leaning nonchalantly on the rail began to speak in crisp, definite periods.

"On the night before Curtis Ballentyne and his wife went to the jungle—a week before his death to be exact, I was at his house—"

Stella Ballentyne looked up slowly as if his words had roused her from her trance of misery. Her face was swept by a dull creeping red stain; she bent forward, staring.

"During the course of my call," Thresk continued, imperturbably, "Ballentyne gave me a packet and asked me to deliver it to the authorities at Calcutta, saying it was the picture of the famous outlaw Gunga Dak. And as he gave it to me he told me that he felt that his life had been in hourly danger from some one of the outlaw's friends. His exact words were: 'There hasn't been a day since I had it that I haven't had the sensation of having a knife stuck into me wherever I go.' He was in actual danger of his life then, and—later—"

There was a moon that night. It drenched the garden of the consulate with a cool glow, like daylight in dreams. It seemed to wash the air free of the hot

scents of spices and white dust a human bodies, clean from old superstitions, old sins. In the pale light Stella Ballentyne's hair was full of odd glimmering little sprays of flame. She held out both hands to meet Harry Thresk's, and he felt them quiver in his fingers. "How can I thank you?" she asked, her voice like a muted string. "It was you who saved me. I owe you my life, for if I had not been freed I should have died."

"Then," the man said almost harshly, "I am going to ask my reward. Come with me, Stella, and let me make it up to you for all these years."

She drew her hands away and turned from him, resting one pointed elbow on the balustrade. The spray of roses that touched her white shoulder trembled though in a strong breeze. "I cannot come to you," she said finally in a spent voice, "because, you see, it was true—I did kill Curtis Ballentyne."

Silence. The Southern Cross above their heads burned red. The man leaned to her. "It makes no difference."

"You cannot understand because you aren't a woman," Ballentyne's widow cried out desperately; "you do not know what a woman has to endure, with degradations—tortures—refinements of shame! He always made me go to the jungle with him and sit close by while he became a beast with a beast's delight. And then my bird"—her voice caught raggedly on a sob—"I brought it from home, from England—it was all I had of the old life, and he killed it deliberately before my eyes and laughed when I screamed. I said then that I would be glad to kill him, but I didn't mean to. I only wanted to get away—once I tried running into the jungle, but he came after me and hunted me like a wild beast through the mud and swamps and brought me back, so this time I thought I would kill myself. There was a knife on the table, but it was so ugly—and I was afraid to die. It was as though a hand was holding mine back; then he came, and he sneaked at me, and tried to take the knife away."

She leaned her cheek on her hand, staring into nothingness with wide, mournful eyes. "I struggled to hold it, for suddenly seeing his face so close, feeling the touch of him, I knew that I was not afraid any longer and that if I could get the knife I would escape him. He had been driving—his foot slipped and he fell, driving me down and driving the knife into my back—Oh!"

Harry Thresk looked down at her covetously, at the soft curves of the white throat, the nape of the neck where the hair curled in little gold-colored rings like a baby's. How beautiful she was and how he wanted her! "Stella," he said steadily, "forget everything but the picture, and come to meet it with me. This is why I told that story. I knew you killed him, while I told it—but I wanted you and I must have you!"

"So that was why," Stella said slowly

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might have known. Men don't help a woman except for pay."

"And do I get my pay?" Thresk asked. "You've been honest with me, now I'll be honest with you. I can't marry you—I've got a wife or two living, and besides I've got a bad marriage habit, it doesn't suit my temperament. But I'll be good to you, and I've got money, you can have anything you want."

Stella Ballentyne touched the rose on her cheek with absent finger tips. "There is no other man—" she said slowly, "there has always been another man, from the time I was a child and I were tiny children. His name is Dick Hazelwood—but his father was ambitious for him, and sent him away from home. He is in politics now, and of course he could never marry me—but I've always loved him and I always shall."

Harry Thresk felt baffled as though a door had been shut in his face. The set of his jaw tightened and unnoticed lines sprang out in his cheeks. "You're going back to England?" he asked roughly. "You're leaving India?"

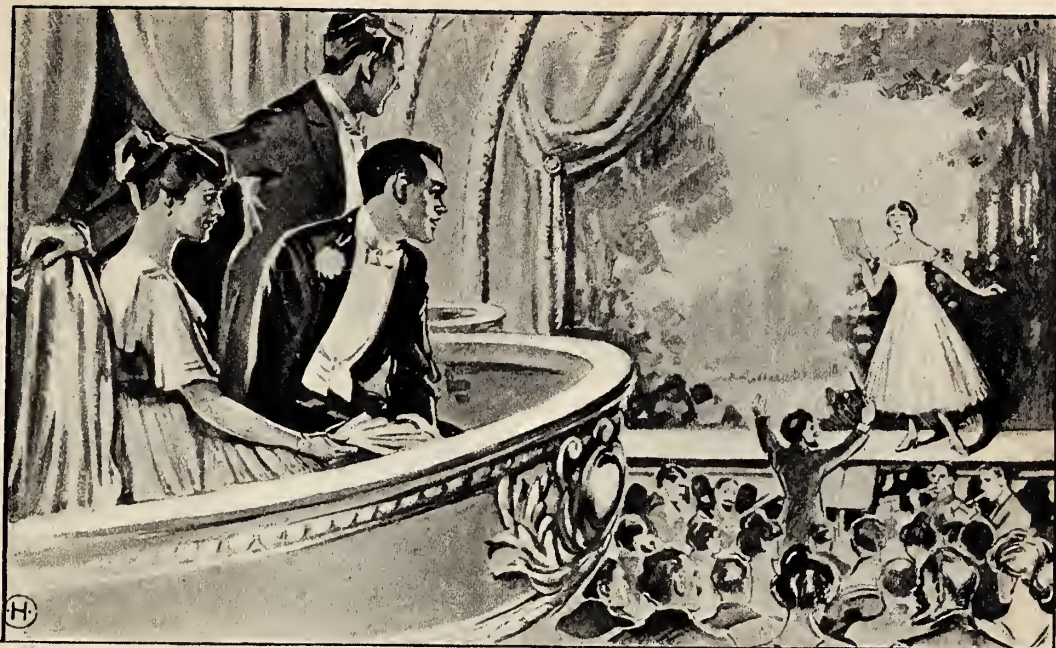
"Yes, oh yes!" she panted, "this terrible, terrible land! Corruption wreathed with roses! Smiling sin! And always the temple bells ringing—ringing—"

England. England with the mists over the lush green meadows, English larks calling above, English daisies and daffodils. England and sheep bells and the voices of the children on village greens. England and the kindly English faces and the voices of her own countrymen like music in her ears. Stella Ballentyne lived among the well-remembered scenes vividly, as a spirit might that had died once it had known them, grateful for the blowing of the fresh winds and the salt tints on her fevered soul.

The neighbors who had known her when she was a little girl greeted her simply, as though no dreadful years had come between them, and she knew they could not have heard of the thing that had released her and sent her home from exile. Her grandfather's house was tenantless and she had it opened, cleaned and made ready for her. From the old window where she had often knelt in her little childhood she could look out across the lawn of the Hazelwood estate with its century oaks and hedge run wild. The brick house was shuttered and forsaken. She heard that Dick, now a member of the House of Commons and spoken of with hushed breath as a possible prime minister, was coming down for a month's rest before the summer was gone. Before that time, she told herself, she would have made some definite plans and gone.

Each week she assured herself—"Next week I will go." But still she lingered, letting life glide by her like a tranquil river that had left her stranded in this backwater of peace. And so in the course of time the shutters of the silent house next door were flung open to the street, and one golden morning she looked out of her window to see a tall, lean figure in white flannels leaning negligent

(Sixty-five)



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Sole Makers

(3079)

arms on the hawthorn hedge as he puffed contentedly on a short briarwood pipe.

There was a sprinkle of grey in the brown curls she remembered, new lines about the mouth and eyes, but she was near-sighted to them. Wisdom whispered to her to pack her bag and go up to London by the morning train, but she made no motion to obey. In the looking-glass she questioned her reflection eagerly and unsatisfied with its sombreness added an audacious cherry ribbon at the back, fluffed out the prim bands of honey gold about her temples. She was pale, and hesitated over the rouge-pot, but pushed it aside with a sigh.

"He has forgotten," she told herself with wildly beating heart, "I am Stella Maywood any longer, but Stella Ballentyne—and then, perhaps he has heard—"

But Dick had not forgotten, and he had not heard of the dark days that separated them. With his warm, hearty hands clasping hers and his blue eyes alive with the echo of the old look she had needed of the rouge-pot. As naturally as one who picks up a book that has been tossed aside they took up the old relationship unconfessed but telltale in every quickened glance, in half-drawn sighs and broken words.

"Just one more day—I have a right to one more day!" she begged of her conscience when she knelt in the window, gaze out over a midnight world, hot cheek pressed against the cool pane. "I'll have all my life to suffer in; just one more day!"

Once, indeed, she tried to speak to him of her marriage and its shame and misery, but the words faltered on her lips in dread of seeing the horror that a telling must stamp upon his face, a withdrawal of his eyes. And so she went on, clutching desperately at each moment of happiness until the inevitable end.

"I've always loved you, Stella," she whispered against her hair. "Once we were our parents separate us, and delay our happiness, but nothing on earth or in Heaven shall keep you from me now."

She quivered to the memory of his touch, the feel of his lips on hers as he sat hours later in the darkened drawing room staring into the pitiless face of the future with desolate eyes. So self-isolated was she that she did not hear the foot steps that strode up the walk, nor the tall, jaunty figure that stood presently in the door of the room. It was not until he spoke her name aloud with a certain sinister meaning in the lengthening elaboration of the syllables that she started up with a slight scream and touched the light button on the wall. Harry Thresk's handsome, dissipated face sprang out of the darkness like an apparition of evil.

"Mrs. Ballentyne," Thresk said evenly, "I hope I am not intruding?"

She brushed aside conventions, and included. Her face was suddenly stark and pinched. "What do you want of me?" she whispered.

He laughed. "What I wanted in Bombay—yourself. Oh I know I have a rival—the landlady at the inn was so quacious, but I fancy I have cards that will beat his."

She laid her hands on her breast. "You would—tell—him?"

"If you force me to by your obstinacy." He came closer, laid his hand on her sleeve. "But after all, why spoil things? Leave his illusions and come up to London with me tomorrow. The season is just beginning on the Riviera. There are many places—a whole world full where we may go without recognition and be happy!"

Stella Ballentyne shook his hand from her with a gesture of repugnance. Her face held a strange light behind its pallor.

"No!" she cried in a ringing voice, "I shall not go with you, and you shall not tell him. I will tell him myself—tell everybody. There is no happiness that can come of dishonesty, I have not drawn an easy breath in months, but tomorrow I shall be a free woman again before all the world!"

"And you imagine that a rising young member of Parliament will be willing to marry a self-confessed murderess?" sneered Thresk. "My dear girl, when he knows of your notoriety he will flee you as if you had the plague!"

"I would not let him marry me if he wanted to," Stella said slowly. "that is past and done with. But I shall live the rest of my life without concealment. After all it is better for the body to be in prison than the spirit . . ."

"Perhaps," another voice said quietly, "you will let me decide for myself what I will do with my future."

They turned, startled to meet Dick Hazelwood's level, tranquil gaze. "Stella," he said, and there was actually a little laugh running thru the words, "I know all about that affair in Bombay—have known it all the time, but it means nothing more to me than that—he held up his hand. Stella, eyes like blue stars, moved toward her lover.

"You love me enough to believe me when I say it was not my fault?"

"I love you so much," said Dick Hazelwood very simply, "that I know that you could do nothing wrong."

Wrapped in their own joy, they did not notice when the figure of the other man slipped like a discomfited shadow out of the room and out of their lives into the darkness where all shadows go.

Eugene Pallette is back from Kelly Field and is assigned to support Emmy Wehlen at Metro. He was always a reliable actor, and we're glad to welcome the man with the name suggestive of oil-paints rather than grease-paints back to the silver screen.

Rhea Mitchell is leading with Monroe Salisbury. Vera Stedman is keeping the family name alive at Universal now, Marie Walcamp is doing terrible stunts in the 'steenth instalment of "The Red Glove," and Truman Van Dyke, her leading man, has just annexed a car.

(Sixty-seven)



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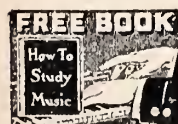
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The Gown Quest

(Continued from page 38)

"used to make a great fuss over the trips abroad in search of 'Paris gowns' but out on the Pacific Coast we think nothing of running over here when we need something new."

I loved the way she said that—"running over here."

"Any one would think," I said, "that you were speaking of coming over the Hudson from Hoboken or trolleying across the East River from Long Island City, instead of crossing the continent."

"Among the many things motion picture actresses learn," said Miss Barriscale, much amused, "is that distance is nothing. We actually forget there is such a barrier as miles. Mont Cristo said, 'The world is mine!' We don't feel exactly that way, but we do believe that the world is our playground and workshop. Sinbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe and all the other great travelers had nothing on us, for we are apt to be told that we must leave for South Africa tomorrow and I am sure nobody would show the slightest surprise and no one would ask, 'Where do we go from here?' but no doubt some one would inquire 'What time do we start?'"

"So, you see, New York is only a little way from us. However, we would not make the trip so often if it were not for the gowns, and lingerie and hats—and, oh! everything to delight a woman's soul, except the gorgeous fruit, and flowers, and trees, and climate of California. The latest in art—that's New York; but the finest in nature—that's California. Understand the difference?"

"I think I do," I replied, as I noticed for the first time the details of the artistic creation worn by Miss Barriscale—a rich dark-blue silk-velvet dress and coat with which she wore a smart black hat with an uncurled ostrich feather of blue, wound about the crown. The effect was in perfect taste, yet striking.

"You said just now," I said, wondering where she got that stunning costume, "that you have come 300 miles to New York for a gown. Was it really one gown or was it two?"

"To be exact," replied Miss Barriscale as she reprimanded a straying lock of that wonderful mop of curly golden hair, "I should say lots of gowns—at least a dozen."

"If you make a practice of coming to New York on shopping tours, you must have quite a wardrobe," I suggested.

"Wardrobe, did you say?" asked Miss Barriscale. "Why, I have a room filled with nothing but clothes. I have hundreds of gowns and expect to have hundreds more as times goes by."

"I have dozens and dozens of pairs of slippers and shoes of every description."

(Continued on page 74)

(Sixty-eight)

Shot at Dawn

(Continued from page 31)

felt the impact of her sinewy right arm, and the first thing he knew he was staggering away in the arms of his much discomfited companions.

It is useless, after that, to remark that Miss Dawn is fond of outdoor life and that she is very athletic. You don't go around registering uppercuts unless you are pretty sure that your muscles are in very fine shape.

You will admit, too, that you must have the courage of your convictions to confess that you are a Mormon. Well, Hazel Dawn is a Mormon, and she admits it. In fact, she fails to understand why any one should be surprised when she says that she goes to the Mormon church here regularly.

Of course, she does not practice polygamy. She has not even gone so far as to adopt even one husband.

Well, to begin with, it must be explained how Miss Dawn came to be a Mormon. She was born in Utah—Ogden, to be explicit—and her parents were members of the Mormon church. Miss Dawn and her sister used to sing in the choir and go on concert tours in between services.

It seems a far cry from a church choir to a risqué farce or a motion picture studio. But Miss Dawn is one of five talented sisters and, in the natural course of events, they all went to Europe to have their gifts perfected. One studied the violin, (that was Miss Dawn), another the 'cello, and so on, and they all learnt to sing. And now they have a home-grown orchestra, with soloists and everything.

One day Miss Dawn's teacher asked her why she didn't invade musical comedy. She made her first appearance in London.

That was the beginning of it all. Then "The Pink Lady" came along, and Miss Dawn had all the qualifications, violin and all, and she was imported right back to her native country.

Some hawk-eyed motion picture man saw her and she was snapped right up for the screen, making her debut in "One of Our Girls," a Famous Players production. And then, after a while, life for Miss Dawn was just one picture after another.

Perhaps you have been wondering why you have not seen Miss Dawn lately on the screen. Well, you will soon, if all goes well. That "if all goes well" is entirely up to Miss Dawn.

She explained it all in her dressing-room the other day at the Eltinge Theater, where she has the leading rôle in the farce "Up in Mabel's Room."

"The sort of work I love best of all is certain phases of picture work. There is nothing that appeals to me so much as working in the open, or exteriors, as they are colloquially known. I love to get up on a brisk, bright morning, tramp miles across the woods or drive way out into the country, and there begin while the day is still fresh."

(Sixty-nine)

Now it is up to some enterprising young literary genius to supply Miss Dawn with the right kind of a story. Otherwise Miss Dawn won't be able to begin her days exactly right.

Who Put the True in Truex?

(Continued from page 33)

do what he has done—but more deliberately intellectual . . . without the impedimenta of straight comedy—the mustache, the shoes, etc. . . . He doesn't want to have limitations, this Truex. He wants scope . . . room . . . breathing-space . . .

He is tremendously glad, he told me, of the new way in which the stage is coming to be regarded, has come to regard itself. An actor used to be sort of a freak, he said, stared at everywhere, hardly human. Now, actors are become businessmen. With methods. With dignity. With little or none of the, to him, offensive calcium. Even with commercialism, which doesn't in the least infringe upon their artistry—on the contrary—

"This standing about the clubs," said Truex; "drinking . . . gosh! Or going about in cafés as something of a side show. I don't see it. My profession is my job and I'm going to make good on it—I've still a long way to go and I'm going—but I'm merely an ordinary human being earning my bread and butter, and not anything to lose an eye over."

One does not blame him for being a Family-Man when one regardez-vous photos of said family. The delectable, refreshing photos of Mrs. Ernest—and Philip and Jamie. One mentally accredits him with just that much more sound sense. One envies him in a manner of speaking.

"My boys and I are pals," said Truex, with enthusiasm delightful to behold; "I'd rather be with them, doing things with them, than with anyone I know. I like to think they feel the same. They're pretty much the whole show with me. When I built my house at Great Neck both Mrs. Truex and I built it for them, around their comfort and convenience. We all do things together. Talk everything over. We're an awfully happy family. My mother, who was my pal thru all my first strivings, lives with us, and every one is pleased. There's nothing like it."

I asked him if he would like to see small Jamie, or Philip, or both, become actors later on.

"Why not?" he asked; "with the profession what it is, and what it will be then, if they love it honestly, if they make good on it—why not?"

Thus Ernest Truex. He is obviously awed by what he calls his "good luck." He is having one splendid time out of everything and everybody. He is quite gorgeously in love with life. Life is quite extravagantly in love with him. For the rest—why not?

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Redhead

(Continued from page 30)

into a law-abiding citizen—who had suffered all things . . . endured . . .

His coffee was bitter and black. The place was musty and crowded. He got up and walked out.

She was waiting for him when he got home. "I saw you at the Claridge," he said. The words stuck in his throat and stabbed him.

"Roly Gard met me," she said; "he begged me to have some tea with him. I felt lonesome and so I did. I hope you dont mind."

"Lonesome . . ."

Matthew coughed portentously.

Daizie stepped over to him. "Matt," she said, "after all it doesn't make much difference whether you do mind or not. We're quits."

Young Thurloe took on a grass-green tint. Daizie tried not to see, tried still harder not to believe.

She waited for him to speak, to cuss her verbosely and picturesquely. He remained greenly still.

"You see," she rushed on, "your Uncle Parker w-wants you back. I agreed with him. You're not happy, Matt, and you are straight now. You'd be happier . . . with your own . . . he offered me money. I—of course I told him I wouldn't sell my husband. I told him, tho, that I agreed with him in the main. That it would be all right . . . quite all right. You—Matt, you will be happier . . . back with your own . . ."

Matthew came to. He came to volcanically and tempestuously. The red blood chased away the green pallor. He gave sort of a leap, sort of a lunge. He had her in his arms. He appeared to be devouring her in the most famished sort of a way. He was muttering into her scarlet hair. "My own," he was saying, with ferocity, "my own . . . eh? What are you, then? Answer me . . . what are you? You are my own . . . you are my own . . . tell me you are . . . tell me you are . . . tell me, then, that you will be!"

Something that sounded like "I will, oh, I w-ill . . . I am . . . I always was . . ." came from the shoulder her head was jammed against.

Young Matthew gave a loud, exultant laugh. It had a note of savagery. "This is life, by heaven!" he shouted. "This is life, my mate!"

"And love," said the girl, "and love . . . and dreams . . . come true . . ."

The delirium was still on them when Uncle Parker 'phoned to say that his money would go to a Home for Stray Cats, or something of the kind, unless it was to be shared by "that damned, all-wool and a yard wide Redhead of yours."

Robert Anderson seems to have been rushed into luck. He's been employed ever since he was in "Hearts of the World," and as soon as he finishes "The Light," with Allan Holubar, he's to be starred in two-reelers at Universal.

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The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

(Continued from page 22)

public has yet learnt to recognize as a guide to the probable merits of one of the hundreds of fly-by-night films.

But even in the star, the screen has no tremendous advantage over the stage. Everybody sees him. Keokuk doesn't have to be content with a "number two company" of inferior players in Rialto or Strand Theater screen success. If the screen was organized like the stage, Tom Ince would have to make the production of "Breed o' Men," with Will Hart, for New York, and then get together another bunch of wild Westerners, probably with Roy Stewart or Harry Carey in the lead, and make the same thing all over again for Keokuk. And unless Ince did this about half a dozen times, Pasadena wouldn't see "Breed o' Men" with any sort of company at all until 1921.

It seems unfortunate that the stock company, the basis of the cheapness and expertness of the repertoire theater's acting, should have partially disappeared from the studios. In the early days the only way the screen could get reasonably good actors at reasonable salaries was to rent them for a comparatively long period. But as more and more stage players flocked to the studios and productions grew longer and took weeks instead of days to make, the producers began to drop the stock company and fall back on individual engagements. Even here, however, the studios are wise enough to retain certain actors, minor and major, for a number of productions, and the players themselves know that the length of their employment is not dependent on the success or failure of a particular vehicle. This means that, tho the player may have to make his wage cover a sort of insurance against involuntary vacations between productions, he can work for less than when he hires out in the roadway guessing contest.

In some ways the distribution of films, once they are made, is inferior in business efficiency to the routing of Broadway successes over the touring systems the "legitimate." There is no control, for instance, of over-production. But the fact that the local theater manager in the movies has still some control over what he shows to his patrons, even in the case of "star series" contracts, gives him the chance to make his house a place of distinctive and dependable entertainment. By careful choice and some added expense, he can make his house in any senses a true repertoire theater. He can play quality always. He can show the obviously popular film and the one with the great name for a longer run and he puts in good but less "touted" films for shorter terms. And he can make his theater a repertoire theater by giving the cheap-rental reissues of old successes.

Of course, the matter isn't really quite so simple as that. The theater manager himself doesn't always appreciate his op-

portunities and the movies are too young to have produced a real body of screen classics which can stand revival. Fox's press-agent once got out a blurb about the million-dollar library of films which his employer was planning to present to New York City. As a matter of fact, that library is coming some day. But equally as a matter of fact, there wouldn't be a great deal to put in it if it were here now.

There would be something, of course, and there are certainly a lot of interesting productions that the theater manager can sandwich into his regular bookings. He does sandwich them in, as a matter of fact. There were the Biograph reissues of a couple of years ago, some of the splendid work that Griffith did in the early days, things like that Pueblo romance in which Mary Pickford played a little Indian girl with an art that she hardly touched again till she did "Stella Maris." Nowadays the "W. H. Productions" take the place of the Biograph peddlings. Hart in two reels and Chaplin and Normand and Conklin make up the stock of popular reissues today. The Hart dramas mostly seem as crude as the Keystones seem good. But they are worth seeing for all that. They bring back pleasant memories. They have sentimental associations. They certainly demonstrate the progress of the screen. Why does no enterprising theater manager preface his new showings of Hart with one of these reissues and a little, well-worded message on the progress of the old favorites?

Anybody who thinks there is both entertainment and incentive to progress in the revival of old plays, old books and old films must regret that the two-reel drama had so short a life, that it died before screen art came to its present perfection. (Comedy, thank fortune, still comes in small packages, and old Keystones can still rejoice the ventripotent.) The difficulty of repertoire now—and more so for the future—lies in the shortage of the short. A theater manager may—and I think should—revive five-reelers as the principal feature of his program; he should revive Griffith's best film production, "The Avenging Conscience," and such photoplays as "The Escape" and "The Midnight Stage" and a well-edited and well-printed "Cabiria." But in ten years, unless fashions change, he will have a difficult time to find short fillers to show again. We aren't making them. We are too hopelessly wedded to the standard-length, five-reel picture. The short story of the screen is gone and the only chance that the future manager will have of filling up his program with a short reissue is the chance that some astute company will edit down a lot of our puffed-up and padded-out "features" to the two-reel length so many of the stories deserve.

But perhaps the answer for the future
(Continued on page 80)

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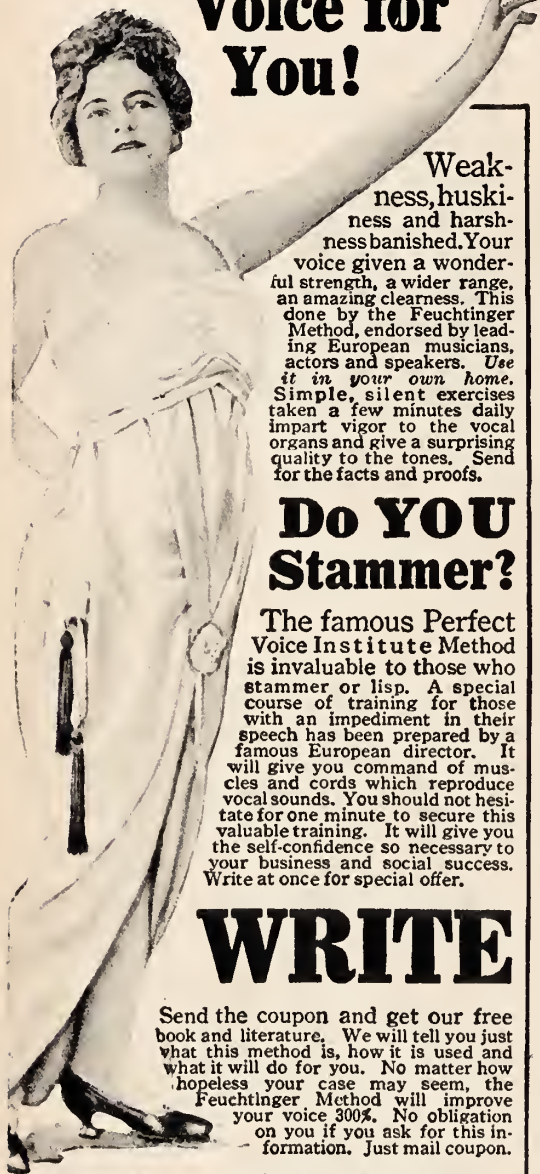
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The Man Who Turned White

(Continued from page 55)

and beyond, leaving the little group about the table gasping. The older couple were voluble with indignation, Captain Beverly reminiscent, but Ethel sat silent, staring down at her twisted hands.

When Arthur Rand strode from the hotel into the quivering noonday his only thought was to escape. Fanina, lurking in the shadows, crept to him, but he put her aside blindly and strode on to the shimmer of heat. She watched him, thick lips drawn back in a snarl; then, turning, she plunged into a bypath. If she could not have him, no other woman should, that was sure.

Hours or moments he had been striding over the shrill sand, he did not know which, when the sound of hoof-beats behind him drew his glance, and in spite of himself a cry burst from his lips. "Ethel! What are you doing here? Ethel—why did you come—"

She sprang from the horse, brushing the soft floating hair from her eyes. "There is no time—the tribesmen of Ali Zaman have been warned—they are coming to kill you!" He felt her quivering against his side. "A native woman—oh, she laughed when she told me!—she said I should never see you again. Arthur, we must go—the horse will carry double—"

He sent a quick glance across the plains and laughed softly. "It is too late. See?"

Out of the blinding east a billow of sand was rolling, and thru it gleamed the shine of spears, the flash of white robes. Arthur Rand caught the girl up and set her upon her horse. "Good-by, dearest among women! Look you, I am already as one dead—would you kiss me just once before you go? If I could take your kiss with me—"

Her lips were on his, warm, quivering, her voice in his ears. "If you stay, I stay, O my lord and master! I will not live without you."

Even as she spoke a bullet screamed across the sands and brought the horse whimpering to his knees. He snatched the pistol from his belt, sending an answering shot to meet the onrushing horde. In a flurry of sand they drew up behind a sand dune and seemed to be discussing their next move. Rand touched the girl's hand reverently. "You have flung away your life for me."

But she only smiled divinely. "I have found my life," she whispered.

When Beverly came upon them, five minutes later, Rand had just shot his last cartridge, and already the white-clad forms were swarming across the sands, but their yell of triumph changed to fear as they saw the newcomer, and once more they drew back behind the dune.

Rand's eyes met Beverly's steadily. "What are you doing here?" They might have been in some quiet English club instead of on the savage brown desert, with Death crouching a stone's toss away.

"I came to—pay my debt," the other answered slowly. "I've played the

coward's part long enough. I'll die man at least if I haven't had the courage to live like one. When I found out back in town where you'd gone I followed as quick as I could get here." His face twisted curiously as he turned to the girl but he spoke clearly, rapidly. "Miss Lambert, I lied an hour ago when I said Rand was caught cheating at cards."

was—it was I who was the cheat, but Artie here took it upon himself, because once back in the Soudan I'd pulled him out of the way of a nigger's spear. It's a bit late, my telling now, but not too late please God! My horse will carry two and I can hold these gentlemen here few minutes, at least until you can—

The clump of desert shrub spat flame and Beverly fell, smiling debonairly, their feet. Rand snatched the pistol from the outflung hand, drawing the girl down behind the body of his one-time friend.

"We could never get to the horse now," he groaned, "yet—oh, my dearest, somehow I can't be sorry that you shall go this way, together, with you knowing I was not all unworthy—"

Behind the billow of sand a shrill sound rose and keened along the sky mournful, ineffable. She laid a steady hand upon his sleeve. "Is it—Death?"

"It is Death," he answered solemnly. But they were wrong—it was Life.

Across the sands a squad of English mounted police came galloping, the sending showers of sparks from the bright brass buttons, and already the Arab band was fleeing before them with shrill screams of terror into the quivering noon. The leader of the rescue drew rein, leaving his squad to follow the fugitives.

"Well, sir," he smiled, "it looks like we'd come just about in time—"

Then, looking into the faces of the man and girl whom he had saved, he grew silent, and, turning, tiptoed away and left them alone together with a strange tug of awe. For their faces wore the look of those who have won thru death to peace and joy that lies on the other side.

The Luxurious Louise

(Continued from page 62)

and barbaric splendor, and because think they are sort of mysterious animals, but I can't tell you they are pet for they are not, and probably never will be, ungrateful things!"

Just imagine the girl who can emit until you are all shivers and thrills, who has always played parts which lead away from Friend Husband, and who seemed to live in an atmosphere of gorgeous frocks, male adulation and queen power, preferring her own lonely fires with a wee bull-dog for company!

But when you've talked with Lou Glaum—you understand just why, she's a perfectly unaffected, womanly sincere bit of humanity.



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Her business is making folks happy—making them laugh,
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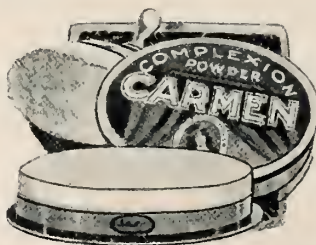
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Those Shelby Girls

(Continued from page 35)

old finery and frocks was used by Mary recently and sent to a little girl in Louisiana, the old home state of the Shelbys. There are more requests for these beautiful outfits than the girls can grant.

And, "no foolin'," April first was Mary Miles Minter's natal day—a day on which the Shelby girls gave a big house party with a dinner dance and lots of "April Fool's Day" conceits and jokes. This will be the last opportunity to give a birthday feast in Santa Barbara, it seems, for Mary has definitely refused to sign another contract with the American Film Company. She thinks that three years of hard work in a small town ought to be followed by a lot of travel, with its educational advantages and possibilities for foreign shopping, its freedom from the aggravating Kliegs, and rest from eye-strain.

So this year of peace is destined to be an eventful one for the fascinating Shelby Sisters, and on their return next fall *quien sabe?*

The Gown Quest

(Continued from page 68)

tion, the same number of hats, gloves—lots of fans, and with all these never have enough, for no director could permit a gown which has been worn in one picture to be used again for another. Motion picture fans would detect the economy at once. Of course, we may wear a screen gown in private life, but most of us don't. I never would feel quite comfortable in it, for I would fancy that everybody I knew would say, "You remember that gown—she wore it in 'Two Girls and a Cradle'." Then, too, I know I couldn't help feeling that the eye of the director was on me."

"But isn't all this very extravagant?" I asked.

The lovely blonde lady shrugged her shoulders in the most approved Parisian style.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" I exclaimed. I forgot, that expense, like distance, is a mere nothing to you children of the screen!"

"Oh, I am not as extravagant as that," answered Miss Barriscale, "or when I am not working in the studio or on a location, I like to feel that I am a nice, sensible, domestic person who wouldn't know the smell of yellow and lavender paint if they were right before my eyes.

"I am leaving for Los Angeles in a few days, all tired out from going to shops and fittings and trying on lovely Parisian gowns and hats, but I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I am coming back, too, the first chance I have between pictures."

"Not to get more gowns?" I asked.
"Of course," said Miss Barriscale.

(Seventy-four)

How to Increase Your Will Power In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Quickly Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between \$50,000 and \$70,000 a Year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He was hard up for money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young, growing company for \$1,000. Based on the earnings of the Company the stock offered me was easily worth \$5,000—in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months at a profit of \$4,300.

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could no more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars! And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began several months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of \$20,000 during the first year. I raised the money easily, paid back every penny I borrowed, and had \$30,000 left at the end of the first year! To date, in less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over \$200,000 and is now earning between \$50,000 and \$70,000 a year. Yet for twelve years before, the company had been losing money every year!

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow \$20,000 to invest in a business which had previously failed, after being unable to borrow \$1,000 for an investment that seemed secure?" It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—**WILL POWER**.

When the first proposition came to me I passed it by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went from one friend to the next and all turned me down. Several refused to talk business with me at all. They all liked me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to one of them. I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an old excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the world except my lack of Will Power or rather my weak Will Power, which kept me from getting what I wanted.

When I heard that the man sold

them shares at a profit of \$4,300, it seemed that my sorrow could not be greater. That profit was just about what my salary amounted to for four years! But instead of grieving over my "hard luck," I decided to find out why I was so easily beaten in everything I tried to accomplish. It must be that there was something vital that made the difference between success and failure. It wasn't lack of education, for many illiterate men become wealthy. What was this vital spark? What was this one thing which successful men had and which I did not have?

I began to read books about psychology and mental power. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite—nothing that told me *what to do*.

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very title came to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page; including such articles as The Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against Errors in Thought; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past, the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practiced some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game of cards or any sport.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money for twelve years, and which I turned into a \$50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will. I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in will power.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of success except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or their superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for little, money counts for nothing, opportunities are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work, "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack that something which they cannot define, yet which holds them down to the grind of a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute

necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may do so without sending any money in advance. If after one hour you do not feel that your will power has increased, and if after a week's reading you do not feel that this great book supplies that one faculty you need most to win success, return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only \$3, the small sum asked.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain head of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
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How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Powers.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to set your Will.
How a strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
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How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

These are only a few of the many subjects treated.

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(3093)

Quaker Oats

The Delicious Flakes

A Mansfield of the Follies

(Continued from page 23)

love riding. Now, nothing can compare to that. I love animals and sug anyway."

"M-m-m-m. And what else, Ma Mansfield?"

"Oh!—California. The flowers, fr sunshine, contentment, universal lack of rivalry, peace, calm, and t darling little, inexpensive bungalov Oh, and the sunsets. It was like livi in a world made by Joseph Urban—the way those gorgeous colors ca and surrounded us. California is y heaven! I do not want it any differ than that—ever. Only I want it wh I'm alive and when mother can e with me.

"It is two years ago that mother ad I were there. I was playing oppos Max Linder at the time. It really vs lots of fun. We had many a pic out of it—and much exasperation, t. Mr. Linder never had a director. e was a natural born, funny, unrestrain comedian. And as he could not spok a word of English and I knew lite French, it was indeed difficult tryg to act, when I hadn't the least ica what it was all about or what it vs that I should do.

"I learnt then, and have seen sire that a good director is everything You can rave a great deal about a movie actress' beauty and charm : vivacity, but if she is without inte- gence, a spark of imagination, and a sympathetic director to bring it all ct, she is nothing and will never get a where on the screen."

"And you were in the 'Follies'? queried.

"Last year in the 'Follies.' I loo the bits I had to do, and in appreciat I tried so hard to do them well. W Frank Carter sang, 'I'll pin my me on the girl I left behind,' I was the do you recollect, in the darling, d- fashioned dress?"

"This season I am in Mr. Ziegfe's two Frolics. The first one I fi playing at nine-thirty, and as I do have to perform again until a twelve, I always take advantage of a spare time and go off to the theater. I is really the only chance I get all w as my days are taken up at the stu Of course, continually dropping in see a show after the second act a begun, is hard, and that is why, inst I have gotten into the habit of go to the movies. I am quite a fan care for pictures—good ones—a g deal.

"Oh, there is no excuse for somo the pictures we see nowadays. Th is not a reason in the world, at this cinema date, for a bad picture—

"Martha talking like that?" Ma Mansfield laughed. "Good heave

All of which I submit for Mr. Aleo Cheney Johnston's attention. An x quisite pastel—yes! But an athlic very real American girl who can th as well.

(Seventy-six)

What the Photoplay Might Do

(Continued from page 17)

see more of the dream-ship, so I am not the only one to have this belief. Yes, I believe the film-maker is afraid of his own imagination.

"This rut, by which producers follow one another, is the most serious fault. Another, to my way of thinking, is the shortness of the individual scenes. Just as you get interested—flash!—and another scene is on or a subtitle appears. Why aren't scenes longer? I know the producers' answer. They say that audiences want speed and that long scenes would cause them to lose interest. That was true when the photoplay was young, animated photography was wretched and the eyes quickly became tired. Is it true now? Bear in mind, I am not stating this as a truism. I am merely asking it because it is the way the present-day film play affects me.

"Possibly it may seem that I am looking down upon the screen. In reality, I think that the film balances up very well with the spoken play. I see that folks are talking about the commercialism of the photoplay, just as they have always talked about the commercialism of the theater. Which is rot!

"Everything successful is commercial. To exist a thing must make money. And if it doesn't exist it certainly can do no good for any one.

"I shall always regret that the stage did not hold Charlie Chaplin. What a master he is! What a great actor, what a student of humanity! The screen will always go on while there is a Chaplin at its head.

"I should like to see men like Lord Dunsany writing for the films. Surely no one could conceive more vivid scenarios or command a greater mastery of suspense. I suppose it is trite to predict that the day is coming when the Dunsanys will be contributing original stories to the films.

"But, just now, the main thing is courage. The makers of screen dramas must cast off their fears—and venture out into new fields."

Don Pedro de Cordoba

(Continued from page 21)

long ago disused . . . blood over-ripe . . . grapes over-ripe . . . a land supine with its own largesse . . .

One felt one's self seeped in the glamor as Don Pedro spoke of his father, of his birth, of his ancestry. Spoke particularly and especially of the ancestor to which he feels himself to be in almost exact reversion. This ancestor—this sounds Chinese rather than Spanish—was named Don Gonzalvo de Cordoba, and he was known as the Great Captain of Spain. A sort of a Don Quixotish sort of person, if we remember our Cervantes, perhaps with just a bit of Don Giovanni. This is mere surmise. At any rate, the generations have rolled their inevitable filaments about

(Seventy-seven)



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Don Gonzalvo, and Pedro de Cordoba feels that in him flows not only the blood of the Captain of Spain, but also something of the same spirit, something of the same sympathies. Enough, at least, for him to revive the long-ago Captain and make him live for us, an epitome of the romance of Spain, vivid, swarthy, colorful . . .

To make this even more than a mere probability, there were plays written about the arresting figure of Don Gonzalvo de Cordoba and these plays, in the original Spanish, are even now in the Boston library. Don Pedro has seen them, has even gone into them a bit.

These plays, this Don Gonzalvo, this bringing to America something of Spain that is of it in truth, is what de Cordoba desires to do. But . . .



"One grows so lazy in New York," said Don Pedro. "I should be doing these things now . . . at thirty-seven . . . I should be at least beginning them. I simply do not get at it. I suppose it is largely a matter of the will growing flabby, the line of least resistance. Inertia. Something of that kind. One is moved along so rapidly from one thing to another . . . but plans . . .

"Some day, tho, I shall simply pack my trunks and take my wife and go to Spain and linger there a while, drinking in the old atmosphere, weeding out the old legends, delving into the more intimate records of this great captain of Spain. If I do this I shall feel that I have something to give—that I am ripe—that I am ready. Spain is vivid. It should be made so. It has a wealth of beauty . . . Of course, they will need not only translating, the plays, they will need adapting. They are very old. In the meantime"—he gave his light smile—"I must make a name popular enough to attract. To attract the crowd. They will come, I know, to scoff; they will remain, I hope, because they will like it."

The glamor persisted. It was a wrench to come back to the studio, to the insistence of the telephone, to the raucous yells of "Lights!" One found one's self asking why. Don Pedro admitted a greater liking for the speaking stage. Admitted, too, the artistic possibilities of the screen . . . deplored its great existing commercialism, which will not pass away in his day or ours . . . Pictures have been kind to him, he admits. He has been fortunate in his leading women, or rather the women he has played the leads to. He has had, no doubt, the best of them in every way. He loves the out-of-doors part of them, the traveling about.

Past and beyond all these things, he is devoted to his home; to his wife, who is little more than a bride; to the inner things which go to the making of life when life is earnest and real and worth while.

One left the Talmadge studio feeling the contact of a personality quite detached from all outer considerations, murmuring to one's self over and over again that "soft, meandering Spanish name . . ."

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Standing Room Only
(Continued from page 25)

anything as uncomfortable as catastrophe, it would be that some one might somehow make the mistake of calling him a type actor.

In time, however, I found that Mr. Standing has refreshing views on many other subjects. For instance, he is that hitherto unmet individual, a leading man who is *not* extravagant. He bewails the fact that so many actors forget that their \$600 a week engagements do not last forever. He believes that while the sun is shining one should prepare for rain.

In other words, instead of investing his salary in fast motor-cars, in summer homes and unnecessary fads, he puts it in the bank, for even highly paid picture engagements do not last forever.

He does not believe in being so ambitious that one does not take time to live. As Shakespeare says, "Vaulting ambition, which overleaps itself."

He thinks that a woman who wants a career should not marry, and especially not a man in the same profession. He says that a woman who requires the applause of her creative powers, of her charms or her personality, outside of her own home, will do well to remain single.

Many women, he says, mistake their longing for praise for a sign of great genius, and throw aside the love of a good man. Possessing no more than mediocre ability, they seek that will-o'-the-wisp—worldly fame.

Mr. Standing believes that most men want their wives to be fully occupied taking care of them, and where a husband and wife follow the same profession, jealousy of one another's success is bound to creep in and cause friction.

Wyndham Standing has played in pictures both in California and New York, and wherever he goes his wife accompanies him. Mr. Standing considers New York more ideal to *work* in than California, that state being too enervating, too conducive to dreaming and not doing.

In farewell, I repeated several compliments I had heard of late concerning Mr. Standing's acting as leading man to Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick.

The tall, well-groomed actor agitatedly mapped out some hieroglyphics with his cane on the Famous Players-Lasky Company's immaculate Persian rug.

It was plain that he was seeking that proverbial grain of salt.

"That's awfully good of them, mighty good," he said. An embarrassed pause, and then, "My wife is the only person that tells me the truth. It is refreshing!"

The Frohman Amusement Corporation is launching a new series of comedies, to be called Poppy Comedies. Mack Swain, the famous Ambrose of Keystone days, is featured.

Fred Warren is now vice-president of the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, retiring as vice-president of the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation.

Charles Pathé, head of the house of Pathé, is visiting in this country.



A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

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A Star Who Really Did Her Bit

(Continued from page 26)

a mighty need for nurses, and Miss Storey, with many other young women volunteered. These volunteers served from eight at night to eight in the morning in the city's overflowing hospitals.

One might think that these things would constitute a day's work. But not for the girl ambulance driver. The wounded boys in khaki must have amusement and recreation and the ambulance move the soldiers to and from the theaters at night. This means that the chauffeur turns in her ambulance at about one o'clock in the morning.

Brief furrows find Miss Storey at her country place at Northport, L. I. Here she busies herself about the garden and "just relaxes." Sundays usually bring her brother, Dick, home and there a family reunion. Dick is in the navy and the pilot of a submarine chaser. And not the least member of the Storey homestead is a Belgian Red Cross doctor found wounded on the roadside in Flanders by an American ambulance driver. Altho he was gassed in rescuing the doctor the driver got the animal to safety. And he later gave the dog to Miss Storey.

Is Miss Storey going to return to the screen? She's too busy yet to make plans. "Besides, ambulance driving isn't nearly as wearing as starring in the photoplay and it's a thousand times more fun," protests Miss Storey. "We all try to give the boys a good time—and you can bet none of them will ever forget an ambulance if I can help it."

Will they forget?

Just wait until these wounded lads see Miss Storey on the screen again! Just wait!

The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

(Continued from page 71)

is a different length of program rather than of play. Perhaps we shall be given a full evening's entertainment instead of half a one. Perhaps we shall get back the idea on which the Triangle started—minus the \$2 price—two five-reelers at one two-reeler. Already a few towns such as Boston, are putting two features on a program. It isn't a very good answer right now, because we haven't got enough good long films or even enough good films to prevent one of the two five-reelers being a bore. On the other hand when we have got a few more classics as good as "The Avenging Conscience," "The Escape," "The Submarine Pirate," "The Coward" and "The Cheat," will this double bill of the old and the new be the way out? The theater manager will get a longer entertainment for a little less per hour, and he can charge considerably more for it. From the producer's point of view, it will mean a longer life for each production that is really good. All these things, with old memories thrown in, are surely sound from the viewpoint of the movie fan, as sound as the European theater, which will in some degree resemble.

(Eighty)

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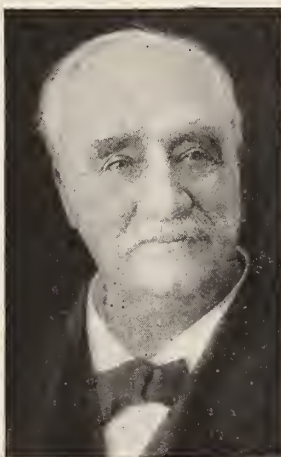
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A Hale Fellow Well Met

(Continued from page 43)

calling themselves 'Famous Players' had been organized, had hired an old barn on Thirty-fourth Street and were going to make pictures. 'Why dont you try for a job?' he said. 'They say there's good money in it.'

"Nothing doing," said Creighton Hale, and was rewarded shortly by an engagement to play at the Criterion Theater with John Mason in "Indian Summer."

Pictures slipped his memory until, again on Broadway, he ran into House Peters. Peters oozed prosperity. His overcoat was of the latest cut, his hat obviously new, and he wore yellow gloves that had never seen the light of day before.

"What's the matter?" said Hale. "Find a gold mine?"

"No," said House, ponderously, "I am playing in pictures."

Such prosperity was not to be slighted, the young Irish lad decided, but he wasn't at all sure he would like pictures nor that he would be a success in them. So to try them out he secured a part as an extra under an assumed name. He played in a Virginia Pearson production in which Theda Bara was also an extra.

"She was queer even then," said Hale, dryly.

What he saw of pictures did not impress him mightily, for he decided to remain in the spoken drama. Only to have Frank Powell, then a director for Pathé, see him on the stage, take an instant liking to the young man with the blond hair, seek him back-stage and induce him to go into pictures in earnest. Hale appeared successfully in "The Taint," "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Romance of Elaine." Some of his most likable successes were attained as co-star with Gladys Hulette in Pathé pictures. At present he is co-starring in the new Capellani series of pictures with June Caprice. He is especially interested in their first production, "Oh, Boy," the original rôle of which he created on the stage.

Creighton Hale's chief fad is horses. "Now mind," he cautioned, "dont say I enjoy my horses. But I do like to ride, and I know how a horse should be bridled and handled. I have played around with them ever since I was a kid."

He is a clean-minded young chap, a member of the Lambs and, while he is an excellent actor, he is not one with the hectic glow of Broadway.

He has an infinite respect for the intelligence of his audiences and bewails the fact that directors feel they have to pound home every point in a picture drama.

"The great trouble with pictures today is that they leave nothing to the imagination of the audience," said Hale.

"I'm sorry I haven't any wild, thrilling story to give you. I am just I, you see," he said, in parting.

But we, we weren't sorry to have met a real human without any stagey foibles.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



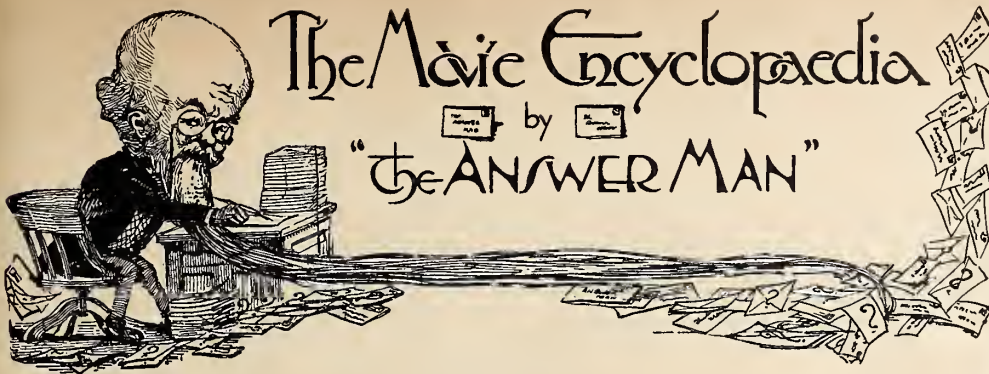
To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

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BETTER WAGES
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

OWEN MOORE FAN.—Greetings to you this fine spring day. Yes, summer will soon be among us, and let her come, say I. Sure I wear B. V. D's. Owen Moore is with Goldwyn. Thank you.

GOSH DARNED LATIN.—You want to know who would be victorious in a wrestling match between Bill Russell and Warren Kerrigan. Well, I've shaken the hand of both, and I kinder think Big Bill has the stronger grip, altho Warren is no child. Seena Owen is Tom Moore's leading woman in Basil King's "The City of Comrades." - Owen, Tom and Matt Moore are brothers.

N. J.—If a man is satisfied that he is doing well enough, he will never do any better. Wake up and then brace up, so you will cheer up. So you dont care for the Houdini serial. I think most of the players will send their pictures to their admirers. All you have to do is to admire and tell them so.

MARCIA P.—Enjoyed your letter very much. Join one of the correspondence clubs. Thomas Santschi is to play in Anita Stewart's company. A few years ago he was known as one of the greatest of our stars. To be progressive, my dear, never recall incidents in your past life unless they are pleasant. Ernest Truex and Louise Huff in "Oh, You Women." And may God bless them.

OLGA 17.—Howdy! And now you like Charlie Clary. O fickle one! You may not be vain but you are a weather vane. Glad you are happy. Happiness is the shadow of contentment and rests or moves forever with its original. Suppose you will be glad to know that Charles Murray has signed a new contract with Mack Sennett Company. He's really funny, isn't he? And a poet, too.

R. M. C., CANADA.—There's always a first time for everything. Welcome to this department. Vivian Martin is not married, but Kitty Gordon was. My dear, dont ask me the cause of their divorce; it's on record, but not on mine. Irene Castle in "The Firing Line," taken in Miami.

RED.—What you say reminds me of the fellow who had no sense in his head, no cents in his pocket, and a powerful scent in his breath; he was, of course, sent to the watchhouse. You say my face is very red. Once in a while, but not often. Of course I know there is no one like me. Nature never duplicates. You say as a boss I must be horrid. Not at all—altho I've never tried being one, except over my cat, my dog and the office boy. Norma Talmadge is not Jewish.

IMINLOVE WITHYOU.—After reading Red's letter yours was a dream. So it's Wanda Hawley you love. School days will soon be over, but remember education is to the mind what cleanliness is to the body; the beauties of the one, as well as the other, are blemished if not totally lost by neglect; so you must not cease educating yourself just because there's no school. There is much to learn every day without books.

MARY W.—You neglected to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the list of manufacturers.

LITTLE PAGE.—Crane Wilbur in "Devil M'Care," with Juanita Hansen opposite him. Harry Northrup, he of the expressive eyebrows, will play opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Fear Woman." You flatter me, Little Page. I don't think Florence Nash ever played in pictures. Wasn't she great in "Remnant"? Vivian Rich was with Universal last.

Fuzzy Wuzzy.—Why, memoirs are a species of historical writing, tho not strictly constituting history. President Wilson's ancestors on both sides were Scotch-Irish. Oh my word! William Hart is not married. You want more interviews with Fritz Remont as the interviewer. Editor, please page Fritz for more copy.

ANABELLE.—Watch your step, because the error of an hour may become the sorrow of a whole life. Mary Miles Minter in "The Intrusion of Isabel." Dustin Farnum in "A Man in the Open" and Kitty Gordon in "Playthings of Passion," (United). Kathleen Clifford was born Feb. 16th, 1894. Yes, she is very artistic.

NAZIMOVA, THE SUBLIME.—Enjoyed your literature. Read enough but not too much, because no book will ever bring you the waters of that secret fountain within yourself. See July 1918 Magazine. No to the Elliott Dexter question. Arthur Ashley is back with World in "The Social Pirate." Jack Barrymore in "The Test of Honor."

ALLENBY.—Why, the scenery used for setting the picture stage differs from the scenery of the dramatic stage by the absence of color. They can never be quite sure how colors are going to photograph. Peggy Hyland, English; Herbert Rawlinson, English; Mary Pickford, Canadian; Olga Petrova, Russian; Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese; and Alla Nazimova is Russian. Billie Burke has re-signed with Famous Players.

ROSALEE M.—Permettez moi to say that if you saved thirty cents every day, in fifty years you would have saved \$28,512. Try it and see if I'm not right. Carlyle Blackwell, World Film Co., New York City. You ask, "Is it so that Theda Bara is a devil"? Lordy! Lordy!

HELEN M.—Constance Talmadge is taller than Dorothy Gish. Keep him. Not every young wife can be her husband's first love, but she can be his last—if he dies soon enough. Pardon me, until I answer the phone. . . Well, I'm back. Earle Williams is married and very happy.

ALYS L. G.—No indeed, our Celluloid Critic never suffers from indigestion and is always in the pink of condition. The girls here call him "Freddy" and he's really as good looking as I am—and that's going some swift. You speak highly of Conrad Nagel's playing in "The Lion and the Mouse." You say the man who has taken one wife deserves a crown of patience, and the man who has taken two deserves two crowns of folly. Quite right if he takes them all at once.

ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—Write Tony at Los Angeles, Cal. Why, Galli-Curci was filmed by Universal. Ruth Roland's serial "The Tiger's Trail."



Yes—one real "movie" IDEA will put your name there!

So acute is the demand for new photoplay plots that the leading producers are only too glad to recognize good, original "movie" IDEAS—no matter where they come from! Never before were such big rewards held out to new writers with new ideas and a knowledge of photoplay construction.

Literary talent or genius is *not* essential. Ideas, developed intelligently, count for *everything*. One of the world's highest screen authorities—Cecil B. deMille, Director-General of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—in a remarkable letter to the Palmer Photoplay Institute, says:

"I have no doubt that the amateur creative mind can be trained and developed under proper systems and competent teachers. . . . From what I have seen and heard of the Palmer Plan, I may say that I regard it as probably the most efficacious method now in existence for developing the amateur creative mind; while your Manuscript Sales Department, it seems to me, is certain to be of benefit not only to photoplay authors but to producers as well."

The Palmer Plan is not a mere book nor a "school," nor a tedious correspondence course. It is a concise, clean-cut *plan* that shows you how to put your "movie" ideas and plots into actual, *cashable* form. It is the perfected work of Frederick Palmer—a recognized master of photoplay construction—the man who in 9 months wrote 52 produced scenarios for "Universal."

Mr. Palmer takes your bare "movie" idea, just as it is, shows you what is good about it and what is weak—and helps you to rebuild it, if necessary. And this Personal Advisory Service, mind you, is *only one* of the practical advantages brought home to you by the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing.

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If you want to know how you, too, can acquire the "knack" of successful photoplay writing; if you want to know the top prices (\$100 to \$1,000) being paid by producers for acceptable plots—send today for our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Reveals the Palmer Plan in detail—shows the benefits of our Personal Advisory Service and Manuscript Sales Department—explains our iron-clad, money-back, Guarantee—shows how you, too, can turn your "movie" ideas and plots into money. Send for your copy today—it's *free!* Mail the coupon NOW!

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Beauties from Every Land Enter Contest

(Continued from page 51)

CONTEST finally selected the eighth honor roll to include:

Carolynn Brooks, of 918 South 16th Street, Birmingham, Alabama. Miss Brooks has had considerable experience in college plays. She was born in Alabama, has blue eyes, dark-brown hair and is five feet six and a half inches in height.

Toots Sandell, of 4406 Tennessee Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Sandell has been in vaudeville and musical comedy. She is a blonde type, with blue eyes, and is five feet four.

Evelyn Jewel Poutch, of 611 Western Parkway, Louisville, Kentucky. Little Miss Poutch, who is just thirteen, can dance, sing, swim, dive and ride horseback, which ought to make her popular with almost any director. She was born in Louisville, has hazel-brown eyes, bronze hair and is exactly five feet in height.

George W. Smith, of 975 South Hoover Street, Los Angeles, California. Mr. Smith is one of the few genuinely handsome men to try THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST. The judges have almost come to the conclusion that all the good-looking chaps are already in the movies or that the country's masculinity is hiding its light under a bushel. Mr. Smith has been in stock. He has dark-brown eyes, dark hair and is six feet tall.

Beatrice Ellen Levey, of 19 Suffolk Street, New York. Miss Levey is now employed as a cloak and skirt model. She was born in New York, has dark-brown hair and is five feet four inches in height.

Marie Josephine Stadler, of 548 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn. Miss Stadler is now employed as a sample model for evening gowns. She has posed for Harrison Fisher and her portrait has adorned many of the leading magazines. She has dark-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet five inches in height.

Minnie Gaynor, of 42½ Richelieu Street, Quebec, Canada. Miss Gaynor has appeared in amateur productions. She has dark-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet three. She was born in Toronto.

Here are some important things to note:

The contest is drawing to a conclusion!

The closing date of the contest has not

yet been decided upon, but it will be announced in both THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.*

Try not to send hand-colored portraits.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury now includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....
Address..... (street)
..... (city)..... (state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....
When born..... Birthplace.....
Eyes (color)..... Hair (color).....
Height..... Weight.....
Complexion.....

(Eighty-four)



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"I can sincerely recommend 'LASH-BROW-INE' as a splendid preparation for stimulating and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. I use it regularly with most satisfying results. Sincerely, Fannie Ward."

If nature has denied you the price-less heritage of long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows it is now quite possible for you to have them if you will apply a little

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persistently for a short time. Miss Ward and many other stars of the screen and stage, as well as women prominent in society, all use and highly recommend this efficient preparation, which nourishes and promotes the growth of eyelashes and eyebrows, and so adds greatly to the charm and beauty of the eyes and face. Will you not try "LASH-BROW-INE"?

"LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and endorsed by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America. An invaluable aid to beauty. Thousands have used it successfully. Why not you? TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.

Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and our Maybell Beauty Booklet, "The Woman Beautiful," prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. SATISFACTION ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED.

The wonderful success of "Lash-Brow-Ine" has caused the name to be imitated closely. There is only one genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine." Avoid imitations. Remember the full name—"Lash-Brow-Ine."

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are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

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"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet.

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What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life**; for, if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Unfortunately, few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair;

nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (96 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 110, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40 St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Genuine Photographs The Stars' Best Pictures

Art Acord	Mary Fuller	William Norris
Viola Allen	Helen Gardner	Harry Northrup
May Allison	Grace George	May Noudan
Mary Anderson	Maud George	Wheeler Oakman
Mignon Anderson	Neva Gerber	Eugene O'Brien
The Three Andersons	Margaret Gibson	Kathleen O'Connor
Madlyn Arbuckle	Dorothy Gish	Patrick O'Malley
Roscoe Arbuckle	Lillian Gish	Marie Osborne
Edward Arnold	Louise Glaum	Muriel Ostriche
Arthur Ashley	Agnes Glyn	George Ovey
Edwin August	Myrtle Gonzales	Alfred Page
Helen Badgely	Edna Goodrich	Virginia Pearson
King Baggot	Huntly Gordon	Ann Pennington
Leah Baird	Ethel Grandin	Ethel Pepprell
Thea Bara	Valentine Grant	George Periolat
Bessie Barriscale	Evelyn Greeley	Mme. Petrova
Ethel Barrymore	Dorothy Green	Larry Peyton
Lionel Barrymore	Jane Grey	Dorothy Phillips
Beverly Bayne	Corinne Griffith	Jack Pickford
George Beban	Texas Guinan	Mary Pickford
Kingsley Benedict	Crichton Hale	Eddie Polo
Harry Benham	Ella Hall	Harlan Pollar
Belle Bennett	Carol Holloway	David Powell
Enid Bennett	Harry Ham	Tyrone Powers
Dorothy Bernard	Elaine Hammerstein	Arlene Prety
Sam Bernard	Genevieve Hammer	Geo. Probert
Sarah Bernhardt	Octavia Handworth	Margaret Prussing
Francella Billington	Kenneth Harlan	Edna Purviance
Carlyle Blackwell	Gladys Hanson	Billie Quirk
Hobbrook Blinn	Junia Hanson	Zoe Rae
True Boardman	Alma Hanlon	Margorie Rambeau
Mary Boland	Mildred Harris	Herbert Rawlinson
Hobart Bosworth	Robert Harron	Charles Ray
Rowland Bottomley	Neal Hart	Joseph Ray
Alice Brady	Wm. S. Hart	Billie Reaves
Sylvia Breamer	Sessue Hayakawa	Kittens Reicher
Mund Breese	Martin Held	Wallace Reid
Donald Briss	Baby Helen	Hamilton Revelle
Gladys Brockwell	Hobart Henley	Billie Rhodes
Billie Burke	Violet Heming	Billy Rich
Hattie Burns	George Hernandez	Jack Richardson
Charlotte Burton	Geo. Hollister, Jr.	Cleo Ridgeley
Mac Bush	Helen Holmes	Blanche Ring
Francis X. Bushman	Stuart Holmes	Billy Ritchie
Robster Campbell	Taylor Holmes	Edith Roberts
Jane Caprice	Donald Holt	Theodore Roberts
Harry Carey	Gloria Hope	Florence Rockwell
Francis Carlyle	Arthur Housman	William Rogers
Jewel Carmet	Louise Huff	Ruth Roland
Augustus Carney	Gladys Huette	Alma Ruben
Nan Carter	Ilean Hume	William Russell
Mrs. Vernon Castle	Irene Hunt	Gordon Sackville
Barbara Castleton	Peggy Hyland	Marin Sais
Lina Cavaliere	Margaret Illington	Monroe Salisbury
Riley Chamberlin	Arthur Johnson	Ernest Shields
Charles Chaplin	Thelf Johnson	Marie Shotwell
Syd. Chaplin	Rita Jolivet	Pearl Sinden
Mary Charleson	Alice Joyce	Vera Sissons
Virginia Chester	Rupert Julian	Marguerite Snow
Naomi Childers	Bertha Kalish	Marion Soushine
Ina Claire	Gail Kane	Geo. Soule Spencer
Charles Clarey	Darwin Karr	Jack Standing
Marguerite Clark	Frank Keenan	Frances Starr
Ethel Clayton	Ralph Kellard	Marshall Steadman
Marguerite Clayton	Annette Kellerman	Myrtle Stedman
Kathlyn Clifford	Dorothy Kelly	Vernon Steele
Ruth Clifford	Harry Kelly	Ford Sterling
Ivy Close	Madge Kennedy	Emily Stevens
George M. Cohan	Doris Kenyon	Ann Stewart
Jose Collins	Jack W. Kerrigan	Luella Lee Stewart
Lillian Concord	Anita King	Roy Stewart
Chester Conklin	Henry King	Ruth Stonchouse
Guy Coombs	Mollie King	Edith Storey
Bigelow Cooper	Winifred Kingston	Wm. Stowell
George Cooper	Ollie Kirby	Valeska Suratt
Miriam Cooper	Henry Kolker	Edna Sweet
Bobby Connelly	Florence La Badio	George Sydney
Virginia Lee Corbin	Frank Lanning	Mabel Taliaferro
Jos. E. Corrigan	Jane Lee	Constance Talmadge
Dolores Costello	Katherine Lee	Rose Talmadge
Helen Costello	Bob Leonard	Ethel Tear
Maureen Costello	Sheldon Lewis	Barbara Tennant
Wm. Courtleigh	E. K. Lincoln	Rosemary Tenny
Marguerite Courtot	Max Linder	Oliver Thomas
Jane Cow	Anna Little	Dave Thompson
Edward Coxen	Harold Lloyd	Mary Thurman
Nell Craig	Harold Lockwood	Fay Tincher
Sally Crute	Lillian Lorraine	Harry Todd
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Hazel Dawn	Cleo Madison	Charlotte Walker
June Day	Mollie Malone	Lillian Walker
Julia Dean	Mildred Manning	Lewis Waller
Eleonora De Cienegos	Enid Mark	George Walsh
Adelle De Gard	Fania Marinoff	Henry Walshaw
Carter De Haven	Mae Marsh	Lawrence Walton
Flora De Haven	Boyd Marshall	Fannie Ward
Marie Doro	Mary Martin	Helen Ware
Donna Drew	Vivian Martin	Robert Warwick
Mrs. Sidney Drew	Shirley Mason	Lucile Watson
Sidney Drew	Mrs. Mary Maurice	Lois Weber
Nicholas Dunesaw	Edna Mayo	Emmy Wehlen
Wm. Duncan	Frank Mayo	Billie West
Jeanne Eagels	Lois Meredith	Winifred Westover
Edward Earle	Violet Mercereau	Glen White
Julian Eltinge	Earl Metcalfe	Walker Whiteside
Julian Eltinge	Frank Mills	Alfred Whitman
(as woman)	Mary Miles Minter	Clair Whitney
June Elvidge	Rhea Mitchell	Crane Wilbur
Arthur Guy Empey	Tom Mix	Clara Williams
Howard Estabrook	Owen Moore </td <td>Earle Williams</td>	Earle Williams
Bessie Eyton	Tom Moore	Kathryn Williams
Douglas Fairbanks	Polly Moran	Ben Wilson
Fairbanks Twins	Lee Moran	Margorie Wilson
Dustin Farnum	Antonio Moreno	Tom Wise
William Farnum	James Morrison	Eleanor Woodruff
Geraldine Farrar	Harry L. Morey	Clara K. Young
Frank Farrington	Carmel Myers	Marguerite Marsh
Irene Fenwick	Harry Myers	Lady Tsen Mei
Edna Ferguson	Jack Mulhall	Joe Moore
George Field	Andrey Munson	Jane Novak
Romaine Fielding	Ann Murdock	Helen Phillips
Flora Finch	Mae Murray	Norma Phillips
Marguerite Fischer	Charles Murray	Pauline Starke
Courtney Foote	Mary Nash	Glen Swanson
Francis Ford	Nazimova	Jane Vance
Allen Forest	Frances Nelson	Gladys Leslie
Tom Forman	Anna O. Nilsson	Lila Lee
Harry Fox	Mabel Normand	Bert. Lytell
Pauline Frederick	Robert Gordon	Mary McAllister
Betty Blythe	Henry Gessell	Katherine McDonald
Leah Briscoe	Hale Hamilton	
Catherine Calvert	Mahlon Hamilton	
Ora Carew	Raymond W. Hatton	
Helen Chadwick	Wanda Hawley	
Marjorie Daw	Clara Horton	
Bebe Daniels	Anna Luther	
Grace Darling	Bessie Love	
Priscilla Dean	Gladys Leslie	
Madge Evans	Lila Lee	
Eleanor Field	Bert. Lytell	
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The Extra Girl Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer

(Continued from page 57)

few minutes he was a willing victim, and Zena plied him with liquor to her heart's content. When he became pleasantly uncertain as to his whereabouts, she questioned the contents of a paper he held in his hand and from it learnt that he was the town's leading advocate of prohibition. At this juncture Detective Sims Joseph Conyers arrived and, seeing what had happened to the judge, attempted to arrest Jackie. With the quickness that had been in a large measure responsible for her rapid rise from chorus-girl to leading lady, she swung her bag, hit Mr. Conyers in the eye and disappeared thru the crowd just as the lights went out and a group of the boys captured the detective. Her efforts to find a safe hiding-place led her to the room where Creighton Hale was awaiting the return of June, who had gone home to announce her marriage to the astonished family circle. Since this same "Oh Boy" is a moving picture whose father was a musical comedy, you can let your imagination have full sway in painting the complications that arose.

Next the camera was focused very low, the orchestra started up and the girls began to dance.

"But why—why—?" I gasped to myself, for I had never seen the lens at that particular angle.

I heard a chuckle and, looking up, found "Big Ben" Taggart standing beside me.

"The camera's getting only the line of legs," he explained. "Rather neat? Well, I'll say so."

"Any man would and many men will," was my mental comment.

"Lefty" Flynn, who was leader of the college boys' activities, seemed to pervade the entire cabaret. When he was in charge Mr. "Happy Cappy" gave his instructions and then sat back and looked on with his bland smile. There was no occasion to call "Pep!" or even "Ginger!" The days when "Lefty" was the famous Yale fullback—remember?—are not so very far away, and he still looks out or down upon the world with the enthusiasm of the football hero. In private life he is Captain Maurice B. Flynn, of the aviation corps—and, oh yes, "Big Ben" is a captain, too, and the youngest veteran of the Boer War, for when there is a fight on "Big Ben" just naturally gravitates toward it—but no one ever thinks of him as anything but "Lefty." Now that the war is over, he's going into pictures seriously, and both Creighton Hale and I predict that before many months have passed "Lefty's" face will be smiling down from the walls of boudoirs all over the country. Around the studio Creighton and "Lefty" are pals. "Lefty" looks down upon Creighton from his six feet something and exclaims:

"Gee, but he's a fine kid!"

And Creighton looks down upon "Lefty" from his years of successful starring and smiles:

"Take it from me, old man, you're going to make good."

"Well, I just heard a good one," Mr. Dorris announced one day. "That chorus-girl over there wanted to know what the black-and-white was doing around here. By the way, be thinking up a specialty. We'll need you later."

My next hours were haunted by the specter of that specialty. You will remind me from the kindness of your heart, as did Flora Finch, that the voice does not register. True, but the ears of the two hundred extras were as keen as the male eyes of the studio when the merry tho cold chorus-girls hove into sight. Over it all hung the knowledge that my partiality to perpendicular stripes had placed me in this delicate position and there was no zebra to help me out.

"Hustle up, girls; the cars are waiting," Mr. Dorris interrupted.

Mr. Capellani has machines to take his players from studio to ferry. We all vote it a very pleasant innovation and suggest that the custom become universal.

The next day the air was full of football. By dint of some judicious listening I gathered that as soon as Old Man Winter remembered his manners and the teaching of his mother, Mrs. Autumn, and gave up his seat to Miss Spring, there would be a big football game which "Lefty" Flynn would win just as he won the famous Yale game. (I don't remember exactly how that was, but I'll know after I see "Oh Boy.") If there were only some chance of being invited to the game, but at present the prospect resembles the fade-out in the last reel. The disadvantage of these hints in print is that they come out weeks after they might possibly aid in accomplishing their purpose.

The cabaret ended toward the close of the third afternoon, and Director Capellani transferred his guests to the orchestra seats of the theater set.

"This is where one branch of the family elm becomes a weeping willow," I remarked to myself, as visions of that specialty began to cast fantastic shadows on the retina of my left eye.

"I have some good news for you, folks," Mr. Dorris said, after an interval of ten minutes, during which my black stripes had run into my white ones with all sorts of disastrous results. Was he going to announce my specialty?

"Hurrah, we work tomorrow!" a half-dozen extras cried in one breath.

"No, Mr. Capellani can't get the exact shot he wants today, so you're all thru for good."

How "good" it was he had no idea.

Of course, when I received my three days' check from Mr. Louis Jerkowski, the business manager, I thought it good form to present my regrets at not having had an opportunity to entertain.

"Well, it wasn't your fault you didn't do it," he remarked, encouragingly.

I am still wondering what he would have said if I had.

(Eighty-six)

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The Patrician of the Photoplay
(Continued from page 19)

living of the character. On the stage you play a character straight thru for many nights. It grows, expands, mellows—and you develop with it.

"I find myself absolutely dependent upon my audience. That is why the lure of the stage never leaves me. There is something electrical in the way thoughts flash back and forth between a player and the playgoer."

Miss Ferguson's eyes glowed with interest. She snapped her fingers to express the electric spark as it crackled across the footlights. "The studio's loss of an audience at first seemed insurmountable. However, I soon found my audience in my director. But, if he cannot feel with me, react to my emotions, then I am lost. That is why, it seems to me, that a great director must be a man of infinite, delicately strung feelings."

Miss Ferguson misses the use of her voice, of course. "One thing does seem to hurt," she admits. "It is the way subtitles are flashed upon the screen. One works up to a big scene and, just at its height, a subtitle of spoken words is flashed. Then the scene resumes just where you stopped speaking the words, frequently with the biggest bit of your playing cut out and cast into oblivion."

"I shall return to the stage this fall," continued Miss Ferguson. "I want to go on developing. The stage, as I have said, gives expansion of character thru the very living of a character. But it gives more than that—it gives opportunity to meet and study people, to read and to think."

"There is nothing so restful as having time to be introspective," smiled the actress. "That is, time to sort and arrange my impressions and their reactions upon me."

"When I return from the studio I am infinitely tired. I used to laugh at the idea of the tired business man and his love of light entertainment of the chorus-girl type. But after my months in the studios, I can understand his mood. My eyes are too tired to permit night reading and, when I do feel able to go out in the evening, I want to go to something frothy, something that will rest my numbed nerves. Yes, I am a tired business woman these days."

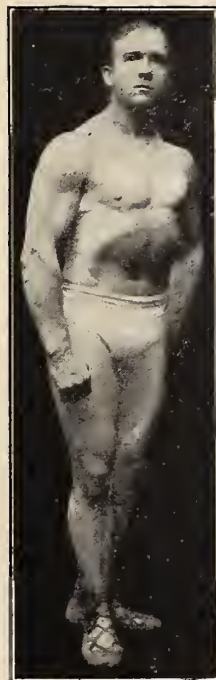
The mere thought seemed preposterously amusing. The fragile Miss Ferguson, at the moment daintily studying her cigaret, seemed far removed from exhaustive work. She was every inch the delicate aristocrat.

But Miss Ferguson smiled. "It is true, nevertheless. But that is not the real reason for my return to the stage, since, like everybody else, I suppose I shall keep up my screen work. It is the lure of the footlights. The mere smell of the theater stirs me."

Miss Ferguson's sensitive nostrils quivered. There was a far-away look in her eyes. "That musty, grease-painty odor of an old dressing-room!" she sighed.

(Continued on page 89)

Would The Law Let YOU Marry?



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WHEN will the people of this country finally wake up to the fact that only by taking care of posterity can it become the greatest of all world forces? There is much agitation all over the United States over the law of Eugenics, and some States have been wise enough to insist upon a medical examination of the two contracting parties to a marriage before a license is issued, and although the propaganda of those at the head of this movement is, perhaps, not fully understood or appreciated, there is no one who can conscientiously deny their sincerity or the ultimate good that would result.

Through the adoption of a law whereby the physically unfit were barred from marriage in every State of the Union, there would, indeed, be a relatively small percentage of the population who would measure up to the standard.

Would You Be One of Those

who were doomed to go through life alone, without the joys and happiness that go hand in hand with a loving wife and strong, healthy children? Would the fact that you have neglected your body, ignored the fundamental principles of health and right living, and failed to make the most of Nature's supreme gift, doom you to a life of single wretchedness and unhappiness?

Our first duty is to posterity. We are not put here by an all-wise Providence merely to live out our lives and then go out, like a snuffed candle. We are entrusted with the sacred duty of perpetuating the species, a duty which is as sacred and immutable as anything might well be.

LIKE BEGETS LIKE is a saying handed down from time immemorial, and no truer maxim has ever fallen from the lips of man. A thin, scraggy, under-developed body, soaked and saturated with poisons which are denied their proper outlet because of functional inefficiency cannot hope to produce strong, healthy children. A man who is torn and wrecked by physical ailments, organic disorders and excesses of all kinds, will some day be treated to the spectacle of his children in a like condition. On the other hand, the strong, healthy, virile man, with a body and constitution that is a replica of Nature's own design, and who jealously safeguards that body and that health, and takes the proper measures to gain and keep them, will some day revel in the sight of offspring that are but a duplicate of himself—a picture of joyous, bubbling, care-free health and strength.

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The Celluloid Critic—(Continued from page 47)

Kay Laurell, whatever you may yet say of her limitations, sinks her own identity in giving a relentless performance. And we ask you to watch for the little differences in detail.

Hearken, ye Marguerite Clark fans! Her latest, "Three Men and a Girl," (Paramount), held over from last summer for some reason or other, is an idyllic little story of distinct charm and appeal. And the Marguerite Clark you and I have loved is here, vivacious and fascinating as of yore. Based on Edward Childs Carpenter's story, "Three Bears," it relates the tale of three woman-hating young bachelors who dash away to the woods to be far from femininity, only to have their paradise invaded by Miss Clark. The inevitable, of course, happens. Richard Barthelmess is delightful as the bear who wins Miss Goldenlocks. The other bears are played by Percy Marmont, who is excellent, and Jerome Patrick, who is heavy and out of spirit. "Three Men and a Girl" is a celluloid bonbon. Micky Neilan, who has Irish imagination and humor, used both in directing it.

Norma Talmadge is advancing gloriously. There is no other word for it. Never was she better—photographically or dramatically—than in "The Probation Wife," (Select). And never was a star more handicapped by a loose and trite scenario. Jo Mowbray, the innocent ward of a woman who keeps a risqué resort, is sent to a home for wayward girls. She escapes and is befriended by a young author, who, to prevent scandal, marries the young woman. Then he promptly thinks himself in love with another woman. But Jo arouses his jealousy and wins him back. Here are two fine old themes joined with part of a third to give Miss Talmadge a varied rôle.

The star is a fairly dazzling Jo, and she overrides the creakiness and weaknesses of the script with fine spirit. Indeed, she gives considerable shading to the development of Jo's character. The screen has its army of ingénues, but we know of no one who can play the matured young woman with the lure of Miss Talmadge. Alex B. Francis presents the rôle of a kindly old friend admirably, while Thomas Meighan is a rather stogy author-husband. A word of compliment to Director Sydney Franklin upon his handling of the star.

When the war ended we had hoped that the spy and the bomb would disappear. But producers have simply changed the Hun into a Bolshevik and retained the explosive. Consider "Boots," (Paramount). This is outrageously impossible melodrama, but it has the finely unrestrained Dorothy Gish and the finely restrained Richard Barthelmess. Dorothy prevents a Bolshevik lady from putting a bomb under the hall wherein presides the king of England—and she prevents the lady after the most vivid feminine fist fight we have ever observed. Barthelmess is a

young Scotland Yard detective. If you can believe that ingénues and Bolsheviks wander around in secret passages under Windsor Castle, or wherever it is that the king mingles with mere plebeians, you can accept "Boots." It has a good measure of Gishish humor.

And again the Bolsheviks appear in "The Woman on the Index," (Goldwyn). In this production Pauline Frederick photographs better than for many moons, while her playing, too, measures up better. The photoplay was written by Willard Mack from a melodrama which attained no particular vogue a year or so ago. A hectic story it is, of a guileless young woman who marries a young thief without realizing his perfidy. When the police are about to arrest him, hubby shoots himself. One of the confederates falsely accuses the wife of killing him, but after a time she is acquitted. Without telling of her past, she marries a wealthy man. Later the very police captain who persecuted her enlists her services as a spy against some deadly Bolshevik agents. One of the agents discovers her past and threatens to tell hubby No. 2. What will she do? But everything turns out well and the wife becomes a regular heroine. Nowhere is "The Woman on the Index" anything but mechanical melodrama. Willard Mack is a studied scoundrel as the Bolshevik agent and Wyndham Standing an Arctic husband.

Billie Burke's "Good Gracious, Annabelle," (Paramount), based on Clare Kummer's light and frothy bit of whimsy, is rather boring. The comedy of the irresponsible Annabelle has certainly gained weight while en route to the screen. Some one is very much to blame. Fantasy has been transferred into fact, whimsy has been taken literally, until a gossamer story rumbles along as lightly as a ten-ton truck. Miss Burke isn't particularly spontaneous anywhere, and the lighting thruout the production is wretched. The Paramount-Artcraft folks should certainly look to their Eastern studio lighting. Picture after picture seems to be suffering in this respect.

After interviewing Elsie Ferguson, we can hardly bring ourselves to the point of criticizing one of her photoplays. But one's duty must be done. "The Marriage Price," (Artcraft), is second-rate stuff. It is an involved story of a wealthy girl who marries a Western Wall Street plunger, fancies that she doesn't love him and discovers, after nearly ruining him, that she does. Miss Ferguson doesn't photograph with her usual beauty in "The Marriage Price." Indeed, something appears to be the matter with the photography. Lionel Atwill makes a rich idler stand out, while Wyndham Standing is his phlegmatic self as the hubby.

Maurice Tourneur has hunted another Drury Lane melodrama to cover in his latest production, "The White Heather." This is all about an unscrupulous Scotch

nobleman who wants to repudiate his marriage to a commoner, and, as the only record is in a wrecked yacht at the bottom of the sea, he almost gets away with it. But the hero and the villain, encased in deep-sea diving attire, fight on the ocean floor, the scoundrel cuts his own air hose by mistake and all ends well. There is the usual beautiful Tourneur photography and the playing of Jack Gilbert as an unhappy young Scot, who loves the heroine in vain but gives his life for her happiness, is most excellent. And the minor rôle of the yacht captain, played by an unknown player, is admirably done.

Anita Stewart's "A Midnight Romance," (First National), doesn't measure up to that star's first photoplay, "Virtuous Wives." Miss Stewart has the rôle of a princess who, upon being shipwrecked apparently off Los Angeles, discards her title and takes a position as a hotel maid. Her adventures, her meeting with a wealthy chap during a stolen midnight bathing visit to the beach, and the efforts of a blackmailing couple to trap the hero form the basis of Marion Orth's story. Miss Stewart simpers thru the story. Jack Holt is the hero and Juanita Hansen, who seems to change companies daily, is the blonde adventuress. Almost the most substantial thing about the story, if we except Miss Hansen, is the hotel background. The director, Mrs. Lois Weber, has apparently commandeered a real hostelry.

George Walsh must certainly save a goodly portion of his weekly stipend. His principal expense is the upkeep of a stalwart suit of B. V. D.'s. "Never Say Quit," (Fox), is another melodramatic panorama of George's shoulder muscles. Herein Walsh plays Reginald Jones, an unlucky youth with a jinx and a penchant for rescuing ladies in distress. He gets the worst of it every time until he lands on a small sailing vessel and rescues the fair young heroine from a mutinous crew. The action is studded with long subtitles—labored bits of near-humor. Producers seem to have the impression that captions can put over any sort of comedy. Here is another instance where they slow up the action, such as it is. This Walsh might do something—in good stories and with good direction—for he has a healthy personality. Florence Dixon reveals promise as the jinx-breaking heroine.

If Bill Hart were only as reckless about getting varied scripts as he is about undergoing a convict haircut! In "The Poppy Girl's Husband" he permits his cowboy locks to be shorn while he portrays a prisoner serving a fourteen-year sentence. He has loved and provided for his wife thru it all, and is quite naturally perturbed on his exit from behind the bars to discover the poppy girl married to the very sleuth who "sent him up." Then Hairpin Harry sets out to get vengeance. It is a gentle revenge, merely the branding upon the fickle lady's face of a picture showing a woman pushing a convict into a convenient grave.

But Hairpin postpones his revenge, for he meets his own little boy and his heart is softened. So he takes the lad and runs away to a place where he lives happily ever after, propelling a canoe thru sunset fade-outs upon a sylvan lake.

All you can say about "The Poppy Girl's Husband" is that C. Gardner Sullivan has devised a craftly scenario—but it isn't life. Mr. Hart, however, is excellent, particularly in the moment on the train when he learns of the poppy girl's perfidy. Juanita Hansen is the lady. Walter Long makes Hairpin Harry's pal stand out splendidly. Georgie Stone, too, is adequate as the little boy.

We award the *Croix le Boredom* of the month to "Johnny Get Your Gun," (Artcraft). This is Fred Stone's third—and most awful—vehicle. Edmund Laurence Burke has tried to fit the comedian with a story, building it around Stone's acrobatic tricks, but the stunts fit into the plot like a bricklayer at the opera. Stone is an interesting example of a player who can't get over in the films. Your eyes actually have to hunt all over the screen for him. Poor Mary Anderson stands out a little, but James Cruze deserves all he gets at the end of Stone's lasso for his French count.

Having the most promising comédienne on the screen, Metro shows its business acumen by providing her with a melodrama wholly devoid of humor. This is the unkind treatment allotted the fair May Allison in "The Island of Intrigue," a dull tale of a wealthy girl kidnapped by a gang of blackmailers. Miss Allison has the worst company of the month.

Everybody is reviving old Charlie Chaplins. Some of them, as the famous Essanays, reveal many flashes of Charlie's 1919 genius.

The Drews' comedies, alas! are no more.

Sunshine Comedies? A mad maze of Sennett stuff done plus speed and minus refinement—or anything else.

The Harold Lloyd farces are certainly advancing with a wallop. They possess more originality and freshness of attack than any of the celluloid comedies of the moment. Consider the breathless fun of "Look Out Below," with its clowning apparently on the upper girders of a skyscraper in construction. Or the snow satire of the Bolsheviks in "A Sammy in Siberia." And Lloyd, who has an original way all his own, has the prettiest assistant on the screen in Bebe Daniels.

The Patrician of the Photoplay (Continued from page 87)

"But they are building so many sanitary modern theaters these days that even that is disappearing. One might as well make up in an insurance agent's office now.

"The truth is, I guess, that one can only love once in a big way," murmured the actress.

"And—" we prompted, hoping for something of a confession.

Miss Ferguson laughed quizzically. "And I loved the stage first!"

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Doesn't that sound romantic and interesting? Yes, it will be devoted to Motion Pictures mostly, but not entirely. It will contain something for everybody. Every copy will be so amazingly beautiful that it will be preserved always as a keepsake. No expense will be spared to make it truly wonderful. The first number will appear in August and you will be duly notified of its coming. All we ask of you now is to remember that you have a real treat coming to you—a royal feast of good things in this wonderful new magazine. We promise it! The publishers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic promise it!

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(Ninety)



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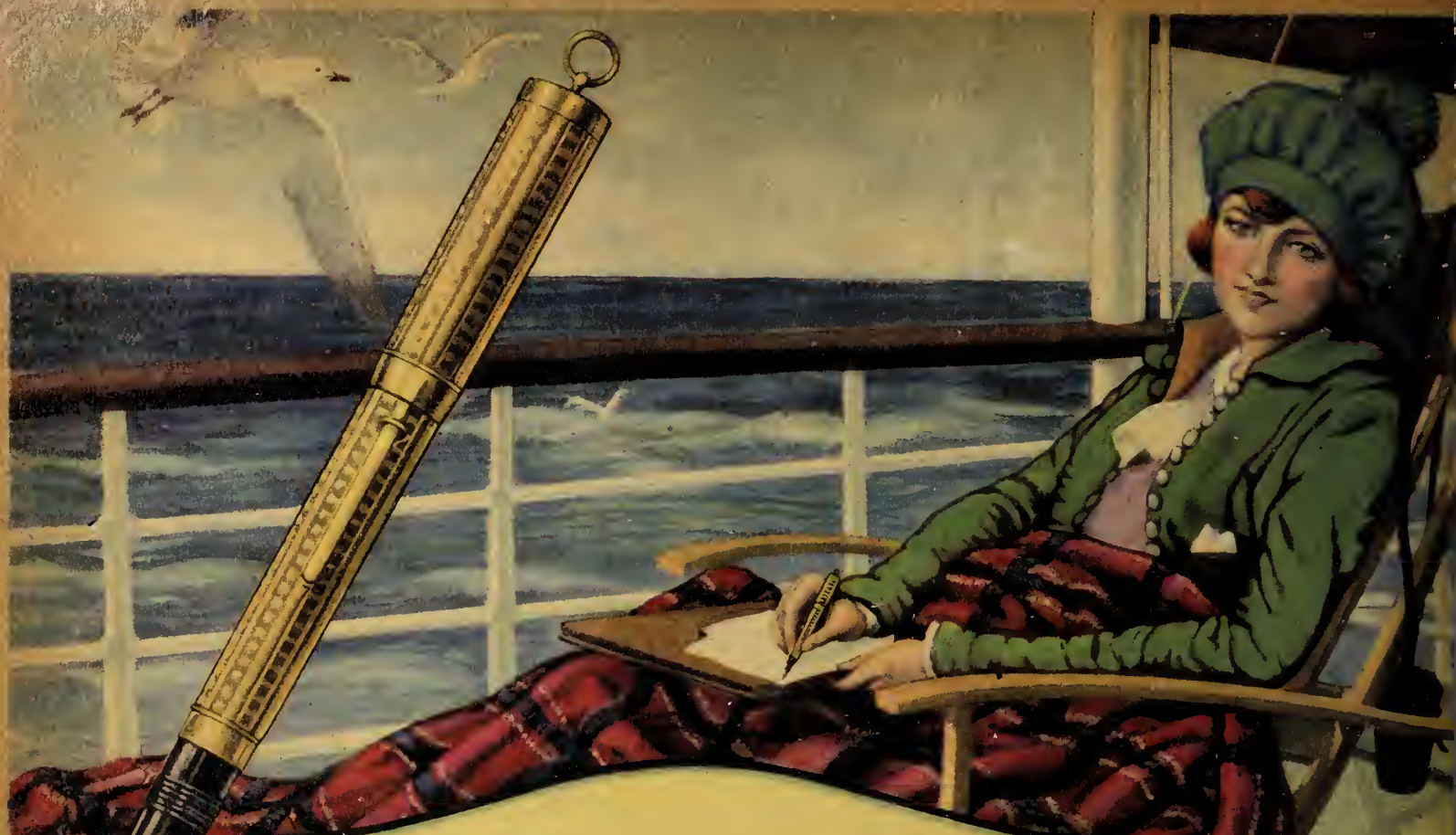
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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred

when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell; Mr. Roth has a most remarkable *Memory Course*. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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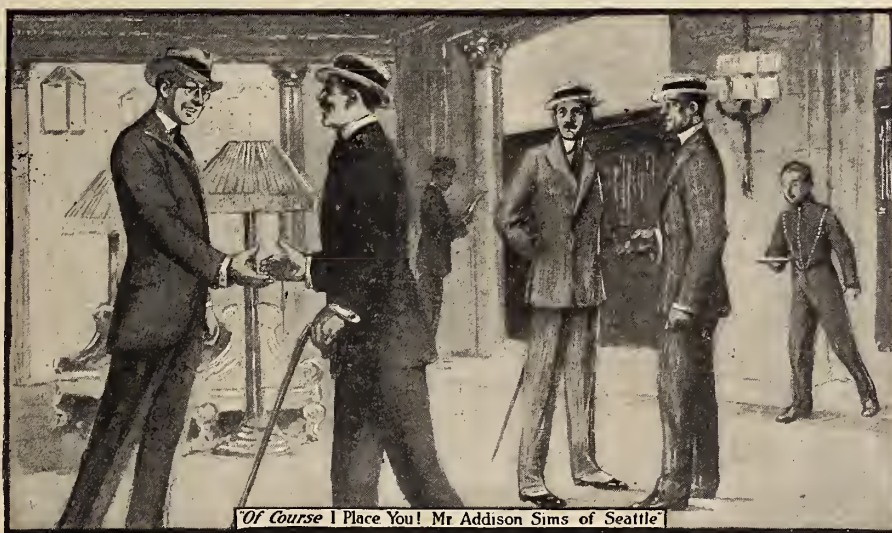
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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5 in full payment of the course.

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Address.....

..... M. P. Classic—6-19



words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

The first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

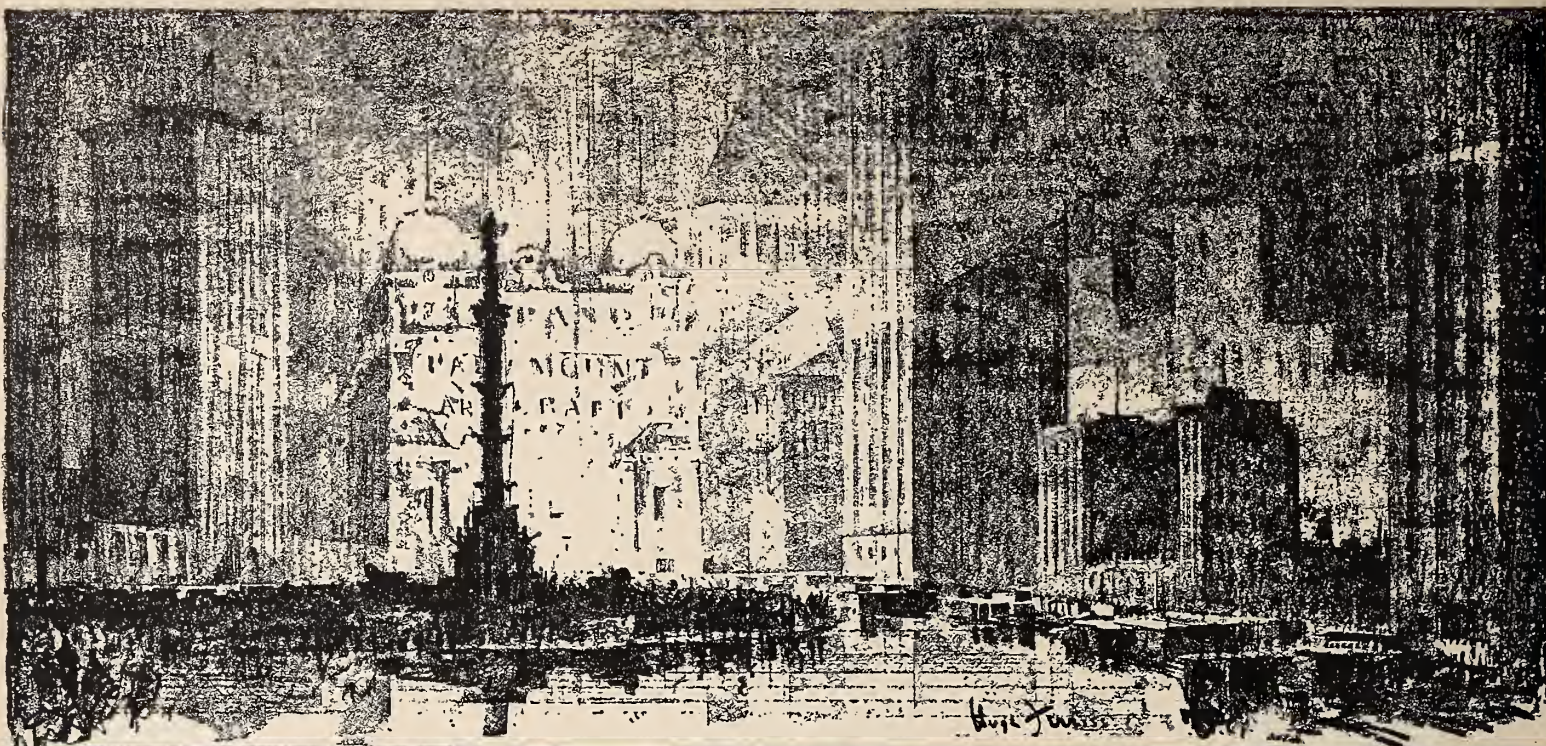
Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the names of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to
May 31st, 1919. Save the list!
And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Lina Cavalleri in "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark in "Come Out of the Kitchen"
Ethel Clayton in "Vicky Van"
*Dorothy Dalton in "The Lady of Red Butte"
Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee in "Rustling a Bride"
Vivian Martin in "The Lome Town Girl"
Shirley Mason in "The Final Close Up"
*Charles Ray in "The Busher"
Wallace Reid in "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn in "Something to Do"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within"
With a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat"
with Private Harold Peat
"Little Women" (from Louisa Alcott's famous book)
A Wm. Brady Production
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
"Sporting Life"
A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King"
starring William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
Geo. M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"The Girl and the Chink"
*Wm. S. Hart in "The Money Corral"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Artcraft Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"When Love is Blind"
"Love's False Faces"

Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"Welcome Little Stranger"
"Harold the Last of the Saxons"

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Paramount-Bray Photograph
One each week

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel
Pictures
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piness.

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Pictures

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NEW YORK



THE August Classic

The midsummer issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will be just the sort of magazine you will want beside you when you swing in your hammock on your vacation days—when the sultry breezes are just stirring the trees and the world is steaming under a hot summer sun.

The AUGUST CLASSIC will be beautiful, entertaining and vital, as usual.

King Vidor, the young director who startled the whole screen world with his "Turn of the Road," has been chatted, along with his wife, Florence, and little Suzanne. In fact our interviewer and our photographer spent a whole day with the Vidors—and the result will fascinate you.

Little Ben Alexander, who has been called the best child player on the screen, tells his boyish hopes and aspirations in a cute little interview. This has exclusive pictures, too.

Mary Alden, who always gives a fine performance, is the subject of a brilliant personality story—the sort of CLASSIC interview that makes you know the real person.

and

There will be an important announcement in **The Fame and Fortune Contest**. THE CLASSIC'S **Extra Girl** will return with an interesting inside studio story. The **Celluloid Critic** will comment upon the latest photoplays. Besides, there will be up-to-the-second stories and pictures of **Vernon Steele**, **Louise Lovely** and dozens of other favorite folk. The fictionized stories will present the best of the summer photoplays and the dazzling pictures—hundreds of them—will be the kind you can find in no other magazine. Why? Because our own photographers take them for us.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr.)

Sylvia Breamer is an Australian. Miss Breamer longed for the stage even as a child, but her parents, (her father was an officer in the British Navy), objected. However, she managed to find a foothold in the theater at the age of sixteen and she has been a player ever since. Finally, her stage work brought her to America. The screen lured her to California. Under the directing hand of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Miss Breamer has come strongly into the limelight.

Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Hazel Dawn, Grace Darling, Constance Binney, Theda Bara and May Allison.....	PAGE 11-15
Tomboy Talmadge. Constance is a regular American girl quite satisfied with the fun of life.....	Frederick James Smith 16
The Exquisite Villain. Lionel Atwill is a typical Englishman and a connoisseur of life.....	Barbara Beach 18
To a High-Brow Critic. An open letter to Walter Prichard Eaton on reading a diatribe against the screen.....	Kenneth Macgowan 20
The Stage Year. A review of the theater season.....	21
The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria. Half child, half woman is Gloria Swanson.....	Fritzi Remont 22
The Conscious Epicure. Nothing of the snob or cynic is Eugene O'Brien.....	Faith Service 24
The Romantic Hero Returns. Robert Warwick in "Secret Service".....	26
Thin Ice. Corinne Griffith's colorful new photoplay told in story form.....	Dorothy Donnell 27
A May Interview With June. Between 'phone calls and all sort of interruptions June Elvidge is chatted.....	Frederick James Smith 31
Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals. The Martin Johnsons and their newest South Sea expedition.....	Harrison Haskins 32
Along Came Ruth. The story of Ruth Roland, once a juvenile "phenom".....	Frank V. Bruner 34
Summer Reaches Broadway. Scenes from the hot weather attractions on the New York speaking stage.....	36
The Girl With the Ginger Snap Name. Otherwise ZaSu Pitts, the girl with the comedy face.....	Elizabeth Peltret 38
The Sporting Chance. Ethel Clayton's newest comedy-drama interestingly fictionized.....	Faith Service 39
The Mestayerian Theory. Harry Mestayer and his philosophy of life.....	Gladys Hall 43
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review.....	Frederick James Smith 44
Introducing Cutie Beautiful. The odd story of Clarine Seymour and the part luck played in her life.....	Elizabeth Peltret 46
The Fame and Fortune Contest Is Closing	48
A Stradivarius of the Screen. Anita Stewart is like a violin in her dramatic moods.....	Elizabeth Evans 50
The Fear Woman. The tense new Pauline Frederick story related in absorbing story form.....	Olive Carew 52
Alma Rubens—Business Woman. The beauty of the films is most interested in the managerial end of the business. ..	Charles Jameson 56
Beban Beliefs. George Beban and his theories of photoplay making.....	Sue Roberts 57
More Bathing Girls of 1919 A. D.	58
Gossip of the Pacific Coast	Fritzi Remont 60
Double Exposures	Conducted by F. J. S. 62
The Movie Encyclopedia	The Answer Man 84

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Bijou.—"Three for Diana." A rather colorless comedy with rather a colorless heroine, (but a beautiful one), who is much scandalized for marrying the third time. Very well done but it will never set the world on fire.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Casino.—"Some Time." Lively musical comedy using the flash-back screen idea. Ed Wynn very amusing as a stage carpenter, while Mae West gives excellent comic aid as a tough chorine. Tuneful music.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteless staging, especially the magic wood.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Selwyn.—"Tumble In." Musical comedy version of the successful farce, "Seven Days," the comic story of a house party under quarantine. A negligée chorus now lends optical aid. Peggy O'Neill is the best of the cast of fun-makers.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interest-

ing travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

"The Fortune Teller." An interesting play that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Marjorie Rambeau does some really wonderful acting, the best seen in New York in years.

"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's powerful study of the primitive in man. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a tremendous performance of the Parliamentary. Staged with all the admirable detail typical of a Belasco production. One of the really big things of the dramatic season.

"The Net." An unusually good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

"The Betrothal." Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle; remainder of cast is the original New York company.

"Molière." Interesting and, at times, moving drama by Philip Moeller of the famous French playwright with a background of love and intrigue in the court of Louis XIV. Excellent performance by Henry Miller as Molière, Blanche Bates as the king's mistress, De Montespan, and Estelle Winwood as Armande, the dramatist's wife.

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Behind the Screen

Cecil de Mille is now at work on J. M. Barrie's "The Amiable Crichton," with Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson in the cast. Immediately after this production Mr. Dexter will be advanced to stardom, being directed by William C. de Mille.

J. Stuart Blackton has purchased the screen rights to "Dawn," by Eleanor H. Porter, author of "Pollyanna."

Following the completion of the opera season, Geraldine Farrar has gone West to resume her photoplay work for Goldwyn. Her husband, Lou-Tellegen, will be her leading man. Mr. Tellegen has acted on the screen before, but never with his wife.

Selznick Pictures have added Eugene O'Brien and Elaine Hammerstein to its roster of stars, along with Olive Thomas. Mr. O'Brien's first will be "The Perfect Lover," based on Leila Burton Wells' "The Naked Truth."

The American Cinema Corporation has signed Louise Huff. This company also has Mollie King signed for a series of productions.

Mary Miles Minter, accompanied by her mother and sister, is in New York, and an early contract announcement will be made.

A remarkable cast is supporting Anita Stewart in "Her Kingdom of Dreams," including Anna Q. Nilsson, Kathlyn Williams, Thomas Santschi, Tully Marshall, Edwin Stevens, Mahlon Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson and Frank Currier.

David Wark Griffith inaugurated a screen repertoire season—the first in the history of the world—at the George M. Cohan Theater in New York on May 13. "Broken Blossoms" was the opening drama, to be followed by "The Fall of Babylon," and "The Mother and the Law."

Irene Castle, widow of Vernon Castle, and the screen star, was married to Captain Robert E. Treman, of Ithaca, N. Y., on May 3 at the Church of the Transfiguration (The Little Church Around the Corner), New York. She will continue in the films.

Wanda Hawley has been re-engaged for three years by the Paramount-Artcraft. Her first reward will be the rôle of Peg in the forthcoming "Peg o' My Heart."

Guy Empey is making a screen feature, "Hell on Earth," with Evelyn Martin, Betty Blythe, Marguerite Courtot, Sally Crute and William Dunn in the cast.

Alma Rubens is now a Pathé star. She will make eight features during the coming year.

Chester Conklin has left Mack Sennett to join the Fox comedy forces.

Marshall Neilan has signed contracts to produce eight features for release thru the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, starting on June 1.

William A. Brady is in Europe with his wife, Grace George.

The First National Exhibitors' Circuit announces that it has signed Constance Talmadge. She will do six productions within a year, each written and directed by John Emerson and Anita Loos.

Conway Tearle has been playing with Florence Reed in a United production.

First National again! They have signed Charles Ray to star after his present Ince-Paramount contract for eight pictures expires.

(Nine)



"You're Afraid!"

"I ain't afraid." "I ain't."
"You are." "You are."

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How to reduce them

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



HAZEL DAWN

Miss Dawn is at present lost to the films, but the celluloid world may soon win her back. She has the leading rôle in the successful stage comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room." She has been very popular on the stage since her first hit in "The Pink Lady." Famous Players won her to the screen and later she appeared under Herbert Brenon's direction.





GRACE DARLING

Miss Darling is a New York girl. She jumped into the limelight when the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial sent her across country with a big publicity campaign. Later she was in Pathé, Mutual and Hearst productions. Now she has the leading rôle in Samuel L. Rothapfel's first feature drama of his unit program.



CONSTANCE
BINNEY

The Binney sisters—Faire and Connie—have been coming to the front with meteoric vividness lately. Maurice Tournier really discovered them, presenting the sisters as the heroines of his "Sporting Life." Connie had previously danced in "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Now she is dividing her time between the studios and the stage play, "39 East."



Photo Sarony

THEDA BARA

Of Polish and Swiss parentage is the famous Burne-Jones lady of the screen. Since her first appearance in the films as the vampire of "A Fool There Was," Miss Bara has held a niche all her own in the hall of celluloid fame. Now it is said that she is going to Europe to make her productions at various interesting locations on the Continent.



MAY ALLISON

Miss Allison has been coming vividly to the front as a comedienne with Metro. Born in Georgia, she left boarding-school for the stage. Her first success was as Vanity in "Everywoman" and later she understudied Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl." She entered pictures via Famous Players' "David Harum." Next she scored as leading woman at American for the late Harold Lockwood. Then came stardom.

Photo Witzel, L. A.

Tomboy Talmadge



Constance Talmadge is a healthy type of young American girl, a happy-go-lucky, rather tomboyish sort of person—but distinctly a regular girl. No fads, no particular hobbies has Constance. She is quite satisfied with the fun of life

You come from meeting Constance Talmadge with just one distinct impression. Here is a healthy type of young American girl, you analyze to yourself, a happy-go-lucky, rather tomboyish sort of person—but distinctly a regular girl. No fads, no particular hobbies has Constance. She is quite satisfied with the fun of life.

There is nothing of the dependent, timid type of femininity about her. She is thoroly able to take care of herself. Yet the way she looks up to her sister, Norma, is distinctly interesting. Constance's world is bounded on the north, east, south and west by Norma. The big sister is the rule by which all things of the screen are measured.

"Isn't she wonderful?" sighs Constance, of Norma. "Growing more wonderful every moment." And she shakes her bobbed locks with a characteristic Talmadge gesture, the while gazing ceilingward with infinite heroine-worship in her laughing eyes.

Constance's career in the films has been an out-growth of Norma's success. We can recall only a few short years ago when Norma was just an ingénue at the old Vitagraph plant. "I was going peacefully to the Brooklyn schools then," relates Constance, "with never a thought—well, hardly *many* thoughts—of the movies. Of course, 'way down in my heart I wanted to follow Norma, but gracious! I was homely. I don't know yet—"

Miss Talmadge paused abruptly. "Do you still want to follow Norma's footsteps?" we asked.

"Well," (and there was just the shade of longing in her voice), "everybody has decided that I am best in comedies and so, of course, I am going right on making comedies. They want them and they must be satisfied. But Norma is wonderful in her emotional plays, isn't she?"

Big-sister adoration it is. And now that the youngest of the family, Natalie, is in the films, Constance will have somebody to look up to her. Constance's first real hit, you will recall, was as the lively mountain girl of the Babylonian portion of David Griffith's "Intolerance." That success decided her career—moulding it in the field of comedy.



Photos by Abbe

Griffith recently reconstructed the Babylonian story of "Intolerance." Indeed, this revamped theme has already been shown in Los Angeles. A number of new scenes were added, for which Miss Talmadge again donned her mountain girl garb. "I discovered that I had grown considerably thinner," laughs Miss Talmadge, "and, where these new scenes are spliced in among the old ones, if you look close you can see that I gain and lose ten or fifteen pounds in a second without me abandon. But it isn't noticeable. Seeing the revised story did relieve my mind. I had been afraid I was getting old. But my wrinkles don't register on the celluloid yet."

Constance has just taken up classic dancing, along with Norma and Anita Loos. "You should let me doing the classic stuff," giggles Connie. Adolf Boim, who is teaching us, just looks at me, rolls his eyes in anguish and keeps saying the same word in Russian over and over. Norma says it means "No, no, no!" but I suspect it's something a darned sight stronger."

Miss Talmadge laughingly denies all reports and rumors of her various marriages. "I have been married to everybody on the coast," she says, "from Dick Barlow to Bob Vignola.

Of course, there isn't a word of truth in any of the stories. I'm not in love with anybody. I like men—they're nice to have around—but I'm not going to get married for years and years." "Then you don't believe that marriage and one's profession can be reconciled?" we ventured.

"Of course they can," emphatically declared Miss Talmadge. Look at Norma. She's married and happy and advancing every moment. Doesn't that prove it?" But Miss Talmadge added, in a stage whisper, "Gee, but I love independence."

At the moment of our interview Miss Talmadge had just arrived in from California. A legal tangle over an alleged broken contract was pending, and the comédienne worried all the way across country over the possibility of being, as she expressed it, "served, or arrested, or something." When Miss Talmadge arrived at the Grand Central Station, two gentlemen with odd-appearing whiskers stepped up and handed her a set of formidable-looking legal papers. "You're subpoenaed," they hissed.



Above

"I lost five pounds right there," says Miss Talmadge.

Then the "subpoena servers" tore off their whiskers. They were John Emerson, the director, and "another nut," as Constance tells the story. After laughing over Miss Talmadge's discomfiture, they disappeared.

Miss Talmadge hurried over to the Algonquin with her friends for breakfast, and she was just entering the dining-room when a ferocious-looking detective walked up and seized her arm. "You're under arrest," he announced.

"He had to hold me up, I was that weak," explains Constance. Then the stranger pulled off his whiskers, and it was

(Continued on page 76)

The way Constance Talmadge looks up to her sister, Norma, is distinctly interesting. Constance's world is bounded on the north, east, south and west by Norma. The big sister is the rule by which all things of the screen are measured. "Isn't she wonderful?" sighs Constance of Norma, "growing more wonderful every moment"

The Exquisite Villain

By BARBARA BEACH



Photo Matzene, Chicago

cushioned chair reposed a gold-topped cane which bespoke a fastidious owner.

Thus far had my observations progressed when the door swung briskly open and my host entered.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he said, in a crisp, businesslike manner. "I had an appointment at the British embassy and was detained longer than I anticipated. You know actors always get the reputation of being poor business men, always late for appointments and all that, but if only theatrical managers would employ more specific business tactics instead of clapping one on the back and saying, 'Drop in any time, old top, and we'll talk over that contract,' we wouldn't have to waste so much time hanging around."

He drew a stiff chair, which bespoke New England, up to his gate-legged table, while I nearly smothered in the luxury of his davenport. At once he asked my permission to smoke, and at intervals of ten minutes thereafter he lit a fresh cigaret from the glowing butt of its predecessor. His small mustache, which he wears according to the part he is playing, was sleek and dark, and his skin was so smooth-shaven that the pink color showed.

By dint of much questioning, I learnt that Mr. Atwill came

to America from London in 1916 to play an eighteen weeks' engagement as leading man with Lily Langtry. He has remained here ever since. In those three years his theatrical experiences have been widely varied. He created a sensation in the stage play, "Eve's Daughter," with Billie Burke, only to be disappointed by having the play fail.

He took a brief dip into vaudeville in a

Lionel Atwill comes of a good old English family and he is a graduate of Oxford. "I was properly educated and played cricket like every other English boy," he says. "Eventually I surprised the family by announcing my intention of seeking a stage career." Above, a portrait of Mr. Atwill; left, a glimpse of the actor in his one-door - from - Fifth - Avenue apartment, and, below, in a photoplay with Elsie Ferguson

I HAD always wanted to meet a villain in a play, to experience that rare thrill about which John Galsworthy and other less noted novelists write so glibly.

When the editor said, "Interview Lionel Atwill," I muttered something about "God is good."

Had I not seen Mr. Atwill night before last with Elsie Ferguson in her picture, "The Marriage Price," and the night before that as the breath-taking lover in Belasco's stage production, "Tiger, Tiger"?

In the due course of time, I succeeded in making an appointment to call on Mr. Atwill. That gentleman's Japanese valet admitted me to his one-door-from-Fifth-Avenue apartment. It is typical of Mr. Atwill that he should live one door from Fifth Avenue. It is also typical of him to have a Japanese valet. His valet's knowing smile as he shut me in the living-room left me expectant of drawn silken curtains, burning incense, soft-murmured phrases, in a sybaritic atmosphere.

Instead I found myself alone, the morning sunlight enveloped me, and the fine old mahogany furniture, freshly dressed in coverings of rose and black and yellow chintz, in a cheerful golden glow.

A stack of *Smart Set* magazines were banked under the table, while an antique bookcase was filled with well-read works of Wells, Bennett, Ibsen. On a be-

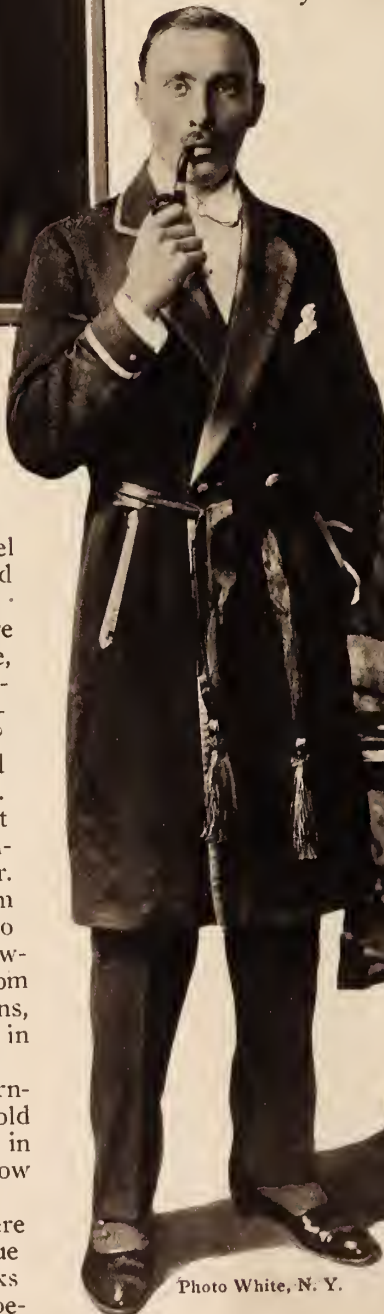


Photo White, N. Y.



Lionel Atwill Is a Typical Englishman, an Oxford Graduate—and a Connoisseur of Life

dramatic playlet, and did notable work with Nazimova during her Ibsen season at the Plymouth Theater, New York. His most recent success is in "Tiger, Tiger," where he plays the lead opposite Frances Starr. Several offers have been made him to star, and the motion picture magnates are offering unbelievable sums for his services.

"You like America?" I went on, proddingly.

"Certainly," he said; "otherwise, why would I stay so long? America offers a greater sense of promise than any other country. I prefer London for one reason only. The social position of the actor is entirely different than it is here. In London he is accepted in the best society, over here he is considered more or less of a bounder. For instance, the other evening an Oxford classmate of mine brought one of the feminine members of your 400 behind the scenes at the Belasco Theater. She shook hands with me gingerly, we talked a while, and as they left she remarked, sub rosa, with a rising inflection in her voice, 'Why, he seems a perfect gentleman!' My friend told me that when he replied that I belonged to a good old English family and graduated from Oxford with him, she was even more astonished, and exclaimed, 'You dont say so!'

"In America actors are regarded as a curiosity, as a something to be gaped at, to do odd and eccentric things that no one else would do—to be idolized, perhaps, but never regarded as human beings.

"In London actors often come from the best families. Younger sons of the peerage are only too glad to study for the stage and earn a few honest pence to fill out the family's depleted exchequer. Many actors are knighted and those who become successful do so because they are men of letters who have studied and worked hard to gain their position. I happened to come from a family unconnected with theatricals. My grandfather was an architect and I was properly educated and played cricket like every other English boy. Eventually I surprised the family by announcing my intention of seeking a stage career.

"For five years I toured the provinces, working like a dog for that success which would give me an opening in the London theaters, the goal of every English actor's ambition. Finally my chance came under the management of Charles Frohman. We played in bad luck, several of our productions being failures, but I was fortunate enough to receive favorable personal notices. My first big success was in Arnold Bennett's 'Milestones.'

"What do you think of pictures?" I asked, really interested and not as a matter of form.

He lit a fresh cigaret, ran his hand over his finely brushed hair and looked somewhat annoyed.

"I honestly think pictures have possibilities, but not until some of these old-fashioned ideas are combed out of them. For instance, to the picture director a character is either a hero, who is all good, or a villain, who is all bad. To his mind there are no gradations, and just so long as he takes each story and moulds each character to form the screen is going to continue to be just so much bla-a.

"The worst person in the world has some good in him, the best individual has moments of weakness and wrongdoing. No one is wholly good or evil, and by trying to make them so the screen is all wrong.

"I, for one, will never play in pictures again until I am assured that the director is broad-minded enough to present a villain who has lovable qualities, or a hero who has a few weaknesses."

For the last few seconds of my visit we forgot pictures and philosophized upon life in general.

Mr. Atwill has the brain of a thinker and the body of an exquisite. He is sophisticated, but his is an intellectual sophistication rather than an emotional one.

He gives the impression of being a fine connoisseur of the motivating power of mortals.

His theories are those of a man who has lived. While his own code of honor is of the most strict, he despises women who prattle about "virtue, chaperons, double standards."

He is moral with the fine morality of his own conscience. If he is a villain in a play, he is an exquisite in reality.

A study of Mr. Atwill as the member of Parliament hero of David Belasco's production "Tiger, Tiger." Mr. Atwill believes that motion pictures will continue in their present rut until — "directors discover that the worst person in the world has some good in him, the best individual moments of weakness and wrongdoing—that no one is wholly good or evil"



Photo White, N. Y.

To a High-Brow Critic

An Open Letter to Walter Prichard Eaton on Reading a Diatribe Against the Screen

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

even a past—depends on just what week he happens to choose for his semi-annual moving picture excursion. The "industry," as its workers dub this most temperamental art, is as flighty as a swallow, as changeable as a suburban time-table, as varied as the thousand tiny pictures from which each screen play is made. In a single week your high-brow may see four films full of good entertainment and even bearing an occasional intimation of artistic immortality. For nine more weeks he may see nothing but the stupid and the commonplace—workaday ineptitude. The chances are thus ten to one against the movies' winning the respect and interest of such an intelligent and radical critic of the drama as yourself.

In 1914-15, while Europe left the photoplay business to America, the art bounded forward to what seemed a marvelously perfected new form in the five-reel entertainment. D. W. Griffith and Thomas H. Ince evolved slightly varying types of screen story and screen production which nobody

has since bettered in any notable or consistent way. The other picture-makers have merely caught up. They have learnt the method and imitated. Even the pioneers themselves have since done little that positively advances the art. They have experimented with this or that trimming, and developed this or that actor; but screen art at its best has practically stood still for three years.

Now standing still means, even to a fond frequenter of the silversheet, retrogression or the appearance of it. You cannot see month after month of film releases, never exceeding a certain level, without being terribly conscious of the lapses, of the normal irregularities and backslidings. The screen puts forth about a dozen new films every week. When not one shows, on the whole, a notable improvement or indicates

(Continued on page 86)



In contrast to the modern photoplays are these early Biograph screen dramas. Above is Henry Walthall in "Judith of Bethulia"; right, an early Biograph with Dorothy Bernard; circle, Bobby Harron in "My Hero"; lower left, Lionel Barrymore; lower right, Wilfred Lucas in "Enoch Arden"



SIR—From your long experience as a dramatic critic you are well aware that the great American drama depends on the great American dinner, on the gastronomic pitch to which critics and audiences are tuned before they enter the playhouse. If your acquaintance with the screen has been a tenth as thoro, you would know that the American movie is at the mercy, not of the chef, but of the night watchman. The screen scorns allegiance to Gaston d'Alimentaire and embraces Father Time.

Whether or not a high-brow thinks the screen has a future—or



The Stage Year

YEAR by year the American speaking stage steadily advances. The entrance of such idealistic—and practical—managers as Arthur Hopkins, Stuart Walker and Winthrop Ames, along with the influence of the small so-called amateur theaters furthering the new stage art movement, have materially advanced American theatrical standards.

The past theatrical season has been a remarkable one in every way. With the metropolis jammed with visitors—in both khaki and “cits”—the theaters were bound to show a prosperous year. They reaped a golden harvest, breaking every previous record.

Odd phases have marked the year. With the conclusion of the world war came a striking avalanche of comedy, largely of the risqué boudoir variety. After that appeared a revival of the romantic drama. Managers, with their hand on the public pulse, believe that the public mind, weary after the years of war worries, has turned away from the introspective, searching, realistic type of play. Thus the drama of silks, satins

(Continued on page 87)



Abbe

Above, Lionel Barrymore in “The Jest,” lower left, Jack Barrymore in the same play, and, William Gillette and little Helen Hayes in the enchanted wood scene of J. M. Barrie’s “Dear Brutus”



Abbe



Sarony, N. Y.

Next year, when many of these stage plays reach the screen, you will want to know about them. This article tells you all about the season’s successes

The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria

other colors so cunningly dashed upon them that, with changes of mood, Gloria's big eyes look different.

In order not to be lonely, and since her mother's recent marriage, Miss Swanson has "imported" her grandmother from the East to keep house for her near Laurel Canyon. Gloria's dearest friend, Beatrice La Plante, shares the home.



HALF child, half woman is Gloria Swanson. Her naïveté is remarkably refreshing—it blows like a fresh breeze across the studio lot. It is why every one likes to talk to Gloria. Always she is original without effort, and, while she is not humorous and doesn't appreciate her own sallies, every one else is convulsed.

Gloria's mother has always told her not to try to be funny. She has said impressively, "Gloria, you are utterly wanting in humor." It's true, she is. Perhaps that is why she can say droll things unconsciously, just as the best child actress is the one deaf and dumb to the camera's grind.

Then, too, Gloria has a wonderfully imaginative mind. She loves to sit by the fire o' nights and weave a bright loom for the future. It's always interwoven with love, for the little Scandinavian wants everybody else to share her future happiness.

Perhaps that is because she hates to be alone. Gloria calls it being alone when she's surrounded by company, carpenters, directors and camera-men on the Lasky lot. *Unless* she has a close confidante with her, Gloria is lonely. Imagine any one being lonely with about twenty-five people on the set! But that's how temperamental the speckle-eyed leading lady of "Dont Change Your Husband" really is. You see, her gray eyes are very deceiving. They have specks of hazel, blue and

Half child, half woman is Gloria Swanson. Her naïveté is remarkable. She loves chicken sandwiches, bobbed hair, acting, coffee and cigars, and hates loneliness, cooking, housekeeping and deserts. Most of all she longs for a racing car and a tour around the world. She isn't in love with any one—but she thinks men are pleasant to have around



looks after every detail which might cause Miss Swanson annoyance and smooths the path for her friend in Damon and Pythias fashion. In fact, they're *known* as the feminine Damon and Pythias.

"It's funny," said Miss Swanson, in her deliberate way, "it's very funny, but the people I just can't bear at first, always I love most later, and always I have for my most intimate chums."

Isn't that contradictory? Most of us say, "Oh, if I don't like a person at first meeting, I never change my opinion later on."

"Bee was horrid at first, I thought. Now I think that if she dies, I want to die right away, too. I could never stand being alone—she must be with me always," continued Gloria, with a temperamental mood of sadness changing her expression. Really, it savored more of bathos than pathos, for Gloria, be known, was toying with her second thin toast and chicken sandwich, which probably accounts for her next remark.

"How I do love this sort of a sandwich—I would hate to

live in a world where nobody knew how to make them. I have *such* a healthy appetite," concluded Miss Swanson, as she wriggled uncomfortably in a Crusader period gown, which had very peculiar reinforcements in the lining.

The frock was a contradiction of Gloria's mood, of course.

One expects that sort of thing. She's having an outfit made fit for a queen. Her new costumes cost anywhere up to one thousand each, and while Mr. De Mille doesn't call his players stars, Gloria has every advantage of a star. Her make-up that day called for a gorgeous creation of old-rose charmeuse of rare quality, with angel sleeves
(Continued on page 72)

The little Scandinavian actress says she reads a great deal—that is, when she's sick. The one time she was sick in the last four years she read—oh—so much. "It's astonishing how much I read," admits Gloria

The Conscious Epicure

By FAITH SERVICE



Photo C. Smith Gardner

Eugene O'Brien is redolent of the sheer pleasure of being alive. Life has been kind to him, generously colorful. In return, he has been kind to Life, met her fairly, played the game. Nothing of the snob; nothing of the unhealthy cynic; nothing whatever of the misanthrope. Health . . . everywhere

couldn't be any other way. He is not the type who was, or ever could be, up for inspection, on dress parade. If he knew, when he entered the Algonquin, that he was destined to talk for publication, he forgot all about it the moment he actually began to talk, except to observe, with pathos, that he and all people in the public eye are "victims." If he has a professional manner it falls from him lightly as a mantle which is essentially superfluous. He cannot, he says, talk "trot" to a person. "Not to know a person *well*," he declared, "is a damnable

It was 4.30 P. M. The lobby of the Algonquin was gray with quietude.

One or two people moved about, pussy-footed. The call-boys dozed on their benches. On a sudden the revolving door revolved with a right good will. There was a gust of air, an atmospheric stir, awakening . . .

"Er—ah—do I owe you a bill?" asked an agitated voice, with something of, some *kind* of, an accent.

"You do," replied an emphatic voice.

There was the scratching of a pen on a check.

I awoke to the fact that the apparently, *only* apparently, agitated inquirer was my quarry for the day—Eugene O'Brien. I registered a subconscious fact: "Gosh, isn't he *healthy*!" As he glanced quickly about, caught my obviously interrogative eyes and advanced springily upon me, the thought was re-registered. "Awfully fit," I added, as an addenda.

Athletic club, I afterward learnt, so many "rounds," deliberate training and all that. Efficiency.

He said, in his rather jerky manner, that he knew he was late, was awfully sorry he was late, would I accept his apology for being late, and before I could inform him that he was *not* late, he had, somehow or other, maneuvered me into the grill of the Algonquin and was suggesting "a steak, a rice pudding, now what *will* you have?"

Awfully interesting people seeped into the Algonquin at one time or another, he went on. Samuel Merwin was stopping there at that very time. Dorothy Dalton was there. *He* himself frequented it because he thought it had an atmosphere—really an atmosphere. It was restful and one

could talk. Talk was the great thing, after all. Pity if one could not talk or find some one to talk *to*.

When I consider *my* talk with Eugene O'Brien I have the jolly glow one has when one has talked with a jolly, interesting person—a person who has not thought to the exclusion of living vitally nor lived to the flatulent exclusion of thinking. A person, moreover, with a sportsmanlike, thoroly understandable point of view and a sense of humor.

When I consider writing said talk for the further enlightenment of the general public I am seized with an acute mental something or other. We "just talked"—that's the way it was. Being Eugene O'Brien, it



© Strauss Peyton

waste of good time. I detest the casual acquaintance. In fact, I have no casual acquaintances. I either get under the skin or I get nowhere at all."

There is a very much abused, consequently cheapened expression, called "the joy of living." If one can forget the abuse one can apply it to Eugene O'Brien and have the perfect analogy. He is redundant of the sheer pleasure of being alive. Life has been kind to him, generous, colorful. In return, he has been kind to Life, met her fairly, played the game. One gets that at once. Nothing of the snob; nothing of the unhealthy cynic; nothing whatever of the misanthrope. Health . . . everywhere. Living interests him. It interests a great many people, but it interests him *consciously*. In the scheme his work interests him most of all. When he is about to begin a picture he lives the part in so far as that is possible before he attempts to portray it. If he is to be a member of the idle rich, he dines at the Ritz and the Plaza various times, or at the Biltmore. He keeps his trained eye on the type of idle rich he is to be. He "plays the sedulous ape" to their little mannerisms, their tricks of expression and manner. Contrariwise, if he is to be a ruffian from some obscure Bowery, he dons a sweater and cap and plunges into the substratum of existence. He hobnobs with the Bowery habitués and gets their point of view. He steepes himself in the character he is to portray.

(Continued on page 71)

(Twenty-five)



Eugene O'Brien is a realist where his work is concerned, almost passionately. He is an idealist in his dreams, and he has them. He is an epicure in his mode of living. He "adores the women" he knows. And he adores particularly the smart woman, the witty woman, the woman who is professional, the woman who has lived. The lower picture is, one of Eugene at the age of eight months

The Romantic Hero Returns



Robert Warwick, just back from the battlefields of France, plays a Civil War hero in the Famous Players-Lasky visualization of William Gillette's popular stage play, "Secret Service." The romantic drama—the play of quaint old costumes and fanciful appeal—has returned with a bang on the spoken stage and, quite naturally, the screen is falling in line. Wanda Hawley is the hoop-skirted heroine of "Secret Service"



Thin Ice

Short Story Based on the Vitagraph-Corinne Griffith Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"To think of eloping with a wounded war correspondent after three weeks' acquaintance—how perfectly grandly romantic!" Jocelyn Miller purred. She was a sentimental little creature, with round blue eyes always ready to brim with

water bottles and charts—ugh! Of course, I hadn't much time to think about anything else at first."

The sigh that trod on the heels of the words meant, as Jocelyn knew, the invalid father whom Alice had taken to the



sympathetic tears, and little soft, harmless, colored sugar views on life.

Alice Burton—the last name still felt absurdly new and self-conscious on her tongue, like the very shiny gold band on her left third finger—drew the brush thru the long, dully shimmering masses of bronze hair, a little smile lingering on her lips. And since negligée confidences were in order, she took up the shining thread of her tale anew. "Well, you see it was simply *Fate* that invalidated Rob to the Bright Waters Sanitarium just when we happened to be there. And of all the places for a romance! Carbolic acid and white tablets and pink tablets and brown tablets, and egg-nogs and chiropody and hot-

sanitarium and whom she had left behind in the little cemetery of the hillside town. "We should not grieve for those who have left all sorrow and pain behind," she murmured, patting her friend's hand; "remember how happy he is now, knowing of your happiness."

Already Alice was glowing softly thru her tears. It was her high noon of joy, and no shadows could stay long across her sun. "Robert," she said, dreamily, "is so wonderful! It's just as tho I'd given God the plans and specifications of my ideal man and He'd made Robert to fit them. He has the noblest ideas, Jocelyn. Truly, he's so good it almost—almost frightens me!"

The doorbell of the apartment shrilled across further confidences. Jocelyn returned

THIN ICE

Told by permission in story form from the scenario of G. Marion Burton, based on Shannon Fife's story. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Corinne Griffith. Directed by Tom Mills. The cast:

Alice (Winton) Burton.....	Corinne Griffith
George Winton.....	Charles Kent
Ned Winton.....	Jack McLean
Benjamin Graves.....	L. Rogers Lytton
Paul Rooks.....	Walter Horton
Rose La Verne.....	Eulalie Jensen
Robert Correll Burton.....	Henry G. Sell
Jeffry's Miller.....	Walter Miller
Jocelyn Miller.....	Alice Terry



She stood motionless, one hand clutching the brocade-covered jewel-case which was the first thing she touched. In the silence she heard a heart ticking like a watch. With the instinct to face her fears she turned her head and found herself staring into the eyes of—Ned!

furious with me for running off that way without sending for my own brother, but the train service is so bad—it would have delayed us a whole day—oh, here's a letter from his office!"

with a handful of letters. "Seven for you, remailed from the sanitarium! I suppose now you'll be doing all the bridey things—teas and luncheons and showers. It makes an old married woman like me envious, for, of course, no matter how nice it is later on, there's nothing *quite* like being a bride!"

Alice was glancing hastily thru her mail. "Why, I thought surely I'd hear from Ned! I suppose he's

her ears. "I'm going downtown," she said, abruptly. "If Ro 'phones, will you tell him I'm—shopping. I'll meet him at the Biltmore for tea as we planned . . ." She drew a puff across the pallor of her cheeks, setting them a-bloom, but her eyes above their flowering were dark with dread, and left Jocelyn in a pleasurable state of speculation all day. There is nothing that gives us quite such mental stimulation as the cocktail thought that our friends may have done something that is not quite—quite—you know!

In Benjamin Graves' handsome mahogany private office half an hour later Alice Burton sat, listening, in a sort of stupor of misery, to the smooth voice that was like a thick, viscid o "Very regrettable, of course, but considering that it was his second offense, I could hardly keep him any longer."

Alice wrenched her hands, in their pale-tinted, bridal-look-

She tore at the envelope with fingers that suddenly were nervous. The few typewritten lines within leaped to her eyes almost at a glance, tho she continued to gaze down at them mechanically, her face between the shining folds of hair with its smile still curving the lovely lips, suddenly, curiously, like a mask held before horror.

Yet to the casual glance they seemed commonplace enough.

"Dear Miss Winton," the note ran—there was a broken corner to the capital "W," she noticed, mechanically—"No doubt you have already heard of the failure of the Arizona Queen Company and realize that the note you gave in security for your brother is now valueless. If you will call to see me I am sure that we may reach some agreement on the matter. Yours sincerely, Benjamin Graves."

The silence grew so long that Jocelyn looked up from her own letters in surprise, which grew to curiosity as she gazed at the whitely smiling face of the bride. "No bad news, I hope, dear?" she cooed.

Alice folded the letter with careful precision. "Oh no, of course not," she said, breathlessly, "just a tiresome business matter."

The envelope fluttered to the floor at Jocelyn Miller's feet. She picked it up, glancing covertly at the impressive engraving in the corner, then she gave a cry of surprise. "Why Alice! I hope you haven't got any money tied up with that Graves person. Jack says he's a crook and they're getting the evidence together to prove it. Why, he brought home paper only last night that he said would send that man to jail for running a fraudulent business. They're in the library safe now!"

Alice Burton was snapping the neck of her georgette blouse, a gay, light-hearted peach-blow affair, settling her smart little turban close over

gloves, together in her lap. "Poor Ned! I tried to save him—it was about that that I came today, Mr. Graves—my note."

The thick-set, suavely smiling man across the desk bent forward, laying a manicured hand, with its flat nails gleaming, upon her sleeve. "My dear Miss Winton," he deprecated, "I hope you haven't let my letter to you worry you. I have perfect confidence that you will be willing to pay your indebtedness."

"But," Alice spoke, faintly, "if I understand you, my money is all gone. Father put everything he had into those bonds."

"I was not thinking of a money payment," said Graves, significantly. He glanced at the closed door, then leaned forward till his thick-skinned face, with its heavy beard pricking the flabby cheek, was close to hers. "Alice! You must have guessed how I feel about you—you must have seen it when I promised not to prosecute your brother. I'm—I'm mad about you! I'd marry you in a moment if I were free, but at least I can take care of you. You'll have to let me—what could a girl like you do without a penny in the world? And I'll give you everything you want—everything—"

The girl drew her sleeve from his touch as from something loathsome. Her cheeks were flaming banners. "Mr. Graves! I don't understand what you're trying to say to me—I refuse to understand! But if you are worried about my future, you have evidently not heard that I am married."

"I have heard," said Graves, without changing his position, "I have heard that you made a mad, runaway match with a penniless scribbler named Robert Correll Burton. I have not had the pleasure of reading any of your husband's novels, which are quite too highbrow for an ordinary, everyday man like me, but I have read several reviews of them, and I gathered the impression that Mr. Burton is a man with very high ideals of womanhood, very noble ideas indeed." He was smiling, with a gleam of white teeth thru his thick, red lips that reminded her vaguely of the look she had caught once, when she was a child, on a wolf in the zoo.

"Well?" she questioned, fighting back the wave of fear that threatened her, "well? And if that is so?"

"If that is so," said Graves, softly, "doesn't it occur to you that such a man would expect his wife to be like Cæsar's? Above suspicion—"

Alice laughed, tho the cold wave of fear was washing high about her, the taste of it was salt and bitter to her lips. "I have never had even the shadow of another love affair," she triumphed, "and if you mean that you will tell him about poor Ned, I shall tell him that myself, and he will hunt for him with me!"

"That was not quite what I had in mind." A drawer rasped open. Graves laid two letters on the polished surface of the desk, and Alice uttered a cry of amazement. Her own handwriting lay before her, unmistakable in every fine, slanting line!

"But," she faltered, "I never wrote you. Where did you get those letters—what do they say?"

"You insist on hearing?" The thick fingers, with their glittering nails, shuffled the sheets. "Here is an extract, then. 'I can hardly wait to have you with me again, with your dear arms about me. What we are doing may be wrong or right, but—one thing I know—it is inevitable. Your Alice—'"

The wave of fear washed over her, submerging reason and sense alike. "He wouldn't believe—"

She was clutching the desk edge, swaying. Such things didn't happen, couldn't happen in this sane world, with policemen on every street corner and cars clanging by beyond the window. It was only in movies or in stories in the twenty-cent magazines that men said things like that—did things like these—

She moved down the hall and stood in the doorway of the firelit library, clutching the cloak about her. Then the cloak slipped to the floor and the flames cast red shadows like bloody smears over her white face and bosom and the rounding folds of her negligée



From the desk drawer other objects were emerging, in billows of pink chiffon and ivory lace. In the austere office these intimate feminine garments looked strangely improper, furtive. Graves held up a kimono, diaphanous as a dream, and pointed to the embroidery on the sleeve.

"Your monogram," he smiled. "It's no use, my dear! Besides, the servants in my Westchester house will all swear—to anything I ask them to swear to. Better be reasonable."

Such things simply didn't happen. The deep boom of a clock on a nearby church-tower brought Alice out of the dizzy tumult of her world with a shock. Four o'clock, and at half-past four Rob would be waiting for her. She must plead with him, but the magnitude of his forgeries, his cleverness in compiling his evidence appalled her, drove the words from her lips.

And, after all, she had no need to utter them, for as she groped for speech the door was flung tempestuously open, and a tall, handsome woman of the type that men stare at and women avert their gaze from rustled in, in an aura of imported scent. Oblivious to the presence of a visitor, she spoke with a kind of angry triumph that played traitor to all her carefully acquired youthfulness and flamboyant beauty, bringing out telltale lines about her mouth and eyes.

"Maybe you'll listen to me some of these days, Ben Graves! Didn't I warn you—"

"Hush, Rose!" Graves said sharply. "Mrs. Burton, excuse me a moment; my—secretary wants to speak to me."

Ensued a subdued buzz of whispering, broken by an ejaculated curse. "Miller has them? The devil you say! So Loomis played informer—a nice mess we're in! There must be some way out—hold on!"

He turned to Alice with a short laugh, and she saw, with dull surprise, that his face was purplish and his hands shook as if he had been drinking. "Miller, the district attorney, has got hold of some papers I want. In fact, I've got to have them, and quick, too. Bring them to my house tonight—496 Madison Avenue—and I'll give you back your promissory note and this evidence here." His gesture drew the pile of flimsy pink ruffles into the words. "It'll be easy—you're staying at his house, your husband and he are old friends, and no one will ever suspect you. You didn't seem inclined to my other proposal, perhaps this will suit you better."

She of the flamboyant hair and figure flung herself upon him, raging. "So you were planning to can me, eh? You were fixing to set up another woman. Well, I tell you I won't stand for it! I'd kill you and myself first. I'd—I'd—"

He swept her aside with a rough gesture. "Rose, shut up! Do you want to take the whole place into your confidence? This is a business matter. How about it, Mrs. Burton? Will

you exchange evidence with me, or do I see your husband tomorrow?"

Afterwards, sitting in the cool gray peace of the hotel tea-room, with Robert's pleasant voice in her ears, Alice tried to remember what she had promised, tried to plan what she was going to do, while outwardly she chatted, drank orange pekoe, ate English crumpets and seemed to listen to what her husband was saying.

Rob her host's safe! Like a common thief—absurd! Yet he had said tomorrow morning. Her whole body burned at the thought of the hideous forgeries and the unspeakable significance of the monogramed garments. Would Robert's faith stand up under such overwhelming onslaught as that? Would any man's? No! No! She must protect that faith as a mother protects her child. She wondered whether her agony was not plainly written on her face for the whole world to see and glanced into the mirror opposite, shocked at her own calm.

What was it Robert was saying? Something about a visit with Jack Miller to police court and a prisoner they had seen.

"I told Jack he had too darned much sympathy for a lawyer," Robert was chuckling, "but he insisted on trying out his theories tho I do think when it comes to hiring a suspected gunman as a chauffeur he's going a bit too far."

In some way Alice Burton managed to live thru the rest of that wretched day. On the plea of a headache, she freed herself from the engagement that had been planned for the evening, dance, and watched her husband leave.

"We're awake now, you and I," he answered gravely, "and no matter what comes, dear—no matter what, we must remember that doubts and disbelief are nightmares and only love is real"



with the Millers, protesting to the last that he would rather stay with her. Then, waiting until the house grew quiet and the servants had betaken themselves to their quarters, she wrapped a lacy negligée about her shuddering body and crept into the library.

The combination of the safe, as she had observed when Jocelyn had put some jewelry into it a day or two previous, was scrawled on the back of one of the pictures. With growing steadiness of nerve Alice drew the curtains across the window and switched on a single reading-lamp. A moment's search yielded her the figures, and she moved swiftly to the iron safe, sunk into the wall by the book-case, and began

(Continued on page 69)

A May Interview With June

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



© Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE spirit of spring was in the air—even in the busy World Film Corporation's crowded offices.

"I'm going to buy some clothes over on Fifth Avenue," began June Elvidge, by way of warning, "and I do hope this interview won't be long."

"It won't," we responded. "We can see that now."

"Right-o," said Miss Elvidge. "Shoot!"

"Just a moment, Miss Elvidge," began the company's "still" cameraman. "Remember you have an appointment with me in fifteen minutes to do some publicity stunt on a quiet corner of the avenue."

"What stunts?" demanded the star, with just the shade of menace in her tone.

"This interview——" we reminded.

"Some snaps of an automobile hitting you," said the "still" man gently.

"Hitting me!" repeated Miss Elvidge. "I have a new gown on. Where is it going to hit me?"

"At Fifth and Forty-second Street," admitted the photographer.

"Do you call that a quiet spot?" snapped June. "Listen——"

But the press agent dragged the photographer away. "Go right ahead with the interview," he reminded pleasantly.

"Well, I was raised in Pittsburg, the home of the scandal and the land of the chorus girl," began Miss Elvidge. "Say, that photographer has funny ideas——"

"Yes; Pittsburg," we interrupted.

"Pittsburg?" repeated the star. "Pittsburg? Oh, yes; raised there. I was born in St. Paul, but my folks moved to Pittsburg when I was a kiddie. You see, they sort of realized that I'd want to go on the stage."

"Say, Miss Elvidge," interrupted a mere vice-president of the film corporation, "how are things?"

"Listen," snapped the star, "there's one of your photographers trying to get me to stage an auto collision on the avenue and——"

The press agent appeared from somewhere and dragged the protesting vice-president suavely away.

"This interview," we reminded.

"Oh, yes," continued Miss

(Continued on page 65)

Between 'phone calls and all sorts of interruptions, June Elvidge pauses momentarily to discuss her career, marriage and other things. At the right, Mr. Smith (with the annoyed expression) about to give up the interview as hopeless.



Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals

SOMEWHERE in the South Seas a little schooner is beating its way before the trade winds. Above is the bright South Pacific moon and the Southern Cross, illuminating the restless seas for many miles, and, far away, on the horizon, are tropical islands, their coral reefs studded with palm-trees. The warm breeze, whispering thru the sails, speaks of the mystery of life and death.

This boat is the tiny schooner of the adventurous Martin Johnson and his plucky little wife, Osa. Johnson has been thru the South Seas twice before, once as a member of



Before the Johnsons sailed away to the South Seas, they visited the Los Angeles film colony. Here are several pictures, especially taken for *THE CLASSIC*, showing them meeting Charlie Chaplin, Sessue Hayakawa and, last but not least, Doug Fairbanks



Jack London's famous *Snark* cruise and later with his wife on a trip of his own. On this last trip Johnson obtained some 50,000 feet of motion pictures of savage life. These pictures are now being shown in this country under the title of "The Cannibals of the South Seas." This third trip of Martin Johnson is his crowning effort. Not only is he going to obtain more motion pictures of the South Sea savages, but he is taking motion pictures *to* the cannibals.

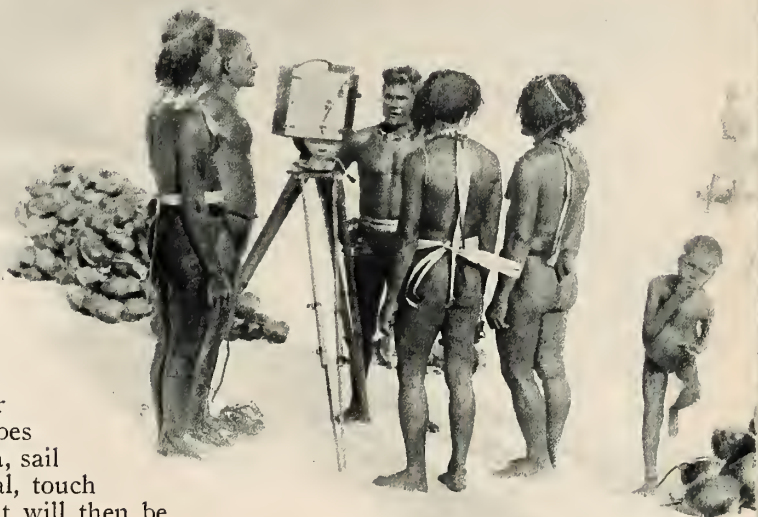
Picture to yourself a tropical island, a large sheet stretched between two palm-trees, rows of savages squatting in the open clearing and, upon the screen, the animated pictures of an express train rushing head-on. Can you imagine the amazement of the aborigines? Or will they literally eat up the films—and the exhibitors?

By
HARRISON
HASKINS

The Johnsons sailed from San Francisco on the *Ventura* on April 8th. They landed at Sydney, Australia, and then journeyed on to the New Hebrides Islands in the Pacific. Reaching the seat of government at Vila, Johnson refitted his fifty-foot schooner, the *Osa*, and sailed away into the unknown with his wife. With them went one hundred police boys, (native soldiers), loaned by the government.

After touring the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands in their schooner, the Johnsons are going to touch New Guinea, the Celebes Islands, Borneo and Sumatra, cruise thru the Sulu Sea to India, sail thru the Indian Ocean to Africa, come up thru the Suez Canal, touch Egypt, Arabia, Italy and Spain, and finally reach England. It will then be but a jump back to New York. All this will take two years.

The Johnsons took twenty-two trunks from New York. Within these galvanized and nicked trunks, equipped to combat the tropical rust, are three motion picture cameras, 75,000 feet of unexposed film, packed in special tins after a secret method devised by the adventurer, a Pathéscope projection machine made to order for showing pictures in the tropics, and an electric generating outfit for furnishing the necessary "juice." In addition to all this, Johnson took along



Above, South Sea cannibals giving the Johnson motion picture camera the "once over." Left, Mrs. Johnson and Chief Nagapate, the savage king of the Big Number Islands. Lower left, Mrs. Johnson about to take a morning dip on a Pacific steamer. Sharks make it impossible to go overboard, so a tank is built on deck



carefully selected films showing trains, elephants, gi-

raffes, etc., pictures of street scenes in New York, Paris, London, and other cities, magical films and a lot of slapstick comedies. Charlie Chaplin is included.

"The savages apparently fail to grasp where we come from or where we go to," said Mr. Johnson. "Each tribe seems to think that the world is limited to its individual surroundings. They utterly fail to understand the magnitude of the globe. Possibly these pictures will illuminate their simple minds; at least it will be an interesting experiment."

Besides the varied assortment of film, Mr. Johnson is taking back the motion pictures he secured on his last trip, and he is going to show Chief Nagapate, the cannibal chieftain of the Big Number Islands, a view of himself.

(Continued on page 70)

Along Came Ruth

a vision of bubbling youth who can ride, swim or motor before the camera without exhibiting the clumsiness of a female Sandow. In the most thrilling escapades of her Pathé serials she is always the eternal feminine.

To obtain audience with Ruth, one must journey to the Astra Studios in Glendale, Cal., where the star has been very busy on her newest serial, "The Tiger's Trail." She was located there one busy morning. An important scene was about to be taken—depicting a temple where Hindu tiger worshippers conduct their weird religion.

In a great cage occupying one entire end of the "set," a real live tiger, loaned for the occasion from Col. Selig's zoo, paced restlessly to and fro. It was cold, with the damp coldness of a California spring, and his striped highness was ill at ease. How he longed for the lofty green corridors and the festooned tangles



ONCE upon a time, way back in Biblical days, they were busy putting up the oat crop, or whatever it was they raised in those days on the farms in Judea. History has it that the gleaners strove lustily on this summer afternoon. The sun was sizzling down and the honest toilers were bending to their task, straightening up now and again to take the cricks out of their sturdy backs. Then all of a sudden the industrious farmers were given an electrical shock, for the prettiest, daintiest damsel they had seen since last Passover tripped into the field, carrying a flagon of water for the parched throats of the harvesters. The girl who came along was Ruth, sister of Naomi, and the sensation she created when she made her entrance on that hot field has been emulated in modern times by another Ruth, who is also coming along.

This modern prototype of the Judean harvest field vision is none other than Ruth Roland who flits from serial to serial with the airy lithe-someness of a spotted and spangled butterfly. She is

Ruth Roland was once an infant phenomenon. She made her first stage appearance at the tender age of three and one-half years and thereafter tripped and bowed behind the footlights steadily until she was seventeen, when the lure of the camera caught her. Ruth was literally born into the profession, her mother being a singer and her father a theater manager



of his own jungle home in India. This hustling, noisy studio atmosphere made him sick. Those nauseating blue lights, filtering thru the foliage and checkering everything with lights and shadows, were no substitute for his own Indian sun. So he paced back and forth and now and then grumbled in a deep growl. He was not mad—just annoyed, and a bit homesick for his own jungle domain.

The star, attired in natty riding breeches, stood chatting with a sinister looking Hindu, in white silk swathings, and a queer outlandish creature who bore a strange resemblance to the tiger himself. His face was streaked and striped until one could imagine almost that he belonged in some way to the tiger family. The Hindu and the Tiger Face would presently assume fiendish expression and diabolical fury. They would pick up the dainty Miss Roland and toss her to the ravenous tiger in the cage. But just now the three, Hindu, Tiger Face and Star, were discussing dancing.

The Hindu averred that the modern fox trot was the most graceful of all dances, and the Tiger Face held for the new walking waltz. But Miss Roland emphatically declared that the old-fashioned skirt dance of twenty years back was the real perfection of terpsichorean art. And she gave a demonstration.

"Why, Ruth!" exclaimed the swarthy Hindu, "where did you pick up that step? I remember seeing a girl do that back in Steubenville, Ohio, when I was a kid. The ten - twenty - thirty - ladies - free-with-one-paid-ticket-on-Monday-night shows used to come along, and between the acts the ingénue who played Harriet, The Persecuted School Teacher in the drama used to put on her dancing clothes and come out in front of the curtain and do those steps. Why, it's the old skirt dance."

"Certainly it is," responded Miss Roland. "That old skirt dance, which I believe today could be revived with great success, brought me in my bread and butter for many years. I have



Miss Roland was the first child actress to play in the Hawaiian Islands. She made such a hit that she remained six months. The picture at the left shows this early Hawaiian influence.

danced it in every theater and town hall on the Pacific Coast time and time again."

Thus the truth will out. Ruth Roland, known from Medicine Hat to Melbourne as the fearless heroine of the Pathé serials,

was once an infant phenomenon. She made her first stage appearance at the tender age of three and one-half years and thereafter tripped and bowed behind the footlights steadily until she was seventeen, when, like hundreds of other girls, she responded to the lure of the camera and left the stage "flat on the lot," as they say around the circus.

Ruth was born in 'Frisco and she was literally born into the profession. Her mother was Elizabeth Houser, who was known in her girlhood as the California nightingale.

(Continued on page 66)



Photos by Evans, L. A.



White, N. Y.

Olga Mishka is one of the hits of Arthur Hammerstein's musical comedy, "Tumble In," based on the farce, "Seven Days," and now running successfully at the Selwyn Theater. "Tumble In" is a pleasant comedy, with such interesting entertainers as Peggy O'Neil, Herbert Corthell and Charles Ruggles

One of the most decided vaudeville hits of the year has been scored by pretty Shiela Terry, *below*, who is heading one of William B. Friedlander's variety offerings on a tour of the Keith theaters



White, N. Y.

Constance Binney has jumped into prominence on both screen and stage. She has just scored an unusual hit as the heroine of the comedy, "39 East," now enjoying a run at the Broadhurst Theater



Apeda, N. Y.

Summer Reaches Broadway



Campbell Studios, N. Y.

The boisterous, colorful rôle of Colonel Philippe Brideau provides Otis Skinner with splendid romantic material in "The Honor of the Family," which has just been revived at the Globe Theater

White, N. Y.



Mildred Le Gue, left, injects a piquant flavor into the South American scenes of the lively musical comedy, "Some Time," which has been having one of the season's longest runs at the Casino Theater



White, N. Y.

Fay Marbe is the principal feminine lure of the Klaw and Erlanger summer musical show, "The Velvet Lady," running at the New Amsterdam Theater. Aside from the lureful Fay, there are able comedians, a pretty chorus and Victor Herbert's music



The Girl With the Ginger-Snap Name

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

SHE has that gift of the gods—a perfect comedy face.

What is a comedy face? Who can say!

Two things are certain; one is that it possesses pathos and the other that it is different from any other face.

Take, for instance, the comedy face of Charles Chaplin on the screen or the comedy face of Rose Stahl on the stage. These you know very well and have known for a long time. But this comedy face is a new one. You are just beginning to see it. Attention was first attracted to it a short time ago when it was used as a foil for the beauty of Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess." There was another Pickford picture, "How Could You, Jean?," in which you also saw it to advantage. I am speaking, of course, about the face of ZaSu Pitts.

ZaSu looks to be somewhere in her teens. She is about five feet four, very thin, has brown eyes and very beautiful brown hair which reaches below her knees. This beautiful hair is never evident on the screen because she draws it straight back from her face and does it up in tight braids, (braids that have the

effect of accentuating the wistful expression of her eyes).

Little more than two years ago she came to Los Angeles from Santa Cruz, Cal., for the purpose of going into motion pictures.

She was without beauty, without experience and without influence to aid her. She did not even have a wardrobe.

"I wore one suit all of that time," she said, "a Norfolk I bought in Santa Cruz. Hickey! O-o-oh! I made the rounds of the studios in it until they knew me by it, when I was a long way off. It was like a trade mark. I will always think that it brought me luck even tho one man asked me sarcastically 'if I expected to get a job on my looks.'"

With this most unpromising beginning she is, today, one of the most promising players of the younger set—just another proof of the stone-age
(Continued on page 64)



"Oh, dear!" said ZaSu Pitts, when she learnt that THE CLASSIC wanted an interview. "I feel so unnecessary." ZaSu is a born comedienne, the California directors say. Above, Miss Pitts and George Hackathorn in a scene from King Vidor's new photoplay, "Better Times." Right, a brand new portrait of ZaSu

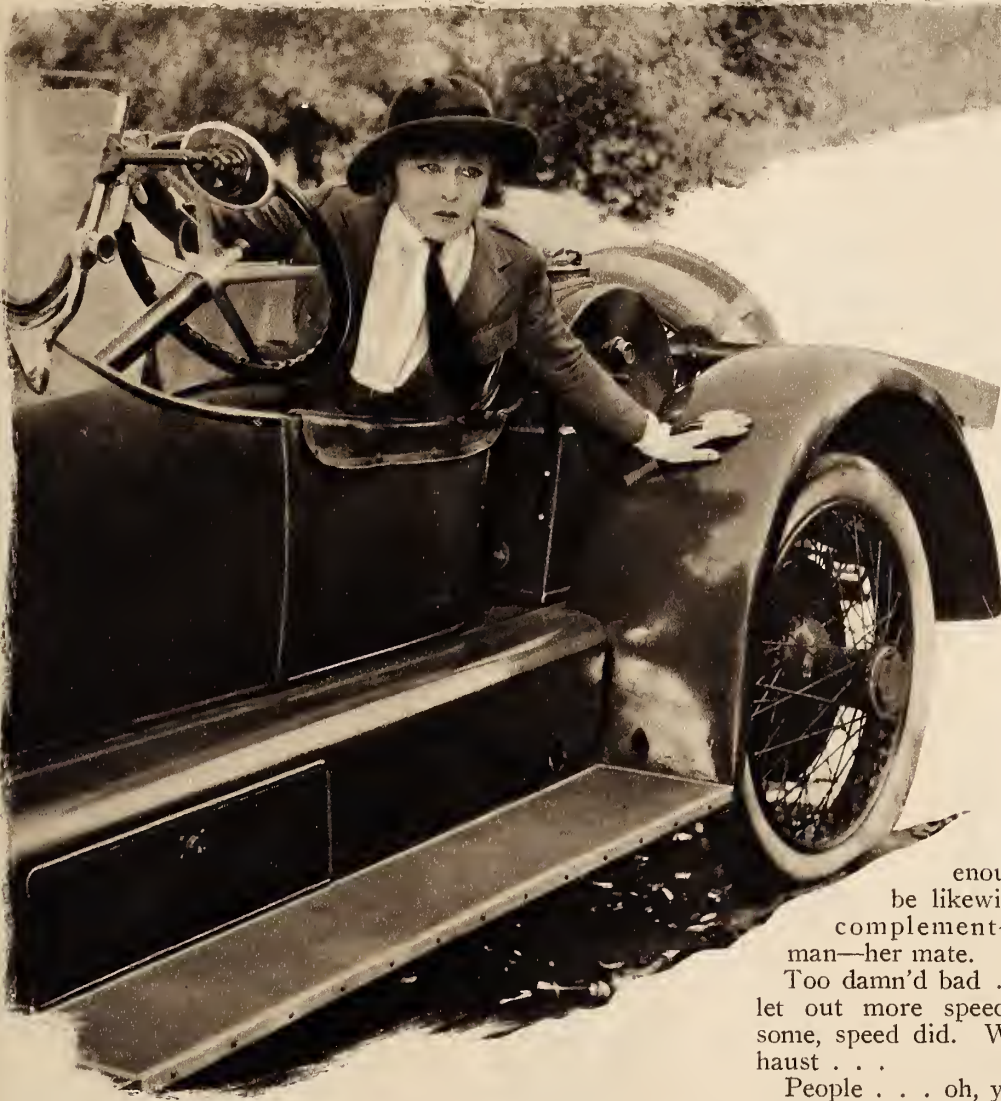
Hoover Art Co., L. A.

(Thirty-eight)

The Sporting Chance

Fictionized from the Paramount-Ethel Clayton Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE



self, honestly, rather wistfully. There were people, of course—oh, yes, there were people—endless people. Rather nice people, too, the most of them, rather decent and all that. But no comrade among them—no one who met her, squarely, adventure for adventure, heart for heart—no comrade, that was the word.

Too bad . . . she could have been such a good comrade, too, she felt that. She could have pal'd tremendously well. With some one. A man? Yes, of course, a man. Carey was woman

enough to know that the perfect comrade must be likewise the perfect complement—hence the

man—her mate.

Too damn'd bad . . . Carey let out more speed. Helped some, speed did. Was an exhaust . . .

People . . . oh, yes. There was dad. A bit stuffy and full of Noahian ideas, but thoroly a good sport and a bit—just a bit—rejuvenated since Pamela had got her slender claws upon him, which, of course, she had done, only dad didn't recognize it as such. And then there was Pamela . . . her stepmother . . . her contemporary, too. Pamela was good enough—a supine sort and fond of Robert W. Chambers, breakfast trays in bed, facial massages and sticky matinées. Orthodox, too, and beastly sentimental. Still, Pamela had a heart, which was something and, if she had catty claws, she managed to keep them sheathed most of the time, which was in her favor. Pamela was just a girl, the usual sort of girl. Her blood was rather sluggish, always had been.

Then there were the members of her "set"—the crowd she motored with, golfed with,

"So you are Harry the Duke," she said, "is there any reason why you shouldn't jack up my car for me and lend a hand?" "None that I know of," replied the convict, and his voice was nice . . . nice modulations . . . traces of breeding



CAREY BRENT was a reformist by nature and inclination. It followed as the night the day that she was also one by deed. For in Carey's simple creed of living deeds were the natural children of impulses.

Her mother died when she was four, her father was exhausted and despairful when she was six, and, up to the time she was fifteen and boarding-school claimed her, she had an endless chain of governesses, mam'selles and frauleins, who came to Brent's robust and optimistic and who departed ghastly and wan.

They predicted various and always dire fates for Carey.

At eighteen Carey was still intact—and still impulsive. Still seeking, in her heart of hearts, which was golden and true, the great adventure. What that great adventure might consist of Carey was not at all certain . . . she rather inclined toward the Fiji Islanders, or perhaps those "sweet Polynesians" . . . then there were the more modern Czecho-Slavs. Said Carey, "I know I should be an enormous success with savages."

Her father and her brand new, twenty-five-year-old stepmother concurred.

"If ever I get you married!" her father sighed.

"That will be none of your doing, dad," observed the airy Carey, "I am capable of choosing my own man."

"Carey!" said the impeccable millionaire Brent; "the man does the choosing, my dear, not the—the young lady!"

"Old stuff!" snapped Carey. "The man doesn't have a say in it, dad—'female of the species,' if you know your Kipling."

Peter Brent shook his head and turned to his young wife. "A year abroad," he was heard to mutter, and Carey made her getaway. Dad always sought a panacea in some remote land when her young Americanism got the better of him.

Out in her little roadster the road slithered away. It was too bad to be alive in such a jolly world—alone. Carey sobered abruptly. She *was* alone. She admitted that to her—



played at tennis with, was proposed to by. Some of them her schoolmates, some of them in her class at college. A sane lot, most of them. Children of wealthy parents—all sense of adventuring quenched a generation or two ago. Carey believed herself to be a reversion to some ancestor in whose veins had pounded the surge of the eternal seas, the strong, humid call of the forests primeval, the locked barriers of the far North, the verve and glamor of the old South . . . all the world . . . all the wide world over . . . adventuring . . .

Carey suffered. There were moments when she suffered desperately. It was when she felt alone . . . mateless. Then, oddly, her car suffered, too, in companionship. There was a loud report.

"Damnation!" exploded Carey. "Tire and inner tube—what a mess!"

She stepped forth and proceeded to investigate. "Job for me," she said, and donned overalls and cap.

It was then that she perceived the convict, sitting, as a convict should, sheepishly by the roadside, after a long jaunt.

It was characteristic of Carey that she took in his face before she registered his attire—took in his face—and liked it. A jolly face . . . adventurous . . .

Then she took in the stripes and remembered that the morning papers had contained rather lurid accounts of the escape of Harry the Duke from the county jail, and that Harry the Duke had had a no less lurid previous career.

"So you are Harry the Duke," she said succinctly; "well . . ." she paused and measured him thru level, blue bright eyes; "well, is that any reason why you shouldn't jack up my car for me and lend a hand?"

"None that I know of," replied the convict, and his voice was nice . . . nice modulations . . . traces of breeding . . . whither gone . . . ?

Harry the Duke made a neat job of the repairing. When he had done Carey Brent sat on the running gear of her roadster and addressed him.

"As clever a mechanic as you," she said, "shouldn't have to be a dirt common criminal. Not sporting . . . not a bit . . ."

"A bad start . . ." said Harry the Duke.

"No excuse for the same kind of a finish. How about a new start? Willing to work?"

"Who'd take me?"

"I would."

"You! what fool-hardiness!"

"Call it, rather—faith."

"In what?"

"Human nature, the

Pamela ceased sobbing. "I was terribly in love with a man—a married man. Infatuation, I guess. I wrote him silly letters . . . prodigal letters . . . letters lots more incriminating than any of my actual deeds had ever been. Ralph Seward has got a hold of those letters, how, God knows"

take me?"

bitterly.

"I would."

"You!"

what fool-

hardiness!"

"Call it,

rather—

faith."

"In what?"

"Human

nature, the

best of it. You, if you like." Harry the Duke's eyes widened and met hers. Again she had that strange sense of adventuring . . . of comradely adventuring . . . a thrill shook her . . .

"You're a fool," she muttered to herself; "a fool—again." Harry the Duke was speaking. "You're—you're—I don't know just what to say—but what I feel—good Lord!" Carey Brent gave him her smile. Four young eligibles were languishing to death at that very instant for the very same incomparable gift. "You're on!" was all she said. "Climb into these trappings of mine so you won't be pinched en route—the rooms over the garage are ready and quite decent—and I'll fix father."

Carey fixed father as neatly as Harry the Duke had fixed the roadster, and the new chauffeur, to whom Carey gave the pretentious name of Inchcliffe, was indeed "on."

There were other things in the Brent establishment rather considerably more off than on. There was, to be specific, the matter of the languid lovely Pamela and Ralph Seward. Carey knew about it, but what was worse, other people were beginning to think about it, too. It wasn't sporting. Carey hated anything—hated all things—that were not sporting. And there was Dad—Dad had had a hard life, a stern life, there had been little of softness to it, little enough of charm, the charm that women give . . . lovely women one loves. Carey knew that her Dad loved Pamela, with all the fervor of his Indian summer. She knew that it would break his pride and reach thru to his heart if he should discover the little intrigue with Ralph Seward . . .

And Seward was such a mess, such an unsporting mess. It was rumored, pretty substantially, that all the back-stairs gossip in the papers filtered thru, noiselessly, by way of Ralph Seward, who, with no money and many debts, lived like a sybarite. Some of that back-stair gossip had hurt—had hurt pretty badly, people Carey was fond of. It wasn't the sort of thing Carey could stomach . . . not like criminals for example . . . honest, open criminals who wore striped suits and did daring escapes and masqueraded in the very teeth of the law . . . something adventurous there—some spirit . . . nothing cramped . . . nothing petty . . .

Pamela was pretty—indubitably—and no doubt, thought Carey, the beast simply wanted another scalp to add to his already nefarious collection. But her father's wife! The woman—the girl, rather, who had her dead mother's place, her dead mother's name—the silly girl, who yet had none of evil—Carey made a decision. She knew her Seward. Had had experience with the like of him before. He would be easily swerved, easily sidetracked, and Peter Brent's unattached

daughter and heiress would be far richer game than Peter Brent's wife, already bespoken.

The next time Ralph Seward lolled over Pamela at the tea-cart Carey sat opposite him, a vantage point, and made eyes and smiled and lolled, too, seductively . . . gave promises . . . hints . . . It was beautiful bait. Ralph Seward made the ideal fish. He responded with almost unflattering promptitude. Here was luck . . . rare . . . Old Brent's girl . . . only child . . . sole heiress, leaving out Pamela, who would be left out if she were not more cautious with her weakish emotions . . . left out in the cold. Carey Brent was different stuff—a lot of the old man in Carey—iron, grit, pep!

After Carey had left them purposely, Ralph drew nearer to Pamela. "Suppose I change my tactics, Pam?" he said.

The languid woman pouring him tea hesitated, her eyes widened: "How do you mean, Ralph?" she asked.

"Carey—Carey instead of you—you to help me out—a marriage, as 'twere."

Pamela threw back her head and laughed. "You!" she exclaimed, "and Carey . . . how funny, how awfully funny!"

Seward compressed his lips. "It's Carey, then, or those letters in the paper," he said, "kind of messy, Pam, you know that."

"Threats again! You are a serpent, Ralph, just a serpent, crushing me . . ."

"You'll never bargain in, Pam. Life is a bargain. I'm even will-



"I've come for the letters," she said briefly, "the letters you are holding over Mrs. Brent. Hand them over!"



ing to change—to let you alone—
what is the girl to you?"

Pamela thought. What was Carey to her? The sweep of a clean wind blowing . . . the salt of the tangy sea . . . the straightness of white lilies . . . the flash of a sword . . . the *courage* things, beautiful and bright . . .

"Never mind that, Ralph," she said hurriedly; "but—too much—too much to barter—with you."

A week went by with cross-purposes playing. A week while the world grew more golden, the flowers more riotous, the moon more swollen with honey . . . Hot days, while Pamela, white and wretched, served Seward with tea and cakes, watching him . . . and Carey opposite to him made jests with him, dates with him, daring eyes at him. "She's falling in love with him," thought Pamela; "being Carey . . . how can she . . . how *can* she?"

"Pam's in love with him," thought Carey in her turn, "having known Dad . . . a *man* . . . how can she . . . how can she?"

Seward sipped tea and waited . . . Carey Brent, old Peter Brent's girl . . . what luck, what luck!

At the end of the week Carey was desperate. It was slimy . . . this waiting about. Didn't seem to be doing a bit of good either. One gorgeous night, after a day of it, she got her roadster out. Inchcliffe, in the flooding moonlight, looked Grecian and companionable . . . "Want to come," she asked abruptly . . . another impulse . . . The man nodded and jumped in . . .

Summer and the white, straight road . . . summer and the smells of night . . . and the sounds . . . and, oddly, the stillnesses . . . unexpected . . . in which one heard one's heart thumping and one's pulses drumming and one's breath whispering, warmly . . . night . . . and summer . . . and adventuring with a good comrade . . . Carey turned to look at Inchcliffe

with a sudden tumult in her blood . . . a criminal . . . and a comrade . . .

Was she mad?

Mad that this man

spoke to her in a

language she un-

derstood? Yes, she was.

Of course she was.

Mad in mid-

summer . . . oh, beastly mad . . . and yet . . .

She turned the car about and made for home. Safety first,

she thought. Inchcliffe looked too rigid, too wooden . . .

nothing could tell her he was not feeling this purple night . . .

no, nothing could tell her that. And before his criminal

career—why, before that he had undoubtedly been a "regular

fellow"—her own kind, the kind one danced with, who kist

one, perhaps, on such a night . . . A year abroad . . . per-

haps Dad was right . . . righter than a fox.

Just at the turn of the driveway they came upon Pamela

. . . Pamela and Seward . . . very close . . . whispering

there in the dark.

Carey whistled to them and they jumped as tho they had

been struck.

As Inchcliffe helped her out Carey turned to him. Her

face was white and rather sharp.

"Whom did you see in that machine there on the drive-

way?" she asked, commanded rather . . .

The ex-criminal faced her simply. "One of the maids—

and the groom, I believe, Miss

Brent," he said.

Carey held out her little

cold hand and shook her

criminal.

"Right!" she said, with a

little catch in her voice, "oh,

absolutely right—Inchcliffe."

An hour later, in negligée,

she wandered into Pamela's

room. She had heard Pamela

sobbing, dismally . . .

They left the car and sauntered toward the lake at the extreme end of the Brent grounds. "But what?" asked Sayre, and smiled at her. "But this," whispered Carey, and gave him her eager lips

THE SPORTING CHANCE

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Will Ritchey, based on Roger Hartman's story. Produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Ethel Clayton. Directed by George Melford. The cast:

Carey Brent Ethel Clayton
Paul Sayre Jack Holt
Peter Brent Herbert Standing
Pamela Brent Margaret Green
Ralph Seward Howard Davies

(Continued on page 67)

The Mestayerian Theory

By GLADYS HALL

"THE Mestayerian Theory" savors, no doubt, of Nietzsche, of Shaw—the familiar Nietzschean theory—the equally familiar Shavian theory. It may savor, but therein similitude ceaseth. For the similitude is confounded at the very outset by the fact that Henry Mestayer is an absolute optimist. The most absolute optimist, for a deep-thinker, whom I have ever encountered. The most simply self-confessed. Now Nietzsche may be an optimist. Likewise the pungent G. B. S. Or both. But if so, their optimism is reached only by a series of tortuous mental involutions, and even then conclusion is swathed and veiled and uncertain.

Somehow or other most persons who aspire to greatness in one form or another eschew the sunlit plains of the optimistic. In any form, on any subject. The "why" projects debate. Perhaps they think one cannot be optimistic and subtle at one and the same time. And not to be subtle is certainly to be lost. Perhaps they reason that to be avowedly a pessimist is to conjure up depths, to admit mental abysses, to speak from mental and emotional crucifixes. Perhaps. But as for depth, only a philosophy which has been tested thru many waters, which has suffered under many mellowing suns and waned under many moons can evolve at last, *after* pessimism, into the clean-swept plain of optimism.

"We evolve," says Mr. Mestayer; "we *absolutely* evolve. We must. We necessarily must. There cannot be immobility. That much we know. There cannot be retrogression with any finality. Nature, from whom we learn all things, teaches us that. Therefore optimism. For optimism is progress—and vice versa."

"The war," I asked; "a reversion?"
"Not at all. Still progress. Yes, even with the means—for the end will be ample justification, and if there be justification big



Photo Hartsook



Photo White, N. Y.

Henry Mestayer believes that the Superpicture will come when the Great Director arrives. "He must not be the one thing which mars the perfect artistry of our greatest director today," says Mestayer. "He must wish to evoke in his players, not the recurring image of himself, but their own personalities, their own egos, their own essential thoughts." Below, a glimpse of Mr. Mestayer and Grace Darling in a Rothapfel production

enough, that is all that counts. Never again will there be possible a rape of Belgium. Never again will one man have the power of plunging a world of men into carnage. Never will there be possible slaughter of little, unoffending children, outrage of women, violation of honor and treaty. False things have been smashed—to the death. I am supremely optimistic on the subject of the war. It is immense progress."

premely optimistic on the subject of the war. It is immense progress."

Mr. Mestayer speaks convincingly. He speaks simply, forcibly, rather tersely than otherwise. He speaks rapidly, as a man who has thought his subject out and knows it well. He is rich with simile and anecdote, with comparative matter and illustration. He is immensely well-read. In the course of our talk he alluded specifically to Voltaire, to Dickens, to Sudermann, to the more modern Shaw and Dunsany. He believes in adherence to the best; never in compromise of any sort. He does not deny the commercialism of the screen, but *does* deny its futurity. His optimism permeates both his personal life and his professional. For the latter, he is convinced that there is the Higher Art of the Screen and that that Higher Art is imminently at hand. He speaks, always, of the *Superpicture*.

He makes four main points:

"The director's the thing," he said; "the whole thing. More important than the story, more important than the star, if there be one, more important than the cast. It is essential to the Superpicture that the director be a man of vast sympathies, of fine understanding, of real artistic

(Continued on page 77)



The Celluloid Critic

WAR's aftermath is the basis of most of the leading photoplays of the month. Directors have passed the trench stage of warfare and are now showing us the man who stayed at home "to carry on," the soldier who returns wounded and disfigured, and the loneliness of the boy in khaki far from loved ones.

Consider Cecil De Mille and his latest, "For Better, For Worse," based upon an original story by Edgar Selwyn. A typical young American girl, Sylvia Norcross, is the heroine. She cannot understand when the man she loves, a young and skilled surgeon specializing in children's diseases, decides that he is of more value at home than fighting at the front. She simply brands him as a coward and, carried away with the mania of patriotic excitement, weds another chap on the eve of his departure for France. When the drums have died away, Sylvia begins to realize that she loves the doctor after all. And, when she comes to understand his sacrifice in staying home, she loves him the more. Then word comes of her husband's death in Flanders.

Sylvia and the surgeon are to announce their engagement at a reception—just when the husband returns, his face a makeshift work of army doctors. The surgeon believes, of course, that he should give up Sylvia, but she will have none of it. It isn't a question of patriotism, but love, she reasons, and she goes into the doctor's arms. But the future doesn't seem wholly empty for the rejected hubby, for a pretty little girl, who has loved him all along, appears opportunely to comfort him.

"For Better, For Worse" is adroitly built stuff of the theater, but it has any number of decidedly effective moments. And De Mille handles his theme with his usual faultless attention to human detail. He extracts every ounce of effect from his story via his stock company of four able players—Gloria Swanson, who

Above, Nazimova as the half English — half Chinese heroine of "The Red Lantern"; right, Elsie Ferguson and Wyndham Standing in "Eyes of the Soul"; and, below, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter in Cecil De Mille's "For Better, For Worse"



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

plays Sylvia; Elliott Dexter, who is the children's surgeon; Tom Forman, who does the soldier-husband; and Wanda Hawley, as the little blonde comforter who has loved him from the start. Just one word of protest. Wont Miss Swanson use a little less obvious facial make-up? But, all in all, "For Better, For Worse" is a compelling photoplay—and one of Mr. De Mille's best.

From another angle, "Eyes of the Soul," (Artcraft), treats of war's aftermath. A blind soldier is the central figure of George Weston's story. Living alone, his little savings fast dwindling, Larry Gibson faces a desperate future. Then comes Gloria Swann, a cabaret girl about to sell herself to a wealthy old judge. But Larry touches her heart and, out of her pity, grows love. At first the soldier refuses to accept her sacrifice, altho ultimately he marries Gloria, but not until after he proves his ability to write songs. Finally a child is born and at last he sees again—thru the eyes of his baby. Director Emile Chautard has not only told "Eyes of the Soul" with genuine and moving tenderness, but he has had the courage to retain the original ending of the story and he has sounded the psychological depth of his Gloria and his Larry. No mere series of animated pictures is this photoplay, but a searching soul analysis. Elsie Ferguson has done no better work in many months than her Gloria and, more than all else, she has been big enough to accord remarkable opportunities to a supporting player, Wyndham Standing. Mr. Standing gives one of the rarest celluloid performances of the year as the lonely, blind Larry, into whose bitter darkness comes the sunshine of understanding love. Big and compelling is his portrayal—and the figure of the blind soldier playing his banjo in his lonely, desolate room will live in our memories for a long time to come.

We have had war pictures and war pictures, but none with more quaint appeal than "Pettigrew's Girl," which Para-

Right, Ethel Clayton and Monte Blue in "Pettigrew's Girl"

(Continued on page 81)



Above, Marcia Manon and John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"; and left, Dorothy Gish, in "Peppy Polly"



(Forty-five)

Introducing Cutie Beautiful

WHY not be lucky?
Why not indeed!

The real secret of success appears to be in trusting your luck, or providence, or destiny, and then in going ahead and doing whatever you want to do. Just like that; no worry about it at all! However, I am ahead of my story.

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me," said Clarine Seymore, the beautiful brunette "cabaret girl" in D. W. Griffith's picture, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "was in having the Rolin Film Company break a contract with me. If they had not said that I was incapable as an actress, I would still be in slapstick comedy, and I hate slapstick comedy! I sued them, tho, and won my suit, and was given a part by Mr. Griffith immediately afterward." All of which goes to show that if you dont want to go



Photo Hoover Art Co., L.A.

some place, you aren't so very likely to get there, and the reverse; in this case it was especially the reverse.

Clarine Seymore lives in a bungalow on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood with her parents and a little four-year-old brother who is the only other child.

But I did not see her at her home. I saw her at the Griffith studio on Sunset Boulevard, one of the most historic spots in Los Angeles. It has been called the "star factory," because almost every great star of today started there. It is in a group of buildings painted a dark and, some players believe, a "lucky" green. (Luck or fate or coincidence, call it what you will, has played a large part in the life of Clarine Seymore.)

"I wanted to be an

Clarine Seymore, who scored as the cabaret girl of Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," was released by the Rolin Company because they thought she couldn't act. Then Griffith signed her—and her hit was made. Which shows the odd way Dame Fortune plays with one's fate

(Forty-six)

By

ELIZABETH PELTRET

actress, but my father objected, so we compromised on my attempting to get into moving pictures," she said, innocently. (Of course, she didn't mean it that way! I don't know of any one who respects her work more highly than does Clarine.)

"This was when we were living at New Rochelle—you know, Cohan's 'Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway,'" she went on.

"I had no friends in the profession and there were no influences from outside to help me. I was just one of the girls who sit around on the benches outside every studio and wait. Speaking of waiting, I waited all day long and every day for two weeks before I got any work at all!" (You can't discourage a girl who is destined to become an actress!)

Here is where "luck" came into play. She had just finished work as Mollie King's "girl friend" in the Pathé serial, "The Double Cross," when Mr. Roach came East from Los



Photo Hoover Art Co., L. A.

Once Miss Seymore lived in New Rochelle, N. Y. Then she decided to be a screen actress—but it was hard to find a director who agreed with her decision. Finally, however, she was signed to play opposite Toto, the clown, in Pathé comedies

Angeles looking for a girl small enough and unique enough to work with Toto, the clown. He had great difficulty in finding a girl of the type he needed. At the Pathé studio they ran off bits of film for him to help him in his quest, and in one of these bits of film he saw the girl. They didn't know who she was, (no record is kept of the extras), but she was Johnny-on-the-spot in the extras'

waiting-room outside.

It was just luck? But she was there!

As a result she came to Los Angeles.

When her work with Toto ended she was given a contract with the Rolin Film Company.

What seemed to impress her most about that experience was the size of her dressing-room. It was big as a house, she said, and had high ceilings and depressing, dark-colored walls. This studio is in a house of the old Los Angeles, built before there was such a thing as a California bungalow. It stands on top of a hill on the edge of Little Mexico. Her dressing-room was furnished with just one little dressing-table and nothing else.

(Continued on page 76)



The Fame and Fortune

THE Fame and Fortune Contest will close at midnight of July 1!

The concluding weeks of the international contest are being marked by an avalanche of photographs. Contestants are entering in the final moments from practically every country of the globe. A great many contestants have entered from Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Hawaiian Islands and the Far East. Oddly, not one of these contestants has yet been judged by the Fame and Fortune jury to be as beautiful as our own American girls.

Remember, but a few more honor rolls remain before the contest closes. These honor rolls will continue to be published by THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE until the entire period of the contest has been covered.

With photographs being received by the thousands, it is impossible to predict just when the final leaders in the contest will be decided upon. It is probable that three leaders will be named and invited to come to New York for test pictures, after which the final first prize will be awarded.

While it is, of course, difficult to predict definitely, it is expected that the first issue of our new magazine, SHADOWLAND, will carry some sort of announcement regarding the leaders of the contest, with brand-new pictures of them.

When THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE first announced The Fame and Fortune Contest, SHADOWLAND had not been created. But the appearance of this new and greater screen monthly, the de luxe SHADOWLAND, means that the winner of The Fame and Fortune Contest will have three big magazines blazing his or her way to success. No publicity campaign, aimed towards the making of a screen player, has ever been conceived with this magnitude. It means fame and fortune in every sense of the words to the lucky winner.

Do you realize how seriously this contest is being taken by producers? Winners in the various honor rolls are being approached weekly by managers who want to tie them up to contracts, having faith in the judgment of THE CLASSIC and THE MAGAZINE, backed by the acumen of the famous judges of the contest.

The ninth honor roll, for the period between April 15th and May 1st, has been decided to include the following:

Lee McHenry, of 3025 South Tekoa Street, Spokane, Wash. Miss McHenry has had no professional experience. She has black hair, blue eyes and is five feet two inches in height.

Marian Manning, of 210 Nevada Street, Long Beach, Cal. Miss

Manning has danced on the stage and played small rôles in stock. She has brown eyes, brown hair and is exactly five feet five.

Nora Orr, of 69 Helena Avenue, Toronto, Can. Miss Orr has never been on the stage or screen. She has brown hair, brown eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

Melanie Gordon, of 1871 California Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Miss Gordon has danced with Lubouska and Evan Burrows, the classic terpsichorean artists. She has golden hair, dark-blue eyes and is five feet four.

Frances McKern, of 223 E. Second Avenue, Spokane, Wash. Miss McKern has appeared in church plays, school entertainments and amateur dramas. She has brown-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet four.

(Forty-eight)

Anguire, Spokane

FRANCES MCKERN

This is your last chance to enter The Fame and Fortune Contest, which ends at midnight of July 1.



Above:
MELANIE GORDON

Apeda, N. Y.

Left:
GOLDIE GRACE WANEMAKER



Contest Is Closing

Goldie Grace Wanemaker, of No. 3621 Greenview Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Miss Wanemaker has played extra parts in pictures and danced in society affairs. She has light-brown hair, blue eyes and is five feet three.

Andre Bayley, of 711 E. Washington Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Bailey has danced on the stage. She is an Alabama girl, and describes her eyes as "laughing brown." Her hair is gold brown and she is five feet two.

Contestants should take careful note of the following:

Pictures received after midnight of July 1st will not be entered in the Fame and Fortune Contest.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to picture with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.*

Try not to send hand-



Witzel, L. A.

Above:
MARIAN MANNING

Right:
ANDRE BAYLEY

Left:
NORA ORR

colored contest portraits.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be

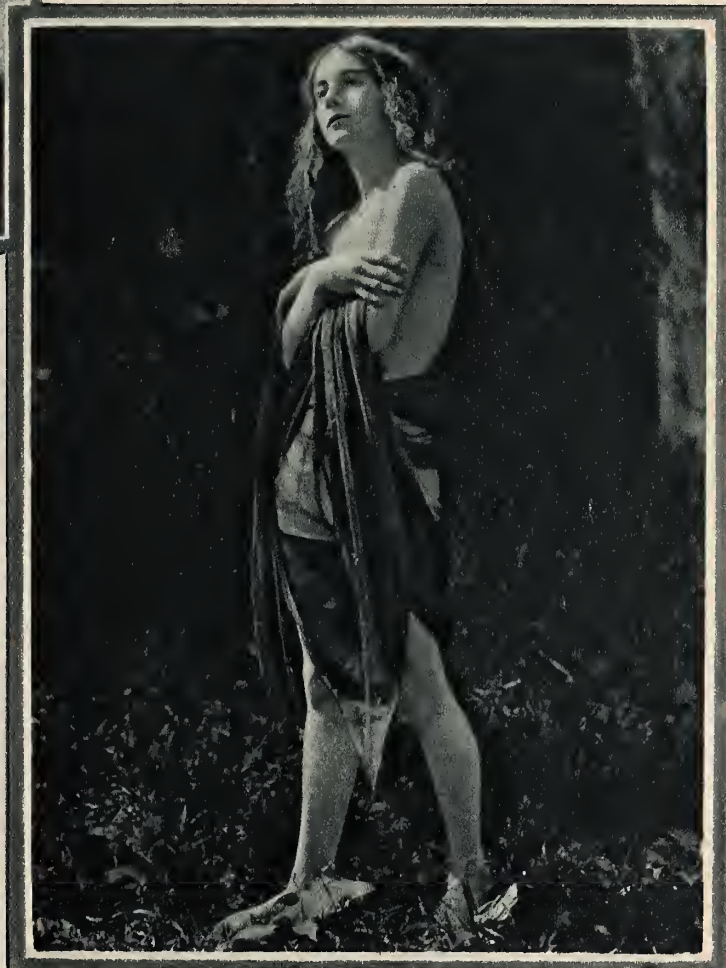
selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls.

The three magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and SHADOWLAND will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and SHADOWLAND guarantee that the winner will

(Continued on page 81)



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LEE McHENRY



Buffum, L. A.

A Stradivarius of the Screen



think of Anita Stewart, I think, also, of music as it comes from a frail, taut string, so sensitive to vibration that a slight breeze may sound it.

It was in her home I next met her. Her mother and sister were there, and her kid brother—just 16—who wants to be an electrician.

You could imagine nothing more lovely than this home. The rooms are very large, with unusually high ceilings and the fine pictures are hung far apart so that there is no suggestion anywhere of overcrowding. You get the same suggestion of spaciousness from all of the furnishings. The drawing-room is done in dark blue and russet brown. There is a rare bear rug in front of an open fireplace. (Miss Stewart is extremely fond of furs

ANITA STEWART stood in a drawing-room set, under the glare of Cooper-Hewitts. I was watching the delicate play of expression on her face—absorbed.

She is restless, highly strung, quickly responsive to suggestion, sensitive to her surroundings. The impression of daintiness you get of her from the screen is enhanced by the delicate texture of her skin and the fineness of her golden-brown hair. She is about five feet four.

We often compare people with material things. Of one you will say he is "like a barrel;" of another she is "like a jelly-fish;" of a third, dolled up in present-day trimmings, "like a post bedecked with holiday streamers." Anita Stewart, on the contrary, reminds me of the least material thing I know of—the clear, high notes of a Stradivarius violin. Whenever I

Anita Stewart suggests music as it comes from a frail, taut string, so sensitive to vibration that a slight breeze may sound it. She is restless, highly strung, quickly responsive to suggestion, sensitive to her surroundings



By ELIZABETH EVANS

and during a conversation I had with her, one afternoon, wore a coat which inspired me with a desire to run my hand backward and forward across her shoulders.)

A sun-porch which runs the full length of the house is shut off from the wind by walls of glass. It overlooks a broad, rolling lawn which even in winter looks like a green velvet carpet. Her bedroom is in keeping with the remainder of her surroundings. Everywhere one finds wide spaces and unobtrusive luxury.

We sat on the veranda in the sunshine, Miss Stewart preferring the stone railing to a comfortable chair, because there the sun was warmest.

"I love California," she said and, as tho the two were synonymous, "I love warmth and richness of tone and everything that helps to remove obstacles. I like to have things to happen, quickly."

She was eating rich candies from a Chinese sweetmeat tray, breaking each piece of candy in two to get at the heart of it — a nut in the center.



Miss Stewart has an exquisite home in Hollywood. The rooms are very large with unusually high ceilings. The drawing-room is done in dark blue and sunset brown. A sun-porch runs the full length of the house, shut off from the wind by walls of glass. It overlooks a broad, rolling lawn which, even in winter, looks like a green velvet carpet. Her bedroom is in keeping with the remainder of her surroundings. Everywhere one finds wide spaces and unobtrusive luxury

I asked if, like Lois Weber, her director for two productions, she was a believer in reincarnation.

"No," she answered, emphatically, "I'm not.

"I believe that heaven and hell are just states of mind. I believe that God punishes us for everything bad we do, and rewards us for everything good we do, NOW—in *this* life—not beyond the grave, nor in any future state. I believe that everything happens for the best, except death. I cannot believe that death is ever for the best."

Anita Stewart is twenty-two years old. Naturally, she is very much in love with life. She loves the high places. "Not," she said, "the high, lonely places of the mountains, but the high places of the cities where one can sit alone and look down upon the crowds and hear the murmur that comes up from constant movement. I love people."

A little later, our conversation turned to other famous stars. "We can't have everything," she said, apropos of a well-known player who has recently suffered a great misfortune.

"Sometimes I am sorry that I am so successful because, perhaps when I grow old, love or friendship or something equally big may be denied me. The unhappy famous! You see them around you everywhere, don't you? Sometimes I think that great success is

(Continued on page 85)



The FEAR WOMAN

Fictionized from the Goldwyn-Pauline
Frederick Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

"It isn't fair," Helen Winthrop rebelled passionately, "it's striking in the dark. If it were anyone living, I could fight and win, but this grappling with the dead—oh, its *damnable!*"

"Helen!" Robert Craig protested, with something akin to horror, "you dont know what you're saying. For heaven's sake, dear, dont get melodramatic." He moved restlessly about the long drawing-room, touching the cloisonné on the mantel, the vellum bindings on the bookshelves, the Ming bowl of jonquils on the grand piano with absent fingers, "I suppose you're nervous—yes, of course, you are!" he caught at the explanation with masculine tolerance, "but for the life of me I cant see what there is to get tragic about in what your poor father wrote!

You dont see things straight. Better wait till tomorrow to talk about it."

He made the suggestion with alacrity. Robert, as Helen knew, had a dread that was almost fanatic of anything tinged with sentimentalism or heroics. He was the soul of conventionality and to him the wrong of a matter lay, not so much in itself, as in its being talked about, known and discussed openly. For that reason the content of Harrison Winthrop's posthumous confession had little seriousness to his mind, so long as the world in general knew nothing of it.

"I wish I could believe I was hysterical, Robert," she said mournfully, "but I know in my heart of hearts that I never was so. Ever since I read Dad's letter this afternoon I've had the feeling that I have been asleep, dreaming pleasant dreams, and that I had waked up to life's realities at last." She looked up at him somberly, with dark suffering eyes. How big and handsome and *dear* he was! But her voice hurried on, as tho she dared not put off the saying of the hard thing she had sent for him to say, lest her courage should quail. "Robert, you were one of the dreams, dear—the best dream of them all, but I have got to—give up dreaming now—"

"Helen!"—her sick heart thrilled in spite of its misery at the protest of his tone—"do you mean you're going to break our engagement?"

"For your sake, dear," she nodded, "because you're too fine and healthy and splendid for me to come to with a tainted inheritance."

"Nonsense!" he spoke almost irritably; "dont let's use big stage words about this, Helen. If you mean you wont marry me because your father used to take a drink occasionally, I think you're hard up for an excuse, that's all I can say!"

"If it were only occasionally!" Helen shook her head, white lips making a gallant attempt at a quivering smile. "But you read what he said. His father, and his father's father, and how he had struggled and—failed. Oh, now I can see so many things I never understood before! There were days at a time when he stayed in his room and wouldn't let me come in, and his voice sounded—somehow—*frightened!* No, no, Robert, I cant let you take the risk of marrying me."

"You cant help me marrying you," Robert Craig affirmed with the set of the jaw that had already had notable effect upon the juries who listened to his pleas.

Helen did not answer, but a tide of joy washed over her soul. He would not let her go! The thought was warm like a leaping fire, she held her hands to it gratefully. What if after all she might go on as they had planned, what if there might be the breakfast table that she had pictured with its fruit and pleasant gleam of silver, and the homey steaming of coffee that she would pour for him—what if she might destroy the letter and with it the dreadful fear that had companioned her ever since that afternoon?

The two in the drawing-room were so engrossed with their own affairs that they had not heard the creak of the door, cautiously opened, nor seen the small sailor-bloused figure that had entered and crept to Helen's side, but now a shrill little voice spoke unexpectedly in the silence, with the startling effect of continuing an already launched conversation.

"An' I got a bunny wiv one black ear an' one white ear, an' I got a white mice, an' a cats, an' a baby bruvver, an' a n'auntie, an' two granfavvers, an' a slate pencil, an' a n'express waggin, an' nat's all. What have *you* got?"

Helen's eyes, as they rested on the small figure, were tragic with thwarted motherhood. "Nothing," she said slowly. "I have nothing, little John."

"No bunnies, nor slate pencils, nor little boys like me?" Little John's tone was full of pity, he was about to speak further on the matter, but his aunt, the housekeeper, interrupted. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," she fretted, "slippery as an eel that boy! I turn my back one minute to look at my baking and he's gone. Come along of me, ye little Thafe o' the World!"

The silence that hovered over the beautiful, luxurious room was full of unsaid things, questions, replies. The man stood frowning down at the flower he was twisting in his big fingers, the woman sat staring before her with wide, mournful eyes. When at last she spoke, there was that in her tone that told him that pleading would be of no avail. "I have them to think of, too, Robert—your sons. They have a right to be born well."

He was lawyer enough to know that his case was lost, but lover enough to plead with her, to argue, and finally to reproach and storm. To no avail.

"You dont love me—you cant, or you wouldn't let anything on God's earth separate us!" he said at last, anger thickening his voice, "but if you think you can keep me dangling to satisfy your conscience, you're mistaken. If I go, I go for good, and I shant come back."

In the mute misery of her face he read her answer and caught up his hat violently. "If you prefer shadows to realities, keep them! I loved you—I always will love you, but I shall take precious good care I never see your face again!"

His words, bitter, taunting, echoed thru the silent room long after he had gone. She wondered whether she would hear them echoing thru the dun years to come

... at her movement the papers on her lap rustled with the dry sound of dead leaves. That was what they were—old sere sins, dead deeds of her forebears drifting down over her radiant springtide, burying it. Because her father's father had drunk too deeply she must go athirst . . . it was not *just!*

Presently she rose with infinite weariness and went to her desk to write a few lines, fold and address them. "I suppose it's a coward's part to run away," she murmured, "but I've got to have time to make over life with another pattern. Stella will keep me till I can decide what to do."

The society of the little Southern city found Stella Scarr's beautiful guest a welcome break in the boredom of their ingrowing acquaintance with each other's tastes, witticisms and personal characteristics. Her gowns were more thrilling than the Russian Revolution, her dark loveliness rivaled the National League as a clubroom topic, albeit the tone of the comments was distinctly respectful. Within a week it was known that Miss Helen Winthrop had snubbed Bob Barton, the wealthy roué of Shannon, had refused Calhoun Carter, the professional heartbreaker, and had on three occasions chosen to drink water at the dinner-table, instead of wine. All of which cataclysmic things, of course, caused comment and conjecture. Stella herself, fluffy and irresponsible as a maltese kitten, was puzzled at her friend's puritanical attitude.

"Of course, if you think a man notices a woman who doesn't drink, I could understand you, Nell, but you seem to be as much of a man-abstainer as you are of cocktails," she fretted; "one would almost think you were afraid of them both!"

"I am afraid to drink," Helen confessed quietly, tho her cheeks burned.

She looked up at her friend, who stood hatted and gloved for the street before her. "I didn't tell you, Stella, but that's why I didn't marry Bob—why I shall never marry anyone.

Helen's eyes, as they rested on the small figure, were tragic with thwarted motherhood. "Nothing," she said, slowly; "I have nothing." "No bunnies nor slate pencils nor little boys like me?" Little John's tone was full of pity



My father couldn't help drinking—oh, I don't mean anything disgusting! He was always a gentleman, and most people never guessed. I never knew it myself, until he died and left a letter telling me that I must fight, always."

Stella stared at her blankly, "Poor dear!" but it was the froth of sympathy. She was so entirely sorry for Stella Scarr that she had no time for other people's troubles, believing herself a misunderstood woman, mismarried to a coarse, unappreciative brute of a husband, who neglected her for ridiculous business conferences, and was furious if another man so much as glanced at her. It was a very comfortable and elastic viewpoint and enabled her to justify herself in taking small, sly nibbles of forbidden fruit, without spiritual indigestion.

Now, as she spoke, she was gazing into the mirror of Helen's dressing-table with a little secret, pleased smile. Will Terhune would approve of her in that peacock blue suit. "The only thing I'm afraid of is what people say about me behind my back!" she laughed in her soft lisping voice, "but a little, harmless cocktail! It seems ridiculous to be afraid of *that*..."

She was fluttering away, but Helen caught her sleeve. "Terhune again?" she met Stella's defiance steadily. "My dear, are you sure it's a safe game you're playing?"

"Safe enough if you know the rules!" Stella assured her smartly. "Still, you can come along and play convention if you like. If you were a blonde I wouldn't let you, but Will doesn't like dark women."

The tearoom of the fashionable hotel was crowded, and Helen's mushroom popularity brought smiling nods, bows and admiring glances from all sides. Young men lingered beside her chair, older women paused to speak a gracious word to the beautiful newcomer from the North. Stella and Will Terhune,

a sallow, carefully dressed man on the perilous edge

of middle-age, gave up all pretense of including her in their intimately low-pitched conversation. Looking across her teacup at the flushed baby prettiness of the girl whose cheeks were scorched with the fires, with which she was playing as thoughtlessly as a child with matches, Helen suddenly felt immeasurably old, immemorially wise, and weary and experienced. It came to her poignantly, that the ever-present fear had elbowed the youth out of her, leaving her grey of soul, wrinkled of heart, old—cold.

"I have stopped living so long before it's time to die!" she thought wearily, "and the rest will be just waiting, and being afraid——"

These words were to return to her later like the answer to a question. It was on a midnight of fitful moonlight and blown shadows, when she stood in an angle of the upper hallway and watched Sidney Scarr come crashing out of his wife's room with a livid face and plunge down the stairs, that they came back to her, and brought cold reason on the heels of her first panic fear. Stella had lied to her, then, when she pleaded a headache, she had gone out, and Sidney had returned unexpectedly and found her gone. The air was electric with tragedy... he would go to Terhune's apartments and he would find—what would he find?

"You have stopped living—" memory whispered, "what does it matter what happens to you?"

Helen's head was whirling, she groped back to her room, found a long black coat and flung it about her negligée. Below stairs she could hear Scarr's snarling tones, as he roused the chauffeur. She opened her window, stepped out on the fire-escape, and climbed down into the thick summer darkness that rose to meet her, murky, stifled with the sweets of jasmine and rose.

The two in Will Terhune's rose-hung sitting-room sprang up at sight of their visitor, and Stella's pretty, silly little face seemed to shrink into a sagging network of feeble lines, as Helen poured out her tale. She was the sort of woman who meets an emergency with tears, and whines in the face of Fate. Now she sank into a chair, dragging the telltale intimacy of her face and chiffon ruffles about her, moaning, sobbing.

"If Sid finds me here he'll divorce me—I'll be disgraced—it will *kill* me——"

"Get her out of here," Helen commanded. She stripped off her coat and wrapped it about the

"Not a woman in Shannon will see you if you stand directly in her light. They'll cut you in the tea rooms, they'll draw their skirts away"



The veranda was deserted, tinted with the amber of a low-hanging tropic moon. In its mellow glow the two gazed in a silence that throbbed with unspoken things



other woman's shuddering shoulders. "Quick, there isn't a moment to lose——"

Left alone in the dim, rose-lit room, she paced the floor till Terhune returned. Their eyes met—his admiring, speculative; hers hard, cold. "Well?" there was angry contempt in her voice, but he chose to disregard.

"She'll be home in five moments." He looked at her over the lighting of a cigaret, coolly. "What are you doing this for?"

"There is no use of two lives being ruined," Helen said simply. "Stella had a chance for happiness—I have none, that's all."

In the turgid deeps of his glance a spark of admiration flickered. "That's—sporty! But I suppose you know you'll be done for when this gets out—and it'll get out. Scarr is a cad. By tomorrow afternoon the story will be laughed at and bandied about in every clubroom in town, and not a woman in Shannon will see you, if you stand directly in her light. They'll cut you in the tearooms, they'll draw their skirts away—and the most virtuous of them will be the ones who haven't been found out yet.

"I am not afraid of scandal," Helen Winthrop said wearily. "What can lies do?"

"They can do a damned lot!" Terhune averred; "they can hound you wherever you go, break up new friendships, steal in like poison gas when you think you're safest. A lie has driven many a woman to the streets and to the morgue."

"I am not afraid of any-

thing any *living* person can do to me"—she turned on him eyes filled with such tragedy that he fell back in amazement—"it is the dead I fear . . ." footsteps halted outside the door, and a violent knock thundered thru the apartment. Helen sank into the deep chair, smiling faintly as she drew his cigaret case toward her. "I'm afraid I'm rather an amateur in sin—do I look sufficiently abandoned? Then—let them in."

The following weeks tested the truth of Terhune's prophecies. Thru the nightmare of them she moved with head held high, white face giving no sign that she heard the whispers and sneering laughter that followed her wherever she went, or saw the averted faces and lifted shoulders of disdain. But alone in the hotel room, whither she had moved in spite of Stella's half-hearted protestations, she paced the floor in a travail of spirit that often left her pillow unpressed till dawn.

After all, she reflected, why should she stay at Shannon, and suffer Shannon's wasp-like stings and briar snubs? She

avoided the melodramatic scene of parting which Stella would have staged, the weak, sentimental tears, the hysterical gratitude, and slipped out of the city late one evening, with a passionate breath of relief as she watched the lights twinkle out of sight.

Followed bewildered months wherein it was gradually borne in upon Helen that Terhune was right. Wherever she went Rumor followed on padded feet; she grew to watch for the hardening of women's glances,

(Continued on page 80)

THE FEAR WOMAN

Fictionized by permission from the photoplay of Izola Forrester. Produced by Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, starring Pauline Frederick. Directed by John A. Barry. The cast:

Helen Winthrop.....Pauline Frederick
Robert Craig.....Milton Sills
Harrison Winthrop.....Emmett King
Sidney Scarr.....Harry S. Northrup
Stella Scarr.....Beverly Travers
Bruce Terhune..... Ernest Pasqué
Percy Farwell.....Walter Hiers

Alma Rubens: Business Woman

By CHARLES JAMESON

ALMA RUBENS suggests an old-fashioned garden. On the screen, that is. Not after you have met her! For, instead of a mental picture of a beautiful actress, you come away with a vivid impression of a very live young business woman.

Not that Miss Rubens isn't beautiful. She is. Big, thoughtful, almost dreamy-eyed. You gather this fact with a gasp and then come smash up against the fact that her heart is centered in business rather than anything else.

No artistic temperament is here. No, indeed. Miss Rubens calmly admits that she cares more about the business side of production than the histrionic. If you have visualized Miss Rubens reclining on her dressing-room *chaise-longue*, surrounded by orchids, revise your estimate. You'd probably find her in the president's office going over the books.

"I'm not a good interview subject," Miss Rubens told me, when we met in the new Hotel

Commodore in New York. "I can't talk of my art—and all that. I guess I'm plain uninteresting."

"I was born in San Francisco and educated at the Sacred Heart Convent there. That's quite a step from the movie studios, isn't it? But it's exactly the step I made."

"I wanted to act. Thru friends I met Rolin Sturgeon, the

Vitagraph director, who introduced me to Frank Woods, then director of production for Triangle. Douglas Fairbanks needed a leading woman for his next picture, 'The Half-

Breed,' and they gave me the rôle. That's the whole story. I was singularly lucky, that's all.

"After 'The Half-Breed' I played in the unfortunate 'Peer Gynt' with Cyril Maude and in several pictures with Mr. Fairbanks and William S. Hart. Then they began featuring and starring me. There you have my whole career."

"I have my own company now and it's fun. The business side interests me so. Not that I dislike screen acting. But I have just one real, honest-to-goodness ambition—to be a stage star!"

"That's a real confession that I have made to nobody else. I do want to shine behind the footlights. And here's still another confession—I'm going to next season. Well, perhaps I won't exactly shine, but

I'm going to try anyway. It will be in a play by Daniel Goodman, in which I will play a half-breed sort of girl. If all goes well, the production will be made by Al H. Woods.

(Continued on page 78)

(Fifty-six)

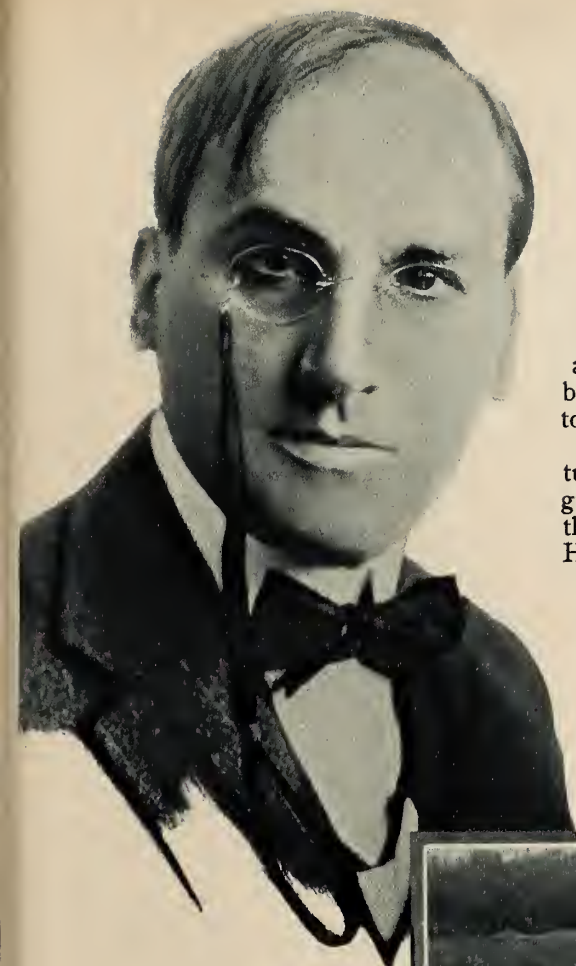


© Hooper, L. A.

Alma Rubens is a very live young business woman. She has one real ambition—to act on the stage. Next season she is going to star behind the footlights

Beban Beliefs

By SUE ROBERTS



"Hurry up the picture," is the curt reminder. "Never mind this detail or that. The release date demands the last scene be shot tomorrow." And more likely a scenario will be enclosed with the simple notice: "Read this tonight and be ready to start work on it the day after tomorrow."

The star rubs his eyes, shakes himself mentally, and wonders what it is all about. Slowly but surely he is forced out of the mood of the present picture, becomes muddled, confused and acts only as an automaton, but finishes according to command on program time.

George Beban broke off all ties to duty of this sort and started work on a picture which you now know as "Hearts of Men." The story is that of a man's great love and sacrifice for his mother and his little boy. Mr. Beban conceived the story, directed and acted in the picture and did the cutting and assembling. He spent all the time he wished and spared no expense.

When the whole was finished, he had placed all his hope, money, and belief, besides a year's time, in 5,000 or so feet of celluloid. At last Mr. Beban showed his product to a crowd of men who buy films to market them. These men smoked, lolled in their chairs, distracted each other's attention from the poignant pathos and clean humor of the piece by chatting aloud in the projection-room. Their idea was to frighten Mr. Beban into thinking he had

produced a poor picture. They offered him a paltry sum condescendingly. Mr. Beban decided that, if it was worth *anything* to them, it was worth *his price*. He dismissed them.

In time the picture was shown to other companies, with the result that it was sold for twice the sum that Mr. Beban could have made had he worked for a salary every week during the year.

"I choose the character of a poor Italian or Frenchman or American," says Beban, "because the masses can understand his suffering and, as for the classes, their sympathy will hold them interested in everyday lives"

Underwood & Underwood



AFTER all is said and done, George Beban's most emphatic quality is his innate belief in the people's love for humanity.

Having thus begun propitiously with the ending of my story, I hasten to explain.

Somewhere near a year ago George Beban left the security of a Famous Players-Lasky contract to experiment in pictures on his own. His reasons were threefold.

In the first place, he desired to produce pictures that did not depend upon sex for their drawing power. Mr. Beban believes that enthralling stories can be woven about the love of a man for his mother, for his pal, for his son, or even his horse. "Why," he asks, "should all pictures depend upon the love of a man for a maid? Must all celluloid dramas end with the embrace of a pair of lovers?" This was the question that Mr. Beban asked himself and answered, "No." His faith in the sympathy and love of his audiences for human beings as well as sensation gave him the courage to go ahead on his own.

His second reason for attempting such a thing was that he considers program picture making all wrong. For instance, he cites the habitual experience of the star who works under the program system. He will be enacting a story, will have thrown himself into a certain character with all his heart, will have worked himself into the very essence of the desired emotions, and nine times out of ten a messenger will arrive from the president of the releasing company.

A recent portrait of George Beban and two scenes from his new production, "Hearts of Men," in which he appears with his little son, George, Jr. "I choose the character of a poor Italian or Frenchman or American," says Beban, "because the masses can understand his suffering and, as for the classes, their sympathy will hold them interested in everyday lives"



More Bathing Girls of 1919 A.D.



No, they're not Mack Sennett belles, but sea-going ingénues of the William Fox coast forces. Mr. Fox believes more in the flapper type of aquatic actress than Mr. Sennett. The various young women in these pictures are nameless. we regret to inform an anxious public



If you haven't yet tried Cutex, make up your mind to send for the trial set today. See how noticeably better your nails look after their first Cutex manicure!



Stains and discolorations disappear as if by magic the moment you apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails.



A lasting, brilliant gloss or a soft, transparent finish, just as you prefer, you can get with Cutex Nail Polish.



"So smooth does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut."
Geraldine Farrar

How to keep your nails looking freshly manicured all the time

YOUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure!

They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if they had just had a professional manicure.

Keep them looking lovely, always!

Spasmodic attention won't do it—having your nails manicured occasionally may only make the cuticle look worse, in the long run. But, with a bottle of Cutex at hand, it is so easy to keep your cuticle *always* smooth and firm.

So little trouble, too

Once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cu-

ticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick, wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle.

Carefully rinse the fingers in clear water.

Thousands of women would tell you that they can, with Cutex, keep their nails always in noticeably lovely condition.

Use Cutex regularly and you, too, will find that it does away entirely with ruinous cuticle cutting.

Get a bottle today at any drug or department store.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cutex Cuticle Comfort are also 35c.

Send today for the complete manicure set shown below

If you have never given your nails a Cutex manicure, send today for this complete Cutex manicure set and see for yourself how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Send only 20c for it today! Northam Warren, Dept. 907, 114 W. 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 907, 100 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



This set is complete! Enough for six perfect manicures. Send only 20c and let us mail you one!

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 907, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____



Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT



Above, Mary MacLaren and her mother outside their California home. Right, Mary Pickford viewing a scene of her newest photoplay in the making. Director Micky Neilan stands behind her and Charles Rosher is at the camera

LOS ANGELES, (Special) — Lately I've had a splendid opportunity to see how the pictures "get over" in towns far removed from our cinema center. One hears so much of high-salaried stars, of 100 H. P. directors, publicity men and advertising geni, that it would appear as if exhibiting motion pictures were a sort of foretaste of heaven, with sun and moon forgot—but stars twinkling everywhere and compelling us to give a "look, give a listen, give a little sympathy"—plus all our surplus cash.

Cash? Well, that may be the eventual downfall

of the motion picture theater. I'd like to know how a working man, or a salaried clerk, can afford to take the family to see a show at a minimum entrance fee, including war-tax, of twenty-eight cents. That's the admission in El Paso, and I viewed two performances which gave me the creeps owing to the frosty emptiness of the theaters. Oh, it was hot enough outside all right, tho only April weather. Pauline Frederick, coupled with a new Sidney Drew comedy was showing at one house. There's a funny feature about that place, too, for one enters and exits at either side of the screen, which is right at the front doors. Accustomed, as we are in Los Angeles, to viewing the screen as we enter, this hunting for seats in a dark auditorium with a flickering effect at the entrance is peculiarly disconcerting. There must have been 150 people present at the main show of the evening.

Further down the street, where everything is most decidedly Spanish, even the signs over the movies, one discovered blood and thunder serials, with Marie Walcamp and Francis Ford running strong. These houses were being jammed by the Mex population at a dime a throw—but the combination of oily overalls and garlic kept me safely on the outside where I could hear them chatter about Marie, the "señorita bonita" whose lithographic reproduction as she hung in midair kept the men from entering too quickly.

At Phoenix it was hotter, but the theaters are artificially cooled and many degrees cooler than the street, so they offer a refuge from

(Continued on page 89)



(Sixty)



Doris Kenyon

in "*Wild Honey*"

In this scene—a moment of breathless suspense—and then unmindful of glowering glances and the grim glitter of guns, the stalwart "sky pilot" straightway elbowed himself to the wilting little wild flower. And Doris was quickly caught up in friendly arms.

De Luxe Pictures Inc.

Photoplay

New York City

May 2, 1918

F. F. INGRAM CO.

I am glad indeed to tell you how much I prize Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It lives up to its reputation for keeping the skin soft and clear and in good condition.

Doris Kenyon



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

It may be your problem to preserve the color and softness of your complexion. Or, perhaps you wish to improve your appearance. In either case you ought to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream daily, in the morning and just before retiring.

It clears clogged pores, banishes slight imperfections, soothes away redness and roughness, and keeps the delicate texture of the skin soft and smooth. And, best of all, its exclusive therapeutic property keeps the complexion toned-up and healthy all the time. Get a jar at your druggist's today.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is
Beauty in Every
Jar



(157)

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia

Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



Billy Sunday and Doug Fairbanks demonstrating how to play baseball. The famous evangelist is about to smash out a home run

FROM THE UKELELE TO THE YUKON
"From bare skins to bearskins," vividly remarks the Goldwyn press-agent, in explaining "Smiling" Billy Parson's trip from Honolulu to Alaska for comedy backgrounds.

THE PERFECT SIMILE
As sad as a Billy West comedy.

They are presenting the "Mut and Jeff" comedies in France, but they have changed the title to "Dick and Jeff." Mutt was a little too much for the Parisian sense of humor.

OUR FAVORITE SCREEN
MOMENT OF THE
MONTH

Nazimova in her beaded princess costume in "The Red Lantern."

YOU SAID SOMETHING,
HARRIETTE

"Girls in the movies are always loving one man and marrying another," philosophizes H. U. in *The New York Tribune*. "Perhaps that is so they will continue to be in love with them."

We heartily join Lee Kugel in his campaign against the sort of screen publicity that calls every player a star who comes

from the stage to the screen. It's time to draw a halt on such stories as the winning to the films of Miss Tessie Tanglefoot, who "co-starred with David Warfield in 'The Music Master,'" when Tessie really was just a super.

Gene O'Brien's first stellar vehicle is "The Perfect Lover." And we thought none of 'em were perfect. By the way, Gene certainly likes Gene as an actor. He heartily applauded himself at the opening of "Fires of Faith."

Tamar Lane, who has been poking fun at the poor commercial movies from the lofty height of Boston, has collapsed before the attack of Mammon. He's now publicizing for M. Selznick. We dare Tamar to produce a giggle in "That's Out" about the Selznicks!

TO JACK PICKFORD

By NED HUNGERFORD

You send me to a land of dreams—
The rainy day—
The old, old barn—
The loft of hay—
The blowing waves of grass—
That mystic spot where treasure lies
beneath a certain tree—
The sweep of feathery cloud—
The brook with nibbling fish—
A glamorous land where all the make-believe of youth might be!

But there are thoughts of age, and loss
of friends,
And unfilled dreams,
And that adventuring called death by
some—
These thoughts must reach to you!
And when these stiller days have come
I hope that I may pay,
In honest, friendly coin, as sweet and
free,
For all the gentle, natural dreams of
youth
You pictured back to me!

THEY'RE MAKING IT MORE DIFFICULT TO SEE
MOTION PICTURES EVERY DAY

8:30 P. M.—Arrive at de luxe screen theater just as orchestra launches upon opening overture. This is accompanied by various natural phenomena, such as rain, lightning and a volcanic eruption, plus a rainbow.

8:45 P. M.—Scenic picture of waterfalls in the Cascade Mountains.

9:00 P. M.—Large gentleman resembling a waiter suddenly confronts the orchestra, proves to be a tenor, and sings.

9:15 P. M.—Topical news pictorial showing several fascinating freight wrecks and floods.

9:30 P. M.—Quartet unexpectedly surrounds the screen and harmonizes defiantly.

9:45 P. M.—Cartoon comedy.

10:00 P. M.—Classic dancers appear, classicing as much as the limited stage permits.

10:15 P. M.—The feature, which you have been waiting for since 8:30, appears at last.

Why on earth must the subtitles, used to introduce characters, tell all about their defects and good points? Aren't the actors able to put over character shadings? Suppose a novel had two or three opening pages devoted to telling all about the people of the story. What surprise would be left? Screen producers seem to think their characters should be tagged like articles in a shop window.

THE MONTH'S HAPPY THOUGHT

One of the big screen distributing companies in England is frankly called The Butcher's Film Service, Ltd.

WHY EDITORS WEAR A WORRIED LOOK

Because each morning's mail brings—

Ten pictures of snow stuff at Truckee.

Fifteen pictures of stars in their panting Rolls-Royces outside their palatial bungalows.*

Twenty pictures of stars standing in front of their studio dressing-rooms.

*A bungalow in California is a marble affair at least three stories in height.



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."



BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to endorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."



MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best."



MAY ALLISON
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Girl With the Ginger-Snap Name

(Continued from page 38)

stuff that talent will win, no matter how heavy the handicap.

My first glimpse of ZaSu at work was at Lasky's. I noticed that Director Melford gave her many opportunities to put in bits of business of her own, and that he kept saying to her, "Go slow! Take it easy!"

You would have noticed a queer little quirk around the corners of her mouth and a frequent way she has of waving her arms about as if they didn't belong to her.

It is said that Mary Pickford discovered her, because she had done nothing of note prior to "The Little Princess."

Before I met ZaSu, and at the time she started work with Miss Pickford, the little star's mother happened to mention "Mary's new find" during the course of a conversation. "She is a curious little thing," remarked Mrs. Pickford. "Her only danger is in her excessive nervousness. Mary thinks that she will go a long way."

ZaSu seems to think and act simultaneously. So rapid is her action that one could almost fancy it preceding the thought—if such a thing were possible.

"Oh, dear!" she said, when I told her that the editor of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC wanted me to interview her.

She seemed to be more worried than pleased, adding with a sigh, "I feel so unnecessary." But it so happened that she was very necessary at that moment to the making of a scene, for the director called her away and the interview did not materialize that afternoon.

The next evening I met her at the Studio Club. She doesn't live there, but she did for quite a period after she came to Los Angeles, and the club retains a large share of her love and affection. It is the most home-like place imaginable. It is on Carlos Street in Hollywood, within walking distance of all the largest studios.

Many a young girl, alone in Los Angeles and just getting a foothold in the film world, has found this club an almost perfect substitute for home.

"It is my hobby," said ZaSu, referring to the club, "the thing outside of my work that I am interested in most of all."

We were at dinner, enjoying some mince pie—that is, I was enjoying it. The other girls—there were eleven of us at table—had had too much mince pie, of late, to look upon it with the same enthusiasm.

It seems that a friend of the club had made it a Christmas present of mince meat, and mince pie had been served, as it seemed, "from then on," with clock-like regularity. However, it certainly was delicious mince meat.

After dinner we went upstairs and ZaSu showed me the little room in the attic which had been hers for more than a year. It was a pretty room and

daintily furnished; you would not wonder that she still loves it.

She has practically no unpleasant memories of her screen struggles, but she has many funny ones. Comedy comes naturally to ZaSu. Even the way she got her name was funny.

It seems there were two aunts, one who answered to the name of Eliza and the other to that of Susan, and it was one of those cases where the parents wanted to name her for one or the other but did not wish to offend either, and so they took the last two letters of Eliza and the first two letters of Susan and put them together, just as if they were naming a breakfast food instead of a little girl, with the result that ZaSu Pitts started with a name that once heard no one will ever forget—an almost inestimable advantage with casting directors in the days when she first made the rounds of the studios.

"I did the nuttiest things when I first came from Santa Cruz," she said.

We were sitting on the bed of that little room in the attic.

"Everything was like a game to me. I formed a theory that people were partial to Southerners. There were two Southern girls on the train coming down. Neither was pretty, but both attracted a great deal of attention; so sitting in my room, alone, I practiced on a Southern drawl. I tried it out, first, on a street-car conductor, and when he asked, 'Excuse me, miss, are you a Southerner?' I knew that I had put it over. Then I tried it on a shoe salesman and he actually tried to flirt with me—it made such a hit. He asked me if I was here with my people. I absent-mindedly said that I was alone, and then, realizing that if I remained true to my pose, I could not say I was working, added hastily that I was here for my health.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"Then I did the first thing that came into my head. I coughed several times and said, weakly, 'consumption,' and that brought the end of that romance."

However, it wasn't the end of the Southern accent. She had not, as yet, gotten any work at the studios, but the first casting director that she tried that accent on gave her a day's work, even tho he had a sign out, "No Extras Need Apply."

The Southern accent, having served its purpose, has disappeared, but ZaSu retains the drawl and speaks in a dry tone which is in sharp contrast to her quick, jerky movements. She makes me think, somehow, of a composite of Rose Stahl, Eva Tanguay and Minnie Maddern Fiske, with just a dash of Chaplin thrown in.

Her first director must have, undoubtedly, recognized her comedy possibilities, for after her first picture, work came fast. She soon got a stock engagement at \$12 a week with a company

(Continued on page 79)

(Sixty-four)



I am free - You may be

NONSPI

(An Antiseptic Liquid)

Her Message to Women

"Personal Daintiness Assured!"

SHE is one of more than a million, who has found in wonderful NONSPI, certain relief from Excessive Armpit Perspiration, with its attending complications of heart aches, humiliation and stained gowns. For her dress shields are no longer necessary. Without artificial protection, she may wear her daintiest, filmiest gowns with perfect poise and assurance.

About two applications a week of

NONSPI

Insures Dry, Odorless Under-Arms

NONSPI is not merely a deodorant—it is a remedy for an abnormal condition. Unscented and free from Artificial Coloring Matter. A formula which consists in its entirety of Antiseptic and other Beneficial ingredients. Sold and recommended by dealers everywhere; endorsed by leading physicians and chemists.

Use NONSPI and you may discard your dress shields. One trial and you will, like one of the legion of Nonspi boosters so aptly wrote us: "Gives the Inspiration That Conceived It."

50c (several months' supply) of toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct. Or send us 4c for testing sample and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of excessive armpit perspiration.

THE NONSPI CO

2620 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.



Why Don't You Write the Words for a Song?

SELECT your own subject—love, patriotism—write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us.

We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is

Mr. Leo Friedman

one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send us many poems as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.

CHESTER MUSIC CO. 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 330

A May Interview With June

(Continued from page 31)

Elvidge. "St. Paul. Well, I came to New York five years ago like all regular Pittsburg girls and got a job at the Winter Garden as a chorister. They keep saying I was in the Follies. Wasn't. Just the Winter Garden. Finally got rôles to do."

The photographer reappeared. "I'll be back in fifteen minutes with my camera," he reminded.

Miss Elvidge's eyes snapped. "I won't be here—*won't be here.*"

"In fifteen minutes," repeated the camera-man, exiting hurriedly.

Miss Elvidge adjusted her mind to us with something of a visible effort. "Anything else?" she asked.

"Yes," we sighed, "yes—tell us all about yourself."

"My first screen work was as an extra. I was a French cocotte and I walked up and down in front of a restaurant on Broadway. They had placed the tables out on the sidewalk to get the Paris atmosphere and you can bet the street was jammed with people. I was terribly self-conscious. I'll never forget that afternoon. I said to myself, 'June,' said I, 'June, this'll do for you—stick to art and the Winter Garden after this.'"

"How are you, Miss Elvidge?" said another corporation official, appearing from somewhere.

"Great," said Miss Elvidge, "but one of your photographers wants——"

But the press agent appeared and dragged the protesting official from view.

"This interview," we began, mopping the perspiration from our brow.

"Oh, yes, played an extra. Then I got a rôle with World, supporting Alice Brady. And I've been with World ever since. I wonder if that photographer really intends to come back?"

"This inter——"

"Gracious, what else is there to tell?"

"About your marriage," we ventured.

"Married to Frank Badgley. He went overseas as a private with the first Canadian contingent and came back a lieutenant. He received his commission on the field and was decorated. And he was shell-shocked and gassed and everything. And I think it's terrible about him."

"Terrible—you mean his wounds?"

"Oh, no," sighed Miss Elvidge, "but you know he's had to take off his uniform now."

We gasped and felt around hurriedly for another query. "How do you reconcile marriage and stardom?"

"Oh, just reconcile it," said Miss Elvidge, adjusting her hat.

"Yes, but how?"

"Oh, I haven't found that it hurts either one." Now adjusting veil.

The 'phone rang. It was a call for Miss Elvidge.

"Yes, dear," said the star, "yes—I'll be there—yes—you know what they want me to do—stunts on Fifth Avenue for

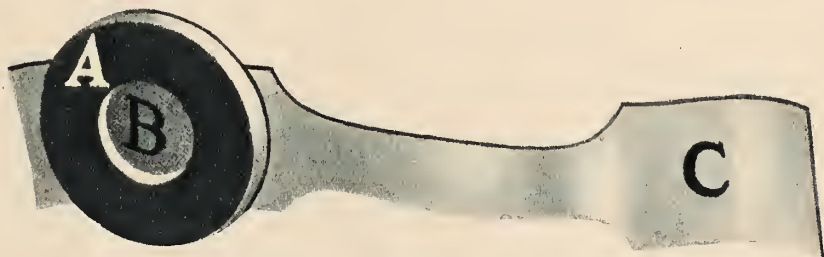
(Continued on page 79)

(Sixty-five)

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Along Came Ruth

(Continued from page 35)

At the age of fifteen she was a protégée of Adelina Patti and was invited to go to Europe, but because of family objections was unable to do this.

Ruth's father was manager of the Columbia Theater in San Francisco. With her father a manager and her mother an actress, what could the poor girl do? When Ruth was just three and a half years of age she "went on" in Edward Holden's production of "Cinderella" in her father's theater, with her mother playing a rôle in the show.

Coast stage annals have it, and Ruth can produce the clippings in proof, that she made one of the big hits of the piece this night by her treble warbling of the then popular ditty, "What Could the Poor Girl Do?" From that night on Ruth was an actress.

After "Cinderella" had enjoyed its share of prosperity, Ruth, now firmly established as a child actress of parts, was engaged to play Little Lord Fauntleroy in that famous children's classic. Then followed a long list of child rôles until the onrushing years lengthened Ruth's skirts and piled her hair on top of her head instead of in the pigtails of callow youth. So she blossomed into an ingénue and played in vaudeville sketches with Louise Dresser and other stars. Still she remained a coast defender. She tramped up and down the Pacific slope until she had a personal acquaintance with every switch and siding on the Southern Pacific system, but her most Eastern booking was Sacramento.

Oh, yes, she once made an extended trip, but still it was towards the setting sun. She went to the Hawaiian Islands and was the first child actress to appear in Honolulu. She made such a hit that she remained for six months, playing continuously.

Then back to 'Frisco and for several years in stock, including a long engagement with the famous Belasco Company at the Alcazar Theater, which is said to have sent more stars to Broadway than any one organization in the country. Next in order in the evolution of Ruth came a very successful tour in her own act over the Sullivan-Considine vaudeville circuit.

Then one evening a director for the old Kalem Company, which specialized in cowboy-redskin-Mexican bandit-Western stuff, dropped into the theater where Miss Roland was playing. "Ah," said he, "a perfect camera type." After the performance he went back to Ruth's dressing-room and talked with her. Two weeks later she reported at the Kalem studios outside of Los Angeles and went to work. She has been in pictures ever since.

Her daring feats soon attracted the notice of the serial makers, ever on the alert for the much sought after combination of beauty and nerve, and via the Balboa route Ruth soon graduated as a full-fledged Pathé serial star.

The Sporting Chance

(Continued from page 42)

"Pam," she began, without preamble, "hadn't you better out with it? Hadn't you lots better?"

"I—I c-cant. Carey, you'd despise me."

"No. No, I wouldn't, dear. Honestly, I wouldn't despise anything that's real—that's got your heart in it—flesh and blood—so long as you're sure of that. Do you—do you love him very much, Pam?"

Pamela sat erect. She ceased her sobbing. "Oh, Carey, *no!*" she gasped, "I may as well tell you the truth. I seem to be too weak and too silly and indeterminate to fix this mess for myself—but you see, you see—before I married your father—a year or more before—I—I was terribly in love with a man, a married man. Infatuation, I guess . . . but desecrate. I—I wrote him silly letters . . . prodigal letters . . . letters lots more incriminating than any of my actual deeds had ever been. Ralph Seward has got a hold of these letters, how, God knows. He's—he's making a regular sword of Damocles of them—he's threatened and threatened me with them . . . he . . . oh, Peter would *hate* me!"

Carey took her in her arms. Her blue eyes were unexpectedly soft. "You poor dear," she crooned; "of course, Dad wouldn't hate you—he never could hate you, Pam, but he needn't know, and we'll dispose of the snaky Seward. We'll . . ."

Pamela faced her. "But, Carey," she whispered, as tho afraid of the answer she might get, "you . . . I thought you were beginning to care for Ralph . . ."

Carey laughed aloud. "Not I!" she declared. "He's not the variety I favor. I—I—Pamela, I have *criminal* leanings!"

Later that night, long after Pamela was sleeping with the caught breath of the little child who has been punished and then petted and tucked away, Carey was out again on her trusty little roadster.

If she knew her Ralph Seward he was *not* indulging in child-like, repentant slumbers, but in many drinks and much choice scandal. His apartment would be vacant for some hours. There were fire-escapes . . . and there were bribes. Everybody knew the daughter of Peter Brent. No one would suspect her of anything nefarious. A tanner—and she would be admitted, *sans* question, to Mr. Seward's rooms.

She was. But Mr. Seward was not the absent host. He had just come in, he said. He gave forth a hideous aroma of barroom indulgences. He had a repellent tenderness about him. His little Carey, he gushed, was more than welcome. He, himself, was more than honored. There were some things, just a few, he had not expected of life . . . this visit of hers was one of them . . . such a sweet admission . . . so charmingly staged . . . he really . . .

Carey interrupted him acidly. "Will

(Sixty-seven)



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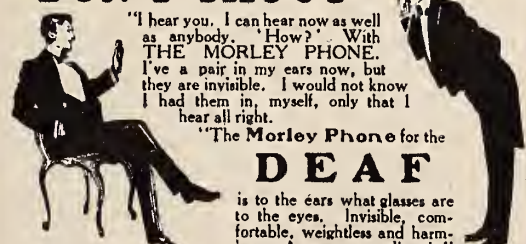
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look so well," she snapped, "in your column on the 'Tattle.'"

Seward had had the extra one that makes for bravado. He smiled urbanely. "Little love-birds," he said, softly, "must not peck . . ." He made a step toward her.

Carey held up a waiting hand. "I've come for the letters," she said briefly, "the letters you are holding over Mrs. Brent. Hand them over."

Seward took a rapid stride toward her and caught her to him. His mouth groped for hers offensively . . . "Letters," he muttered, "what do letters matter . . . to us . . . ?"

His mouth never reached Carey's shrinking, contorted face. A strong hand was clapped over it and Inchcliffe stepped between them. There was a silence. Carey's heart said, without its own volition, "Comrade!" Her lips were mute.

Inchcliffe turned to her with a little quirky smile. "I know about the letters," he said, "I beat you to it, I've—I've got them. Here." He patted his chauffeur's coat; "I've got some other stuff, too," he said, "that may make rather a pretty libel case. You see . . ."

Carey was still staring. Her eyes questioned. "Harry the Duke was caught tonight," she said, "and you . . . and you . . ."

"Still at large," laughed Inchcliffe. "You see . . . a little masquerade, Miss Brent . . . an adventure . . . we don't have them any too often . . . the real criminal attacked me that day you came on me, helped himself to my clothes, left me with his, then you and your supposition . . . Paul Sayre, at your service!"

"The Sayre!"

"Yes," rather apologetically.

"Another millionaire!" with a little sigh.

"An adventurer," whispered Sayre, coming closer to her, "an adventurer . . . with the wanderlust . . . first . . ."

"A comrade," answered Carey, "a good comrade . . ."

They left Seward's apartment and got down the stairs and into the waiting car. They left without protest on the part of Seward, whose alcoholic bravado had subsided, limply, dismally.

They took the white, straight road. "You took a chance," said Sayre; "you took a big chance, Carey . . ."

"Sporting chance," laughed the girl, "but all the time I think I knew—and knew that I didn't care—for anything but . . ."

They left the car and sauntered toward the lake at the extreme end of the Brent grounds.

"But what?" asked Sayre, and smiled at her.

"But this," whispered Carey, and gave him her eager lips.

Helen Holmes is going back to serials, tho she vowed never again. J. P. MacGowan, her husband, will direct Helen in a new and long thriller. Which will be of decided interest to fans.

Thin Ice—(Continued from page 30)

over the heavy knob, moving it with delicate care. She could have laughed aloud when she felt the hidden springs click and the door swing open in her hand.

She stood motionless, one hand clutching the brocade-covered jewel-case which was the first thing she touched. Had she thought those words or had she heard them spoken? In the silence she heard a heart ticking like a watch, breathing—hers or another's? With the instinct to face her fears she turned her head and found herself staring into the eyes of a man, who had entered the room so softly that she had not heard a footstep. The glass lamp-shade cast a greenish light over the white oval of his face, and Alice Burton whispered a name—"Ned!"

Alice spoke very simply, starkly, as one does in life's most complex moments. "Benjamin Graves is going to tell my husband that I was his mistress unless I get some papers for him—the papers that will send him to prison. Oh, I know it sounds ridiculously melodramatic."

With one stride her brother was at her side, fingers sunk into her shoulder. "Evidence? Good God, Alice—I don't believe it!"

She smiled faintly. "Thank you, Ned. Of course, it isn't true, but he's had letters forged and lingerie with my monogram—I must have dropped a handkerchief in his office that other time. And Robert *will* believe it. Oh, yes, he loves me tremendously—that's why he'll believe it. Men are queer that way—"

"Go to bed, Alice!" he ordered her curtly, "and don't worry. I'll get those things from Graves."

It was not until she was slipping into sleep fifteen minutes later that Alice Burton really heard his words. Then realization brought her up among her pillows with bounding heart. What had he meant?

She sprang from the bed, snatched a spangled scarf from the bureau, and drew on a pair of carriage boots and an all-enveloping opera-cloak. In the hall her impatience would not wait for the elevator, and she ran down three flights of stairs and by the astonished hall-boy into the evening streets. A cold wind was blowing and the streets were almost deserted save for wandering shadows. There was an unreality about everything as tho the streets and blown cloud masses above her and she herself were all part of a dream.

It seemed a dream, too, that she was standing in the vestibule of Benjamin Graves' house, looking thru the half-open door into a dark hall, with leaping firelight washed across one wall from a door at the end. If it were not all a hideous dream, would the door be open? She moved down the hall and stood in the doorway of the firelit library, clutching the cloak about her. Then her arms fell at her sides, and the cloak slipped from them to the floor, and the flames cast red shadows, like bloody smears, over her white face and bosom and the rounding folds of her negligée.

On the floor, in an unsightly huddle, lay Benjamin Graves quite dead. It was strange how certain she was that he was dead, even before she saw the dark pool oozing sluggishly to the rug, the bronze paper-knife. Dead! A dreadful dream...

What came after was part of the dream—the blue-coated men, the shouts, the rough questions that beat upon her ears like hail, the knowing stares that would have scorched her to the quick of her soul but that she was too numb to feel them. She sat silent, stirless, waiting patiently for the waking that must surely come, her gray-blue eyes wide and fixed, her whole softly curving body, outlined beneath the thin stuff of her night-robe, rigid and pulseless as the limbs of some marble Aphrodite. It was thus that Robert Burton found her when he came.

"Sorry, sir," said the police sergeant, touching his cap and averting his eyes from the white suffering of the man's face, "but it's pretty clear she did it. There's letters from her to Graves on that table, and clothes with her monogram, and then, sir, look at what she's wearing. There's only one thing to think—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the simple reason that Robert Burton's hands were at his throat, Robert Burton's eyes blazing down at him. "Better think it instead of saying it"—his voice rang like metal—"or there'll be another dead man in this room."

He flung the man aside, strode to the table and stood gazing down at the rose garments strewn upon it; then across the white misery of his face dawned a strange little, boyish smile. He went to the sofa on which his wife was sitting.

"Alice," he said, "Alice dear, look at me."

Slowly she lifted her heavy gaze to his brave smile and higher to the steadfast light shining in his eyes. A tremor passed across her immobility, then her fingers crept to his cheek, touching it wistfully. "Then it's—really you?" she whispered. "Oh, Rob—I've had such a dreadful dream—I thought—I thought you didn't believe in me. But it wasn't so, was it? You couldn't look that way at me if it was so—"

"It wasn't so, Alice," he answered gravely. "We're awake now, you and I. And no matter what comes, dear—no matter what, we must remember that doubts and disbelief are nightmares and only love is real."

She laid her cheek on his shoulder, snuggling close. "It was a terrible dream," she murmured; "it's—wonderful—to be awake—"

And so saying she slipped into a deep slumber, like a tired child at the long day's end.

When, a little later, they came with the news of Rose La Verne's confession that she had killed Graves rather than lose him to some other woman, they found her smiling joyously in her sleep, as a child smiles who knows that there is nothing to fear in all the world.



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Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals

(Continued from page 33)

Which is likely to considerably surprise Monsieur Nagapate.

The trunks include large assortments of beads, clay pipes and other trinkets calculated to win the savage heart, and there is a businesslike collection of heavy-duty rifles for big game and automatic revolvers for personal protection.

Mr. Johnson attributes the remarkable success of his "Cannibals of the South Seas" to the fact that he developed his films on the day he took his pictures, instead of taking all the negatives back to the United States to be developed here. "It isn't necessary to have a dark room," he explains. "I simply carry a black top to shield off the bright light of the South Pacific moon and stars.

"This time something like \$25,000 is invested in our trip. We have all sorts of special lenses; microscopic ones for filming tiny insects and native flora, long-distance lenses for telescopic shots, filters and screens for cloud and color effects, and special apparatus for underwater photography.

"I am going to film night scenes. For instance, I am going to picture the natives watching motion pictures. For this purpose I am taking along a large number of night flares."

The story of the Johnsons is an interesting one. These two sea adventurers hail from—inland Kansas, being born thirty miles from each other. Martin lived at Independence. After his cruise with Jack London, he began giving lectures and, in the course of events, came to the neighboring town of Canute, where the future Mrs. Johnson lived.

"I was singing in the church choir," relates Mrs. Johnson, "and, after meeting Martin, he asked me to come over to Independence to sing during his entertainment. Finally his mother called up my mother on the 'phone, and I went over to sing for the week-end. I was to return on Sunday at midnight—but we were married at nine o'clock."

Their life has been an adventurous one ever since. Mrs. Johnson is a slender little person, a singularly good screen type and not at all the sort of person you would connect with roughing it in the South Seas.

"By the end of the cruise I'm as tanned as any savage," she said. "But, at the start, when the native women see me, they come running up and rub my arms and face with their fingers, apparently to see if the white will come off. I carry a bottle of peroxide to rub on afterwards, for many of these native women have leprosy and other terrible diseases."

Mrs. Johnson handles a rifle as an expert, swims well and isn't afraid of anything—except the tropical spiders. "I'll never get used to those huge things," she laughs, "but, thank goodness, there are no snakes in all the South Seas. Indeed, your baggage is always examined to see if you carry any reptiles with you. The

(Continued on page 79)

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The Conscious Epicure—(Continued from page 25)

He is a realist where his work is concerned, almost passionately.

He is an idealist in his dreams, and he has them.

He is an epicure in his mode of living.

He "adores the women" he knows—his own phraseology. And he adores particularly the smart woman, the witty woman, the woman who is professional, the woman who has lived. They lack only one quality, he thinks—justice. "Your sex is *not* just," he said, "to one another."

He thinks the woman who has lived, who has known struggle and failure and depths, incomparable. And who, he asks, who among us dares to judge? Tolerance is one of his strong beliefs. Tolerance of the individual, because one cannot tell the pitfalls and the pity that have befallen the individual. He is a professed individualist himself. For the main hue and cry against individualism—fear of hurting others—"we overestimate our own importance," he says, with his smile, which is Irishly whimsical, "when we believe in our powers of hurting. There is only one sin, to my mind, one deadly sin—time. Time rots, and that is unforgivable. It rots youth—and all that is bright and beautiful. It is the super-decadence."

He believes that we should cheat Time, cheat Time conscientiously. We should be greedy of the day, mindful of the hour. And always the epicure, which he is. Our emotions, he thinks, should be to us what rare wines are to the epicure thereof—so many *emotional* wines to get the flavor of, to test, to enjoy, with appreciation and deliberation. An epicurean philosophy, that . . .

After steak and rice-pudding we went across to his "diggings."

"I've heard plutocratic things of these rooms of yours," I said.

"They're comfy," he answered, "and rather dirty—that's all that can be said for them."

They *were* comfy. From the well-remembered depths of a davenport striped like a zebra with blue and black, I attest it. They were essentially comfy. Still more were they essentially the frame for the big, wholesome Irish-Coloradoian sort of man-person Eugene O'Brien is first of all before he is anything else. The sort of a place to smoke his pipe and drink his drink and argue, in the mingled fumes, with cronies chosen well. As for the dirt part—pshaw! Mere artistry!

There were low book-shelves, with row after row of books which had been read. A great deal of the Russian stuff and some history and Kipling and technical volumes and single editions. He assured me that he, personally, never read them, but he has the good sense to have them *look* as tho they were read, and that is much.

There was a grand piano—"a prop," he said. And there were huge wicker chairs and black smoking-tables and the most fascinating desk in the world and also the most untidy. If there was one

letter on that desk there were one thousand, and quill pens and check stubs and photographs, out of the confusion of which emerged one of his mother and one of Frances Starr. There were others, but they were lost in the shuffle. Owners, take notice. It was a nice *débris*, tho. Jolly and masculine, with the sublime carelessness of masculinity, the supreme dependence. There was a fire burning and a rush broom and a winged Victory or Mercury or something, and a Russian-looking cabinet.

Everything was *real*. The word real can mean a tremendous lot, taken very literally. One could never know Eugene O'Brien quite perfectly did not one see the sort of things he selects to live with. They are real. They have a fundamental quality. They belong to the chooser and the conscious connoisseur—not only of *furniture*. They are man-stuff plus imagination. They're livable things, things that will stand the acid test—Time.

Eugene O'Brien is a good sort. He is the sort society takes by the right hand and the Bowery by the left. He makes his world very safe for democracy. He is the epicure who yet does not shun corned beef and cabbage.

Beban Beliefs

(Continued from page 57)

man or American," says Beban, "because the masses can understand his suffering—they can understand the tremendous struggle for daily bread for a loved one—and as for the classes, their sympathy will hold them interested in everyday lives."

This art of portraying a sympathetic character which tugs at one's heart-strings is a part of Mr. Beban himself. Small and slender, lean and vivid, shinily brown-eyed, he can wax tragic over the sufferings of a horse, a dog, a boy. He can even make the moisture come to one's eyes as he recounts an everyday experience.

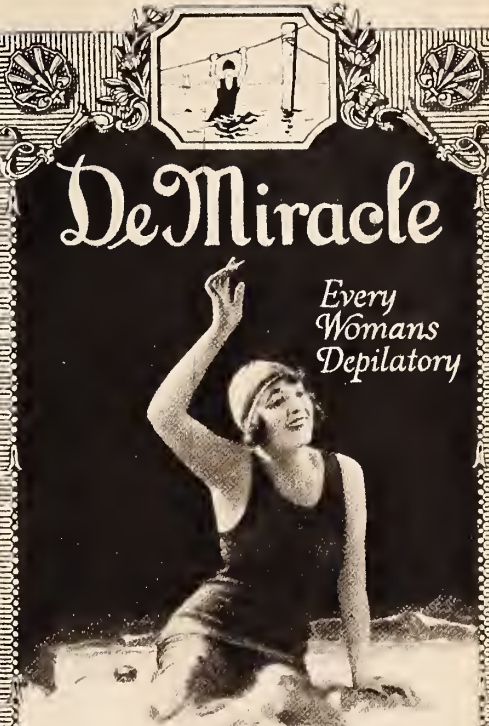
He maintains that it is the simpler souls who know the great lifelong loves.

He believes that we who are creatures of a luxurious environment, who amuse ourselves constantly, cannot in the very nature of our lives, love with as great a devotion as the simple, uncomplex foreigner who bends his back to the toil of daily bread-getting.

This may be so, and yet Mr. Beban's own life more or less refutes his statement. For his love and pride in his boy, George Beban, Jr., known to some of you as Bob White, is as compelling as if he had to dig ditches to support him.

There is no doubt that George Beban is a real artist, with a heart as big as his art—but he is also a keen business man, and woe to the person who thinks he can get the best of him, via the compliment or underhand route.

You cant fool George Beban with a lot of saccharine statements; he will weigh the sugar from them and judge you by the pulp.



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The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria

(Continued from page 23)

of the best georgette, endless strings of jewels, a heavy headdress of brass, bespangled and bearing painted miniatures.

"Do you like to cook, Miss Swanson?"

"I hate it; in fact, I don't know how to boil an egg," said the young lady, decidedly. A funny thing about Gloria is that she uses most emphatic language without putting force into her voice. She is very poised, unexcited most of the time. "I never want to learn to cook, and I don't know how to keep house, either—I want always to be an actress. I only hope the next four years are as exciting and full of changes as the past four have been," she concluded.

"Yes, especially the last few months—what a change from your work at Triangle, or the first part of your screen experiences at Sennett, isn't it?"

"H-m," answered Gloria, laconically. "Will you have dessert?"

Having declined the sweets and asked if Gloria liked anything after luncheon, I uncovered another of her loves—for she never does anything half-way. She's either *for* you or *against* you, she doesn't merely tolerate.

"I don't care for desserts. At night I want a cork-tipped cigaret with my large cup of coffee, it rests me so after the day's work. During the day I never smoke—no, never. I attend strictly to business while I am on the lot. Oh, sometimes I just love a little ice-cream or a sundae toward bedtime," said Miss Swanson, contrarily.

"You didn't know I had a new dog, did you?" she went on. "Yes, a strange dog, very strange. I think he has all kinds of dogs and a Shetland pony in him," came in the naïve manner which puts one hard to it to restrain a snicker. Gloria was so deadly serious about the new canine as she further described his merits. "I think he might turn out to be a shepherd dog or a hound when he gets his growth, but I am not sure. He's awfully smart, tho; he knows twice as much as my pedigreed French bull and he is far more amusing. And you should see how *healthy* he is—marvelous!"

"Where did you learn to ride horseback?" I asked, as Gloria looked longingly out of the café window at two young women cantering along the boulevard.

"Oh, that was at Puerto Rico—I left there six years ago. Horrid place to live. And the climate!" Miss Swanson delicately held her perfectly good, straight nose. "I want to see the whole world, but I shall live in Los Angeles a long, long time. Did you know I have a two-year contract at the Lasky studio? I just love this new play. It has three flash-backs, something like 'Don't Change Your Husband,' and in one we are Vikings, the next Crusaders, then Colonial folk. The costumes are so pretty—but I got my hands all chapped at San Pedro being a Viking and sitting in the boat so long. Perhaps it was because it was a cold day and I dabbled my hands in the

water incessantly. I love to swish, swish; do you?"

"And Monte Blue and I are so *cute* in our Colonial things. And I know all the fans will just *love* us. I can always laugh when Monte smiles. I do think he has the most contagious smile," graciously allowed the new leading lady.

Of course, Monte Blue is not the only man in her company who wins Gloria's smiles. Tom Forman, who is playing opposite her, happened to approach the little Kissel-Kar-Kopay she has been driving for quite a while.

"I believe this is Miss Gloria Swanson, isn't it?" said Tom, with mock gravity. "Are you looking for a chauffeur?"

"Are you a Swede?" returned Gloria, calmly. "And what I want is a gardener, not a chauffeur."

"Nope, I'm just back from the army; I'm a Sammy," said Mr. Forman.

"Give me one of your signed pictures, Tommy. I want one dreadfully; in fact, I've wished for one for a long time," pleaded the Crusader lady, as she shifted gears and endeavored to keep leather Julietts disentangled from satin draperies.

"I'd like to know what you did with the one I gave you three weeks ago," said Mr. Forman, in a very aggrieved manner.

"Why, Tommy, you never did give me one. How can you say such a thing?"

"I'd like to know *why* I didn't, especially when I took the trouble to buy a new bottle of white writing fluid and signed it 'Yours most sincerely, Tommy,'" and Mr. Forman began to look belligerent.

"Oh, yes, I remember now; you were featured on my dressing-table for a whole twenty-four hours. Wasn't it kind in me to do that? Generally they last only half a day or so," returned Gloria, very reflectively.

"Then you don't intend to marry just yet, and aren't really in love with any one?" I jumped into the breach.

"Oh, I love *lots* of men—just lots—but I never love just one most. I think they are so pleasant to have about the world, don't you?" Gloria shows no partiality, evidently.

"I had the most fun planning with Bee the other night what I will do when I get two million dollars. I will put one million right into some safe, reliable bank and just live on my interest and let them keep the books, and the other million I will spend in getting everything I want and everything that every one I like wants. Of course, I will get my own car and cars for all of them, too, and for girls that have one or two pairs of silk hose only, I shall buy two dozen pairs, and—well, I forget just now, but I have it all at home figured to the last cent, on a piece of foolscap paper and some of my best new writing paper, too.

"I want a racing car. Oh, such a speedy racing car. I think first I will get a Hudson Super Six with a high

(Continued on page 74)

(Seventy-two)



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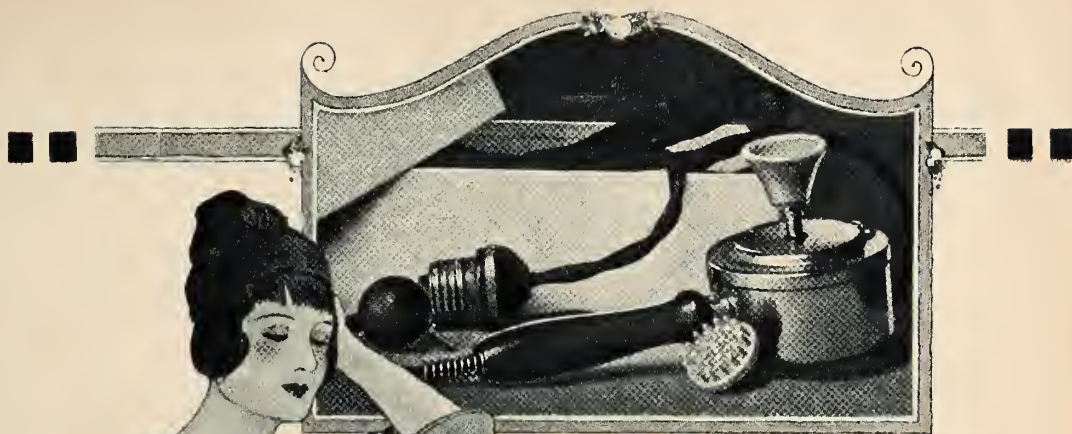
By FAITH SERVICE

WHEN I married I determined that the Woman should be the incarnation of all the lures I had read about and had only seen on the screen. None of your flat-footed, full-breasted, athletic young Amazons for me . . . blooming creatures with their hideous camaraderie, their bourgeois good-fellowship, their unpowdered faces, their sexlessness.

I desired an incarnation of all the Cleopatras of all the ages . . . a creature mystically suggestive of the Orient . . . Egypt . . . Persia . . . far Cashmere. Scarlet, exotic places, . . . strange, enthralled places. . . She must have blue-black hair sleek-coiled about a small proud head . . . she must have sensuous almond eyes and carmined, subtle lips. She must have limbs long and finely modeled. Her skin must be like pomegranate blossoms and her hands like drenched lotos flowers. She must be to me the breath of the poppy . . . the key to the riddle of her sex, yet never quite the key. . . the sweet strangulation of famishing sins. She must sway rather than walk, and her voice must be pitched like a minor note in an Indian love lyric. She must wear gowns like black clouds, clinging, bat-like, to a moon-white sky . . . or the too caressing pelts of furred animals . . . and jewels exhumed from the Catacombs. She must exhale perfume like unto the ghost of a gardenia. . . She must have lived the endless ages and distilled the precious attar of all rare loves. . . She must speak of little children with a faraway light in her Slavic eyes . . . a slightly wistful light. . . She must intimate remoteness from the subject. She must be, in a word, Faustine, Dolores, Fragoletta, Troy's Helen . . . the Nile's Serpent, a Screen Star . . .

I met her in a studio on Umph Street. I ravished her with my eyes. My veins ran desire instead of blood. She was svelte. . . She was Egypt, inscrutable . . . the dream-passion of the poppy . . . gracile as a snake. I hung about her like a director . . . coveting her pantherine grace . . . the touch of her lotos palms on my eyes. She was in conversation with a detestable materfamilias:

"Yes, I says to mommer," she was saying, "that husbands is so many responsibilities, but children . . . and mommer says to me, 'You oughter know . . .'"



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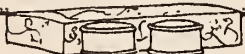
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The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria

(Continued from page 72)

gear, a long, slim body, and a GREAT wheel, so I can squeeze down behind it and look thru the spokes as I twirl it with a dash. And I shall wear a coat with a very high fur collar, one that comes right up under my eyes, and oh—I can feel that fur tickling my nose right now!" Gloria scratched vigorously, then remembered a ruined make-up. "Goodness, where's my powder puff?"

The glories of the new car were utterly forgotten. That lively child has the greatest way of switching from one subject to the other. Yet she is very grave for whole days at a time. Her dresser says that Gloria loves to have her hair done for pictures. She doesn't mind how many times a day it must be re-drest, and if Hattie, her very capable helper, attempts to leave the lot, Gloria's wheedling tones call her back.

"Have you bobbed your hair?"

"No, not bobbed, just short. I HATE long hair, do you? Cant ever fix it nicely in pictures. I never wear a wig, but sometimes I have to put on a switch, as today for this costume which requires a braid of hair over each shoulder . . . twined with pearls . . . that is the braids, not shoulders."

One thing noticeable about Gloria Swanson is that she is always being waited upon by some one. She's most winsome, very thoughtful and practical, and yet she has a way of letting others share responsibilities and of assisting her in every way. Some one is always saying "Cream, dear?" and taking care of her cup of coffee, or "Let me carry that for you, honey?" and she's a sort of royal princess wherever she travels. Gloria is not spoiled or selfish, but she's centered her mind on acting to the exclusion of all other pursuits or duties.

Taking it all in all, Gloria is distinctly different. She has great individuality, a firm will, and moods which change with her environment. You may find her blithely gay for two days at a time, and again very still, eager to remain home and cogitate. There are times when she must dance wildly, ride like a Cossack, sing like an Apache—and then you wonder whether you've ever really known Gloria Swanson, daughter of the Vikings. And again you'll find moments when she wants to be alone with Bee and her faithful hair-dresser, Hattie. She gives lots of parties at her home, is frequently seen dancing at the beach cafés, and is a great favorite among the younger movie set.

But when asked whether she spent much time in reading, little Miss Swanson, of the sudden rise into fame, said with her usually contradictory manner:

"Er, ye-es, I read a great deal, that is, when I am sick. Just think, the only time I was laid up, for four years, was when I had the flu last December—and I read so much! You would be astonished to see how many books I had about me!"

Isn't it a wonder that they can reproduce positives from the negatives of so delightfully contrary a creature?

DONT MISS

The Motion Picture Magazine for August

The August issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be ready for you on the first day of July.

Bright, beautiful pictures; snappy little jokes; clever humorous articles; entertaining stories, have been brought together in this issue to help beguile away the sunny days of your vacation.

Among the fascinating features will be:

MEMORY'S CRYSTAL

An illustrated review of all your old-time favorites. A veritable and valuable history of the growth of motion pictures and their people.

DOROTHY GISH

An intimate and cleverly told personality story of one of the most popular comedienne of the screen.

JOHN BOWERS

An interview with the leading man that everybody wants to know.

NORMAN KERRY

Hazel Simpson Naylor has written another one of those fearless, searching, philosophical interviews for which the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is famous.

THE STAR IDEA VERSUS THE STAR SYSTEM

An article by that foremost authority on motion picture subjects, Randolph Bartlett. Everyone in the film world will be interested in this article. Stars, producers, directors, exhibitors, fans, be sure and dont miss Mr. Bartlett's valuable summing up of the star system.

AND THEY ARE ALL BEAUTIFUL

Here we have a distinct scoop. William S. Hart has finally sat still long enough to write his own impressions of the many leading ladies who have played opposite him. Here are Mr. Hart's own candid opinions.

All of which is just a haunting glimpse into the refreshingly interesting news items, stories and portraits that are in store for you when you purchase your next MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth's Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met some one I had met before. I couldn't remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by \$100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war bride.

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know *how* I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the *Seattle Post Intelligencer's* account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by \$100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced

judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-day—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.



The Amazing Memory Feats of David M. Roth

The *Seattle Post Intelligencer* said:

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday, not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not."

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences, and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake."

"After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

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Introducing Cutie Beautiful

(Continued from page 47)

It oppressed her horribly—made her feel like an imprisoned maiden in an ogre's castle, it was so big and bare and she is so small. One day, in defiance of all moving picture superstition, she decided to fix it up herself. She dolled it all up in cretonne and then, on top of that, fell down and broke a looking-glass! After all this it is not to be wondered at that, in vulgar parlance, she "got the can."

Her mother and little brother were out here from the East, while her father remained at home. She had expected them to be her guests. She was in despair. She brought suit against the company and once more began at the beginning, making the rounds of the studios, and here again luck stepped in.

She had bought tickets for San Diego, and they were all packed up and ready to leave for a visit to some friends, an army officer and his wife, stationed there, when a telephone call came from the Griffith studio. Had it come an hour later it would not have caught her. When she arrived she was interviewed by Griffith himself and, within twenty-four hours after the head of a film company had declared in court that she was incapable as an actress, she was informed that she had been engaged by "D. W." to play an important part! The part assigned to her was not at first a very large one, but all thru the filming "D. W." pleased with her work, kept adding to it, until one morning she awoke to find herself famous as "D. W.'s" latest discovery.

When I saw her at the studio, the first impression I got of her was her extreme slightness. Her eyes are very, very large and dark; in fact, she looked almost all eyes. Her hair is black and very heavy. She looks to be an almost two-dimensional girl; that is, you hardly notice any physical thickness. I doubt whether she weighs eighty pounds. When I saw her, her slightness was emphasized by a suit of some striped material in blue and white, built on absolutely straight lines and finished at the neck with a little Peter Pan collar.

"I think," she said, concluding this historic interview, historic because it is the very first she has ever given, "I think that what people call luck is, in reality, destiny. I don't think that there is such a thing as unpurposeful 'luck' in the world!"

Tomboy Talmadge

(Continued from page 17)

Emerson again, with a brand-new disguise.

Miss Talmadge started off seeing the New York theaters. The Winter Garden was done first and the Barrymores in "The Jest" came second. Which shows the mental impartiality of a regular girl.

"Do you know what I read all the way across country?" Miss Talmadge asked us. "Listen. It was Oscar Wilde. I guess that isn't registering the mental stuff!"

(Seventy-six)

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The Mestayerian Theory
(Continued from page 43)

values, of insight and appreciation. He must not be the one thing which, to my mind, mars the perfect artistry of our greatest director today—the egotist. He must wish to evoke in his players, not the recurring image of himself, of his own desires, his own beliefs and mode and method of achieving results—but their own personalities, their own egos, their own essential *thoughts*.

“The next most important thing is the story—and more the treatment of the story than the skeleton itself. A script should come up for discussion among every member of the cast and the director a week or more before it is to be rehearsed. I say rehearsed advisedly. It should be rehearsed, so that everything may be got out of it. Every smallest part, every character delineation in that story should be talked over, minutely, exhaustively. There should be argument and counter argument. Before the actual work is begun no shade of feeling, no fine analysis should have been overlooked. The last possibilities should be exhausted.

“I believe that the day of the ingénue with many curls and cunning ways is over. The public thinks deeper now, and wants more. I believe that the day of the sex story, as a sex story, is also over and done with. We are surfeit of them. Thrillers, too—like the once-loved ‘melterdrummer’ of the stage—no more. The old order is passing away on the screen, as it has in every other institution, whether artistic or otherwise, which has permanence and intrinsic worth. There will emerge a survival of only the fittest.

“Personally, I am not for the star system. It is a distortion of values which are worth more than the exploiting of a personage—if it be exploitation. It is an utter distortion of the story. It throws into undue and always unmeant relief one person to the neglect of the other, and fundamentally valuable characters. Often a whole story, a whole book, has to be changed out of all semblance to its original state to make grotesquely prominent the star. Take a Dickens novel, for example. Conscientiously, *thoughtfully* alone, what a marvel of delineations the screen might make of it! What miracles of characterizing—and then conceive of making just one person stand baldly forth, subduing all the others—the loss! That is just a hasty example . . . Yet that is what the screen does do. On the basis of the star system. Disproportionate. Out of focus.

“I believe that there are just two essential things toward the making of the superpicture—two essential things from which, as from a rich, abundant soil, all other things will spring—the *right director*, the man of insight—and the photographing—not of facial expression which may well be trickery, but of *thought*—the thought *behind*.

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human mind? Is there anything so important? Anything else so valuable? The most basic thing . . . the working of the mind. And the screen could show that. Could positively show that. In the close-up. By *allowing* the players to *think*. There would need to be no mummery. There would need to be no gymnastics of the features."

"But will any one," I ventured, "get to the point of believing this is so? This is evolving—so far."

"It is begun," declared Mr. Mestayer, with his crisp assertiveness, "and it is believed in. Mr. Rothapel is beginning it now. It takes time, of course. All evolution takes time, infinite time and infinite patience. Things are not done in a day. Only youth—very green—is in a hurry—wishes to make way, to make haste. But consider the evolution of all theatrics. I am the only surviving member of the oldest theatrical family in America. The theater is bred in the very marrow of my bones. There is handed down to me the outlawry, the glamor and something, too, of the patience."

"The Superpicture is inevitable. More, it is imminent. Because we evolve. We *must*, you see."

I left Mr. Mestayer at the entrance of the Claridge. "I am going to the Lambs Club," he said, "to talk to some old cronies." He waved his walking-stick dejectedly. "Good-by," he said; "don't take me *too* seriously."

But the Mestayerian theory—weighed, not wanting. Not wanting in any sense. And the Superpicture—why not *very* seriously? If just a few among us think this over, what Parnassus may we not gain

Alma Rubens: Business Woman

(Continued from page 56)

the production will be made by Al H Woods.

"I realize that the stage doesn't pay a well or offer as big a reward in popularity, but I long to try it; not, of course deserting the screen entirely.

"Perhaps you think I'm courageous to try starring on the stage at one jump. No, I'm not taking lessons in acting or using my voice. I hate technique and the artificiality that comes of training. I never want to talk with a 'finely modulated voice' that you never hear in real life. I just want to act humanly and, I haven't got that in me, nobody on earth can teach it to me."

Miss Rubens had never been in New York before. "It's wonderful!" she enthused. "Such a vast maze of business! I shall love it." Then it developed that while Miss Rubens was about to return West to make one more picture, she was going to return to make her next three productions in New York. "Maybe I'm not looking forward to it!" she laughed.

Miss Rubens made just one more confession. "The right way to spell my name is R-u-b-e-n-s, although everybody seems to spell it just as they see fit. It was originally R-u-e-b-e-n, but that was too tricky to be used, so I decided to spell it Rubens once for all."

The Girl With the Ginger-Snap Name

(Continued from page 64)

making one-reel comedies which has since gone out of existence. King Vidor, who has just been directing her, was assistant director with the same company.

The nearest ZaSu has come, as yet, to a philosophy of life is a feeling of intense sympathy with everything and everybody, based, be it said, more upon intuitive understanding than upon sentimentality. She has very little of the latter. She loves to have a bit of pearl gray upon her all of the time. Her little attic room at the club was done almost entirely in that color. Her earliest ambition was to grow orchids, commercially, and she was successful in this in a very small way. Her screen career is the result of her mother's initiative rather than her own. She is now living with her mother and two brothers in an apartment on Fremont Avenue, near Sixth Street, Los Angeles. Her father has been dead for ten years. ZaSu came to California from Kansas, her native state, when she was ten years old. She is a high-school graduate.

A May Interview With June

(Continued from page 65)

publicity pictures—yes—I'll tell you all about it at lunch."

"You think it can work out successfully—marriage, that is?" we asked, in a breathless abandon of getting at least one or two more facts.

"So far so good with me," concluded Miss Elvidge. "Sorry, but I've got to rush along. Have a luncheon appointment, you know. Good-by—awfully glad to have met you—hope the interview turns out all right."

Two seconds later the photographer, dragging a huge camera, burst into the room. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"Gone!" we answered, fanning ourselves.

"Why didn't you hold her? Did you get your interview?"

"Darned if I know," we replied. And as we departed we heard the camera-man moralizing, "Aint temperament awful!"

Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals

(Continued from page 70)

British government intends to keep the islands clear of snakes.

"What sort of clothes am I taking? You'll laugh. Nothing but dozens and dozens of pajamas. That's all I wear. Mostly I go barefoot. The salt in the air and the intense sun burn up my hair, but it's all fun."

And—
"I love the lure and adventure of it," she explains. "No matter what happens, we shall always know that while we have lived, we lived."

(Seventy-nine)

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by one of the most famous writers of to-day, E. B. Davison of New York, said to be the highest paid man in his line in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible? Are there countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really CAN and simply HAVEN'T FOUND IT OUT? Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can TELL a story. Why can't most people WRITE a story? Why is writing supposed to be such a rare gift? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms below! So Yesterday's Skepticism doesn't count any more.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when hundreds of thousands of people will be able to write—there will be countless playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching school in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *The Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer!* Only maybe you are simply

"bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than

the principles of spelling, arithmetic or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child, playing on the floor, sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they must have a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they REALLY LEARN TO WRITE from the great, wide, open boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T?

Listen! A wonderful 300-page book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that reveals a startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. It explains all this so simply and clearly that anybody can understand it. It was written by a man who has criticised THOUSANDS of stories and plays. This amazing book is called "How To Be a Successful Writer." It is the FIRST and ONLY book on Story and Play Writing to be enthusiastically praised by writers, editors and film folk everywhere. We cannot begin to describe this book, but will make it so easy for you to get and examine it, that you will send for it at once. You may have it ABSOLUTELY FREE FOR FIVE DAYS' EXAMINATION. The book has over 300 pages, is elegantly cloth bound in royal green, and stamped in gold. You don't obligate yourself and you don't send a penny. After you get the book, look it over for five days to your heart's content, then return it or simply send us \$3 for it.

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MOTION PICTURE

The Fear Woman

(Continued from page 55)

the knowing smile that lurked on men's lips when she met their eyes. From place to place she went, cities, country towns, summer resorts, the bloodhound of scandal on her trail, until at last at Palm Beach she shook off the pursuer.

And here once again Helen Winthrop's beauty and charm demanded their toll of homage. Every trousered being in the big hotel felt a quickening in the cardiac region at sight of the slim, patrician beauty of her, the shadow and shine of dusky hair and eyes like "midnight and starshine," as Percy Pendleton, the only son of his mother, (and she a widow), told her the first time he walked the beach with her.

Percy was fat and twenty, and seriously smitten. The absurdity of his full-moon face with its immobile features and general underdone dumpling appearance, in contrast with the rhapsodies of his conversation, amused Helen.

But Mrs. Pendleton, a perfect forty-six, glittering with jewels, so that one got the impression on looking at her, that by pressing the right button on her she could be turned off, watched the peril of her darling in the toils of the dark siren with alarm, which gradually changed to em-purpled rage, as Percy began to exhibit symptoms of independence. On the evening on which he told her that he intended giving a dinner in honor of Miss Winthrop, his remarks embroidered with strange oaths, and dark hints anent a future daughter-in-law, Mrs. Pendleton sat down and penned two letters, one to her New York lawyer, and another to a gentleman whose profession was the ferreting out of dark secrets in people's pasts.

And so it came about that altho Percy got his way with the dinner, which was served in the great ballroom of the hotel in a blaze of glory, there were present on that occasion two guests uninvited by him, and seated at an obscure table to one side of the flower-bedecked board, where Helen reigned in the triumph of a blue and silver Paquin gown, Percy bursting with callow pride at her side. One of these guests, a tall, clean-cut young fellow with a stubborn jaw and sombre eyes, sat silent, staring at the beautiful guest of honor thruout the meal; the other showed distinct nervousness, which increased to the point of panic as the time drew near for toasts and speech-making.

With the filling of the wine-glasses Mrs. Pendleton rose, tinkling with precious stones, anticipating her son's impatience. There was a baleful smile on her thin lips, but her voice was syrupy. "There are no friends who can speak so truly and emphatically of our—virtues as an old one," she began, "and so I know that Miss Winthrop's new admirers will be delighted to hear that I have been able to find an old friend who will speak to us of her tonight, a Mr. Sidney Scarr of Shannon, South Carolina."

The nervous stranger, crimson, apo-

(Continued on page 82)

(Eighty)

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

mount produced from a Dana Burnett story. There are no battlefield, and tanks, and smoke screens and glamour. It is just the story of a lonely soldier in a training camp, one William Pettigrew who wanders to New York on leave, takes a fancy to a picture of a chorus girl in a shop window and then ventures to stand outside the stage-door to watch his idol pass. Out of the chance meeting grows an odd romance. The chorus girl turns down a millionaire admirer to wait for the bashful Pettigrew's return. And, when he marches back up the Avenue, she is in the first line of cheering spectators. Ethel Clayton is vivid as the chorus girl who longs for unadulterated love while Monte Blue is admirable as the lonely khaki lad. Blue is advancing remarkably. "Pettigrew's Girl," too, has something besides heart appeal. It has a millionaire follower who isn't a scoundrel and a meeting between the chorine and her Billy in training camp, where, (shades of romance!), he is peeling potatoes on "kitchen police." If "Pettigrew's Girl" doesn't touch you, please see your family physician about a summer tonic.

And now comes a regrettable duty, commenting upon Harry Garson's production of Major Rupert Hughes' "The Unpardonable Sin." Major Hughes built his novel around the Hun invasion of Belgium and the story is one atrocity after another. In the main, it centers about the efforts of an American girl to locate her mother and sister in ill-fated Belgium, where they have been the victims of German ruthlessness in the most repulsive sense of the word. It is our personal opinion that "The Unpardonable Sin" is not a picture to be shown to audiences of both grown-ups and children. There is nothing to be gained at this time by reproducing war-time depravity and the possibility of cheap exploitation of a picture of this type savors nothing more nor less than of the commercialization by Americans of Hun atrocities. God forbid that Americans do this! Blanche Sweet returns to the screen after a long absence, playing both Dimny Parcot and her ill-fated sister, Alice. The characterizations, both keyed at a high and gruelling emotional height, apparently prevent shad-

ings. At any rate there are no gradations to the performance and Miss Sweet does not touch us anywhere. More effective is Mary Alden's playing of the mother. Marshall Neilan directs "The Unpardonable Sin" without revealing any particular touch of imagination.

"Fires of Faith," the Lasky-Salvation Army production, sounds a much healthier note. "Fires of Faith" comes pretty near being a dramatization of the famous Salvation doughnut. It is propaganda softened with romance, dealing with the activities of the Salvation Army in France and sugar-coated with a double-barreled love theme. There is a little country girl who is saved from the streets by the Salvation Army and her country lover; and a rich young society girl and her admirer, a young waster. All four meet in France, the girls as Salvation lassies, the men as soldiers, and each is regenerated. Edward Jose's direction is adequate and the playing of Catherine Calvert as the country girl, Ruby de Remer, (who is improving remarkably), as the society maid, and Robert Anderson, the immortal M. Cuckoo of "Hearts of the World," as the bumpkin lover, is of an excellent average. Eugene O'Brien is—well—Eugene O'Brien is the waster who sees the light.

We went to see "The Red Lantern," (Metro), Alla Nazimova's latest photoplay, with high anticipation, but the thing left us cold. Not thru any fault of Nazimova, however. The story, based on Edith Wherry's novel, has simply been swamped in gorgeousness. Before such massive and glittering backgrounds, all personal interest dwindles. We lost all desire to know the fate of the little half English-half Chinese girl who, raised and educated to Western ideals by missionaries, suddenly falls in love and comes smash up against the blood barrier. Embittered, she falls in with a plot against the white race, poses as the goddess of the red lantern to lead the Boxers, and, in the end, loses her life. Nazimova plays this girl of contrasting racial moods finely, in fact it is her best performance since "Rev-

(Continued on page 83)

The Fame and Fortune Contest Is Closing

(Continued from page 49)

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The Fear Woman

(Continued from page 80)

plectic, rose in his place, drawing all eyes. The other uninvited guest caught a single glimpse of Helen Winthrop's face, with the smile frozen on her white lips, then bent his head upon his hand and gazed down at his plate as Scarr began, in halting words, to speak.

But when the last word had fallen on the paralyzed silence of the room, he rose and leisurely and with great thoroughness knocked the speaker to the floor. Then with the utmost coolness and suavity he walked over to where Helen Winthrop sat stricken at the head of the flower-strewn table and offered her his arm.

"Allow me!" Robert Craig bowed. As tho she moved in a dream, she rose and laid her hand on his arm. He turned matter-of-factly to the breathless onlookers, "You have been a party to a blackmailing scheme," he assured them, "may I remind you that the law looks unkindly upon the spreading of libel and scandal, and inform you at the same time that this lady here is my future wife, and that I shall take prompt measures in case of any—indiscretion on your parts."

The veranda was deserted, tinted with the amber of a low-hanging tropic-moon. In its mellow glow the two gazed into each other's face in a silence that throbbed with unspoken things. At last, trembling—

"How did you happen——"

"I was Mrs. Pendleton's lawyer, and she wrote asking me to come down and save her precious fledgling from a siren who was trying to marry him," Craig said briefly.

"But—after tonight—after that horrible story before everyone. Robert, you cant still believe in me, I dont see how God could still believe in me! How do you know that it isn't true——"

"Because I love you." It seemed to settle the question for him, and for the moment for her. She lay against his shoulder, clinging to him as tho she could never let him go, swept with great gusts of sobs. "Bob, Bob, it's been so terrible—I never dreamed life could be so terrible, but you're here. You've come!" Suddenly the light went out from her face, blown out by the chill wind of memory. "But—I forgot, father's letter! That isn't changed—the fear—oh, God! the fear is still there!"

He laughed. "Helen, look at me, Dear Little Fool! Have you touched a drop of drink since I saw you—have you wanted to touch it?"

She shuddered. "No, I hate it——"

"Then," said Robert Craig, drawing her close in his strong, hungry arms, "dont you think you've kept me waiting long enough?"

She looked up into the tenderness of his face, a glory dawning in her lifted eyes. And in the light of it the dark shadow of fear slipped away and was lost forever, for the shadows do not linger in the sun.

And she did not keep him waiting any longer . . .



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The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 81)

elation," but the humanness of it all is crushed beneath tons of scenic trappings. Where an imaginative director would have suggested, thus keeping interest centered upon the main figure of his theme, Director Albert Cappelani has crowded thousands of supers and a fortune in Oriental architecture upon the screen. Result—cold gorgeousness. "The Red Lantern" will dazzle your eye, but it will never touch your heart. Nazimova plays both the pseudo-goddess and her English half-sister. Noah Beery gives a vivid performance of Warner Oland as the scoundrelly leader of the Boxers.

Anita Stewart is approaching the Anita Stewart of old in her latest vehicle, "Mary Regan," based on the Leroy Scott novel. The camera-conscious star of the last two Stewart pictures has disappeared and her present performance, of the little daughter of a crook, who finds herself outside the pale of good society and who loves too deeply to let the man she cares most for sacrifice himself, has distinct subtleties. Lois Weber's handling is admirable in its directness, altho she has found it necessary many times to resort to a 'phone to carry her story.

"The Test of Honor," (Paramount), is the first serious photoplay John Barrymore has tried. While the stage has been acclaiming him as an actor of high and sincere attainments, the films have been watching him as a comedian. Once John—then Jack—was a light farceur behind the footlights. But he passed that period some years ago. Now he has likewise crossed the celluloid line between the ridiculous and the sublime.

Not that there is anything sublime about "The Test of Honor," which is adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Malefactor." Vengeance, always a popular film theme, it seems, is the backbone of "The Test of Honor." Martin Wingrave goes to prison as a result of the unscrupulousness of a young woman. From that point on, revenge is his single thought. He hunts and traps the woman, now married to a wealthy man, causing her to be turned from her home into the streets. And Martin himself finds happiness in the love of a little girl who has cared all along. Even the solidity of Barrymore's acting does not keep the ruthless hounding of even a faithless woman from being offensive. Marcia Manon as the lady who pays the price, is very good at times and very bad at others. Constance Binney is promising as the flapper who cares thru the years and Jack Johnston has an all too brief appearance in this picture. "The Test of Honor" is well knit melodrama, but it isn't life.

Poor Sessue Hayakawa! Always struggling with the limitations of story possibilities, since he must always renounce the fair young white flapper or die in the final reel. In "The Courageous Coward," (Exhibitors' Mutual), he has gotten a bit away from this rut. Herein he plays a lawyer, a young Japanese educated in America, who loves a young girl of his own race in this country. Rather than break his word to an American, he bears the brand of being a coward and almost loses his sweetheart before the secret of his silence is revealed. Tsuru Aoki is the sweetheart. We found the unfolding of this story rather dull. Yet how fascinating were the Hayakawas in the old Ince days!

The screen has had few more entertaining comedies than "Romance and Arabella," (Select), in which Constance Talmadge gives her usual delicious performance. Arabella is a butterfly who fancies she loses her heart to each new masculine admirer. There is a young chap who sincerely loves her and he sets out to cure Arabella by injecting a new man into the proceedings at the psychological moment,

i.e., when Arabella is just about to succumb to the blandishments of her latest. Thus in succession come a violent Westerner, a new thought-ist, a callow college boy and a dry-as-dust professor. Arabella is finally cured, of course, and accepts the substantial love of the man who has been waiting. The whole thing is done in the finest spirit of light comedy by Director Walter Edwards and by Miss Talmadge as the fluffy Arabella. There is a wealth of shading in her comedy.

Wallace Reid is technically the star of "The Roaring Road," (Paramount), but a dashing race between an express train and a racing car is really the stellar feature. "The Roaring Road" is the romance of an automobile man's daughter and a spirited young motor car salesman who becomes a racing car driver to prove his mettle. James Cruze, the director, has handled the race in masterly fashion. It is the thrilliest thing of the film month.

"Peppy Polly," (Paramount), interested us at the start, but gradually the reformatory background oppressed all the joy out of our evening. Polly, otherwise Dorothy Gish, is a vibrant young person with the come-back qualities of a rubber ball. While working as stenographer for a reformer, she gets the idea of being sentenced to a reformatory to investigate inside conditions. She eases a brick thru a jeweler's window and begins investigating conditions with a vengeance. And along comes the reformatory doctor, to whom she loses her heart. Of course, things are ultimately explained. Dorothy improves with each picture. Richard Barthelmess is the doctor. Certainly Barthelmess would not be our choice of a safe physician for a girls' reformatory.


Our recollections of "The Yankee Princess" (Vitagraph), are so slender that we hardly dare comment upon it. Bessie Love plays the daughter of a newly rich Irish family. For one thing, "The Yankee Princess" has clunisy direction.

There are moments in "Captain Kidd, Jr." (Artcraft), when you wonder if you are watching a Mack Sennett farce. For the romance of a quest in search of buried treasure has been transposed into broad burlesque in the making by Director William D. Taylor. "Captain Kidd, Jr." even has its travesty sheriff in a trick Ford. Mary Pickford is her pleasing self as Mary MacTavish, Douglas MacLean is a likeable lover and Robert Gordon contributes a bright bit as the foppish Billie Carleton. After all, we liked Miss Pickford's treasure-hunting garb best of everything in "Captain Kidd, Jr."

"The Money Corral," (Artcraft), takes William S. Hart temporarily away from his Western ranges. Here he is a sure-shot cow puncher engaged as night watchman for a Chicago bank where robberies have been frequent. How he smashes a gang and wins the heart of the bank president's little ward furnish interest and excitement. In fact, "The Money Corral" held us all the way. Mr. Hart contributes a delicious moment as the bashful Lean Beason, who, suddenly thrust into a smart society reception, makes his escape thru an open window.

"The Stronger Vow," (Goldwyn), a Geraldine Farrar vehicle, annoyed us unutterably, but not thru faults of story, acting or direction. The whole thing was simply wrecked by subtitles which took the edge from all surprise, even to telling us all about a person's character in introducing the players. "The Stronger Vow" is reading matter, illustrated here and there with animated pictures. And Thomas Santschi was miscast as a Spanish scoundrel! Never will we forget it!

And "A Regular Fellow" (Triangle). A story with possibilities done in dull fashion.



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The Movie Encyclopædia by "The ANSWER MAN"

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TRIXY LEE.—Yes, June, the month of bugs, I mean brides. This is a peculiarly dangerous month to marry in. The others are July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, and May. Richard Barthelmess is not married. You refer to William Courtleigh, Jr.

SQUIRREL FOOD.—Mary Miles Minter was seventeen April 1st, 1919. She was in New York in May. You can reach Mildred Manning at the Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

C. S. G.—It is true that Lillian Russell has had five husbands. She has been trying to get a good one. Interviews of the players you mention forthcoming.

M. A. H. JAX.—Yes, I believe in frequent ablutions. After my bath, a shave and a change of clothes. The effect is as spiritually refreshing as that of prayer and a clean conscience. This is why I am so good. Maude Fealy is in Salt Lake City. Address them Los Angeles, Cal.

SLIM.—Thanks for the fee, Slim. You say Carmel Myers was a "stunner" in "The White Savage." So you wish THE CLASSIC was a weekly. Maybe it will be some time, who knows? Wait until you see SHADOWLAND. Oh, yes, I answer them anywhere from seven to seventy-seven.

BLUE EYES.—Good for you. You remind me of Socrates when he said, "When a man is first married, he sees no use for heaven. After a time he sees no use for the other place." Address them Los Angeles, Cal.

FRENCH TANK.—Oui, oui, Marie. Douglas Fairbanks is about 35 years old.

PRINCE DANTAN.—Come, come—loosen up! Anger is a mental process by which we punish ourselves for the wrongdoing of others. Anger is poison. You can't expect the players to autograph their photos for all who request it—they would have no time nor money for anything else. Stop in again some time.

TOM MIX, JR.—Nothing to say. It will not be nearly so interesting to know how many teetotalers will hide liquor against the day of drouth as it will be to know their names and addresses with a diagram setting forth exactly where they hide it. Cleo Madison was on the stage last I heard of her.

G. R. C.—You remind me of what Voltaire or somebody said: "Love is of all the passions the strongest, for it attacks simultaneously the head, the heart and the senses." Have I ever been struck? I'm not saying anything. Charles Kent, Eulalie Jensen, Henry G. Sell, L. Rogers Lytton will all be seen with Corinne Griffith in "Thin Ice." Sounds like a real Vitaphone, doesn't it? You're right. David Warfield and Frances Starr have never been in pictures.

JACK J.—Ship ahoy, Jack! Why, Maine ranked first in shipbuilding, and Kentucky first for tobacco, and of course the latter has a wide-world reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle. You want a picture of and interview with Harold Lloyd. To be sure.

INQUISITIVE ANN.—Fire away, Ann. From the snap enclosed, you don't look a day older

than 65. Good-by—you say you will call me later. I may not be so busy then. How old is Ann?

DOLLY DIMPLES.—Nat Goodwin had five wives and this is what he thought of each of them, first: Eliza Weatherly, "Like a Mother"; Nella Pease, "An Obligation"; Maxine Elliott, "A Roman Senator"; Edna Goodrich, "An Error"; and Margaret Moreland, "My Life Preserver." Nat thought there was no time like the pleasant. Send for a list of correspondence clubs.

MARGUERITE P.—Yes, Robert Gordon was in New York last I heard of him. Harrison Forde in Los Angeles.

ELSIE M.—*Alla vostra salute.* Someone once told me never to drink a toast to water. But—well, what's the use? Who said vote dry? Elaine Hammerstein is a Selznick star. She is the granddaughter of Oscar Hammerstein.

BLUE EYES.—There are so many blue eyes. My favorite color for eyes. So you forgive me, do you? To err is human, to forgive, unusual. William Russell is with American, Santa Barbara, Cal. You say you have written seven letters, and mine was the shortest of all. Whoopee! Breathe it again!

LUCILE.—Yes, I have a date book, but not for my social engagements. The first submarine to reach America was the German U-53 which entered the harbor at Newport, R. I., October 7, 1916. She left in about three hours and during the next few days she sank a number of foreign ships in American waters. Yes, Lewis Cody was Stuart in "Borrowed Clothes."

J. J. C.—No use coming to my cellar for I don't own a cellar; I just have the hall-room. What do you think I am, a millionaire? God must have loved the get-rich-quick dupes. He made so many of them. There's no place here for you. Sorry.

RETA S.—That is one thing that I seldom bring to the table and cut—a pack of cards. Cards are all right for an occasional pastime, but most people use them like they do everything else, including liquors, not moderately, but to excess. "Daddy-Long-Legs" has just been released.

J. Q., AUSTRALIA.—You want a list of all the players born on April 8th. Man alive, that would take some time. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, and not on the Sahara Desert.

WILDFIRE.—You are too good for this world. There is just one place in this world where there are no taxes to pay, no creditors, no cares, no worries, no distress from the heat or cold, no fear of the morrow, no dread of disloyalty, nor of ingratitude, and no pain, sickness, or disease—the grave. *Abstine invidia.* You're all wrong in both.

L. B.—You bet I love music. I play the Jew's harp. Mirabeau's (the orator of the French Revolution) last words were: "Let me die to the sounds of delicious music." I think just before I die, I'm going to hire an Italian band. Harold Lockwood's mother was with him.

CONSTANCE Y.—Charles Ray's picture on the cover. Yes.

OLGA A. J.—Yes, I wonder what the governor of North Carolina will say to the governor of South Carolina on July 1st. That is the question. The picture is too old to be fictionalized.

MARGE.—Sophocles said "A fool cannot be an actor, altho an actor may play the fool's part. I don't agree with Sophocles, if he will pardon me, for I know several fools who are actors. Miriam Cooper with Fox, New York. Dori Kenyon with De Luxe Pictures, New York.

L. R.—Don't you worry about finding your station in life. Someone will sure tell you where to get off. William Scott—great Scott! Fox last. Wallace MacDonald is 28 years; Montagu Love 42; Wallace Reid 27; and Earle Williams 38. Earle is in Los Angeles.

ELEANOR.—You say there is nothing you wish for. Well, an absence of desire is the greatest wealth. Yes, I know Tom Edison, and Hy Ford, and Ed Hurley and John Burroughs, and I know that these four old boys went on a camping and fishing vacation last August. Tom was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847; John was born in Roxbury, N. Y., in 1837. They are both about my age. Those other youngsters, Hy and Ed refuse to tell their ages. Most companies accept just the synopsis.

PICKFORDS FOREVER.—Last reports of Valeska Suratt is that she will hark to the call of orange blossoms and "Lohengrin," and settle down in the country and marry. What could be sweeter, Valeska, and you have my best wishes. Margaret Marsh was Eva in "Master Mystery." Florence Billings is with Rothapfel. "Captain Kidd" released April, 1919. Thanks, and do come again.

AN EXPECTANT READER.—Don't expect too much. "The Red Lantern" was never published by us.

DOROTHY C. W.—Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, and Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, were celebrated American actors born in Philadelphia. Consider yourself lucky.

MARY MILES MINTER FOREVER.—Kathlyn Williams and Mitchell Lewis are playing opposite. Eileen Percy and Bill Russell are playing together. His mistake, but there are men who never err—those who are asleep. Some men never wake up.

CEDRIC A.—Muriel Ostriche was with World last. Madge Evans, Niles Welch and Gerda Holmes in "Gates of Gladness." Ben Alexander was the little chap in "Broken Threads." Yes, it is reported that Miriam Cooper and her husband, Raoul Walsh, have adopted a little boy, an orphan by the Halifax disaster.

APHRODITE.—You're right, but I would rather be the best of friends to my dog than hail fellow well met to a community. Rosemary Theby, Bessie Barriscale and Nigel Barrie in "Broken Threads." Alma Rubens is with Pathé and Frank Mayo with Anita Stewart last.

JIMMIE.—Write direct to the company. POT BOILER JIM.—So you are satisfied with your position. Well, you have heard it said that superabundant prosperity tends to involve the human mind in darkness; it takes away the greatest stimulus to exertion, represses activity, renders us idle, and inclines us to vice. And thereby hangs the tale. Witnesseth, my \$9.50 per. I agree with you absolutely.

JAY DEE SEC.—*Je pense*, according to the last census, Washington contains a larger negro population than any other American city. And now you want Mabel Normand on the cover. It shall be did—sometime.

L. W. H.—I don't know who said "Affinity is powder, proximity is the match and you are the fool." Yes, Fannie Ward is 45 years old. It seems that Marguerite Marsh is now the head of her own company with Herbert Rawlinson opposite her.

SPEED.—That's the way to shoot them in. It is true Irene Castle was married to Captain Robert Treman on May 3d. God bless her! Him too. And many happy returns of the day. Betty Blythe and Guy Empey in "Hell on Earth." Irving Cummings with Famous Players-Lasky.

CURIOS.—Why, Mary Pickford is about 26

(Eighty-five)

A Stradivarius of the Screen

(Continued from page 51)

never really a blessing!" Then there came a quick reaction from the serious tone our conversation had taken. She laughed, and then, abruptly, "What will I look like when I am 60? Will I keep my youth? Will I be happy, I wonder?"

She chafes under any kind of restraint or monotony. "I hate to play the same types over and over again. I wonder if you remember my early work with the Vitagraph? I played rowdy characters—the tough gum-chewing girl of the slums. I enjoyed it; every moment of it. And then I played barefooted back-to-nature types. I liked them, too. The first praise I ever got from a director was for my work in that sort of character in 'The Wood Violet.' My salary was \$25 a week at the time.

"One day there came a note from J. Stuart Blackton complimenting me and telling me that my salary would be \$30 from then on. The funny thing about it was that I had just broken a looking-glass and I was in tears over it when the note arrived—my sister had been insisting that it would bring such terribly bad luck.

"I have noticed," she went on, "that since then, every time I have broken a mirror some stroke of good luck has followed."

Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn and educated at Erasmus Hall. Her entrance into the films was not attended by any unusual incident. Her people had not been connected with the stage or screen in any way. Her sister married Ralph Ince of the Vitagraph Company.

"I used to visit the studio a great deal," she said, "and so just naturally worked in; doing small parts, at first, and gradually working up to large ones."

Miss Stewart was off the screen for more than a year as the result of an unfortunate legal tangle with the Vitagraph Company. The excitement of the lawsuit caused a nervous breakdown. After so long a time away from the studios, she said, it was a joy just to be in one again. "Until a few months ago, I had never seen an open air studio. After the solid, comfortable studios of the East, fixed up with hot and cold showers, big comfortable steam-heated rooms—oh, everything for convenience, these places open to the sky struck me at first view as just shacks. I've shocked lots of Californians by saying this. Perhaps that's why I say it. I love anything dramatic."

now, and she has been in pictures the last 9 years.

J. WATER.—Collector of coins? I should say so, I collect anything I get my hands on. Never allow your energies to stagnate, keep going. Jack Mulhall opposite Emmy Wehlen, (Metro). Benjamin Wilson and Neva Gerber in one-reel comedies. Wanda Hawley and Wallace Reid are playing opposite.

MARGARET S.—You're all wrong. None of the players you mention is dead. New lease of life for you.

JEANNE JACQUES.—Richard Barthelmess is 24 years old and Eugene O'Brien is about 35 years old. No, you had some good stuff in your letter. Thanks, drop in again.

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To a High-Brow Critic

(Continued from page 20)

some new line of departure, the inferior products stand out alarmingly. And if, Mr. Eaton, you are as frequent a photoplaygoer as the average intelligent person who can see nothing in the movies, it is entirely natural that, when you do go to the picture theater, you strike the big bulk of screen mediocrity. It is entirely natural that you should be in no mood to take joy from this or that little touch of genius—probably accidental the first time, but capable of being observed and imitated and improved upon. No one should expect you to make from these bits the vision of a rounded art capable of putting the photoplay beside the drama. But once out of ten times it is a good week. Once out of ten times you come away from the theater with the sense of a pleasurable evening of storytelling. Once out of ten times you see a "Boots" or a "Girl Dodger" or a "False Faces." And that one good week really ought to convert you to the screen.

If it is "Boots," you watch a score of small touches in characterization and business and photography that make lively and interesting the unwinding of an absurd "Bolshevist" (*vice* German) plot to blow up Wilson and King George in the Guild Hall. You hope to see Dorothy Gish's whimsical and impetuous love-making transplanted to some Bonner-esque tale; you treasure up those foggy streets of London and those splendid compositions of cabs and dim lamps for some Gissing scenario.

If it is "The Girl Dodger," on the other hand, you find the neatest of swift comedy plots backed by the distinctly good "idea" of a bashful post-graduate "grind" who thinks he is being forced to entertain a musical comedy star when she is really a perfectly proper young debutante. In the telling of the tale you get a vivid sense of the possibilities of this fluid medium, once creative writers follow it with the assiduity and comprehension of such present-day masters of the scenario as J. G. Hawks, formerly of Ince, now with Goldwyn, who wrote "The Girl Dodger." Further, this Ince production gives you splendid technical direction and business and the acting of the most sensitive and intelligent of screen players, Charles Ray.

If the film is "False Faces," you have again that sure swiftness of narration which fits melodrama even better than comedy. You see a splendid atmospheric opening, with bit after bit of night fighting on the battle-front, which gradually fuses into the beginning of the story. You find fewer opportunities than you might like for the acting of the screen's best tragedian, Henry Walthall; but in compensation, Mr. Ince has tossed in a few intriguing experiments in "dissolves," "visions" and the handling of suspense. And here, tho the story comes from Louis Joseph Vance's book, you find that somehow it fits the screen because it is a steady-running plot; it proves a pleasing contrast indeed to the alter-

nately stodgy and jumpy result of almost every popular novel which has reached the screen.

Here in these three films are story, atmosphere, some characterization—good entertainments of the average magazine short-story sort. They are essentially no better than they were a few years ago when Griffith and Ince made their first hour-long photoplays. They are simply more frequent. But each contains some little flash of perfection, some forward-looking bit of imagination which cries out for greater usefulness, for a better end to serve, for a fusing with more of such flashes into a perfect whole. And every now and then comes some flash which goes further than anything that Griffith or Ince has ever done.

I found one such the week when "Boots" was released. I wish you could have seen it, for it would have done a lot to reconcile you to the triumph of the screen. It occurred in a film made two years ago in England and under adverse circumstances by an American, George Loane Tucker. It was a screen version of Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Hypocrites," and the flash was the almost perfect handling of that most difficult situation, a *liaison premiere* of mutual and fine passion. You know—and you have justly belabored—the usual screen method: gross material evidences of passion, plus a self-conscious halt at the height of realism and some word of crude illumination, which the screen censor usually removes or, even worse, bowdlerizes. Perhaps this is as severe a test as any of the possibilities of the screen. Can it get itself out of realism and into emotion heightened and translated by art?

Mr. Tucker has accomplished this thing twice. The first time was in Hall Caine's stupid story for either screen or novel, "The Manxman." There the young lovers, intent on the love-chase of a harvest festival, ran radiant and amorous into the dark of an old barn doorway. The scene faded out to blackness—denoting, as always on the screen, a lapse of time and the end of the preceding action. When the picture "faded in" again, we were looking out from the doorway, and there in the sun, kneeling in somewhat the pose of Henner's famous painting, "The Magdalene," but with the sun making a golden fleece of her disheveled hair and her face lit by the radiance of her love, was the figure of the girl. No vulgar, heaving passions, no stupid words. Just the emotion, built from light and pose.

In "The Hypocrites," Mr. Tucker achieves this difficult sublimation and translation even more interestingly. Here we find the young couple wandering among English hills and woods. At last, in the early evening, we see them beneath a tree upon a little eminence, drawn to each other in an embrace that is beautifully and feelingly posed. Hardly do we

(Continued on page 88)

The Stage Year

(Continued from page 21)

and furbelows is with us again, and success marked the appearance of the Barrymores in "The Jest," of Philip Moeller's "Molière" and of Otis Skinner's revival of "The Honor of the Family." Producers are already preparing for a continuation of the romantic play next season. David Belasco's first big production will be a Chinese spectacle, with a fortune in Oriental trappings and with Lenore Ulrich starred.

The high artistic average of the season is unquestioned. It is doubtful if the American theater has revealed anything finer than the scene in the forest-of-the-might-have-been in J. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus," or the moment where the unborn children reveal Tytyl's long-sought true love in Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal," or the gruelling psycho-analysis of Tolstoi's "Redemption," or—again—the splendid word beauty and suspense of Lord Dunsany's vivid playlets, done by Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Company. Or, again, in the appearance of John and Lionel Barrymore in the adroitly constructed drama of medieval intrigue, "The Jest," altho we cannot speak of this last instance from personal observation.

With the exception of the bit of Maeterlinck symbolism, these dramas not only attracted attention, but were financial successes. Not that the so-called commercial drama disappeared before the vogue of the æsthetic. The drama manufactured to please the tired public was present and reaped the usual reward. Witness the success of "East Is West," "Friendly Enemies," "Three Wise Fools," "Three Faces East" and others.

Possibly Roi Cooper Megrue's "Tea for Three," a fresh, prismatic comedy built about the usual triangle but replete with sparkling dialog, stands at the forefront of native contributions to the drama. This has a delightful playing trio in Arthur Byron, Frederick Perry and Margaret Lawrence.

An excellent bit of *genre* playwriting is "Lightnin'," written by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon and featuring Mr. Bacon's humorous and lovable portrayal of a lazy village harem-scarem—a characterization Jeffersonian in its effectiveness. Indeed, "Lightnin'" Bill Jones is something of a Rip Van Winkle. Critics declare that nothing funnier than the courtroom scene of "Lightnin'" has appeared since Harry James Smith gave us the delicious reception of "The Tailor-Made Man."

Anthony Paul Kelly turned briefly from writing screen scenarios to dash off one of the season's hits, "Three Faces East," a cleverly constructed melodrama of German spies in which you cant tell who is a spy and who isn't, or what country they represent, if they do, until the final curtain. Violet Heming is excellent in this evening of gorgeous stage trickery.

Edward Knoblock's "Tiger, Tiger," a

(Eighty-seven)

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frank discourse on physical versus mental love that set even Broadway gasping, was materially aided by the David Belasco staging, the way Frances Starr sunk herself in the rôle of the cook who turned the head of a member of parliament, and Lionel Atwill, who portrayed the M. P. Looking back, we rather give Atwill the major share of the credit.

And, glancing thru the entire season, we find nothing more deliciously charming than C. Haddon Chambers' "The Saving Grace," a serio-comedy of a cashiered British officer who struggles to get back in the army in order to fight the Germans. Cyril Maude played the lovable Fighting Blinn, while Laura Hope Crews gave a splendid performance as the amiable wife with the delightful feminine unlogic.

We have mentioned "East Is West." This, as somebody has said, is just the old type of "Queen of the Highbinders" melodrama done with two and a half dollar actors. But really it is something more. The authors have clinched success by making the heroine a sort of Chinese Peg o' My Heart. Fay Bainter does her pleasingly.

"Forever After" is mechanical and even crude at times, but, beneath everything, it sounded a certain note of youthful hope and longing. Utilizing the screen flash-back idea, too, helped. Alice Brady gives a compelling performance as the heroine and Conrad Nagel is decidedly promising as the hero.

"Three Wise Fools" revealed the old story of the bachelor who is willed a pretty girl, only in this case three crusty old chaps are bequeathed the maid. And the usual rejuvenation comes threefold. "Daddies" presents the angle of four old bachelors who are induced to adopt war orphans. The result is the same.

"The Better 'Ole," based on Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's now famous cartoons, was produced in Washington Square after all the commercial managers had rejected it. There it scored tremendously and ultimately it was brought up town, running all season. "The Better 'Ole" is a musical adaptation, with old Bill of the walrus mustache as the hero.

Another "long-runner" of the year was Richard West and Carlyle Moore's bizarre trick melodrama, "The Unknown Purple," of a convict who invents a way to transform himself into a purple ray in order to get revenge. Richard Bennett played the implacable nemesis.

"Sleeping Partners," adapted from the French of Sacha Guitry, led the vanguard of the boudoir farces. This was a piquant boulevard comedy with Irene Bordoni as a French charmer and H. B. Warner as a dashing love-maker who fails. Among the best of the later farces of this type were "Please Get Married," in which Ernest Truex and Edith Taliaferro appear, and "Up in Mabel's Room," which has Hazel Dawn in its cast.

Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman hit upon a popular theme with their "Friendly Enemies," the comedy-drama of two German-Americans, one true blue and the other pro-fatherland until he sees

the evil of his ways. Sam Bernard and Louis Mann played the contrasting dialect rôles.

To return briefly to the artistic side of the season:

Tolstoi's "Redemption," adapted from an English version of "The Living Corpse," owed a great deal to Robert Edmond Jones' striking stage designs. Jones is now leading the upward march of America's setting creators. "Redemption" is the story of an artistic weakling whose moral disintegration ends in suicide. Tolstoi aimed to hit society's method of having standardized laws in handling human weaknesses and against the oppression of stupidly constituted authority. Jack Barrymore's playing of the weakling was highly colored but effective, while Hubert Druce as a drunken egotist and Russ Whytal as a distinguished Russian nobleman gave able, excellent aid.

Stuart Walker's season of Lord Dunsany was of unusual interest. "The Laughter of the Gods" and "The Gods of the Mountains" stood out strongly. In the various Dunsany playlets McKay Morris, Margaret Mower and George Gaul contributed some brilliant playing.

Winthrop Ames' presentation of "The Betrothal" was marked by signally beautiful settings, possessing a vital vein of imagination. Particularly beautiful was the scene in the realm of unborn children.

"The Jest" is of singular interest, aside from being an exceedingly effective drama, because it marks the appearance of the Barrymore brothers, who represent all that is best in our younger players. "The Jest" has wonderful stage settings created by Mr. Jones.

And the best acting of the year? The Barrymores in "The Jest," William Gillette in "Dear Brutus," Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'," Cyril Maude and Laura Hope Crews in "The Saving Grace," Lionel Atwill in "Tiger, Tiger," and McKay Morris and Margaret Mower in "The Laughter of the Gods."

To a High-Brow Critic

(Continued from page 86)

catch the outlines of the two figures, when the picture fades out into a blackness from which gradually emerges the evening sky with the moon dipping behind a cloud. Another "fade-out" back to the embracing couple; then the clouds again with the moon emerging. Another flash to earth, and then a night sky full of gleaming stars.

Surely such translation of human emotions into natural pictorial symbols opens up new possibilities for the screen. Surely there is hope here of progress beyond that mere story-telling facility which has hitherto made the movie's perfection. Surely such flashes of the spiritual illuminate a new horizon of screen art.

And surely, Mr. Eaton, they must suggest to you that the screen has a not unpromising future, as well as a variegated past.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

(Eighty-eight)

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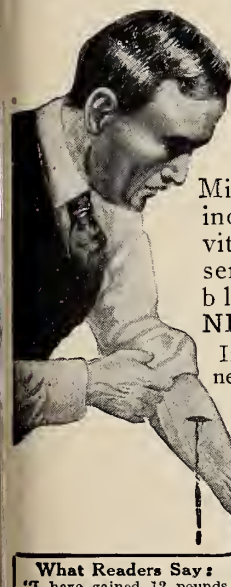
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(Eighty-nine)

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 60)

the broiling process of the paving. I saw "Diane of the Green Van" with Alma Rubens—about fifty people in the house. With iced air, programs, music, ushers and what-not, I wondered how the exhibitor made a living. In Phoenix, as in El Paso, the minimum entrance fee is two bits plus tax. That keeps the kiddies very effectively out of the movies.

The return trip took in San Diego where Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" was released simultaneously with the Los Angeles showing. You couldn't risk the two bits seats at that house, only a few rows of them, and placed in a neck-craning position before the screen, so at 38 cents about a hundred of us took in the play, and some more extravagant ones shoved out four bits plus the tax to see a mediocre show which provoked no enthusiasm, not even for the gallery-play along patriotic lines. We all applauded the stars and stripes, but the trench-warfare put a lot of folks who'd evidently suffered from insomnia theretofore right into a calm frame of mind.

Unlike Los Angeles which can run a show a week or longer, these towns must change bi- or tri-weekly. When I returned to our burg, I found Blanche Sweet's "The Unpardonable Sin" playing to advance sales of reserved seats, positively no standing in line. But it has taken full page advertisements in our most expensive dailies to get that showing—so who's the loser? Surely not Mr. Garson.

A trip to Culver City and the Goldwyn revealed Tom Moore striding about in a fox-hunt outfit looking Lord Algy to the manor-born; it was rather surprising to hear that Naomi Childers is the Lady Algy, but I was told that it was very difficult to get that refined, high-bred type of Englishwoman needed for the comedy, and after considerable search and elimination, Miss Childers was the survival of the fittest. She has a languid, patrician air—hardly sporty enough for a noblewoman who smoked, followed the hounds and gambled to better purpose than Lord Algy himself.

Victor Schertzinger is quite at home now at Goldwyn, just a stone's throw from the Ince Studio and Charlie Ray. Eugenie Forde is working there with Madge Kennedy, having appeared in other Goldwyn features. She says her daughter, Victoria, is living the quiet home life with Tom Mix, and may not appear in pictures again for a long time. Pauline Frederick's mother and Boston auntie are staying with her indefinitely.

You'll be interested to know that Leatrice Joy, formerly supporting Warren Kerrigan and other stars, is being featured in San Diego with the Virginia Brissac Company, who did "The Chorus Lady" while I visited there. Miss Joy is very popular, receives lots of applause and flowers, and one of the main thoro-fares carries a handsome billboard with her pretty little Southern face. Leatrice's brother is Dr. Crimean Zeigler.

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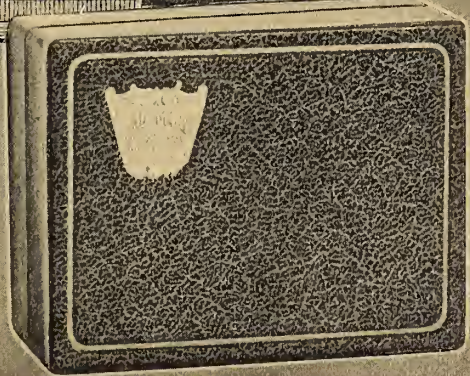
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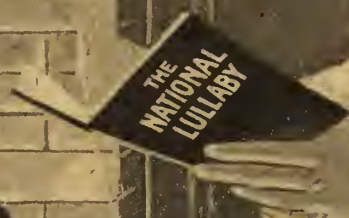
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Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

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Paramount

John Barrymore in	"The Test of Honor"
Enid Bennett in	"Stepping Out"
Billie Burke in	"Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark in	"Girls"
Ethel Clayton in	"Men, Women and Money"
Dorothy Dalton in	"Other Men's Wives"
Dorothy Gish in	"I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee in	"A Daughter of the Wolf"
"Oh! You Women"	
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production	
Vivian Martin in	"An Innocent Adventure"
Shirley Mason in	"The Final Close-Up"
Charles Ray in	"Hay Foot, Straw Foot"
Wallace Reid in	"You're Fired"
Bryant Washburn in	"Putting It Over"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book) A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The White Heather"
"Secret Service" starring Robert War

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production
Douglas Fairbanks in "For Better, For Worse"
"The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson in "The Avalanche"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
Wm. S. Hart in "Square Deal Sanderson"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A Desert Hero"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"Hearts and Flowers"
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LILLIAN GISH

An absorbing study, by Frederick James Smith, of the real Griffith actress who has just scored so brilliantly in "Broken Blossoms." This has new art study portraits taken exclusively for THE CLASSIC.

WALLACE MacDONALD

The young leading man is seeking an enchanted princess. You will want to know all about his idealistic quest, told in a crisp and breezy chat.

MARIAN DAVIES

The beauty of film-land tells of her longings and her dreams in a quaint little interview brilliantly illustrated.

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

The films have no more promising young actor than the clever Mr. MacLean. Here is a live talk which presents him in an exceedingly interesting light.

Then there will be the usual cream-of-the-month's photoplays told in story form. Strong and virile articles by Kenneth Macgowan and other screen authorities. There will be an especially interesting article by The Celluloid Critic. The Extra Girl will be present and there will be a dozen or so interviews of the typical CLASSIC cleverness. And over a hundred stunning pictures, many full page, that you can't find anywhere else, because our own photographers are taking them.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston)

"The Eternal City," produced for the screen by the Famous Players, marked the film debut of Pauline Frederick, then fresh from a series of stage successes in "Innocent," "Joseph and His Brethren" and other footlight productions. Since "The Eternal City," her career has been essentially linked with the silverscreen. Recently she shifted her interests from Famous Players-Lasky to the Goldwyn forces. It is said that she will return, at least briefly, to the stage this coming season in a drama by Willard Mack.

PAGE

Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Mabel Normand, Vivian Martin, Beatriz Michelena, Evelyn Gosnell and Elaine Hammerstein.....	11-15
The Dominating Diva. Geraldine Farrar is a woman of vigorous personality and opinions.....	Frederick James Smith 16
The Gladiator of the Cinema. George Walsh believes that physical training could eliminate the evils of mankind.....	Barbara Beach 18
The "Once-Upon-a-Time" Girl. Rubye de Remer might well have been the heroine of a fairy tale.....	Faith Service 20
The Menace of the de Luxe Theater. Is the big screen house holding up the photoplay's advance?.....	Frederick James Smith 22
Griffith Renews Old Promises. After losing himself in a blind alley, he returns with "Broken Blossoms".....	Kenneth Macgowan 23
Veni, Vidi—Vidor! How King Vidor has forged his way to the front rank of directors.....	Maude S. Cheatham 24
The Beauteous Yvonne. Miss Shelton divides her time between the Ziegfeld Follies and the studios.....	C. Blythe Sherwood 26
The Career of Katherine Bush. The absorbing Catherine Calvert photoplay based upon the Elinor Glyn novel.....	Faith Service 27
Tempered Steel. Vernon is a man of reserve, cool detachment and well-preserved balance.....	Faith Service 31
The Ethelescent Miss Lynne. Ethel is a young woman of bubbling and buoyant personality.....	Fritzi Remont 32
Alexander the Little. Tiny Ben and his quaint opinions of the world of make-believe.....	Elizabeth Evans 34
The Young-Old Lady of the Screen. Mary Alden and her picturesquely romantic career.....	Elizabeth Peltret 36
So this Is Easter! Otherwise Easter Walters.....	37
Girls. Short story based on Marguerite Clark's charming Clyde Fitch comedy of a woman-hating trio.....	Dorothy Donnell 39
Dorothy Dalton, Hot Weather and Emotionalism. Miss Dalton likes both of them very, very much.....	Harrison Haskins 43
Avalanche of Entries at Contest's End. The Fame and Fortune Contest is now in its crucial moments.....	44
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review.....	Frederick James Smith 46
A Rod That Grew Up Straight. Rod La Rocque is six foot two, and a vigorous young actor.....	Sue Roberts 48
The Hoodlum. Mary Pickford's newest photo-comedy told in charming fiction form.....	Olive Carew 50
The Extra Girl and Evelyn Greeley	Ethel Rosemon 53
The Summer Stage Season	54
Ideals and Idols—Past and Present. Frank Keenan talks interestingly of the old ways and the new.....	Fritzi Remont 56
The Aves Have It. With the Mack Sennett girls.....	57
Double Exposures	59
The Movie Encyclopedia	86

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Bijou.—"Love Laughs." One of the brightest and most pleasing comedies of recent years, and you don't know till the end just how it is going to come out. Don't miss this one.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley, besides the delectable dancers, Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hysom.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn, Enid Markey, Lucy Cotton and Evelyn Gosnell, all known to the screen, and Walter Jones and John Cumberland. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies." This serio-drama of German-Americans, true to the United States and otherwise, has established a season's record. Louis Mann still in his original rôle.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Selwyn.—"Tumble In." Musical comedy version of the successful farce, "Seven Days," the comic story of a house party under quarantine. A negligée chorus now lends optical aid. Peggy O'Neill is the best of the cast of fun-makers.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

"The Betrothal." Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance. Tasteful staging, especially the magic wood.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost.

"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's powerful study of the primitive in man. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a tremendous performance of the Parliamentarian. Staged with all the admirable detail typical of a Belasco production. One of the really big things of the past dramatic season.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle; remainder of cast is the original New York company.

"Molière." Interesting and, at times, moving drama by Philip Moeller of the famous French playwright with a background of love and intrigue in the court of Louis XIV. Excellent performance by Henry Miller as Molière, Blanche Bates as the king's mistress, De Montespán, and Estelle Winwood as Armande, the dramatist's wife.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Cohan's.—D. W. Griffith's screen repertoire season, with the sensationally successful "Broken Blossoms."

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

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Behind the Screen

The Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc., has just been organized, with Rex Beach as president and Samuel Goldwyn as chairman of the board of directors. The capital stock is placed at \$1,000,000. The corporation has under exclusive contracts six novelists: Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes, Basil King, Gouverneur Morris and LeRoy Scott. Production plans call for the author to have final power of direction and supervision over his picture. The first production will be Major Hughes' "The Cup of Fury."

Vitagraph is producing Eugene Walters' melodrama of the Northwest, "The Wolf," with Earle Williams starred. Jane Novak is leading woman.

Myron Selznick has placed Robert Ellis under a long-term contract as leading man. His first rôle under the new contract is with Elaine Hammerstein in "Love or Fame?"

J. Stuart Blackton announces the formation of The J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures, Inc., capitalized at \$1,000,000. Commodore Blackton will be president and director-general of the corporation, which takes over the interests of Blackton Productions, Inc. Incidentally, Commodore Blackton retains large financial interests in the Vitagraph. Commodore Blackton announces that his first production will be his own story, "Moonshine," in which Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon appear. Early productions will be Eleanor H. Porter's "Dawn" and Wallace Irwin's "Phantoms." Commodore Blackton announces that Martin Justice, the artist, will be art director, that Stanley Olmstead will be chief of the scenario department, that Jack Martin will continue in charge of the studio and technical staff and that his son, J. Stuart Blackton, Jr., will be associated with him in the executive offices.

Lester Cuneo, who fought the Huns with the Thirty-third Division, is back in "cits" again.

George D. Baker, the director, has left Metro.

Fred Stone is back in California, making four independent productions at the Brunton studios. Millicent Fisher is playing leads in the first production.

William Farnum is to do Louis Tracy's desert isle romance, "Wings of the Morning," for Fox.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation announces its intention of filming Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," with William Taylor directing. Mr. Taylor recently returned from the battle front, where he served in the British army. He was commissioned a lieutenant before hostilities ceased.

Billie Rhodes has been in New York filming "The Blue Bonnet," a Salvation Army story. She brought her whole company from the coast, including Ben Wilson, Alan Hale and Irene Rich.

George Irving is directing Olive Thomas' third Selznick picture.

Eddie Foy and the seven little Foyes are making a series of two-reel comedies in Denver this summer. George McManus, the humorous artist, has created a special cartoon character for Mr. Foy.

Elliott Dexter has been seriously ill on the coast, having suffered a nervous breakdown.

Tyrad Pictures, Inc., announces a production starring John Stonehouse. Jack Gilbert plays opposite.

Jack Pickford has completed the three pictures called for in his First National contract.

(Seven)





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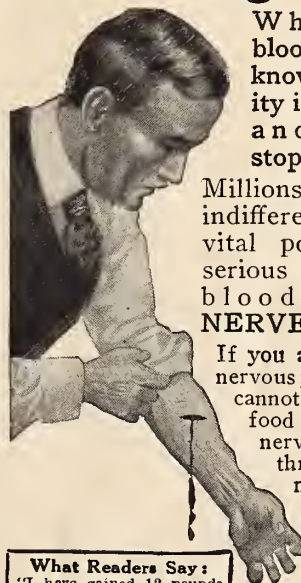
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"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME."

The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly.

ALL the office was talking about it, and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man. There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year. The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it, too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningfully, handed me a bulletin and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the burrowing throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it couldn't be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . Personality! Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he'd look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all. January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and didn't exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition didn't seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and pal-ud up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the common-place Peters I had first met years ago. I could not forget, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it because there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before

suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. I had suddenly become popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance, suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me. But let me tell you some of my experiences:

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

Then trouble sprang up at one of our factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. I was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, I pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then this factory has led all our other plants in production.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We have told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

Which reminds me: One of my wife's close friends moved to another town where she was a stranger. My wife of course knew of my method. She told it to her friend with the idea that it might be of assistance to her in meeting new people. It helped her so wonderfully that in a very short time she won the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Everyone wonders how she did it. But WE know.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It is this: You know that everyone doesn't think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you, and believe in you, and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple things. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why

he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you will want to use it if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: "Get Dr. Blackford's 'Reading Character at Sight.'" I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course entitled "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this remarkable course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

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"People would come in and write in and telephone in and praise Peters to the skies . . . he was showered with offers of fancy figure positions."



"In a very short time she won the close friendship of many of the 'best families' in town."

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(Eight)

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

Los Angeles, (Special).—The biggest event of the month was the aero circus held at De Mille Field on May 18. If anybody in cinema circles wasn't there, he'd better wire this office just *why*—for we failed to miss any of the movie folk; automobiles jostled and pushed each other like subway crowds. The circus was advertised for several days beforehand by Mr. De Mille, who flew over the burg dropping circulars, and he who obtained the greatest number of these was entitled to a free ride with Mr. De Mille the following week. A small tad with large freckles collected 499 and won.

Speaking of the Aero Squadron, there's hardly a girl in the movies who hasn't an adoring swain belonging to the fliers. Among the *adored* one might mention petite Viola Dana and the languorously lovely Margarita Fisher, who's been visiting at Hotel Alexandria for the week. Miss Fisher was accompanied by her mother, sister Dottie, her secretary, Sonia Zive, daughter of the well-known New York savant and writer, lecturer and teacher. Miss Zive has only lately assumed the duties of "bulldog" to the American star and was mighty busy while here arranging countless interviews with newspaper men, the various magazine representatives, modistes and milliners, not to mention endless social functions; for Margarita was much entertained, especially by the military set. Her handsome light-brown car and good-looking chauffeur, whom lots of folks thought a really, truly soldier, were conspicuous in front of the Spring Street entrance to the big hotel.

Viola Dana was chatting with Bert Lytell one day when I stepped out a bit on the Metro stages. I remarked on the close resemblance between the two stars, so striking as to make one believe they are brother and sister. Mr. Lytell remarked, "You are the fifth person this week to tell me that! I wish it were really true, for, you see, I think Miss Dana is very, very pretty, and it would be a great compliment to resemble her even remotely!"

And little Viola, whose topknot just reaches up to Bert's chest expansion, interrupted in her usual vivacious manner, "Bert is just my great, big, kind brother—and I'm proud to look like him. Lots of people have told me also that we looked alike." Perhaps it is because both have the humorous dimples over upper lip, the deep eyes of a tender, yet merry, twilight hue, and the profile shows noses very similar.

Bert Lytell is pleased over the new plays Mr. Karger bought for him in New York, one of these being our well-beloved "Lombardi, Ltd.," which made a tremendous hit on its first presentation by Mr. Morosco in Los Angeles. Bert told me he is going to study the methods of one of our local music-teachers, of Latin origin, get his tricks of expression, shrugs and even accent, tho it's only a *silent drummer* this time. Bert is letting his luxurious lox grow longer that they may be marcelled for this picture, and everybody is kidding him about his falling for the "curly bunk" at last. You'll recall that Mr. Lytell is one of the best *mown* young men in the movies, and perhaps this will give the rest of us a chance to *moan* when we see Mr. Lombardi on the screen.

The greatest star happening of the month is the dual contract elevating Douglas MacLean, formerly with Connie Talmadge and other notables, and Doris Lee, now named Doris May, who supported Charlie Ray, which is probably why she takes the rhyming surname. The two D.'s are young, very good-looking and have been popular with fans and with the Ince backing have every chance in the world to become owners of ten-thousand-dollar limousines.

Did you know that Jane Novak's little sister Eva is now on the screen? They're nieces of Anne Schaefer, who was the Vitagraph's first Western star, and who is now playing with Bessie Love. Miss Love's father, Dr. Horton, is a chiropractor of Los Angeles, who has treated many of the film people.

(Nine)

"Hello Huck"



RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so

true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

A Big Human Soul

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful! He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

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Mark Twain wanted every one in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that every one might own it. So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. But now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

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8-19



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You, too, can have a clear, soft skin

A SKIN fine, soft, beautiful! Do you know that the smoothness of your skin is dependent upon the oil that is constantly being produced by its glands?

If the glands produce too much oil, your skin becomes oily and shiny. It loses that soft, clear look. If you are bothered by this particular skin trouble, use the following treatment as frequently as is necessary.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward

and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin firmer and drier the very first time you try it. Use it as often as your skin requires. Before long you will see a marked improvement.

Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

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For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap,

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The Motion Picture Classic



MABEL NORMAND

Miss Normand, Goldwynner, started her professional career as an art model. Finally she journeyed to the old Biograph studio, and David Griffith gave her the rôle of a page in a Florence Lawrence picture — thus starting her celluloid career. Mabel became famous as the "diving girl" and in Mack Sennett comedies as a comédienne of unusual humor



VIVIAN MARTIN

Miss Martin started her stage career at the ripe old age of six as a kiddie with Richard Mansfield. Later, she played with William H. Crane, Andrew Mack, and many other stars, finally being graduated to ingénue rôles. Her success on the stage brought her to the attention of Maurice Tourneur, and she has been a screen favorite ever since. Miss Martin is still a Famous Players-Lasky star



Hartsook, L. A.

BEATRIZ MICHELENA

Miss Michelena is a daughter of Fernando Michelena, a famous tenor of his day, and herself won a distinct place on the light opera stage in the productions of Henry W. Savage, the Shuberts, and others. Miss Michelena stepped to the screen with considerable success. Her most recent photoplays are being released by the Robertson-Cole Company



EVELYN GOSNELL

Alfred Cheney Johnston

In a single season Miss Gosnell has jumped into prominence on both the stage and screen. She scored a decided hit in the farce-comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room," which ran all season in New York, and she has been meeting with success in the films, where she has been appearing in the Montgomery Flagg comedies



Alfred Cheney Johnston

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Miss Hammerstein is a daughter of Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical manager, and a granddaughter of the famous Oscar Hammerstein. She went on the stage as a matter of course and then upon the screen, making her first success with Robert Warwick. Now she is a Selznick star

The Dominating Diva

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

And we found—the sort of woman who has seen life in its many phases. She makes no effort to pick flowery phrases, to gild her thoughts. She speaks directly, with almost a masculine vigor. Illusions? We doubt if she has any. Life, to her, is a matter of give and take. She has fought her way upward. Yet there was nothing of tiredness in the way she said, "It's a fight . . . every second . . . this holding of success." Her voice was lusterless—but the indomitable note was there.

"Success is not all honey and roses," she went on. "It involves

THE stage setting was not in tune. The Farrar Central Park West house was being closed for the summer, for Geraldine and her husband, Lou-Tellegen, were to embark the next day for California—and the Los Angeles studios. White coverings draped pictures and furniture.

The pungent odor of moth-balls permeated everything. Just here and there a flash of cretonne of Japanese design seemed in keeping with things.

Before we met Geraldine Farrar we had formed something of a composite mental picture of the actress-diva. There might be a bit of the tender vividness of her operatic Madame Butterfly, but, most of all, there would be the almost masculine virility of her peasant Maid of Orleans as she led her men-at-arms in "Joan the Woman" and the fearlessness of her tigerish gypsy girl in "Carmen."

Two studies of Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou-Tellegen. "Our marriage has been successful," says Miss Farrar, "because it is based upon good comradeship. The roseate glow of romance cannot endure indefinitely. When that fades, there must be a foundation of comradeship"



Photos by Jean de Strelecki, N. Y.



responsibilities—regarding one's self and others. You always have to stop and consider. What effect will this or that have upon public opinion? Yet one must be continually doing things—or the public forgets. This very interview is a link in my campaign of keeping in the public eye. I admit it.

"And there are the moral responsibilities to others. Every successful person has hero-worshipers everywhere. What effect will your act have upon them? Think of the young, unsophisticated girls who hold you in a shrine from afar. Yes, there are responsibilities.

"In reality our lives become public property. One comes

to frankly explain very intimate things. For instance, why did I marry? I had believed I would never wed, because I thought I could never find a man who would not try to stifle me, who would not try to crush my independence. So much for thinking. I met Lou-Tellegen. We married and our marriage has been successful."

(Continued on page 68)

Geraldine Farrar speaks directly, with almost a masculine vigor. Illusions? We doubt if she has any. Life, to her, is a matter of give and take. "It's a fight . . . every second . . . this holding of success," she says

The Gladiator of the Cinema

eliminate the necessity of policemen! I think George cares more about his exercises than anything else in the world; they are a ritual with him which is observed as faithfully as a Catholic's confession.

It hurts, fairly hurts, the robust young giant to see the average slope-shouldered, pallid youth of our cities. In a moment of disciple-like fervor George had his series of exercises photographed so as to explain to the present-day heathen the proper means of keeping physically fit. The photographer, detecting an amazing resemblance in the perfection of the young man's muscular development to that of the Greek gods, as an experiment, photographed George in several poses, similar to the famous sculptural works of the Greeks. You yourself can see the remarkable resemblance. That is how the pictures came to be taken and, while I was being entertained at the Walsh's 95th Street, New York, home, Dad Walsh just happened to show them to me along with a bunch of new photographs of *his* boy.

Now reformers of any kind are apt to be pretty severe. A certain sternness characterizes George Walsh's attitude toward the careless youth of today, especially the Broadway type of man who lives on his emotions.

"I cant understand them and they cant understand me," said George. "I am not going to try to force any of my acquaintances to my way of thinking; in fact, I seldom tell them my beliefs, because they would think I was just a nut. But there are mighty few men whom I have ever been out with, who have not tried to force me to take a cock-tail and, when I

In the first place, I want to explain that it was only because I am feminine and small and teased so hard that George Walsh let me have these photographs. From this you must not infer that George is susceptible to the opposite sex. He isn't. He is one of those seldom found men who are essentially monogamic; who loves but once in a lifetime and who regards all other women as he would his mother or sister—individuals to be infinitely respected and looked up to and helped. A woman's request is a command to George Walsh.

I asked for pictures.

Big George grew red and rather helpless himself. He wanted to say "Nothing doing," but his infallible kindness and generosity made it difficult.

Finally, after shifting his feet uneasily over the Walsh parlor rug, he gave up the struggle and said, "All right, you're the doctor! Take 'em."

Now George has a fad, an all-engrossing hobby. He thinks that all the wrongs, unhappinesses and even immoralities of mankind would be eliminated if human beings kept themselves physically fit. George believes that correct exercise and a proper amount of sleep and wholesome food would

George Walsh has an all engrossing hobby. He thinks that all the wrongs, unhappinesses and even immoralities of mankind would be eliminated if human beings kept themselves physically fit. George believes that exercise would eliminate the necessity of policemen



By BARBARA BEACH

George Walsh's early love of athletics found an outlet at school. He made the football team at Georgetown University and at Fordham, and later was football coach at the New York Military Academy

refuse, they insist and insist, or make it so obvious that they think me a poor sport that I feel mighty uncomfortable. Therefore I shun most clubs. I am not a good mixer. If being a good fellow consists in jeopardizing one's health, I prefer to be a poor sport."

George formed this creed of his early in life. From the time he was a small lad, making the Hudson his swimming pool and the whole of New York City his stamping-ground, he had determined to be physically strong. He had a terror of not growing up to be tall, and for that reason he never put a cigaret between his lips, as did the other boys. He used to hang by his hands from the doors and rafters so as to be sure he'd stretch out and grow tall. Not a spot in the roads or parks about New York City but young George explored in those days, sometimes by hiking, but mostly on his bicycle.

If you look closely, the next time you see a Walsh picture, you will see a deep dent in his left temple just where his blue-black hair curls away from his broad forehead.

"I got that," George recounted, "at the age of twelve, when I was performing tricks along the sills of a second-story window. I fell and hit a spike. For days the family thought I couldn't live; in fact, all hope had been given up for my recovery, but here I am, you see. I must have been meant to live for *some* purpose! I believe that we are all atoms in a divine scheme of things and it is up to us to do our best. God gave us our body to take care of, not abuse, and that is one of the reasons I can't take any pleasure in carousing or chasing about all night long the way most New York men do. They bring upon themselves an early old age. They most certainly cannot make the most of themselves."

"But what *does* give you enjoyment, pleasure, happiness?"

(Nineteen)



Photos © Lumière

I asked. "You are so young—just at the wild oats period."

"I couldn't be happy if my conscience bothered me," said George. "I simply have to live according to what I think is right, and if I think that late hours and gay parties are bad for me, or are going to weaken my physical condition and so affect my work, I just can't do it, that's all. I try to do my best each day, to go to bed every night with a clear conscience that I have hurt nobody, and I let the future take care of itself. I must have been meant to live for some purpose and I am living the best I know how."

George's early love of athletics found an outlet at school and college. He made the football team at Georgetown University and at Fordham, and later went as football coach to the New York Military Academy. Lately he has startled the faculty of several colleges and delighted the students by advocating a college routine so changed about that the average hours now devoted to studies would be spent in athletics and exercise and vice versa.

"I simply couldn't be cooped in an office," said George, drawing a deep breath, which expanded his chest and made me fear for all the buttons on his vest and coat. "That is why I love my work so much. I am outdoors all day long. When I get home at night I go thru my exercises for an hour, have a hot bath, and my trainer, Jack Weber, rubs me down with olive oil. I tell you it's great, great to feel each muscle relax. Then I get dressed, have my dinner, go for a ride, a walk or to the theater. No eating after the theater," he added, with a teasing twinkle in his dark-brown eyes; "maybe an ice-cream soda, but anything else and I should have dreams and uneasy sleep. Then up at seven and off for Fort Lee. That's my program, prosaic if you will, but I'm doing my best."

And it might be added that from
(Continued on page 85)

The "Once-Upon-a-Time" Gi



ONCE upon a time there lived a poet whose heart was a song and whose mind was a well of wisdom and whose soul had been tried thru the lethean waters of many experiences. He sang a song, and the song began "Make me a child again, just for tonight." He sang that song because of his wisdom he had come to know that all the happiness the world can give is never the happiness of little feet straying thru a daisy field in May, robbing the trees of the tart wild cherries, splashing about in the eternal brook. Or perhaps he knew his Bible and remembered the words of admonition, "Unless ye be as a little child."

It isn't possible to be made a child again, even for the precious boon of the one little night. It isn't possible to make the long returning. Almost, it is impossible for us to retain the heart of a child.

When a woman, a girl, has been acclaimed by the great ones of the earth as, for verbatim instance, "the most beautiful blonde since Venus," when she

When a woman has been acclaimed "the most beautiful blonde since Venus," when she has been posed by Harrison Fisher, when she has been starred in musical comedy and in pictures, ego in a large dose is to be fully expected. Ruby de Remer is the exception

has been posed by Harrison Fisher, when she has been starred in musical comedy and in pictures, when, every place she goes, there is a stir and always the stir in admiration, even amazement—ego in a large dose is not only to be fully expected, but even to be condoned.

There is an exception to this, alas! fairly consistent rule.

Ruby de Remer is the exception.

Once upon a time there was a beau-ti-ful princess, and her hair was pure gold and her eyes were like blue stars fringed with gentian flowers, and she swayed like an Easter lily when she walked, and this beau-ti-ful princess was gentle and sweet in all her ways and obeyed the good King, her father, and the virtuous Queen, her mother, and was courteous and mild of manner to all with whom she met . . . All of us, at one time or another, have read a very similar fairy legend. All of us, or most of us, have long ago foregone the belief in the beau-ti-ful princess with the hair and the heart of gold.

There is such an one.



Campbell Studios

By
FAITH
SERVICE

She is Rubye de Remer.

Like Lochinvar, she comes out of the West—Denver, to be geographically correct. And she has the real Western rolling of the r's, this princess from out the pages of Christian Andersen. "People are always telling me," she said, "that I should get over my Western twang, but I tell them that I *am* a Western girl, and proud of it, so why should I try to talk like some one I'm *not*? They tell me, too, that I should be more 'up-stage,' have more airs and graces. I just cant. If I cant be myself sincerely enough to please, I certainly cant hope to be anybody else. I think sincerity is the most beautiful characteristic in the whole world—just *real* people, no matter what they do or who they are. Of course, I am mad about people with ability and the power to prove it, but then, quite often, they *are* the real people."

It is significant
(Continued on
page 80)

Rubye de Remer has a hobby for kimonos, and she has a remarkable collection of them. She is emphatically not extravagant. She loves rare perfumes. And—as to homes—she thinks "harems must be lovely"

(Twenty-one)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Menace of the De Luxe Theater

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



Apeda, N. Y.

WE have so long considered the de luxe theater, with its trappings, its symphony orchestra, its singers and dancers, its futuristic settings, its lengthy program of scenics, cartoons and news weeklies, as uplifting the film drama, that we have blinded ourselves to its menace. Buried beneath two hours of incidentals, can the photoplay advance?

These things served their purpose in attracting the people who fought shy of the old, unsanitary ten-cent reconstructed store theater. But the photoplay has now found its place.

Does the future of the film play lie in the de luxe theater? I doubt it. The day is not far distant when screen dramas will be played across country like theatrical attractions. All this is forecasted by indications on every side that the manufacture per company of one and two features a week will cease and that producers will release but a limited number of carefully made photoplays a year. All this means a revolution in exhibiting.

Listen to the protest of David Wark Griffith, who a few days ago told me: "I have been condemned for certain of my recent productions, in which, in reality, I was trying to meet the so-called needs of exhibitors. Yet, even then, I found that exhibitors, in order to fit the feature picture to their lengthy programs, were cutting my productions as they saw fit. Tender little scenes, to which I had devoted weeks of labor in developing, were mercilessly trimmed out to speed up the de luxe program. This happened with 'The Romance of Happy Valley,' 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home' and others of my pictures.

"I see but one solution," went on Mr. Griffith. "That is the presentation of a photoplay after the fashion of the spoken play. Produce it to the length that the story requires, be it four, seven or twelve reels. Present it at a

theater intelligently and let it continue at that theater as long as the public demands it. So I am doing with 'Broken Blossoms.' Therein lies the future of the photoplay."

There are further indications on every side. Mr. Griffith is a link in the organization of the "Big Four," who will make but four productions each a year. Metro announces that its program policy is ended and that productions will be fewer and better made, with a star only where a star is required. Goldwyn makes announcements of a similar trend.

It is essential here that we go back to the beginning in explaining the situation. The coming of the photoplay was marked by the domination of the old General Film organization of so-called licensed companies. For a time this combine absolutely controlled the American market, finally collapsing thru the inability of two or three companies to hold up the weakness of the other members of the organization. When Biograph failed
(Continued on page 87)



Stagg, L. A.

Three examples of de luxe theaters: Top, the New York Strand; center, Grauman's Los Angeles Theater; bottom, the New York Rialto. Are the de luxe houses hurting the photoplay? David Wark Griffith and others believe they are a destructive and hampering influence



Griffith Renews Old Promises

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

THE blight of "The Birth of a Nation"—the evil effect of that great photoplay on its director and on the whole motion picture art—has only been made evident to the more critical among the fans by the artistic and financial success of Griffith's masterpiece of brutality, "Broken Blossoms."

Because of Griffith's immense success with "The Birth of a Nation," no director of motion pictures has yet received exact and full credit for his work—Griffith least of all. The character and magnitude of that photodrama led critics astray on the genuinely best qualities of its producer, and the immensity of its success drew Griffith himself for many years into the pursuit of false photographic gods. We are only just beginning to realize this as we watch him now matching his talents in hour-long, five-reel entertainments against the eighty or a hundred routine directors who turn out a dozen of these "short" films each week.

Literally immense was the first effect of Griffith's work for the screen—his invention of "close-up" and "cut-back" in the days when he made two-reelers for the Biograph, dreaming only of four- and five-reel productions, never of the twelve reels of "The Birth of a Nation." His effect on the American form of photoplay when he began to make films of the present popular and almost universal length—five reels—was also extraordinary. Out of the possibilities that he demonstrated in films like "The Escape," and the rivalry he aroused in men like Thomas H. Ince, arose the present type of photoplay. But the effect on himself and on the movie world of the two films of his next stage was still more powerful. Its influence—and in many ways, its harm—cannot be overestimated. Thru the failure of the best film he ever made, "The Avenging Conscience," and the success of "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith and a large part of the motion picture industry were turned into by-paths whose unprofitable ends this great director and his audiences have only begun to see.

Unquestionably that extraordinarily exciting Civil War film did a great deal for the movies. Its unapproachable fame brought new audiences to the screen and spurred on producers. But it brought audiences to a screen unable to satisfy them, and it spurred producers to types of production that only disillusioned these audiences. It gave producers the idea that spending a great deal of money, hiring a great many people and trying to tell a three-hour story should result in satisfactory screen entertainments. The mistake as to the money and the mobs might have been inevitable, but at least it should have been easy to observe that "The Birth of a Nation" was really two distinct stories about the same people, hitched more or less neatly together. As a matter of fact,

nobody saw, and Ince spent hundreds of thousands on "Civilization," Brenon on "A Daughter of the Gods," De Mille on "Joan the Woman," Dixon on "The Fall of a Nation," all to no artistic or financial profit. It was Ince's modest "Coward," De Mille's "Cheat" and other almost forgotten five-reelers that really advanced screen art from the place that Griffith had got it to in "The Escape."

Nobody knows whether the success of "The Birth of a Nation" had more effect on its producer than the failure of "The Avenging Conscience," his shorter but much more artistic mixture of Poe's "Annabel Lee" and "The Telltale Heart." Anyway, he went off making "million-dollar movies," like the rest of the producers.

Indeed, he made nothing but big pictures for three years. Fortunately, he lost a great deal of money as well as time on "Intolerance," and so he was forced to sign up for a number of five-reelers while he made another spectacle, "Hearts of the World." And tho that battle-mad juggernaut was financially successful, we are now enjoying a number of shorter and more consistent and characterful films by the unquestioned master of the screen.

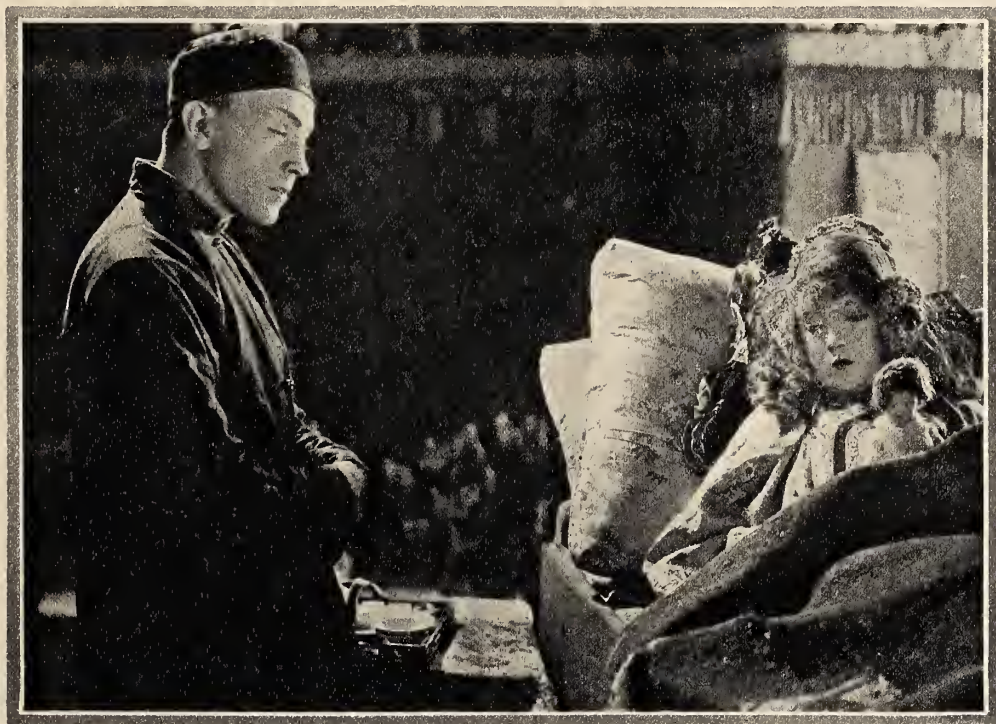
In the interim we have lost a good deal. For one thing, Griffith has made only eight films of his own in about five years. Even in footage shown on the screen, they do not equal a third of the work of the average director. More im-

The immensity of the success of "The Birth of a Nation" drew David Griffith into the pursuit of false photographic gods. And it gave producers the idea that spending a great deal of money, hiring a great many people and trying to tell a three-hour story should result in satisfying screen entertainments . . .

Now comes "Broken Blossoms"

portant still, Griffith abandoned until very recently the promise of fine, restrained effects, real characterization, psychological action, found in "The Avenging Conscience." When that finer production failed and the obvious melodrama of "The Birth" made money—and fame—Griffith turned from the hard and dangerous business of character study and psychological action to the sure-fire recipe of a riot, a race and a rescue. That was the plot for three parts of "Intolerance" and all of "Hearts of the World." His first short film, "The Great Love," was the same sort of thing; indeed, it seemed just a pared-down version of a twelve-reel Griffith war picture, with all the loose ends and dangling characters that such a process would produce. Admirers of Griffith were a doleful lot when they came out from seeing his first five-reeler in four years—

(Continued on page 83)



Veni, Vidi—Vidor!



King Vidor has been making history in the great motion picture industry during the past few months, and his successful film, "The Turn in the Road," has established him before an admiring

Above, a glimpse of Florence Vidor and little Suzanne; and, below, the Vidors reading a scenario at their Los Angeles home. King Vidor was a mere boy when he decided to go into the motion picture business. "I bought a camera and two Klieg lights," he says, "which mother let me set up in the living-room at home, and I began making two-reel comedies, which I wrote, directed and played the lead." Little Florence, afterwards Mrs. Vidor, lived nearby

IT was Suzanne that I saw first.

She smiled sweetly upon me from the comfortable arms of the same old colored mammy that had watched over her father's childhood back in Texas.

You see, Suzanne was a Christmas gift to that interesting young couple, King Vidor and his wife, pretty Florence Vidor of the screen. She is an adorable little creature, with a winsome smile that will surely add luster to the Vidor name in days to come.

Suzanne's father told me quite seriously that she was a most remarkable baby, and that they had invented an arrangement on their Stutz where she would be protected and comfortable during their Sunday motor trips and they had great times together, for she was always so good!



By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Pictures Expressly Taken for
The Classic by NELSON EVANS

public as a producer of originality and rare merit, yet the footsteps that led up to these achievements date back to his school days. It was then that he decided he would break into the motion picture field, that he wanted to direct and make pictures. That wasn't so long ago, either, for this youthful producer has just celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday.

As we sat in the cosy living-room of the Vidor bungalow in Hollywood, King looked at his wife and they both laughed when I asked them to tell me the story of those first steps.

"It's quite a story," said Florence, with her sweet Southern drawl, while King asked, "You want it from the beginning?"

When I nodded, he began.

"I was born in Galveston; Florence is from



Above, King Vidor, and, below, the Vidors on their estate. The way the Vidors managed to get to California after their marriage forms an interesting story. They bought a Ford and a motion-picture camera, packed their belongings, and started out. They landed in 'Frisco with only twenty cents, but they sold the Ford, went to see the Fair, and then, undaunted, went on to Los Angeles to seek success in the screen world

Texas, too. My father was in the lumber business, and he hoped I would join him when I left school, but he was mighty fine about it when he found I had my heart set on pictures, and declared I should be free to follow my own inclinations.

"Not knowing how else to start, I began writing scenarios, and sent

each one with the utmost confidence of its speedy success. By actual count, I had fifty-two scenarios wandering about the studios at one time, but they all came back with alarming regularity.

"Then I decided to learn the technical end of the business, and how I did study! I bought a motion picture camera and two Klieg lights, which mother let me set up in the living-room at

(Continued on page 66)

The Beauteous Yvonne

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

away! I shall never forget the time Ann Pennington was playing in the Follies and I wanted to see her, more than anything else, when she opened in Philadelphia. It just happened that I was rehearsing that day for the new Midnight Frolic and I could not be free before seven o'clock. Anyhow, I managed to get two of the girls from the New Amsterdam who wanted to go with me and, as we rushed to our homes and did not have time to pack full valises, we grabbed what was needed, stuffed them into my vanity box, jumped into the little old Hudson and were off. It was too bad, however.

(Continued on page 82)



Geisler and Andrews

"It's not comfortable, you know, to be a wanderer, an impulsive, adventurous one, and to believe you have a right to it because your parents were just so," confessed Yvonne Shelton. "Father was French and mother English, and look—here I am, born in New York City and yet having been sent away to Canada for my education. And possessing the wanderlust."

"Even now, altho I have this lovely home, I can't get mother to remain with me, since she has taken a fancy to Washington. She comes to visit me often, of course, but never lets me know when to expect her. She gets the mood—and I arrive home and find her here in the room that's always hers. No surprise. Just mother."

"Perhaps that is why I love to run away, on the spur of the moment. Anywhere at all—but

Yvonne Shelton ran away from school to join the chorus of "When Dreams Come True." She has been a Ziegfeld Frolicer for some time, dividing her time between the cabaret roof and the film studios



Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Twenty-six)

The Career of Katherine Bush

Fictionized by Permission from the Scenario based on ELINOR GLYN'S Novel

By FAITH SERVICE

At the age of ten Katherine Bush decided that she could not bear her father and her brothers; a year later she came

to the reluctant conclusion that she bore her mother, the gramophone and the smell of the soup-kettle with hardly more of equanimity, and at fifteen she was fixed in the belief that she was personally beautiful, clever, far superior to the family an unkind fate had placed her in the midst of, and that she was going to escape from thence at the first opportunity, golden or otherwise. As an aside, she granted her older sister, Matilda, a modicum of affection and respect. At least Matilda did not "toff" about. At least Matilda, when the harassed Mrs. Bush died, had seized the rather greasy cloggy helm and steered the mundane Bush ship with no out-and-out cap-sizings. There were some things to be said for Matilda . . .

given another chance . . . Katherine believed a great deal in chances. She believed, too, that it was entirely possible to make them. There was Matilda's lack. It wasn't in her to make them.

But then, Matilda had drawbacks,

which she, Katherine, did not suffer from. She had tended too many babies, Matilda. She had bent too long over the

soup-kettle. She had wrangled with too many tradespeople. She had been—well, not unwilling, too much about.

It was different with Katherine. She knew that she was tall and straight and rather splendid. She knew the value of her gray and steady eyes; she knew the power of her red, firm lips. She sensed the potential magic of her white, efficient hands. She was not mistaken when she cherished the belief that a certain power, a certain seduction, emanated from her whole person. Given that chance . . . to what Parnassus might she not ascend? Given that chance, from what pinnacle might she not look down, serenely, on the Bushes and their shrill-voiced prototypes?

The Bushes

. . . how she hated them! Her coarse brothers, with their rancid, coarse ambitions, their smudgy love affairs, their little, Cheapside passions. Her sisters . . . all save Matilda . . . with their terrible "young men," their revolting matrimonial



She remembered standing in a balcony with him at Monte Carlo. She remembered the sudden pain that stabbed her in the pink and vital heart of her delight . . . the question that smote her like a lancet of gold . . . "What if I love him? What if this destroy me?"

hopes . . . or worse . . . their coarse wrists, their coarse ankles, their coarse minds . . . the blare of the gramophone . . . the red lamp on the not always immaculate table-cloth . . . the smell of a kitchen after it has just known soap-suds and water . . . the sight of unmade beds and discarded clothing . . . it sickened her . . . unutterably . . .

Before she was two-and-twenty Katherine Bush had decided that there was only one way for her to right things, and that was to make, paradoxically enough, and in the eyes of convention, a mistake. In other words, a man. A man must be the rung of her ladder. After that . . . there would be, could be, other men, but she would use them and not they her in any slightest sense. This one time, this initial beginning, she would, perforce, have to give as well as take. Some said to give as well as take was the way of the world. Not *her* world . . . she was to be of the rare ones to take whom the world gives, nor wait for a returning.

Katherine Bush was a creature of a strange tenacity of purpose. She did not readily, nor very speedily, determine upon a course, but when the determination was once reached there was no power possible to swerve her from it.

At Liv and Dev's, the money-lenders, where she was employed as typist, there were various habitués of the masculine and very upper strata. Almost each and every one of these frequenters had honored Katherine, at one time or another, with appreciative stares and words, invitations to luncheon, tea and dinner—and worse. Each and every one had met with the level gray of her eyes, the cool negative of her essentially cool lips, the merest acknowledgment of her charming, adolescent head.

Then Lord Algy took to coming in. Lord Algy was, so to speak, a last word. He was slender, almost a stripling. He was very fair. He was excessively polished, cultured, bored and infinitely charming. Fresh—or stale, rather—from the boraxy Bush atmosphere, he smote Katherine Bush full on her esthetic heart—and on her still more esthetic ambitions.

Almost there was nothing she might not learn from Lord Algy. That world beyond where moved the great ones of the earth—that world that admitted of no Bushes . . . Lord Algy knew of these.

The first night he asked her to dine with him she refused. But she did not refuse with the gray, level stare, nor the straight, uncompromising lips. She refused, and then suddenly her gray eyes closed, and from beneath the shut lids there darted a warmth, like a little, living flame.

Lord Algy returned the next day.

A week later, she dined with him.

Years afterward, when the career of Katherine Bush was an orderly, infinitely progressive thing, she remembered, to the last detail, that first dinner, and the young Lord in his dinner coat with the violets pinned to it, his fair head, his charming hands, his voice opening gate after gate of soft delight to her. His easy talk of the things she had struggled for . . . his love-making . . .

Years after she remembered, too, the night she went away with him . . . to Paris . . . to Monte Carlo . . . to some of the garden spots of the earth where the great lovers long since dead to love and pain have made immortal their immortal

passions. She remembered standing on a balcony with him at Monte Carlo. She remembered the sudden pain that stabbed her in the pink and vital heart of her delight . . . the question that smote her like a lancet of gold . . . "What if I love him? What if this destroy me?" And the reply she made to herself, the whiplash she applied to her senses. "Love him? Tradition! Drink this cup, too, then fling the cup away! Fool, will you let a passion choke you like a weed!"

The farewell was not so easy of remembrance. It never became easy. There was so much pain to it, so much *young* pain . . .

"But, darling, I want you to marry me!" he had pleaded with her when she gave forth



her ultimatum of separation.

"That is impossible. You"—her straight, red mouth, how straight it had been that day, but how grimly white rather than red—"you, even you, are not high enough for me, Algy."

His had been the bitterest laughter! It had cut across the room in which they had been sitting.

"Not high enough! And this love we have known . . . you deny that, too?"

"I am going to like you, too," she had said, "which may not interest you in the least." "As a matter of fact," said Lady Garribardine, "find that it does interest me. I dear, pray meet my nephew, my chief source of worry, Geri Strobridge"

"No. While it lasted . . . I have got to learn, in my life, to eat my candy—and know that it is gone. You are not for me, I am not for you. I will not make ravages on my emotional nature and thereby deplete my power and strength by having scenes with you. This has been a dream, beautiful past any words that you or I can say . . . let it remain a dream . . . even tho it haunt me . . ."

His young face had stared down on her cold one, a mute misery, a mask. Then he had

price for the learning which was, indissolubly, of the spirit, mind and flesh. One must always pay . . . but if one got more than what one paid for, one was being clever . . . *n'est ce pas?*

She felt, after that, that she could talk, that she could manage the little airs and graces that made a Bush a Bush or *not* a Bush. There were little secret codes with which she had become familiar, little by-plays, infinitesimal but vitally important. There were slogans . . . she knew them . . . she had watched Lord Algy with more than the eyes of love . . . she had drained him dry of his mode of living and the modes of living of those about him. It had been sheer profit, she told herself.

She told herself, too, that she was done with Liv and Dev's. The old money-lenders, like the young Lord Algy, had served her purpose. She knew that Algy would look for her there. She had spoken truthfully when she had said that she did not want emotional scenes. Her youth, her cool, undisturbed poise were the fundamentals of her charm. It was necessary that she maintain them. Time would, *must*, obliterate, soften, even do away completely with the gnawing pain she had about her heart. Algy and his passion, which had been golden, and purple, and crimson red, must surely be limned out.

Matilda, when she came home for a few, regretful days, told her that she heard she had been "up to things."

Katherine tried to laugh. It was not the laugh she had been wont to give. "I've been learning, Tilda," she told this only possible member of her wholly impossible family, "if that's what you mean by 'up.'"

The next week she had seen and answered Lady Garribardine's advertisement for a private secretary.

She had liked Lady Garribardine and, as she admitted herself, Lady Garribardine had liked her, which was immensely more to the point.

There was something about the two women, infinitely removed lineally, that was akin.

A certain coolness, a certain detachment, a certain power of aloofness from all intimate things . . . perhaps a coldness which might have only served as armor for a heart hotter than fire when really reached . . .

"I am going to like you," her ladyship had said, from the remarkable bed on which she was reclining, be-wigged, be-rouged and be-perfumed.

Katherine had given her one of her level looks. "I am going to like you, too," she had said, with her somehow distant young voice, "which may not," she added, as tho thoughtfully, "interest you in the least."

"As a matter of fact," said Sarah, (Lady Garribardine), "I find that it does interest me . . . interest me enormously. My



wheeled out of the room, out of her life . . . And she had laughed. She had made herself laugh; she had, as it were, flogged herself into laughter. What tho it grated and jarred . . . it was an achievement . . . she had loved him . . . she had held him to her heart . . . she had covered his eyes, his young mouth, his fair head with her strange, eternal kisses . . . under a southern moon, under a new-born sun they had lain, breast to breast, and around them a sea had pounded and moaned . . . and then . . . he had bowed and walked out of her room and she had laughed and lit a cigaret.

It was good. She felt that it was good. She had climbed the first rung on the ladder and she had not even barked her shins. She had learnt and she had not paid more than a fleshly



for example, with her body of a bourgeois, her spirit of the splendid old school, her heart of the eternal mother . . . And the nephew, Gerald Strobbridge, with the world at his perfect fingertips and the scorn of the world on his caustic lips and in his disappointed heart . . . Lao Delmar, too, the very blonde widow who was pursuing him, gathering about her for the pursuit the jaded fragments of her long-since depleted emotions, and his wife, who wept continuously and maintained a turgid undercurrent of turgid little passions for turgid little people . . . they were rather shuddery, when one grew to know them . . .

It was one of the few natural things that Gerald Strobbridge should turn to Katherine. He saw in her all the sane, deep, vital things he had everlastingly missed. He saw in her the passion he had dragged, or had dragged for him, a rag in the mud, made a flower again, vital, aromatic, life-giving. He saw in her the love, deserving of the term, a lamp, held high, and trimmed and tended . . . and motherhood . . . and comradeship . . . and serenity even into the twilight . . .

Katherine saw in him the epitome of all those things which she ought to have known.

He was the ultra-epicure. He was the absolute cosmopolite. The Arts were baubles to him, with which he was thrillingly familiar. The world had flung wide its doors to him and he had marched in, and looked about, and stayed to investigate, and assimilated . . .

He told her what to read. He talked to her of art, of music, of sculpture and of the great ones of all of these. He spoke exhaustively on politics and on what the world was doing, should do, would do. He
(Continued on page 73)

"I did not think," she said, in her clear voice, grown throaty and deep, "that power . . . power which I love . . . would come to me . . . led by—ah, led by love, my dear!"

dear, pray meet my nephew and my chief source of worry upon this terrestrial globe, Gerald Strobbridge."

Katherine Bush felt, after a week at Lady Garribardine's, that a complicated card-index system of her experiences,

emotions, lessons and reactions would never be really complicated enough.

She learnt, most amazingly of all, that a great many of the so-called great were really only rather horrid Bushes in more or less horrid disguise. There was a rancid air about a great many of them which made poor Tilda and even the other very silly, very middle-class sister, Gladys, quite palatable by contrast. Their minds ran muddily, she found, and their emotions, when they had any, ran secretly and noisomely, and their manners, when they had any of those, were cheaply and obviously applied to crude basic interiors as one applies varnish to cheap-grained wood.

Then there were still others . . . Lady Garribardine herself,

THE CAREER OF KATHERINE BUSH

Fictionized by permission from the scenario by Kathryn Stuart based on Elinor Glyn's novel. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and starring Catherine Calvert. Directed by Richard Neill. The cast:

Katherine Bush	Catherine Calvert
Lord Algernon Fitz-Rufus	John Goldsworthy
Lord Gerald Strobbridge	Craufurd Kent
Lady Garribardine	Mathilde Brundage
Lao Delmar	Helen Montrose
Gladys Bush	Ann Dearing
Matilda Bush	Augusta Anderson
Lady Beatrice Strobbridge	Claire Whitney
Slavey	Nora Reed
Bert Bush	Albert Hacker
Fred Bush	Earl Lockwood
Bob Hartley	Walter Smith
Charlie Prodgors	Robert Minot
Ethel Bush	Edith Pierce
Lao's Sweetheart	Allen Simpson
Duke of Mordryn	Fred Burton

Tempered Steel

By FAITH SERVICE

SOMETIMES a person, or a personality, has a quality which is more finely descriptive than any carefully compiled list of specific, personal characteristics. To describe Vernon Steel as being "tempered" is happily, to make a play upon his name and, still more, to give his essential quality.

"Tempered"—he is rather perfectly that. There is a sense of coolness about him, there is an air of detachment, there is a very fine sense of well-preserved balance. There is even the slightest possible suggestion of a potential cruelty. One could imagine him playing the vivisectionist to life and taking a scientific delight in the deliberate process.

One could never imagine him being prodigal, in any way, of himself, of his emotions, of his art. There is a reserve which comes from somewhere deep within. On the other hand, such is his sense of balance one could equally well fail to imagine him as anything but generous in the fundamentals of friendship, of loyalty, of good faith.

He is a positivist. In small things and doubtless in great things as well, altho there I am not wholly qualified to speak. His beliefs give one the impression of being steel-cut, finely chiselled and delicately unalterable. And he is something of a fatalist; something of a believer in, and a dealer in, chance. Not only theoretically, but in the actualities which have determined his life.

He was born in South America, in Chile, of English parentage, his family living there for a number of years for business reasons. He lived there for seven years, returning to England once or twice during that period of time.

"When I went back to England for good," he said, "when I was about eight years old, I was a thoroging little South American, and so was my sister. I spoke nothing but Spanish, which is, of course, the language of the country, and it took me quite a while to get onto my native tongue. Now I wish that I had not let the Spanish tongue slip from me. I've forgotten it completely as far as conversation goes, but, strangely enough, I picked up a Spanish novel the other day and found myself going thru it and getting the whole sense of it—just a reversion, I suppose, an instinct. Or echoes . . ."

"Going on the stage was a chance with me," he told me, "just an odd chance. I had just won a scholarship, and was about to return it, when I happened to take tea one afternoon with a friend of my family who happened to be interested in the stage. It seemed that she had, that same afternoon, received a letter from the manager of 'The Gay Lord Quex' telling her what a hard time he was having to get a certain type of young man to walk off and on the stage. My friend, a married woman, turned to me and said, 'There's a chance for you, Vernon.'"

"Nothing more was said about it, but walking home that evening, I decided that it might be a sort of a lark. Without doing any further consecutive thinking, I just went up to see the manager, was engaged, and signed a year's contract. The thing was done. Naturally, my family was furious, and so I had to make the best of it—and the best of it was five pounds a week—and the road.

"Of course, I was very young, and being with older people for the first time, and being made much of, and the atmosphere, which has its undoubted charm—

(Continued on page 70)



Apeda, N. Y.

A recent portrait of Vernon Steel and glimpses of Mr. Steel on the screen with Elsie Ferguson and Irene Castle



The Ethelescent Miss Lynne



discharged a short time ago—so he's learnt a thing or two about punctuality. In fact, he is the sort of young man who'd rather sit at the railroad station a half-hour ahead of time than jump for the last car-step in order to make his train.

That failing of Pat's started the whole unpleasantness in the Garden of Eden, situated on top of a beautiful hill, with unrestricted view of the four corners of the earth. They call it North St. Andrews Boulevard, and you can't get there at all unless you

have a car, for no one would attempt that hill-climb with the present price of footgear. The fact that the energetic Mr. Dowling had a new Buick made the interview as well as the too early arrival possible.

Well, at the top of this heavenly hill there's a two-story bungalow court, the tops of the houses being connected by a very mediæval-looking arch which forms not only a porte cochere, but a covered walk right back to the flower garden, and an entrancing view of the hill back of that, whereon thrives a patriotic bean orchard yielding tons of the stuff that made Uncle Sam's boys Hun-lickers.

We stopped and reconnoitered. About the only intelligent idea Pat had of Miss Lynne's whereabouts was that he *once* drove her home in the dark, and he *thought* this was the hill she

called home. Consequently we read the letter-box cards and failed to find the Christie comédienne. A Scandinavian lawn-barber accosted us, said he didn't know

Ethel Lynne lives in a two-story "bungalow" atop a hill in Hollywood. The accompanying pictures show her reading in a leisure moment at home, giving her pet doggie his daily bath, and snatching a nap at the Christie studio

THE trouble in a nineteen-nineteen Garden of Eden was all started by an Adam. Oh, yes, the matter of clothes was involved, too, that was why the new Eve felt rather upset about the whole occurrence. The only nice thing about it was that at last one could really place the blame on a man's shoulders—at least, that is what Ethel Lynne said.

There were just three of us, the aforesaid Adam, Eve—and I suppose I must have been the bo-constrictor who swallowed this—tale! And the fruit of our combined labors shall presently appear.

It all started at the Christie studio, which covers the oldest motion picture site in Los Angeles, the first in Hollywood. There was a roadhouse at 6101 Sunset Boulevard, which appealed to Al Christie, fresh from Staten Island, so he leased the grounds and set up movie-keeping forthwith, say about seven years ago.

But this is the sort of tale which must be told backwards, so we'll begin with the sunshiny day on which I first shook the timbers of the Christie stages in search of Ethel Lynne. After a few *snogرافers*, electricians and even members of the company had failed to locate the young lady, Pat Dowling, the lonesome Adam who shall shoulder the blame herein, hove into sight and offered to find her over the wires.

Sure enough, Miss Lynne had gone home. Yes, she would see us. No, she couldn't be ready in a half-hour—make it three-quarters.

Now, Pat Dowling started as a reporter, hustled publicity in some of our biggest studios, entered the navy, covered publicity for most of our propaganda work in films while in service, and was honorably



By FRITZI REMONT

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

By NELSON EVANS

any Miss Lynne, that no moving picture lady lived around there, but that "Ah ben tank Missus Lindsay live yooost in frawnt house."

Being a Swede, we couldn't make him admit that the name might be Lynne, so we tried the door-bell. A soft patter, and the door opened wide enough to show Ethel in a French-blue negligée, hastily gathered in front by her free hand.

"Pat! How dare you? I told you three-quarters of an hour. It's not been twenty



minutes since you 'phoned. I'm so ashamed!"

Miss Lynne looked so utterly crestfallen

that we slunk in like guilty Adam and the crawling snake.

But after five minutes of mutual apologies, we began to feel sort of acquainted, and I, for one, wasn't going to let the matter of habiliments drive me out of Paradise.

Ethel Lynne is absolutely Ethelescent. You cant meet her without trying to coin adjectives to describe her charm aptly. Old Webster, having lived before the movies were born or such stars began to glitter on a celluloid firmament, didn't invent enough words to cover them, and the old ones are looking so dusty and shopworn that I wouldn't dare use them for Ethel, whose individuality is as great as her comedy is infectious.

She resembles Billie Rhodes strongly, only Ethel is much taller, slimmer. A director at Universal said mournfully, "Ethel, when you and Billie are not together, I cant tell you—*apart!*" They wear their hair alike, have the same big, soft brown eyes and have been taught in the identical school of comedy

(Continued on page 69)

A recent study of Miss Lynne and a glimpse of her in her bungalow garden. Ethel is said to resemble Billie Rhodes strongly, altho she is taller and slenderer. "When Ethel and Billie are not together," protested a director, "I cant tell 'em—apart"



Alexander the



THE last verse of "Over the Hills and Far Away" is surely the saddest thing that Robert Louis Stevenson ever wrote. For when a man has left the Land of Make-Believe, he has usually forgotten all about it, too.

Perhaps he started on his downward path by making believe to himself that there was no such place as the Land of Make-Believe. In this case, he has left it behind him forever.

Sometimes children do this, or have it done for them by well-meaning elders. They are the most pathetic little kiddies in the world. They have forgotten what it means to just pretend.

But the Land of Make-Believe is real; Ben Alexander lives in it all the time.

Around at the studios they call him the peek-a-boo baby. This is not only because he plays all the time—(tho he does. I've seen him leave an emotional scene and play tag with the star, with tears still in his eyes and on his cheeks)—but because the musical score of "Hearts of the World" made that score his own.

One of the most effective scenes in the entire picture is the scene where the "littlest brother," (Ben Alexander), jealous of the boy's love for the girl, sticks his tongue out at her. The children are at play and all thru the comic little scene the orchestra plays:

Above, little Ben Alexander with his mother at their Hollywood bungalow and, below, Benjamin in the very act of keeping up the Alexander lawn. Ben's full name is Nicholas Benton Alexander III and his father is in the dry-goods business at Hanford, Cal. The elder Alexander spends his time journeying between his business at Hanford and the Alexander bungalow at Hollywood.



All photos by Stags, L. A.

Little

By ELIZABETH EVANS

Peek-a-boo, I see you,
Right there behind the chair—

A little later, you remember, the house in which they have taken shelter is blown up. You see the "littlest brother" screaming with terror, the tears running down his face, and then his little form half buried in the ruins. And the orchestra plays:

Peek-a-boo, I see you,
Right there behind the chair!
Peek-a-boo, I see you,
I see you hiding there,
Oh, you rascal!

The child's terror is so real! All over the world, critics have spoken of him as Griffith's wonder-child; the baby-boy Bernhardt of the screen, often forgetting, in their admiration of his emotional work, that his terror would not be nearly so effective if his play and his laughter were not effective, too.

But Ben has been in many a picture since "Hearts of the World" was made. (In King Vidor's "The Turn in the Road" he is his own little blond self; the personification of love and faith and trustfulness.) So now people are beginning to speak of his smile.

Curious, isn't it, that this little six-year-old child should become the most talked of player in two of the most talked of pictures of the year? And yet it is so! In "Hearts of the World" he represents all of the helpless innocents, crushed by war, while in "The Turn of the Road" he is love triumphant; the voice of God showing the way to
(Continued on page 78)

Little Ben Alexander is a regular boy. He started his public career when his face adorned the cover of a rose catalog. Then came his screen debut at the age of three in Fannie Ward's "Each Pearl a Tear." His biggest celluloid hits were scored in David Griffith's "Hearts of the World," and King Vidor's "The Turn in the Road."

Stagg, L. A.

The Young-Old Lady of the Screen

No one who saw "The Birth of a Nation" could forget the part of the octoroon—the mis-

tress of Stoneman. Much of the part was cut in some states, but there was one scene especially which would stick in one's memory forever. That was the scene in which the octoroon, scorned by a Southern man, tore her own clothing, (doing Mrs. Potiphar

The spirit of adventure has ruled Mary Alden's career. She was born in the city of romance, New Orleans, spent some years in the romantic city of the continent, Vienna, made her stage début in London, and played Ophelia and Mrs. Dane before she was nineteen. Above, Miss Alden in her famous role of the octoroon in David Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation"



You have heard of stars whose light went out after gleaming for a year or two, because they could not act and the public grew tired of looking at their pretty faces. And you have heard of girls being raised to stardom because of some unusual bit of acting in a play that failed. But this is the story of a star who went out, (only as a star, however), because she proved herself an actress in a play that was a tremendous success. I am referring to Mary Alden.



By ELIZABETH PELTRET

over again). You remember, she even spat at the man! That rôle stamped Mary Alden as a character woman.

"I don't think that Mr. Griffith knew I was going to spit," said Mary Alden, who is from New Orleans. "I did it on the impulse of the moment, and it was exactly the thing that a negro would do, but it 'made me what I am today,' the young-old lady of the screen." (Miss Alden is not yet out of her twenties.)

"But you did character parts before?"

"Yes, because I have always liked them. The ordinary run of straight parts seem to me insipid, or at any rate, uninteresting. I played the part of Henry B. Walthall's mother when I was twenty-two years old. But I didn't plan on doing old lady parts all of my life, and that is what specialization in character parts involves. The other pictures I could have lived down; they are not in extensive circulation any more. But 'The Birth of a Nation' I couldn't live down! It made a character woman out of me forever and ever, amen!"



Photos by Steckel, L. A.

Miss Alden's success as the octoroon girl of "The Birth of a Nation," shaped her career. It stamped her as a brilliant character actress—and a character actress she has remained. "But character obscurity is not always a disaster," she says. "Good character players are so rare in motion pictures that they can ask almost anything they like"

She was more than in earnest, I noticed. And, seriously, have you ever stopped to think what "The Birth of a Nation" did to its creators? Take Griffith, for instance. If he never finds another perfect story, the public will blame him and not the circumstance. How

often one hears that Griffith is going backward because "He never does as good work as he did in 'The Birth of a Nation'!" And yet Griffith is not going backward; his direction has gone on advancing; give him another story as good and you'll see! So the director, actress, or actor, wise in their craft, will pray, "Oh, Lord, save me from a big hit that circumstance won't let me live up to!"

But to return to Mary Alden, who has lived up to her hit, you know.

"Have you ever noticed the extra people at work?" she went on. "The new ones have a craze for close-ups; they can't get close-ups enough; they

(Continued on page 71)



So This Is Easter!



Up to the moment of glimpsing Easter Walters in negligee we had considered Easter an occasion to dress up! Such is Easter West. Little Miss Walters is a California girl and she has been appearing on the screen quite considerably lately, largely with Ruth Roland in Pathe's "Hands Up" and "The Tiger's Trail." Outside of celluloid close-ups, Easter (that's her real name!) best of all enjoys motorcycling

Photos by Witzel, L. A.

GIRLS



Told in story form from the Scenario
based on CLYDE FITCH'S Comedy
by DOROTHY DONNELL

"MEN," cynicized Pamela Gordon, gazing morbidly at the olive transfixing upon the hatpin in her hand, "are the reason why so many women don't get married."

"Men," averred Kate West, bitterly, "are like those hair tonic pictures—there's such an amazing difference in them before and after taking."

"Men," contributed Violet Ainslee, albeit a trifle wistfully, "have not changed in any essentials since the paleolithic age." Her gaze grew dreamy. "There was one stood beside me in the subway to-night. He had blue eyes that just matched his necktie, and he kept staring, and *staring*—of course, I was *furious*," she amended hastily, as she caught the horror in her companions' eyes.

"But you *saw* him, Vi," Pamela reproached her, "and he *saw* that you *saw* him."

Now, to me, men are practically invisible, like waiters, and chauffeurs and clerks—I simply don't see them, that's all! If you knew the creatures as I know

Pamela lifted the hatpin solemnly. There was something Delphic about her, something Greek, heroic, terrible. "Swear!" The other hatpins went up, Kate's defiantly, Violet's with a suspicious quiver

GIRLS

Told in story form from the scenario of Clara Beranger and Alice Eyton, based on Clyde Fitch's comedy. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Marguerite Clark. Directed by Walter Edwards. The cast:

Pamela Gordon.....	Marguerite Clark
Violet.....	Mary Warren
Kate West.....	Helene Chadwick
Edgar Holt.....	Harrison Ford
Mr. Loot.....	Lee Hill
Sprague.....	Thomas D. Persse
Lucille.....	Virginia Foltz
Mr. Dennett.....	Tom Ricketts
Mrs. Dennett.....	Clarrise Selwyn
Sears.....	Arthur Carewe

them, dear"—she smiled a sad, sweet smile—"if you'd been thru the experience I have been thru—"

The other two girls gazed at her in respectful awe. To the eyes of the unthinking Pamela would have appeared merely a daintily pretty girl with a quantity of dark hair, a delectable dimple in her chin and a strawberry marshmallow sundae of a kimono, all frothy ruffles and rosy frills. But their deeper insight saw her as a disillusioned soul. She had

loved and she had suffered and she knew—oh, yes, she *knew*! Kate loyally thrust aside the thought of the good-looking young press agent who hung about the wings every night when she did her turn. "What are you doing about the League, Pam?" she queried, breathlessly. "I think we ought to start it as soon as possible—there's a perfect epidemic of engagements in the chorus lately. Two more of the girls came down last night."

Pamela shook her head. "To think that there are women who will still give up their independence, their careers—all this"—she waved a vague hand about the cluttered studio, indicating the plaster cast of the Dying Gaul wearing a frisky picture hat over one classic temple, the prints of the Cologne Cathedral and the Sistine Madonna, (with limp feminine garments hanging from the corners of the frames), the model stand upon which stood a cathedral chair, a bottle of milk and an empty Uneeda Biscuit box—"to think that they will voluntarily relinquish their splendid freedom to become the slave of a man, and cook his pork-chops in some stuffy four-room flat in Harlem! It is women like this that the league will save. Girls, we are—Moses sent to lead our sisters out of the Land of Bondage!"

Fumbling in some recess of the kimono, Pamela drew out a sheet of paper and unfolded it reverently. "Listen to this. I drew it up today while I was waiting for Bacchante's nose to set—"The Oath of the Order of Man-Haters. I hereby swear never to allow a man to set foot across the threshold of my door, never to listen to a word of love-making, never to marry any man."

They gazed at one another breathlessly. Violet grew slightly pale, Kate slightly red as the press agent nudged her memory. Pamela wore the ecstatic expression of a prophetess. She lifted the hatpin solemnly. There was something Delphic about her, something Greek, heroic, terrible. Even the pink kimono took on the aspect of oracular robes stirred by the mysterious winds of fate. "Swear!"

The other hatpins went up, Kate's defiantly. Violet's with a suspicious quiver. Together three voices took up the words of the oath. As the last syllables still vibrated thru the room a strange sound drew their eyes toward the dark square of the air-shaft window. It was like a chuckle imperfectly disguised as a cough. It was undeniably masculine in its origin. On the heels of the sound a face emerged from the darkness, also undeniably masculine, and wearing the expression of ingratiating apology seen on youngsters who are trying to explain their presence in the jam closet.

"Hullo!" said the face, ruefully. "I say, you dont mind if I light on your window-sill, do you?" This coping is confoundedly narrow, and I'm no Douglas Fairbanks." Sitting astride the sill, the newcomer mopped at a damp brow.

"Perhaps," said Pamela, and the simile of the sundae applied to her tone, which was frozen, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain whether you are a burglar or are merely insane."

"I am neither," declared the young man, indignantly. "I am simply unfortunate"—his glance swept the three faces turned toward him, brightened—"that is," he amended, "I thought that I was unfortunate, but now—I'm beginning to believe that my good old guardian angel was strictly on his job!"

Overhead, somewhere in the Stygian deeps of the airshaft, a window slammed open, as if manipulated by an indignant

hand. The refugee promptly fell off the sill, into the studio. "Hist!" he begged. "Please, please hist, and keep on histing till I explain. You see"—he pointed explanatorily upward—"there's a man up there that thinks I'm in love with his wife."

It might have been imagination, but he fancied that the hauteur of their expressions increased. "Not that I *am*," he hastened to explain. "I should say *not*! Why, she's thirty-five, at least, and tall and has red hair. Now, I prefer little women"—unabashed, his eyes sought Pamela—"little, sort of dainty women



with dark hair, and dimples, and——"

"Your tastes do not interest us," Pamela said, distantly. Quite by accident her fingers

Balanced upon the frail bridge he turned back, looking straight into Pamela's brown eyes, his own dark gray-ones very grave though his lips were bantering. "Aboard! Wont you wish me bon voyage?"

sought her hair. "We have a rule in this studio that no man shall set foot across the threshold! If you do not go at once, I shall call the police."

"But I didn't set foot across your threshold," the stranger pointed out, with a wide, boyish grin that showed two rows of even white teeth. "I came in by the window, and I'm going just as soon as that poor nut upstairs gets discouraged looking for

peared. As he came in the door I went out the window, and there you are! And here I am. Muh fatal beauty is always getting me into trouble."

"I suppose," withered Pamela, "that that is the best you can do on the spur of the moment, and it's no more unlikely than most explanations unfortunate wives have to listen to. But it is certainly not very flattering to me to have you suppose I am fool enough to believe it, or anything else that a man says!"

Startled by her vehemence, he stared at her blazing cheeks and the blue flame of her eyes. Then, softly, he whistled. "There's one thing sure," he remarked, apparently to the chandelier, "that guardian angel of mine is going to get a raise."

Stamp! Down went a small slippered foot upon the floor. Pamela pointed to the airshaft. "If you don't go before I count three, I shall call the police! One—two—th—"

"But how?" he pleaded. "This is nine stories up. You may hate men, but you surely have some consideration for poor, hard-worked janitors, and there'll be an awful mess for him to clear up at the bottom of that airshaft tomorrow morning if you turn me out like this."

The three girls held a whispered consultation, leaving him for the moment alone beside the bust of Bacchante. In that moment his roving eye had espied a slip of paper pinned to the soft clay. Before he had time to remind himself that a gentleman does not read what is not meant for his eyes he had taken in the few scrawled words:

"Wanted, a position in a business office by a capable young woman who does not chew gum, does not giggle, flirt or wear openwork hosiery, who does not spell amount with two m's, and is not looking for a man to marry her. Pamela Gordon, Suite Twenty-Five, Berkley Studios."

A hasty survey of the Bacchante, the empty milk bottle on the model throne, the gay feminine headgear tilted rakishly upon the Dying Gaul, and the young man smiled a satisfied, pitying, condescending, wholly masculine smile, which was still lingering upon his lips when Pamela appeared, bearing an ironing-board. Disdaining help, she lifted the board to the window-sill, and pushed it out until, somewhere in the darkness beyond, the further end found anchorage.

"The apartment opposite is empty," she informed him, coldly. "The window is open—the janitor was airing the place this afternoon."

Balanced upon the frail bridge, he turned back, looking straight into Pamela's brown eyes, his own dark-gray ones very grave, tho his lips were bantering. "All aboard! Wont you wish me *bon voyage*?"

Neither her eyes nor voice held any hint of relenting. "It is a matter of complete indifference to me what happens to you," Pamela said, coldly. Then, as he bowed and turned away, the ironing-board creaked sharply. "Oh—do be careful!" begged this inconsistent she.

A moment later the subdued sound of a closing window across the airshaft told them that their visitor was gone. Hauling in the ironing-board, Violet pounced upon a small white pasteboard oblong pinned to the end.

"Mr. Edgar Appleton Holt," she read. "Oh, girls, did you notice what perfectly bee-yutiful teeth he had when he smiled?"

"I certainly did not!" Pamela declared, mendaciously. "Give me that card at once, Vi! I wish to—to destroy it."

The two girls watched her sweep from the room, holding the



me. You see, when his wife phoned for me to come up to supper, I supposed, of course, he was going to be there, and when I found he wasn't I was mad clean thru. But she pulled some of that I'm-so-lonesome-and-misunderstood stuff, so I stayed, and right in the middle of the potato salad hubby ap-

bit of pasteboard at arm's length, as tho it were a viper coiled to sting. Violet, without apparent reason, sighed. "Pam is so perfectly darling—I dont see how any man could help falling in love with her. If that Wilbur Searles could have seen her as she is *now*!"

"Why, Vi"—Kate was shocked—"what a horrid idea!"

Violet blushed. "Just the same," she asserted, "I dont believe he'd have jilted her. But since he did, it's no wonder she hates men. And of course we've got to stand by Pam."

"Of course," agreed Kate, dismally.

The next afternoon Pamela's advertisement harvested a sheaf of replies, the best of which was the offer of a post as private secretary to Carter Sprague, of the Wall Street firm of Sprague and Golden, bond brokers. Pamela turned the Sistine Madonna to the wall and set the Bacchante away on the topmost closet shelf, while a tear fell upon the smudgy plaster nose.

"Good-by, my dear," she told her, forlornly. "There's no use having a soul if you haven't any body to keep it in, and that means butter, cakes and beef-stew."

Carter Sprague, bald, dyspeptic and sixty, regarded her pessimistically. "Didn't expect you to be pretty," he grumbled. "That ad sounded like thirty-thin-as-a-rail-and-spectacled. What d'ye mean 'dont want to flirt'? *Why* dont you? It isn't *healthy* for a pretty girl not to want to flirt."

"Men," Pamela explained, "are a matter of supreme indifference to a woman with brains. The fable of love is very pretty, of course, but it is distinctly old-fashioned. The modern woman sees that it is only the bait to entrap her into lifelong slavery."

"H-m-m!" sniffed old Sprague, callously. "So sex is going out of style? Tell that to my nephew! He's at Long Beach now, but when he comes back—— Say, that boy could make love to a dressmaker's wax mannikin so that she'd melt and run all over the place! Fable of love, eh? Well, we'll see, we'll see!"

But after three weeks, during which Pamela moved serenely about her affairs in the Sprague offices, apparently armor-proof to the arrows of the archer, Sprague began to confess that he might have been mistaken. Indeed, the atmosphere around her desk became so glacial that the bond salesmen ostentatiously turned up their coat-collars when they passed it.

Then, one morning, just as he was congratulating himself upon the beautifully typed pages she was handing him, Carter Sprague saw the



sheets begin to waver and shake erratically, heard the quick indrawing of her breath and glanced up, to see his secretary staring with wide, fascinated eyes into the face of a tailor-made young man who had just breezed into the room.

"Damn it, Edgar, so you're back!" he grunted. "What's wrong with the beach? Are they wearing ankle-length bathing-suits this year, or what? Thought you were safe for a couple of months."

The young man beamed, as he returned his uncle's far from cordial handshake. "I had a hunch I'd better come back," he said, cheerfully. "You're gettin' on, y'know, Nunkie, and need my strong young arm to lean on and all that sort of thing!" He glanced casually at the silent secretary. "Got a tip from my guardian angel and took the first train. By the way, Nunkie, what happened to Miss Willard?"

"Got married!" snarled Sprague. "Third chest of silver I've had to buy this year. Damn it, Edgar—that is—h-m—meet Miss Gordon, my new secretary—Miss Gordon, my nephew, Edgar Holt, a scallawag if there ever was one. He'll probably set you to work card-cataloguing his love affairs!"

"Dont believe him, Miss Gordon," smiled Edgar. "My face is my alibi!" He gazed down ingenuously. "I say, I'm wondering—you see, I'm a sort of a returned prodigal, you know, and it's almost lunch-time! I know where they have awfully decent fatted calf, with mushrooms and sweetbreads on the side! I dont suppose——"

"I dont suppose," Pamela said, briefly. She gathered up the papers on the desk, addressing herself pointedly to her employer. "Then I will get out the Butler Brothers papers? And attend to the Amalgamated Woolens matter? And the I. L. and M. bonds? Very good, Mr. Sprague." Her nod barely included the younger man. She swept from the room, but not before Edgar had reached the door and held it open.

"Allow me!" His tone dropped to the level of her ears. "If I only had an ironing-board now."

By the indignant flash of her eyes he knew that he had scored, and his heart gave a queer, hurtful throb underneath the English-cut waistcoat. She hated him, that was plain to see, but if she could be so adorable

when she hated a man, what would she be like if she loved him. It was this problem which Edgar
(Continued on page 81)

She was standing desolately by the open door, when she heard his voice again, above her, behind. "There wasn't any ironing board this time, so I had to use a shutter—"

Dorothy Dalton, Hot Weather and Emotionalism

By
HARRISON
HASKINS

BEAUTY has nothing to do with screen success, declares Dorothy Dalton. Not the least bit. Nor has the quality of being a good artist. Miss Dalton is equally sure of that. And it isn't because of any stage personality. For the camera does all sorts of tricks with footlight personalities.



Some outing snapshots of Dorothy Dalton, taken just before she came to New York. Altho Miss Dalton admits of no hobby, we rather suspect that she likes fishing pretty well



Witness the number of celluloid failures fresh from stage successes, remarks Miss Dalton.

"What is it?" repeated the actress. "It's a distinct something of the screen—a personality which the animated camera catches. You may not even be pretty, you may know nothing of a player's technique, you may never have been behind the footlights and yet be a photoplay favorite."

Miss Dalton does not venture a definition of this celluloid personality.

(Continued on page 72)

Avalanche of

THE closing of The Fame and Fortune Contest on July 1st followed a deluge of final entries from practically every country of the globe, contestants coming from every corner of the earth, ranging all the way from London to the Straits Settlements, from Australia and New Zealand to sunny France. And yet the American girls are still more than holding their own, crowding out all entries from other lands.

While the contest has closed, a number of honor rolls still remain to be published. Representatives of pulchritude from remote climes still have a chance of invading the contest. Interest has apparently grown apace with the conclusion of the contest, every mail on the final days bringing hundreds of pictures. It will take weeks, of course, to give all these careful examination and it will be some time yet before anything like a final conclusion can be arrived at by the judges.

It is very likely, however, that the original plan of selecting three leaders will be adhered to. These leaders will be invited to come to New York, where test pictures will be taken and the final winner decided upon. And—let us whisper—the first issue of *SHADOWLAND*, to appear late in August, will carry portraits of these leaders, if all goes well.

Careful elimination of many promising contestants brought the eleventh honor roll, for the period between May 15 and June 1, to include the following lucky seven:

Bobbie Delys, of 6140 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Miss Delys has posed in commercial motion pictures for the Rothacker Company. She is a graduate of the Jacobean school of dancing and



Above:
**BILLIE VIVIAN
SULLENGER**

Right:
BOBBIE DELYS

Extreme Right:
**CHRISTINE
GARDNER SIMP-
SON**



ntries at Contest's End

has some stock company experience. Miss Delys has dark-blue eyes, very black hair and she is five feet five.

Billie Vivian Sullenger, of 1111 Eighth Avenue, Seattle, Wash. Miss Sullenger is a pianist of considerable ability. It is interesting to note that, in 1909, Miss Sullenger, then five years old, won a beauty contest for children. She has hazel brown eyes, blonde hair and is five feet three.

Christine Gardner Simpson, of 431 East Roma Street, San Antonio, Texas. Miss Simpson was born in Tennessee, her father being Major J. A. Simpson, of the United States Army, (regulars). She has dark brown eyes, auburn hair and is exactly five feet six and one half inches in height.

Irene Marcellus, of 145 East 92nd Street. Miss Marcellus has played small rôles in Maurice Tourneur productions. She is a dancer and art model, having blue eyes, blonde hair and being five feet eight inches tall.

Fay Brennan, of the Harrington Hotel, Washington, D. C. Miss Brennan has brown hair and brown eyes and is five feet four. She

(Continued on page 84)



Right:
**IRENE
MARCELLUS**

Above:
**ADAIR
McDONALD**

Circle:
FAY BRENNAN

Left:
**SHIRLEY
BLACKSHAW**

The Celluloid Critic

It is trite, of course, to repeat that David Wark Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" marks an epoch in the march of the photoplay. Nearly every one has pronounced this verdict, but the fact must be stated again.

"Broken Blossoms" reveals something of what will be the photoplay of the future. For the screen drama of tomorrow is to be a blending of the art of the dramatist, the painter—and the poet. "Broken Blossoms" is just this.

Since the first animated picture we have had the methods of the stage applied to the screen. Bald stories they have been, in the main, with here and there a flash of splendid dramatic suspense, of fine spectacular effects and of superb beauty of photography. But the thing that was to differentiate the stage and the screen has been slow in coming. Distant flashes had appeared, it is true, but the poetry of the camera has never been really plumbed.

"Broken Blossoms" reveals a lyric quality we have long dreamed for the photoplay, but never discovered. There are other splendid qualities to "Broken Blossoms," but it is because of this alone that we place the production as a milestone of the screen. Indeed, at moments Mr. Griffith makes the camera fairly sing.

So it is not because of its technical advances, its fine handling of a relentless tragedy, its philosophy, indeed, its moving spiritual vein, that we rate "Broken Blossoms" so highly. It is because Mr. Griffith has at last revealed what the film camera will do—tomorrow and in the days to come.

We have frequently lamented what we consider Mr. Griffith's weakness—a lack of literary discrimination, which, it seemed to us, left his work without a real foundation.

"Broken Blossoms," however, has an excellent literary distinction. It is adapted from Thomas Burke's story, "The Chink and the Child," of his book, "Limehouse Nights." Mr. Burke is an able writer who has set out to paint the London of today as did Dickens of yesterday.

Limehouse is the slum of London, where "East meets West" and the

David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" is a screen epic. In it Richard Barthelmess is admirable as the Yellow Man. Lower left, Charles Ray in "The Busher," an excellent baseball story. Below, Mr. Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in the delicious "I'll Get Him Yet"



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Hindus, the Siamese, the Chinamen and the negro mingle with the Caucasian in the leveling gambling and drinking river-front dives where the swirling fogs of the Thames rise up to hide the hell of it all. To Limehouse has drifted the Yellow Man, a young Chinaman who, fired with zeal, some years before left his native land to bring the message of the Orient to the struggling, blood-mad white man. But the yellow idealist has reckoned without things as they are and his collision with sordid realities of Limehouse has left him dulled and sickened, but still hearing the old call of his temple bells of far-off China.

The Yellow Man keeps a little shop in Limehouse. One day the daughter of a brutal cockney prize-fighter falls in a faint across his threshold, fresh from a beating administered by her parent. Now the dreaming Yellow Man has long watched this waif of Limehouse from afar and, in his still idealistic eyes, she is something of a flower growing in the mire. So, all unmindful of consequences, he lifts the unconscious girl and carries her to a sanctuary above his shop. There he gently dresses her bruises, gives her gay Oriental robes, decks his room in honor of the visiting goddess and worships. Thru the little drudge's undeveloped mind runs derisive laughter, then a bit of fear and ultimately an acceptance of this sudden invasion of a quaint Eastern heaven. Finally she even comes to smile.

But her happiness is not for long, for the bully father, fresh from a triumph in the prize ring, hears that his daughter "has taken up with a Chink." He sets out to avenge his family and racial honor and rushes to the shop when, by chance, the Yellow Man is absent. He wrecks the rooms and drags away the girl. Once at home, he kills her in his wrath. Then returns the Oriental. He follows the brute to his lair, desperately resorts to the terrifying means of vengeance by which the beauty of his life had been destroyed, shoots the murderer and then carries the dead girl back to his shattered room. He rearranges the torn silken robes, sets up his smashed altar to Buddha—and kills himself. So "Broken Blossoms" ends with the police, the personification of misunderstanding materialism, just forcing their way into the Yellow Man's shop. But, in vague outline, we see a mystic ship drifting eastward down the river of souls.

Critics have said that "Broken Blossoms" is brutal and even depressing. The note of brutality did not touch us, we must admit. To us the idealism and the spirituality of the theme far overtopped the mere physical side. It is, as some one has said, as a flower unfolding, as delicate as incense smoke. Only the beautiful and the spiritual seem real; the slums and the brutality are as of an unreal land of materialism. Mr. Griffith has told Mr. Burke's story with the lyric quality of the poet. There are subtitles that are golden gems of direct, finely conceived expression. There are scenes that are living paintings, in their light and shade and balance.

"Broken Blossoms" is the best acted photoplay we ever saw. (A broad statement, but nevertheless true!) Lillian Gish is the waif of Limehouse. At once vivid and gentle, pathetic and wistful, Miss Gish gives a performance of the little girl "with

(Continued on page 60)



Lillian Gish gives an unforgettable performance of the Limehouse waif in "Broken Blossoms." Left, Marguerite Clark is a delightful Claudia in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Below, Mary Pickford and Mahlon Hamilton in "Daddy Long Legs"



A Rod That Grew Up Straight

La Rocque Stands Alone

By SUE ROBERTS

"I LOVE working in pictures because they bring pleasure to poor people who would otherwise have no joy."

Thus spoke Rod La Rocque.

And to one long accustomed to the lofty suggestions of would-be highbrows for screen upliftment, which will make the cinema drama appeal to the white-handed class that has nothing to do but amuse itself, this statement was as refreshing as the first swim in summer.

"I don't give a hang if I am in a picture showing at New York's de luxe Broadway theaters, the Rivoli, Strand or Rialto," continued young La Rocque, "but I am proud that over on the East Side, in the barren tenement districts of New York, or out in the hot, arid Western towns where movie night is a god-send, I am helping to bring a little brightness into the lives of people who would otherwise have no joy, no pleasures. I feel that pictures belong to the poor people; they have been the one open door to romance and happiness in the bleak lives of the ungilded classes, and that, I believe, is the movies' true field. I am glad I belong to a profession that brings joy to people who have to count their nickels. I don't give a rap for those who blandly drop into the Strand to idle away an empty hour."

Now Rod La Rocque doesn't pretend to be a demigod; he is just a good-looking six-foot-two assemblage of masculine muscularity. His shoulders are broad and manly and his handshake is a firm greeting of friendliness. He walks with a stride which calls up visions of seven-league boots, but he carries a cane and orders a meal with the nonchalance of a man-of-the-world. He smokes cigarets and up to the first of July was not adverse to a preferred high-ball. About him, however, there is nothing of the dilettante, nor is there anything of the blasé actor. He possesses, in abundance, youth's golden qualities, enthusiasm and ambition.

His ambition, to learn and to improve the quality of his chosen work, has followed him ever since he first appeared on the stage at the august age of seven years. At that time he was the youngest member of the Mack-Leone Stock Company, of which Willard Mack was the manager. "Salome Jane" was the piece marked by his first appearance.

His theatrical training continued on the stage until one summer a few years ago, when he was appearing with the Garrick Players of Chicago.

Rod, as everybody familiarly calls him, heard fascinating rumors of the movies everywhere, and he thought it would be a pretty good idea to get into a business that would permit him to stay in one place long enough to hang up his hat. At Essanay he made his first screen appearance, playing heavies.

He was at that time, you must know, a youth in his teens.

"One day," recounted Rod, with a humorous twinkle of recollection in his clear dark eyes, "Wash (Bryant Washburn) was sick and couldn't begin his

(Continued on page 64)

Photo
Clifton
C. Phillips



A recent portrait of Rod La Rocque and glimpses of him in photoplays with Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh. Rod is six feet two. He was born in Canada and made his screen debut at old Essanay



The

By OLIVE CAREW

Photographs by CHARLES ROSHER

Hoodlum

Fictionized by Permission from the Scenario
based upon JULIE M. LIPPMAN'S
novel, "Burkeses Amy"



"If you can give me any adequate reason why an important business meeting of directors of the National City Bank should be broken up because a cat has fits," Alexander Guthrie began severely, in what his granddaughter called his "corporation voice."

"I can give you," Amy assured him, "just exactly three reasons, old dear." She checked them off on pink fingers. "Me, and Omar—and the fits. You should have seen them—he was trying to stand on his tail. It was simply horrid!"

The shrewd little brain under the bright tangle of curls had long ago devised an intricate system of strategy for use in dealing with this grim old man whom Wall Street magnates feared, cringed to and obeyed. She marshalled her tactics now, smiling up at him with a widening of her round blue eyes. Behind the smile her graceless brain was delighted to note that she was succeeding.

"Don't I pay enough servants to look after one cat?" Guthrie growled, trying to scowl in spite of the twinkle in his grey eyes.

"But, old dear, no one can sympathize with fits they're not related to." She was all-round baby innocence. "Now you and I are the only real folks 'Omar' has, and I wanted you to come and hold his nose while I gave him a dose of castor oil. I'm sure you were tired of your horrid business anyhow, and I think those whiskery old men were hateful to laugh."

Alexander Guthrie sighed, worriedly. He felt himself the master of any financial complication which might arise in the Street, but this slip of a girl-thing, with her whims, her pretty follies, and—he suspected acutely—her uncanny knowledge of his weak spots, always made him feel baffled and inadequate.

"Amy, how old are you?" he asked, vaguely. "Twelve, isn't it—or thirteen?"

"Nearly sixteen." She swept him a burlesque courtesy. "But I'm not grown up—I'm never going to grow up. Of course I suppose I shall have to do up my hair and get married and have children and wear wrinkle plasters like the cook does, but no matter what happens, I've made up my mind that I'm never going to grow up inside. And on my fiftieth birthday I'm going to slide down the banisters, and on my sixtieth I'm going to climb a tree!"

Her grandfather gazed at the vivid little face helplessly. After all, Adam, seventy and mighty of intellect, is never a match for even a sixteen-year-old Eve. But Alexander Guthrie was not one to admit defeat. He chose with discretion to waive the point of her breach of etiquette in bursting into the directors' meeting.

"Amy," he said, briefly—his decisions were always made briefly and irrevocably, "I have to run over to London in three days, and you are coming with me. I'm going to put you into an English boarding-school."

Alas for the Gibraltar quality of his decision! For two days Amy packed joyously; then came a grey day of rain that damped her spirits, and brought in on a particularly vicious gust a quiet, shabby little man with a scholarly stoop to his shoulders and a round, pink, cheerful face which Amy covered with kisses.

"Daddy! You don't deserve a perfectly good daughter," she scolded him. "And *why* don't you ever have your suits pressed? And that necktie is simply *tragic*, and you haven't even once said, 'What a pretty girl my girl is getting to be!'"

"If you could just ease the strain on my windpipe," suggested John Burke, mildly. He held the dancing little figure at arm's-length, studying her with honest pride, mingled with not a little anxiety. "Dear me, I had no idea—well, to be sure time does fly. I hope you're studying hard, Amy, and being a good girl?"

His daughter laughed uproariously. "How positively *quaintly* beautiful!" she cried. "It's old-fashioned to be good now; people are wearing their souls very short this season. How long are you going to stay, daddy, this time?" Her voice was oddly wistful.

"Now, Amy, don't begin that!" John Burke begged, in alarm. "You know I couldn't live in a place like this." His gesture drew the gilt furniture, the tapestries and heavy oil paintings into the words. "I couldn't eat a mouthful under this roof, because I know that some one else—an old woman or a little child—is going hungry because of it. I couldn't—"

"Yes, I know what comes next. Beautiful!" Amy interrupted, rudely. "Tho I never could see how not eating my dinner would feed anybody else unless it was the cats that go thru the garbage pails. But, daddy, if you won't live with me, then I'm going to come and live with you!"

He stared at her dazedly. "Really, my dear, I don't think you'd like it," he objected feebly. "Somehow you don't quite—look like Craigen Street. It's not exactly pretty there, and quite smelly, till you get used to it."

"But people live there, don't they?" Amy persisted. Her father's round face lost something of its cheerfulness and became a shade grim.

"Oh, yes, people live there," he admitted; "quite a number of people, in fact."

"Then," decided Amy, with a prance, "I'm going back with you. And I'll tell grandfather so this minute." She paused, thoughtfully. "I suppose he's going to be rather—difficult—but I'll manage!"

Facing Alexander Guthrie's amazed displeasure a moment later, she was not so sure, but tho she quailed in spirit, in body she smiled up at him serenely. "There's no use getting purple round the edges, old dear. I've decided, and if you try to make me go on the boat I'll jump overboard and swim back!"

"That damfool socialist father of yours has been setting you against me!" roared the old man, with a bitter memory of another occasion long ago when a slip of a woman with Amy's hair and eyes had faced his rage dauntlessly for the sake of the mild, gentle little man downstairs. "You haven't an idea how John Burke lives. I've shielded you from knowing that side of the world, I've made a lady out of you." Did his tone rise questioningly here? "Isn't it enough that he stole your mother away from the life she'd been reared to and took her down into his pestilential slums, and killed her in less than a year? I tell you you shant go!"

"And I tell you I shall go!" Amy flashed furiously. "Maybe you can play God with everybody else, but not with me. I've got a will of my own and a wont of my own, too!"

"Go, then!" thundered Alexander Guthrie, "and dont come whining back to me for sympathy when you get tired of your bargain!"

"But she will come back," he assured his sick heart when she had gone; "she will come back fast enough—you cant make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, either. By the time I'm back from Europe"—he fumbled among the steamship folders on his desk—"how long does the trip take anyway? A week to go over, and another to come back—three, probably. Damn it, it's inexcusable for a ship to take that long! What kind of service do you call that for the public—monstrous!"

The telephone shrilled

on his desk. "What's that, Phelps? You've got the trunks aboard? Then you can spend the afternoon getting them off! I've changed my mind. I'm not going to Europe while those lumbering, out-of-date ships cant cross one little ocean in less than seven days!"

In the great hall below, Amy, very small and subdued in her plain little tailored suit, pushed her father ahead and ran back up the marble steps to where the butler and her father's secretary stood, rigid as the carved granite lions on the grand staircase. She thrust one little paw into the butler's surprised palm and lifted wistful eyes to him.

"Please, Carter, see that the old dear wears his muffler when the wind is east," she faltered, "and please, Carter, tell the cook she can have my roomiest kimono, and please, please, Carter, kiss 'Omar' good-night every evening for me."

For a dangerous moment the butler's wooden face showed symptoms of becoming human, then he controlled them. "Very good, Miss Amy," he said, solemnly, "I will attend to these matters. I will, indeed."

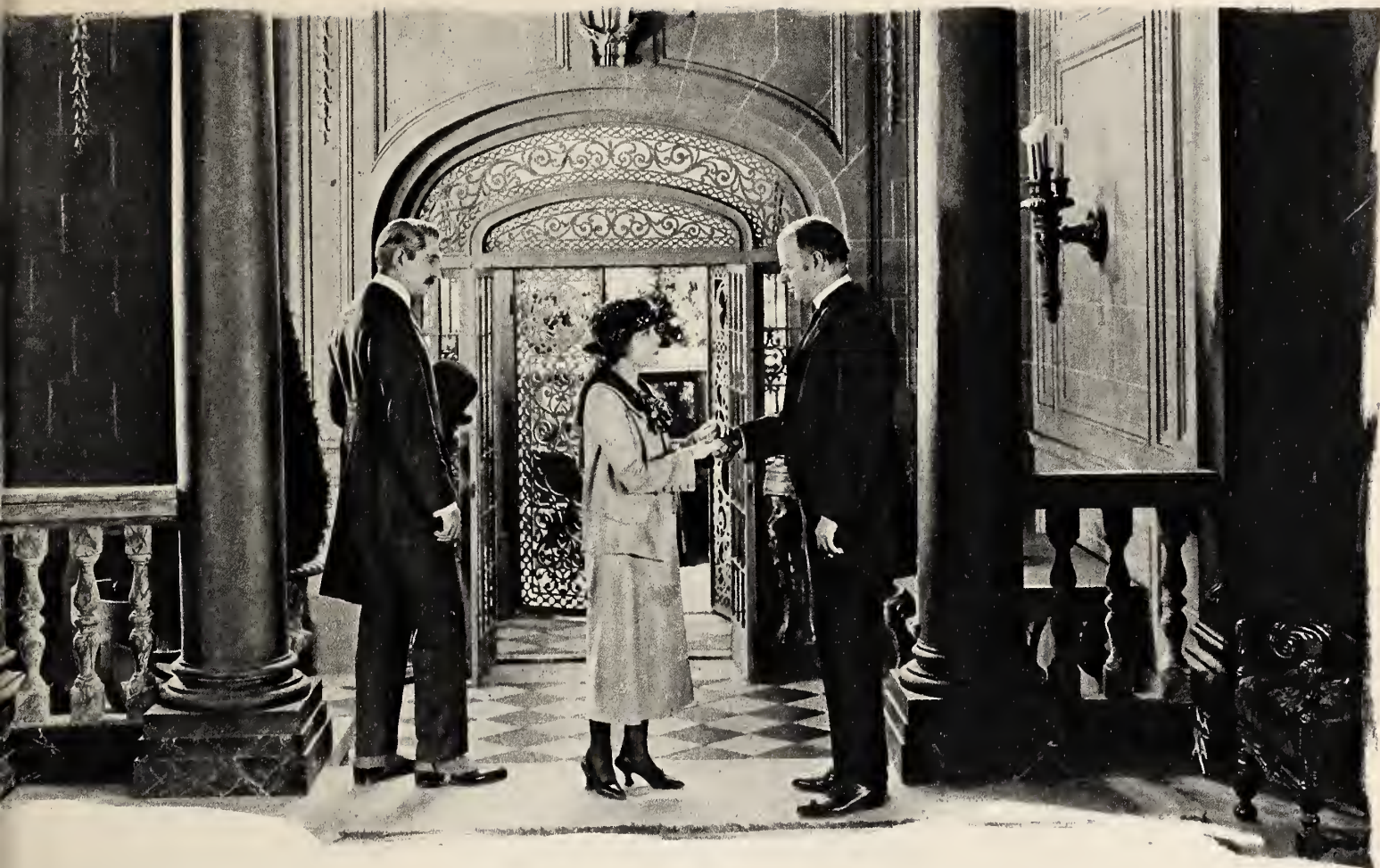
Craigen Street, as John Burke had confessed, was not exactly pretty. It stretched its reeking, shambling length between frowsy tenements, webbed with spidery fire escapes; its broken pavements were scattered with refuse, swarming with children. Amy picked her way daintily, small nose uptilted in disgust, but an inquiring glance at her father showed his mild round face quite unshadowed.

"Looker Miss Vanderbilt, kids!" a terrible child with matted hair and a dirty pinafore fell into step beside Amy, holding her tattered skirts with mincing fingertips. "We'll all be gittin' our picters in the sassiety page next!"

A weazened boy, with an old man's face, pleasantly en-

"Dont I pay enough servants to look after one cat?" Guthrie growled, trying to scowl in spite of the twinkle in his grey eyes





gaged in spearing apples from an Italian's pushcart, paused in his occupation, regarded the newcomers with sharp scrutiny and approached, offering a grubby paw to John Burke.

"Lo, Doc! Give me a knockdown to de dame, will yer? She's good f'r de eyes!"

Burke gravely shook the proffered hand and turned to Amy, his light-blue eyes twinkling. "My daughter, Dish. Amy, this young man is going to be a good friend of yours. He's a neighbor of ours, is Dish."

Amy's expression was haughty. She did not appear to notice the ready hand, but, nothing daunted, Dish utilized it to take her suit-case from her, marching cheerfully by her side as they went on, and throwing out intimate bits of the family biography of those they passed.

"That Yid wid de coats over his arm is named Isaacs. Dey lives under us, an' me pop shies me mudder's geraniums at him f'r callin' him a shanty Mick. Dose kids is part Morierty and part O'Toole. Dat drunk is old Pop Spinny."

Amy maintained a stony silence as they turned in at the grimmest-of-all doorway, went up three flights of bare, splintering stairs and turned into a low, crowded room, filled with savory steam. Her father, with a matter-of-fact wave of the hand, indicated a stout, bare-armed woman dishing out mulligan and potatoes.

"This is Nora, Amy, who will teach you to keep house famously!" he said, cheerfully. "When you can make stew that smells as good as hers, you'll be doing more than all the dancing masters and French tutors in the world could teach you."

Amy gazed about the clean, cluttered place, noted the three plates laid on the red-check tablecloth and, without warning, burst into outraged tears. "I am not accustomed to eat with servants!" she wept. "You can serve my dinner in my room." And she swept by them and slammed the door of the tiny bedroom violently. For a long time she sat by the window, staring rebelliously out across a snarl of clotheslines at the bedding-hung windows of the tenement opposite, revelling in an orgy of self-pity. She, the granddaughter of the great

Alexander Guthrie, with a maid all her own, and a footman to open the door of her lavender town car, she to be expected to eat with a red-elbowed cook!

Then, insensibly, her nostrils began to sniff. Mulligan might not be *refined*, but it certainly smelled good, and after all, when you came right down to it, onions grew in the ground as well as asparagus and roses.

In the window opposite a tousled dark head appeared, glanced cautiously around, and began to haul in on the nearest clothesline. Amy watched in amazement as the owner of the head captured a towel, used it vigorously and carefully repinned it to the line. Then, looking up, he caught her wide-eyed gaze and began to laugh merrily. "Caught red-handed, or rather wet-handed!" he boomed across the narrow court. "But you know what cleanliness is next to, and I'd used my towel for a paint rag."

Amy laughed, too, partly because she approved of the whiteness of his teeth and the boyish way he had of throwing his head back, partly because she was tired of feeling tragic and relieved to find that even in Craigen Street life is worth living, partly because of the democratizing influence of the mulligan stew. "Are you an artist?" she called.

The boy opposite grinned ruefully. "Well, nobody else seems to think so," he confessed, "but I've got a sort of a hunch I might be—in time. You're Mr. Burke's daughter, aren't you? He's—well, he's the greatest little man in Craigen Street, and there isn't one of us, Jew or Gentile, white or not-so-white, who wouldn't fight the person who denied it!"

The words were still echoing in Amy's mind when her father came into the room, with a troubled look. "Of course, my dear, I know that this isn't what you've been used to, but for my sake I wish you'd try to like it." He looked down at her wistfully. "They're people, just the same as those that live on the Avenue—perhaps more so! And I'm afraid if you aren't careful you'll hurt their feelings. If you could be—a

"Please, Carter, see that the Old Dear wears his muffler when the wind is east," she faltered, "and—please, please kiss Omar good-night"



eagerly over the mysteries of dice-rolling, diving dexterously thru the legs of the law when it descended upon the illicit pastime and away with a taunting laugh up some dark alley.

"A hoodlum!" he would mutter, with a shake of his frowsy white head. "A lawless, mischievous, *blessed* little hoodlum."

After supper one evening he called Amy up into his room and attempted to reason with her. "Wouldn't you like to be a lady?" he asked finally. Amy's face became suddenly grave.

"A lady? Do you mean outside or in?" In her absorption the street argot slipped from her speech. She looked up into the bearded face with thoughtful blue eyes. "I knew a woman once, the outside kind, and she snapped at her maid and cheated her grocer, and talked awfully about her friends behind their backs, but she wore nice dresses and lived in a fine house and they called her a lady. Now Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is the inside kind of a lady. She goes after Shaughnessy when he's drunk, and feeds the neighbor's children when Tony is out of a job, and last week I saw her take in the Widow Martin's washing—she's losing her eyesight—and do it over and hang it out again so she'd never know. But you wouldn't call Mrs. O'Shaughnessy a lady, would you?"

"I wouldn't have—once," the old man muttered in the billows of his patriarchal beard; "now—I dont know, I dont know."

"And there's Dish," Amy flamed. "He wont grow up to be anybody, but he could if he had a chance. And there's Pietro, who could play the violin if anybody would give him one, and heaps of others." A faint flush showed in her clear cheeks. "There's the man across the alley with his pictures; he's an artist, only he

(Continued on page 88)

The descent was made safely, tho with some detriment to appearance and apparel. "You are a swell burglar, you are!" hissed Amy indignantly

little more—well, a little more like them."

Amy sprang from the edge of the iron cot and struck a Bowery girl attitude. Under the tangle of

curls her eyes were twin imps. "Surest t'ing you know, mister!" she cried. "Nix on dis highbrow stuff! I'm so tough I scare myself sometimes—dat's me!"

Within a week no one would ever have suspected that Amy Burke had not been born and reared in Craigen Street. She became the queen of "de gang," and the policemen on the beat began to have a hunted look in the eyes and to lose flesh. Old Peter Cooper, the new lodger in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's front parlor, found his chief recreation in watching the bright head darting about the street below, bobbing thru the intricacies of the shimmy with Dish to the jangle of the hand-organ, bent

THE HOODLUM

Told in story form from the scenario of Bernard McConville based upon Julie M. Lippman's novel, "Burkses Amy," published by the Henry Holt Company. Produced by Mary Pickford for release thru the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin. The cast:

Amy Burke.....	Mary Pickford
Alexander Guthrie.....	Ralph Lewis
John Graham.....	Kenneth Harlan
Dish.....	Melvin Messenger
John Burke.....	Dwight Crittenden
Nora.....	Agie Herring
Pat O'Shaughnessy.....	Andrew Arbuckle
Abram Isaacs.....	Max Davidson



The Extra Girl and Evelyn Greeley

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"CANST look sixteen?"

"Canst try."

"Bob" McIntyre, the World's casting director, scrutinized me closely, not to say critically, first without his glasses, then with them, evidently discovered a Fannie Ward germ in my nervous organ-



Evelyn Greeley in her automobile dressing-room; above, in a classic dance moment in "Phil for Short," and, below, posing as the woman with the hoe

ism and engaged me as one of the schoolgirls in "Phil for Short."

The picture had been in progress some time; in fact, it was the second day of the particular scene
(Continued on page 64)



The Summer Stage Season

Henry Hull and Constance Binney in a domestic moment of Rachel Crothers' drama, "39 East," at the Broadhurst Theater. In one short year, Miss Binney has established herself on both screen and stage



White



White

Bertee Beaumont, left, is one of the charmers of the musical show, "The Lady in Red," now weathering the summer months at the Lyric Theater



White



Sarony

Virginia Fissinger is one of the delectable features of the Winter Garden production. If there's anything better suited to the hot weather than the Winter Garden, we want to know it

A restful moment for the negligée chorus in the musical farce, "Tumble In," based on "Seven Days," at the Selwyn Theater. "Tumble In" has been enjoying a remarkable run



White

Fred Hillebrand and Vera Michelena in the bright musical comedy, "Take It From Me," at the Central Theater. Miss Michelena gives a delicious travesty of a screen vampire in "Take It From Me"



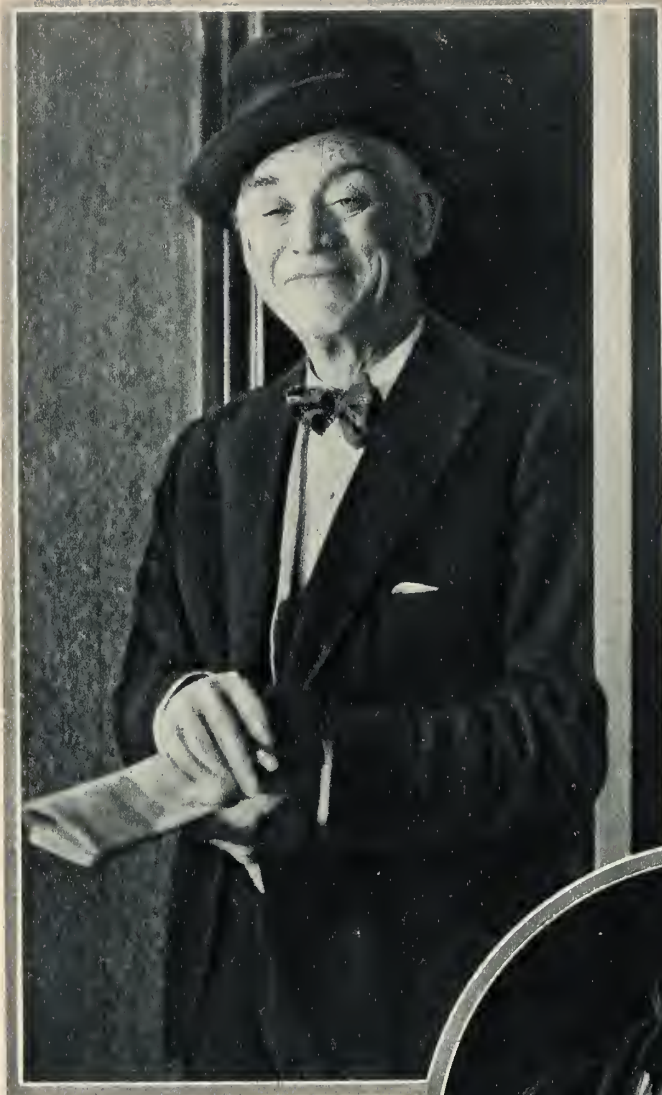
Ideals and Idols— Past and Present

versatile. The fault of the speaking stage today, and in my opinion, the reason for the deterioration of quality in actors, the quality of characterization and versatility, is that they stay in one part for as many years as the public will stand for it. In the old days, repertoire was imperative because we were not creating new plays yearly. The stars were creators of business and followed precedents at the same time. For instance, Edwin Booth followed the traditions of his famous father, doing Shylock and other big parts, but he never attempted some rôles made immortal by his father, because of physical limitations. We had 'illuminative acting' because men studied the classics. They were not cramped by the close corporation idea.

"They talk often of fine old stage directors—why, that's as much of an illusion as the one foisted upon the public at present as to the multitude of wonderful motion picture directors. The hoboos of the screen have had their day—they are relegated to the scrap-heap which has buried the mediocre stage manager of the past. But there is this much to be said about the ideal production of the past—it was dominated by a thinking, creative, acting head—by an artist, an actor who was well-read, cultured.

"An actor would go to a producer and in answer to the question, 'What do you play in "Hamlet," sir?' he would reply, 'I play Horatio.' The producer further queried, 'Are you up to Laertes?' 'Oh, yes, sir.'

Frank Keenan in contrasting rôles, including, in circle, a study in "The Bells." "We played repertoire in the old days," says Mr. Keenan, "that is why we had better actors and actresses—one became versatile. The fault of today is that players stay in one part for as many years as the public will stand for it."



WHAT is there about Frank Keenan that he holds audiences in the hollow of his hand? Most of all, it is his courage, his sincerity, his fearlessness. He's never afraid of the outcome when he knows he is *right*. He doesn't fear precedent, exhibitors, producers or corporation heads—and he's carrying out his own ideals and flinging the gauntlet of his creative spirit into the arena of commercialism.

He is eminently fitted to be a leader in the new conception of the photoplay. Frank Keenan began as a legitimate actor after having served an apprenticeship in college theatricals.

"You see," continued Mr. Keenan, as he turned from the telephone, "I knew young Nat Goodwin at that time, and I was imitating Nat's imitations of famous folk. After I left college, I entered commercial life and traveled about, selling goods. I value this experience, because it gave me an opportunity to study human nature, to understand the public mind—and to make a living. However, in a summer's vacation, I was called upon to play a semi-professional engagement. I made good and was engaged by Joseph Proctor, who let me play the Duke in 'Othello.' I didn't care about salary—which shows I was a born imitator and actor, caring for art itself, whether it brought hardships or glory.

"We played repertoire—that is why we had better actors and actresses, one became



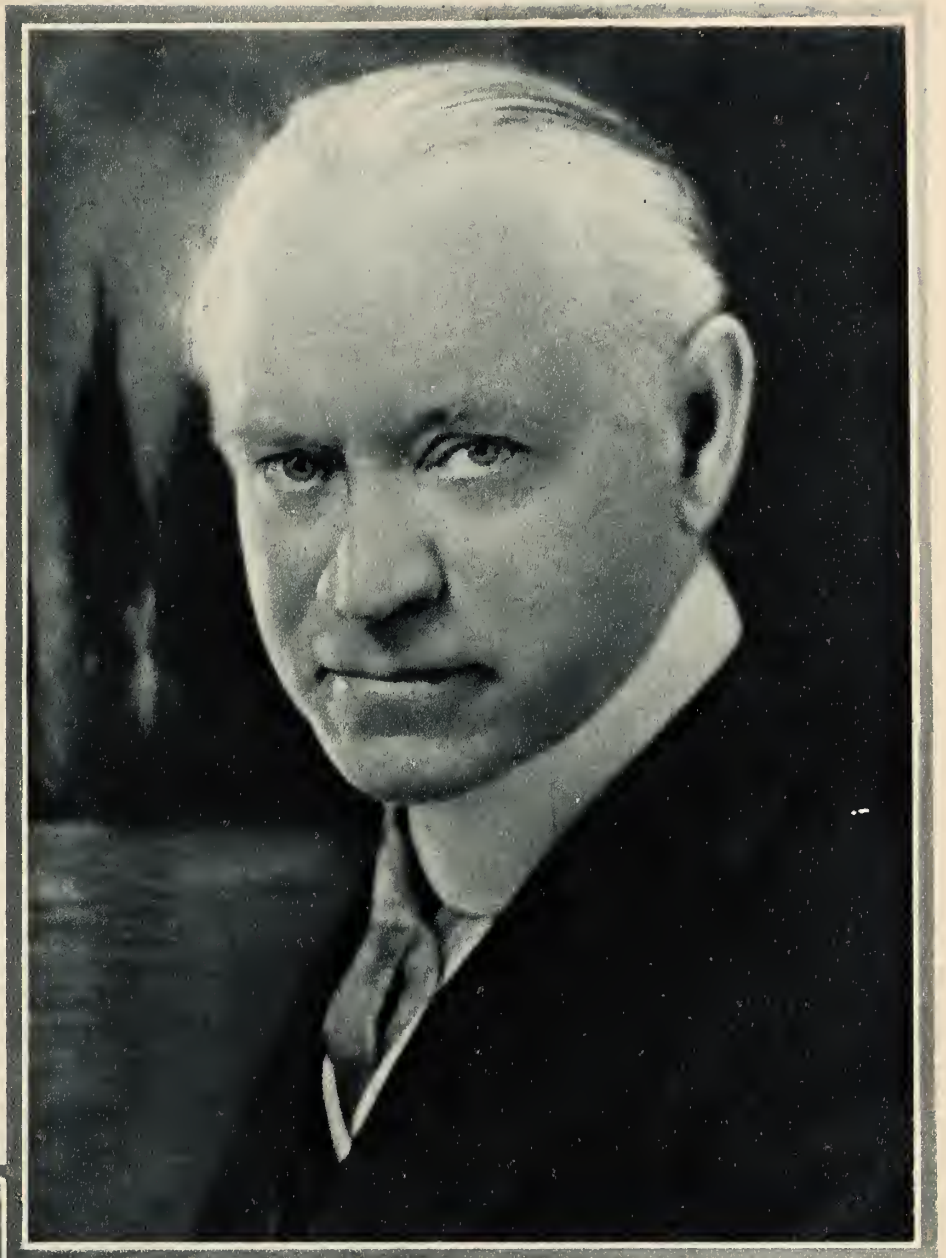
Frank Keenan Contrasts the Old Days and the New

By FRITZI REMONT

Denman Thompson, of Boston, would meet a man on the street, talk over a coming production, engage him without a contract, and keep to the letter of it scrupulously. Do you suppose any of us dare to do that nowadays, in this world of commercial graspsers? Yet there are exceptions, for you remember that David Belasco never had a contract with David Warfield—the word of those men was like bands of steel.

"Denman Thompson simply said to his people, 'All right, we'll work under the same terms as last time.' The actor-manager might say, 'Oh, Mr. Thompson, I've got to ask you a little more, because I have added some extra business and put on a few more people in such and such a scene.' Den would say, 'I'll allow that, of course.' Or perhaps later on he would come to one and pat him on the back in friendly fashion and say, cheerfully, 'I made your check larger, old chap;

A new portrait of Frank Keenan and, below, a glimpse of the actor in his studio dressing-room. "We are a very young nation, stage and screen are the mirror of our times," says Mr. Keenan. "We are leaving behind us something for the future to see, and if we don't do this well, we have cheated our future channels"



Hartssook, L. A.



Woodbury, L. A.

business is good and you deserve that."

"But, Mr. Keenan, wouldn't that seem to indicate that greater honesty existed in the old days, as well as stronger personal friendships between producers and actors?"

"Yes, it would," opined Mr. Keenan, in his emphatic way. He has a powerful voice, talks rapidly and without stopping to hunt for words, knows just what he wishes to say, and, without vanity or self-sufficiency, delivers his thoughts in a hit-straight-from-the-shoulder manner. With his bright eyes, splendid physique and clear skin, one imagines him a gladiator in a twentieth century arena, where his opponents are not of flesh and blood, but of wrong conceptions which it is his mission to floor.

"The glory, the pride of good productions, rather than the exploitation of a star or star-director, was the main thing so far back as forty years ago. It will be so again.

(Continued on page 62)

The Ayes Have It



A cold wave seems to have hit the Mack Sennett bathing beach about the time this snap-shot of Marie Prevost was taken. Or else Miss Prevost dreads the dire possibility of tan

The young woman very much at the left, just below, is Phyllis Haver, another belle of the Sennett beach. And yet they tell us that it becomes monotonous to live in California all the year 'round

Harriet Hammond is the sea-going cutie wearing the half socks—just now all the vogue in California—and the wrist watch, besides the string of pearls





IF MOVIE FANS WERE AS RABID AS BASEBALL FANS

(*The innocent ingénue approaches thru the dell, the sunlight glowing upon her blond curls*)—Voices in the audience: We're off! Play ball! Let'r go! That a girl, Mary! We'll, fix 'em up today!

(*The heroic young blacksmith approaches, leading a cow*)—Voices again: Whee, Carlisle! Smash 'er out! Tie the bull outside! Shut 'em out today! They aint got no chance agin you!

Other voices: Get a score card! You cant tell the players without a card!

(*The villainous traveling man from the city trips lightly over a fence*)—Voices: You robber! Awful! Where'd you get that face? You'll get yours! Wait till the fifth reel!

(*The villain outwits the blacksmith and threatens to foreclose the mortgage*)—Voices: Rotten script! Where's the scenario writer? Lynch him! Give us an axe!

(*The vampire, also from the city, tries to lure the blacksmith*)—Voices: Where's the ump? Hey, ump, watch her! She's gettin' away with murder! Them curves aint accordin' to rules! Take her out!

(*The hero, unvamped, foils the traveling man by selling his anvil and paying the mortgage*)—Voices: Horseshoes! That'll hold you for a while! On yer way, bo! What'd we tell you!

(*The fade-out, Miss Ingénue in the smithy's arms*)—Voices: Some shut out! Some film! Let's go!

Other voices: Sas'frilla! Ginger ale! Peanuts!

Russian stories are now with us! Yet the latest, Norma Talmadge's "The Full Moon," cant be considered anything but a poor Bolshevehicle.

WHO, MACK?

"Senate reveals startling figures."—Newspaper headline.

William Campbell, at Universal, is said to have a trained mosquito. Yes, the mosquito is doing a bit.

Up in Alaska they're kicking because some of the American "Alaskan" photoplays show eucalyptus trees in the so-called Yukon scenes. What do they want, palm trees?

(Fifty-nine)

MAY BE SO

Doris Lee has changed her name to Doris May.

William Duncan, the serial star, admits that in making his last revue serial, he wore out: 12 pairs of riding breeches; 4 pairs of boots; 10 pairs of socks; 24 silk shirts.

During the same period we—— But the comparison seems only to apply to the socks.

We stand ready to admit Bill Hart's ability as an actor. We've just looked over his book, "Pinto Ben and Other Stories."

REVOLUTIONIZING THE INDUSTRY NOTE

Lewis Selznick has insured Eugene O'Brien for a million.

At last a frank advertisement. Scott Sidney, the director, advertises as follows:

"Yes, I made 'Tarzan,' but I am not particularly proud of it."

NEWS NOTE

As we go to press one screen magnate was reported not to have sailed to Europe to study film conditions.

Considering the classic dance moments in Charlie Chaplin's "Sunnyside," the farce seems to be a successful take-off.

No, Rollo, Rupert Hughes' photoplay, "The Cup of Fury," has nothing to do with the period after July 1.

On another page, David Griffith protests at the way exhibitors cut and trim photoplays just as they please. Out in Dallas, Texas, the other day, a manager inserted a wedding scene from an old film into "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," thus satisfying the morals of two horrified women who protested at the ethics of the Hall Caine story. "The wedding made no difference to the plot story and lots of folks thought it improved it," says *The Motion Picture World*, in commenting upon the pleasant little incident.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 47)

age-old eyes" that is unforgettable. And—when she hides herself in the closet to escape her father's final wrath—she presents a picture of passionate fear realized so realistically that it tears at the heart like a hungry wolf. Richard Barthelmess is admirable as the Yellow Man—indeed, superb in moments. Here is the dreamer of the East almost broken before the realities of life, painted with strokes of splendid subtlety and restraint. And Donald Crisp as the brute, Battling Burrows! Smug, brutally degenerate, vainglorious, Crisp makes Battling a handied figure, relentless in its power.

For the moment we have neglected to speak of the technical advances of "Broken Blossoms." Mr. Griffith is making more extended use of the idealistic close-up of vague out-of-focus photography. Here, it seems, is just what the close-up needed to rob it of its material beaded eyelash and painted lip revelations. Mr. Griffith resorts to it with tremendous effect in handling Miss Gish's scenes where Battling breaks down the closet door to reach her.

Mr. Griffith is using living colors—palpitating blues, pale bronzes, hot golds and a vivid rose—to aid the dramatic moods of his photography. And how singularly effective it is! Who knows but what mood colors may ultimately fill the void left by the human voice?

We might go on endlessly talking of "Broken Blossoms." It is, for instance, the initial production of the screen's first repertoire season in New York and other cities. It is the screen's first tragedy. We have had stories with "unhappy endings," but "Broken Blossoms," with its inevitable tale of passions, clashing prejudices and brutal forces, marches with the steady, inexorable tread of a Greek tragedy.

What a step it is to turn to the other photoplays of the month!

Mary Pickford has probably contributed nothing to the screen which will be more popular than her adaptation of Jean Webster's story, "Daddy Long Legs," (First National), of the quaint orphanage founding who becomes the ward and finally the bride of a wealthy chap. Ruth Chatterton played it upon the stage in an entirely different key, sounding the pathos of the character. Miss Pickford makes Judy Abbott a figure of comedy—and boisterous comedy at that. Judy even innocently collides with a hard eider jag. Mahlon Hamilton makes a distinguished Daddy Long Legs, and Micky Neilan, who directed the picture, himself plays the chubby Jimmie McBride. From a technical viewpoint, "Daddy Long Legs" is of too choppy continuity development. But Miss Pickford has jammed in the laughs at any cost.

Norma Talmadge's latest, "The New Moon," (Select), based upon a scenario by H. H. Van Loan, is trite and involved melodrama without humanness. Mr. Van Loan has taken the reported decree by which all women in certain parts of Russia became the property of the state—a report that is now pretty thoroughly discredited—and woven it into an old-fashioned "meller" of very virtuous heroes and very sinning villains plus plenty of whiskers. Mr. Van Loan's idea of Russia is as chaotic as Russia itself. If nothing else, "The New Moon" reveals that Stuart Holmes, the famous he-vamp, is losing his girlish figure. Avaunt, Stuart!

Delicious is Harry Carr's "I'll Get You Yet," (Paramount), in which the steadily developing Dorothy Gish gave us a host of laughs. Here is the humorous tale of a millionaire's daughter who has to hide her wealth in order to wed a poor reporter. Lawyers keep appearing with cheeks to be signed and hubby's suspicions are more than aroused. "I'll Get You Yet" is full of original twists, and Miss Gish is given excellent aid by the versatile Richard Barthelmess. Ralph Graves exhibits promise in this comedy, too. Mr. Carr, let us note, is a frequent CLASSIC contributor. Which may or may not account for the brilliance of this little silver-screen skit.

We haven't the heart to discuss Mr. Griffith's "True Heart Susie," (Paramount), immediately after his "Broken Blossoms." For they are a thousand miles apart. "True Heart Susie" is of the Hoosier caliber of "A Romance of Happy Valley." It revolves around a young minister who fails to see the lovelight in simple Susie's eyes, marries a fickle little milliner, discovers her semi-infidelity after her sudden death, and who turns finally to Susie, who has waited thru it all. To us "True Heart Susie" hasn't one-tenth of the real country and small-town atmosphere of "The Turn in the Road." Lillian Gish is quaint as Susie, but darned if we can like her weird country attire. We've lived in the country but never glimpsed anything as exaggerated as Susie's clothes in these mail-order days. Clarine Seymour again reveals surprising promise as the cutie milliner who loves jazz better than her fireside. And, considering the Willie Jenkins of Bobby Harron, we can't entirely blame her.

Probably we liked Charlie Ray's "The Busher," (Paramount), better than anything else of the month. This may be because we suffer severely from baseballitis, for, in this story by Earle Snell, Mr. Ray plays a small-town pitcher who is graduated to the big leagues. Ben Harding, alias Mr. Ray, loses his head over his sudden fame and is finally released by the irate Pink Sox manager. He blows back to Brownsville on a freight and finally begins pitching again for the Brownsville Stars. There the Pink Sox's scout, observing his cured case of enlarged cranium, re-signs him for the National League. But this time Ben takes his sweetheart with him to the big city. Mr. Ray gives a wealth of shading to the regenerated twirler, and Otto Hoffman makes the small rôle of Deacon Nashy stand out. "The Busher" is nearly a home run.

Marguerite Clark is apparently returning to her own. Her latest, "Come Out of the Kitchen," (Paramount), has both charm and humor. The Alice Duer Miller-A. E. Thomas play, originally done, as was "Daddy Long Legs," by Ruth Chatterton, deals with the financially embarrassed Dangerfield family. They rent their ancestral Southern home to a young Northerner, Burton Crane, and themselves take the posts of servitors without revealing their identity. Crane falls in love with his cook, otherwise Claudia Dangerfield, and, of course, things turn out happily. Craufurd Kent makes the most of the small rôle of a friend, and Miss Clark is delightful as Claudia.

"Leave It to Susan," a Madge Kennedy-Goldwyn comedy, lacks the usual concrete Goldwyn interiors. For this we probably have the scenario to thank, since Miss Kennedy plays a rich young woman who steps off a cross-country train in the desert in pursuit of her pet dog and gets involved with bandits and everything. She loses her heart to one of the high-binders who turns out to be a detective employed by her own father. Wallace MacDonald does the best work of his career as the pseudo-bandit, and Miss Kennedy's cute personality lifts the story after its slow start.

Ethel Clayton is suffering from poor scenarios at Famous almost as much as she did at World. "The Woman Next Door" is a hectic thing, of a young wife of a brutal, unfaithful man of the world. The woman engages the house next door, reached by a secret passage, where she becomes known as Vicky Van, and presides over a little pleasure-loving circle. Then hubby is killed and the double life revealed, thereby making things look black for Vicky. But the dénouement reveals another as the murderer-é.

Doug Fairbanks' "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo," (Artcraft), did not stir us perceptibly. It seemed long, galloping in a rut over well-worn roads. Cast off by his club as a selfish annoyance, Teddy Drake goes West to prove himself. He engages in a fight with a crooked sheriff to save a pretty Spanish girl, generally upsets the whole Southwest, and—gets both

the sheriff and the girl. There are all the usual Fairbanks stunts. Just how Teddy Drake rides all over the desert country, disclosing amazing knowledge of geography for a tenderfoot, isn't revealed. "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" has too little of the personal Fairbanks element in it and too much riding.

"Castles in the Air," (Metro), based on a Kate Jordan story, provides May Allison with some interesting moments. Miss Allison has the rôle of an usher in a New York theater who finally weds the manager, altho not until her dreams of romance have caused her to think she has lost her heart to a British lord. There is more of drama and less of comedy than we care to see about Miss Allison, who is an infinitely promising comédienne, but, on the whole, she makes it interesting. Ben Wilson is commendable as the manager. The direction fluctuates.

The much-advertised "The Auction of Souls," based upon what are said to have been the actual experiences of an Armenian girl, Aurora Mardiganian, at the hands of the Turks, bored us so thoroly that we did not wait for the end. This production was made for a laudable purpose, we believe, (to enlist America's aid for the Armenians), but the cheap sensationalism of its advertising panders to the worst in humanity. We are heartily sick of the screen's exploitation of atrocities under any guise. And atrocities are as thick as cooties in "The Auction of Souls." Miss Mardiganian isn't camera interesting. Irving Cummings and Anna Q. Nilsson appear in her support. The production was staged in California by Oscar Apfel, who, at least now and then, catches an unusual atmospheric effect.

George Walsh has a not-as-bad-as-usual story in "Help! Help! Police!" (Fox), a rambling farce built about a harum-scarum young millionaire who runs down a gang of crooks and gets his usual reward—the cutie ingénue who has believed in him all along, as cutie ingénues always do. If you don't question the absurdity of your entertainment, "Help! Help! Police!" will not unduly annoy you. Which leads us to wonder what George could do if he ever had a good story and a passable director.

We awaited Olive Thomas' appearance in the Hattons' stage farce, "Upstairs and Down," (Selznick), with considerable anticipation. But alas! the thing has lost en route to the screen. The director, Charles Giblyn, keeps the players too far from the camera, for one thing. Moreover, Mr. Giblyn didn't seem to be able to get his action to hold the interest anywhere. The subtitles, remnants of the Hattons' lively dialog, alone carry the comedy. "Upstairs and Down" is a story of the Long Island idle rich and their servants below stairs, of the polo pony folk and their servitors. It preaches the philosophy that you must "treat 'em rough" to win a girl above stairs but that the same thing is deadly below. Thru it moves the (apparently) guileless baby vamp, Alice Chesteron, of course, played by Miss Thomas. Her performance lacks verve, altho she is piquant in her bathing-suit moments. Robert Ellis reveals some possibilities as the hero, and Rosemary Theby and Kathleen Kirkham are both appealing in their rôles. But "Upstairs and Down" lacks an elevator—of piquaney.

Metro announces that it has renewed its contract with Alla Nazimova for two more years.

Max Marcin, the playwright, is now in charge of the Goldwyn scenario department.

The cornerstone of the new home of the Fox Film Corporation, between 55th and 56th Streets, on Tenth Avenue, New York, was laid with special ceremonies on Friday, June 6.

Ruth Roland is now her own producer. Ruth Roland Serials, Inc., has just been organized, distribution to be made thru Pathé. Her next serial will be her own work, written in collaboration with Gilson Willets.

Many people spoil their nails by the wrong kind of care

What causes rough cuticle and hangnails

How to have smooth, even cuticle, perfect nails



ONLY a bit of cuticle one-twelfth of an inch wide covers each delicate nail root. You can see from the diagram what a tiny protection this is.

Yet the nail root is very sensitive. When it is injured, the nail which grows from it, and the cuticle which covers it, are spoiled.

Some people actually *cut* the fine rim of cuticle which protects the nail root!

Sometime, see for yourself the injury cuticle cutting does:—Look through a magnifying glass at a cuticle that has been manicured with scissors or knife.

What the magnifying glass reveals

You will see that there are many little raw places where more than the dead skin has been cut.

The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root has been actually cut away.

In the little places where it has been cut, this live skin grows especially fast. It grows up much faster than the rest of the cuticle. In this way an uneven edge is formed.

This ragged edge splits and forms rough places and hangnails.

When cuticle is neglected, it sticks tight to the nail. The growing nail pulls it up unevenly to form an ugly line. The cuticle dies, dries up and becomes a



Well kept nails depend on faithful, gentle care. Easily you can keep your nails so charming that your friends consider them one of your special beauties

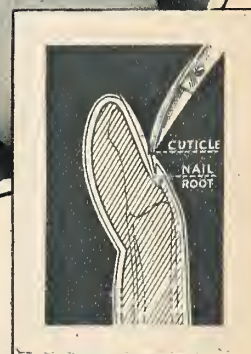
horny white rim. Then it splits in places and forms rough edges and hard hangnails that catch on things.

A smooth oval margin to each nail

It is easy to keep your nails always in exquisite condition without cutting or over-rough pushing back. It is only a matter of a few minutes' care.



The delicate nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. People injure it by cutting the cuticle



Diagram

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed. Then carefully wash the hands with soap and water, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

By this method, in only a few minutes you can keep your nails in perfect condition. Give your hands this care *regularly* and you will never again blush for their ragged, uncouth appearance.

A complete manicure set for only 20c

For only two dimes you can get a complete manicure set containing the Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Paste Polish, Cake Polish and emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton. There is enough of each product to give you six complete manicures. Send for it today. It will give you a new idea of how lovely your hands can look.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 908, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 908, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



FOR THIS MANICURE SET, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 2 DIMES TODAY



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Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Cuticle Comfort and Nail White are each 35c. At drug and department stores, or send for trial set.

Ideals and Idols—Past and Present

(Continued from page 57)

I see it coming; the exceptions of the past have stood for the advancement of the drama, and the commercial manager who has sneered at stars and has made himself a star director will fade away . . . today.

"Our people of the screen have been non-creators because directors have made them *types*, instead of giving them ability to act. Take, philosophically, the growth of this big business of motion pictures. We have progressed in a business way, and in a human way, the stage has advanced, become more real, so all things have their advantages. Very frequently, the *advantage* makes the producers of things theatrical forget the basic foundation of the very structure upon which they have built. Well, they are killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

"Shakespeare never meant 'The play's the thing' as people have conceived and interpreted that saying. What he *did* mean would be true of a stick of wood. 'The play's the thing by which I will catch the king's conscience!' He meant that it was the *vehicle* used. Instead of meaning that the play was the whole thing, as people seem to think, we find that without *interpretation* the play is nothing. The men who have been found the illuminaries of the world—Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus—were all writers and actors. Theodorus, the base of whose great statue still stands in Athens, taught Demosthenes and was seated in the Greek senate, but the monument was erected to him there because he was the greatest actor, not senator, of his time.

"I said in a speech made at New York City, when they were throwing adulation at the managers of stage and screen, 'Without a *drama* to manage, there can be no dramatic manager.' Tourists of the world will come to London, will pass the tombs of kings and queens, and stand awe-struck before the tomb of the Bard of Avon, or before the tombs of great actors and actresses in Westminster Abbey.

"The deterioration of the drama in an artistic way is because of its being now a business proposition. You cant blame managers exactly for saying 'Why take this play off, when it's good for two or three years?' The actor who plays 'heavies' will, therefore, always play heavies. Our screen director says, 'Have Blank do this part? Oh, never—he's a *heavy*! We cant use him at all.' Consequently, many a fine actor is out of work for weeks at a time, while some mediocre *type* is put in at a good salary. However, he's killing himself, because he cant do repertoire and the Nemesis of *ignorance* pursues him to an early death. You've only got to watch the life of an ingénue to see this for yourself. The character woman with ability to do anything lives on the screen in spite of her wrinkles.

"Well, all this type idea has created wooden actors. I dont wonder they call

them '*heavies*!' A pretty good description," laughed Mr. Keenan, with that whimsical quirk of the eyebrows which has so often appealed to us on the screen.

"Do you consider the motion picture art in advance of the stage art?"

"The motion picture starts out where the stage left off. 'Unfortunately, however, instead of clinging to good ethics, they have taken in the past to engaging stenographers with big lollypop eyes and curly hair, counter-jumpers with straight features, 'ham' actors who because of poor diction and bad voices could not get a good hearing on the speaking stage and were relegated to cheap stock engagements, but who looked handsome and had some idea of characterization, and chorus-men—failures of the past, with a little gray matter and some knowledge of stagecraft, or super-captains, bell-ringers, men who rang up the curtain or told stage carpenters what to do next.

"Yes, all these crept into the early days of the picture. Some have survived and become directors, making good commercial use of their early opportunities, but not advancing in true art. Good audiences never attended the motion picture at first; that is how those people 'got by' for so long a time. Some of these are now titled great directors by the unknown, but a few years will serve to eliminate those cheaters. Some will survive anyway, because they will jump to safety somewhere.

"This motion picture game started and will survive because it is an art, no matter how clouded. It has grown in public favor because the middle class found it could see what it missed on the speaking stage, thru inability to pay the high prices of most theaters. Then it appeals to the actors because they are doing something different every day.

"We are a very young nation; stage and screen are the mirror of our times. We are leaving behind us something for the future to see and remember, and if we dont do this well, we have cheated our future channels. One of my ideals is to leave nothing unworthy of the vision of the next generation. Sheridan's 'School for Scandal' was a mirror of the time in which it was written. We are going eventually, and especially after this stirring up of the world, to conceive tremendous plots, plots of quality to survive time—plots which will interest us twenty years from now as much as today.

"But how is that possible, when big writers find no incentive to write for the screen owing to the poor prices paid for stories? A few like Gardner Sullivan, Jeanie Macpherson and Frances Marion have steady contracts, but outside writers wont write directly for the screen, since it pays better to write a novel, sell it to a monthly, publish it in book form and eventually sell the stage or screen rights.

"That's true, for at first big writers sneered at this industry, but things are

to change from this very year on. We will pay for stories directly, good stories that have not been hashed about in public libraries first, or ruined by some continuity writer's conception of a modern novel.

"But what we have to study besides is the dramatic values. We cannot do this when a corporation head with no idea of art says, 'Rush this picture thru in five weeks!' I got so sick of the slogan of 'It cant be done' when suggesting innovations that, like many others, I was forced to produce independently. The birth-throes of error are the cradle of the infant ideal which will be nursed into healthy growth by honest men and women of the screen today.

"Instead of rushing a picture thru, when I note weariness in my company, I say, 'Children, we'll quit a while, take a little relaxation.' What? Take five weeks for a production and put out something poor because we're fagged and not up to our best work? Never! I'll lose money first, and that's putting it strongly, when so much is invested. I want people to say of my plays that I have done my duty by my author, that the play's the thing as a vehicle, not a star exploitation, and that they will read an advertisement and say, 'Oh, a Frank Keenan production; that's sure to be good. Let's go tonight.'

"Often an actor comes to me and says, 'How big is my part?' I answer, 'As big as you care to make it, so long as you dont destroy the author's concept or spoil the dramatic values—one of our greatest assets. Dramatic proportions must be perfect if we would have a good production.' I could put in special bits of dramatic acting for myself very often, something to exploit Frank Keenan, star, but I would kill my leading woman—so I leave it out. I will not yield to the temptation of star or star-director exploitation. What I want is ensemble playing—the thing which produces a great symphony, not a solo."

"Then you believe that the *type* actor should be eliminated entirely?"

"Most decidedly. I dont consider any man an actor who cannot do anything but one line of parts. He's merely an impersonator and never will become a versatile artist, a flexible thinker.

"If we are to promote a motion picture art, then we must have patience to direct and instruct men that they may become artists. That is the true idealism of the screen, and it will naturally mean a lot of fallen idols—but after all, we all want the survival of the fittest."

So this man who thrilled us in such screen dramas as "The Coward," "The Crab" and "War's Women," who made us shiver with horror over "The Bells," who lectures, teaches and produces, who has done more actual propaganda work for the various war reliefs in Los Angeles than idle laymen, is laying a better foundation for the screen art, a bed-rock of success for future generations.



Corinne Griffith

In "The Unknown
Quantity"

In this scene Corinne is perhaps making a little friendly call on the gentlemen under duress to the left—"O prison where is thy sting?" We personally would be glad to go to prison for the privilege of having Corinne call on us.

Vitagraph Picture

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 15, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.

I look upon Ingram's Milkweed Cream as a tried and true friend. I have used it daily for a very long time and I am fully appreciative of the great help it has been in keeping my complexion in good condition. It is the fact that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is distinctively healthful to the skin as well as cleansing and softening that leads me to prefer it.

Corinne Griffith

PHOTO BY
ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



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The Extra Girl and Evelyn Greeley

(Continued from page 53)

which I was to grace. The little freshwater college, Elmwood, had a certain number of seats in its classroom. The previous day they had been filled to capacity. Then one of the pupils had dropped out, not because of any unfriendly feeling toward the college, but because, her chum informed me, of an offer of a "job" that would last much longer than this particular picture. It would not do to have a vacancy when Hugh Thompson was professor of Greek and pretty Evelyn Greeley was his assistant, so C. E. G. matriculated and filled the unoccupied space completely—if not gracefully.

It was the spring of the year and, as every college student knows, spring and examinations are synonymous terms. We had sat up most of the night cramming Greek roots into our brains, and now we were attempting to bring order out of our chaotic thoughts. My neighbor nudged me gently in the rib that happened to be nearest to the point of her pen and inquired:

"How do you translate that second sentence?"

I shook my head, registering absolute ignorance of the question at issue. At that moment Miss Greeley and Mr. Thompson looked up from their work and rapped sharply on their desks, attempting to convey the thought that such behavior at such times is covered explicitly in the Fourteen Points of the Examination Period.

"But Miss Greeley is far too young to be the assistant of a college professor, is she not?" I ventured to inquire of my playful rib-poking neighbor, while Max Schneider, the camera-man, was getting ready for the next shot.

"Well, you see she was brought up on Greek," my friend replied. "Her father was Professor Illington, a renowned Greek scholar, who taught his infant daughter to utter her first cries in that language. Tho he was long on learning, he was short on cash, and when he died he left Evelyn a whole library of books, out of which even Hoover couldn't make a decent hash and not much else. Her guardian, Donald MacWrath, wanted to marry her, but she couldn't see him at all, at all, so in the hope of making her love him he treated her rough and made things so unpleasant for her that she ran away from home dressed in boy's clothes. In the woods she met Professor Alden—that's Hugh Thompson, you know—who hated girls because one of them had just treated him to a Jess Willard. He thought Evelyn was a boy, because none of her curves showed or anything, so when he found out she could read Greek he invited her to come to see him. One day she popped into his office and introduced herself as Damophilia, Phil's twin sister."

"My brother said you'd be awful glad to see me," she assured him.

"Professor Alden was just resigning his position because all the girls were

giving him flowers and making eyes at him and everything."

"Wherever you go, you'll find females," the president told him. "Stay here and I'll try to protect you. I'll get you an assistant to handle the girls and you can take charge of the boys."

"Wont I do?" Evelyn asked, and she was engaged right on the spot. That's how she happens to be here."

"Now all the girls turn their heads toward Mr. Thompson, all the boys toward Miss Greeley," Director Oscar Apfel interrupted. "Bend over your papers until I count ten, then up and turn."

We were not in the later scenes, but we sat around watching the proceedings with great interest. Unanimously the extra girls and boys were very much in favor of Miss Greeley. This was her first picture as an independent star. As I have watched some stars I have asked, "How did it happen?" Haven't you? But with Miss Greeley one knows exactly how. She has a large amount of the sweet winsomeness that characterizes Mary. Of course, there is only one—one Mary, I mean. She has none of the star airs, nor does she look as if she is apt to acquire them. She seems to enjoy the company of her fellow players, and the extras talk to her just as freely as they do to members of their own group.

Most of the girls were rubbing aching backs and limbs this particular day. Miss Greeley was preparing to introduce the Greek dances she had learnt from the pictures in her father's books. Director Apfel had decided that they should be staged in proper Greek style, so had engaged a competent dancing instructor, under whose watchful eye the extras had been rehearsing for hours the previous day.

"Oh, I can scarcely walk!" one of them exclaimed, as she sank stiffly into a chair off-stage.

"You're not accustomed to dancing, then?" another extra suggested, with a superior air, as she straightened up to prove that she was free from aches and pains.

"Of course, I'm accustomed to dancing, Pavlowa," the first returned. "But I'm up-to-date. The stuff we're doing now must have been invented when Adam was an infant. Perhaps that's when you learnt it."

When Mr. McIntyre engaged me he mentioned that there was to be a dancing scene and suggested that, if I practiced with the rest of the girls, I might be permitted to trip the light fantastic over Mother Earth's muddy chest some day in the near future. In previous existences I have felt the combination of dirt, pebbles and prickly weeds yield to the weight of my unencumbered feet.

However, I decided to be game, but on the first round I learnt that I was entering a sort of contest. The girls whose elbows, knees and chins formed the letter "Q" in the most efficient man-

ner would be chosen for the final exhibition. The other pupils of the college had a long start by both nature and training, so I decided to withdraw voluntarily.

"One, two, three—down; one, two, three—up!" the instructor called. How glad I was for the shelter of the friendly trunk. It always does pain my sense of the æsthetic to dance without music.

A week later I met one of the dancers on the Fort Lee boat.

"Were you chosen?" I inquired.

"Sure, but let me whisper something. Doing the Greek on the American green isn't all it's cracked up to be. Maybe you think the early spring mud is as soft as it looks. Well, stick to it next time and you'll find out."

I smiled agreeably. I could afford to smile agreeably this and many succeeding mornings. Why, you will learn in our next. Then you will join Miss Wiggles and me in a gurgle of girlish delight, you will.

A Rod That Grew Up Straight

(Continued from page 48)

new picture. The management didn't know quite what to do, until I up and suggested that they let me play the part. They looked at me in astonishment. "Why, you play heavies," they remonstrated, unwilling to be joggled out of their rut of preconceived ideas. "What of it?" I asked. "I *know* I can do leads; try 'em. Nothing ventured, nothing gained." They let me play the part and I've been doing leads practically ever since. But in reality it's a great deal more difficult to be the character man than the hero. The hero generally has a pleasant all-around time of it and gets all the praise; the character man has to really *act*."

Rod talks with a delicious drawl, which may be the result of his birthplace, Canada, or the delight he takes in recounting humorous happenings.

He loves to introduce his slender young mother as Mrs. La Rocque, because every one takes her to be his wife; and, when his young sister is along, nothing pleases him quite so much as to have her mistaken for his daughter.

He considers his work in "The Venus Model," with Mabel Normand, the most satisfactory he has yet done and he doesn't wish to sign up with any stock company. He believes that he will accomplish more by free-lancing and associating with different directors and companies with each new picture than by being tied to any one organization. He has a horror of becoming narrow and groove-like.

But—

"It doesn't pay to be too serious," said Rod, teasingly. "You get serious, get married, then divorced! Might better spend your money on good clothes and have a good time. Eh—what?"

And his teasing smile left me dubious as to whether he was joshing me or—serious!

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EDWARD BOK, for years Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, said in a recent interview: "The value of stenography to young people is that very often it is apt to place them in a position of confidence, and to bring them into direct contact with their employers, thus giving an insight into the inner workings of business, which they could scarcely obtain in any other way." This truly portrays his own experience.

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HUGH CHALMERS, formerly president of the *Chalmers Automobile Company*, says: "The position of a stenographer is the best training ground for a young man or woman if they have any brains (and the man they work for has any brains) because they can learn more in that way than in any other."

(Sixty-five)

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HON. CHAMP CLARK, Speaker of the House of Representatives, says: "A little smattering in a great many subjects may make a man a very pleasant and agreeable companion, but those who succeed best are those who make themselves master of some particular subject. For instance, I can get, in forty-eight hours, two or three dozen stenographers—that is, stenographers in name—at \$5.00 or \$6.00 a week. But one who can write 90 words a minute, and do it well, can secure from \$75.00 to \$100.00 a month, and one who can report a trial in court or take speeches verbatim, can get anywhere from \$100.00 to \$150.00 per month, and a first-class stenographer or reporter can get \$6,000 a year."

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Margaret Seely

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Veni, Vidi—Vidor!

(Continued from page 25)

home, and I began making two-reel comedies, which I wrote, directed and played the lead.

"About this time I met Florence, and I remember that the first time I called on her I poured forth all my hopes and plans and asked her to act in my comedies."

"Oh, I thought it all very wonderful," Florence interrupted. "I had always wanted to go on the stage, and when King asked me to be in his pictures, I thought my chance had come. My family, however, went right up in the air when I mentioned it and I had to 'phone King the next morning that I could not be in his film."

"By the time I had made three two-reel comedies we were planning to be married," continued King, "and we decided to take them on our honeymoon to New York and sell them. That was four years ago. We certainly had a great trip, for we sold the comedies and then stayed on for several months, seeing all the picture shows, visiting all the studios, and waiting around for hours to catch a glimpse of some well-known star. We were real fans."

"After returning to Texas, we suddenly made up our minds to come to California. We bought a Ford touring car, packed up our belongings, including a motion picture camera, said good-by to our families and started out."

"We slept and cooked our meals wherever we happened to be and had reels of experiences," Florence's soft voice broke in. "I remember once, in the middle of the desert, we had a blow-out and didn't have another tire. We got out and sat in the sand and just looked at that car. We seemed to be lost in a world of sand and sunshine, and I told King that I guessed this was the end of our journey!"

"Things always come out all right," said King, "for just then we saw a speck in the distance. We fairly held our breath, and soon a Ford came chugging thru the sand and there, fastened on the side, was a new tire! I asked the man if he would rent that tire at so much per mile and he agreed. The next day, however, he offered to sell it to me for four dollars."

"Six weeks after leaving home, we landed in San Francisco—with twenty cents. Daunted? Oh, no, we sold the Ford and felt very rich, so we stayed a few days and saw the fair, then came down to Los Angeles."

"King is never daunted," remarked Florence. "He is always optimistic and keeps saying that everything will turn out all right—and it does."

"We took a tiny bungalow and I began went on King, "and, when that was writing a scenario for William Hart," turned down, I went out to Universal and started in as property man."

"While I went to Vitagraph at ten dollars a week," laughed Florence. "But we didn't mind. We were here and on

(Sixty-six)

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the blessed outskirts of success—that beckoned—right over there!” and they both laughed at the memory.

“Yes,” he replied, “we were happy, and I worked and studied every minute and in a short time I was made assistant director. I then went over to Christie, where I wrote and directed comedies, later going with the LaSalle Company, where I did about everything, and was also assistant director with Carter De Haven. Then I wrote and directed the Judge Willis Brown series of two-reel boy pictures.

“One evening I came home and told Florence about a story that had just come to me, that I thought would make a good picture. She was enthusiastic and I began writing it immediately after dinner. I worked nearly all that night and the next, and at about five in the morning I finished ‘The Turn in the Road.’ We thought it was good and I decided not to sell it, but wait until I could produce it myself. When the Brentwood Film Company was formed I had my story all ready. So you see, everything *did* turn out splendidly!

“It seems to me,” he went on seriously, “that motion pictures offer the greatest avenue for the molding of human thought that the world has ever known, and while keeping in mind the entertainment value of a picture, I hold that there should be some message, some helpful thought.

“The majority of the people who daily attend picture shows spend their days struggling for just enough to live on. When night comes they are tired and often discouraged with the monotony and grayness of their lives, yearning for something to lift them up and out of it, something to bring them fresh thoughts. They may not put this in words, but the picture that presents a strong human lesson simply told, that touches the universal heart of humanity, is the one that appeals to them.

“It is my ambition to make such pictures. I want the story to be wholesome and clean, and it must be natural, must ring true, so the country boy, the city girl, the small-town man and woman can easily understand it.

“I am making a comedy now, ‘Better Times.’ The idea brought out is that, wherever one may be, the sunshine comes from within and not from the sky, that no matter what the conditions, it is possible to rise above them.

“The next picture is to be a strong drama and Florence will appear in it, for Suzanne is getting to be such a big girl she can stay with Mammy.” And the two exchanged a happy smile.

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(Sixty-seven)



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MOTION PICTURE

The Dominating Diva (Continued from page 17)

Mr. Tellegen, who had just entered the room, smiled. Yet we doubt if Miss Farrar noticed. Her eyes, from beneath a huge, floppy crimson hat, coolly studied the opposite wall.

"Possibly you may think it is because, being in separate fields of theatrical activity, we are apart much of the time. But really that is not the answer. It is because, to be successful, marriage must be based upon good comradeship. The roseate glow of romance cannot endure indefinitely. When that fades, there must be a foundation of comradeship. Other things enter into it, such as a union of active, developing minds. But comradeship is vital."

Mr. Tellegen glanced up from examining a sectional fishpole he had just purchased. "That's quite true," he smiled.

Miss Farrar is very definite in her opinions. For instance, she believes thoroly in the star system. Her reasoning is direct. "A big screen director may take a young and promising young woman and he may train her to portray a moment of life as he sees it," she reasons. "But the spark of an understanding delineation will not be there. On the other hand, if that same director has a star with years of training and years of living life behind her, he can instantly get vastly different results. The coöperation of the two means that the scene will attain the zenith of its possibilities." Here Miss Farrar paused. "It is for this reason that I believe Cecil De Mille and his screen stock company are working into a *cul de sac*—indeed, that any company without a star fails of its possibilities."

Miss Farrar believes that a star far off-balances any distortion of the story made to fit the player. "A novelist or a dramatist frequently finds one of his characters developing unexpectedly, shifting his original story. What of that?"

Miss Farrar smiles at the oft-repeated statement that the field of drama and of literature is being rapidly exhausted by the cinema in the motion picture's search for stories. "We have not started to film the big things yet," she says. "My husband and I are perhaps in an unusual position to judge. We speak and read five languages, and we know the material that is waiting the mature motion picture camera."

Miss Farrar is frank in her detestation of average screen criticism. "What is the future of criticism which discusses whether or not I film well and fails to consider whether or not I made the most of an emotional mood?" Yet she is even more caustic about music criticism and the critics who "play to their own petty whims," as she expresses it. We talked a long time of music, for it is Miss Farrar's biggest interest. She frankly says that the cinema is but secondary, and always will be.

(Continued on page 85)

(Sixty-eight)

The Ethelescent Miss Lynne

(Continued from page 33)

—but there the resemblance really ends. However, if you look at some of the old stills in which both girls were featured, you'll turn with a puzzled look to a know-it-all and ask, "Which is which?"

So you see, I cant dub Ethel opalescent, for her radiance is more than tone-color. It's based on a nature both beauty-loving and practical, idealistic and common-sensible, humorous but with touches of wistful tenderness—in short, it's her *Ethelescence* which charms.

Mr. Christie has put forth 134 comedies in which he has featured various stars, and Ethel Lynne bears the distinction of being one of the four original members of the company, including Al Christie, Charlie Porter, and a stage carpenter, all of whom have worked on the lot since 1916.

"I suppose, like most comédiennes, you are hoping for the day when you'll be free to play heavy weepies, aren't you, Miss Lynne?"

"I should say *not*! I cant understand why any one would want to leave comedy for drama. It makes me so n-e-r-v-o-u-s to play drama—I just could run away from myself, I fidget so. Why, comedy is the easiest sort of work; that is, the sort I do. I'm off early—there is hardly a day when I work all day. I have time to go home and sew or read or entertain a few friends. Now today, for instance, I was only resting because I returned at 3:30—then Pat called up and said he'd bring you, and mother and I were just dressing, for, you see, we usually dine downtown. Oh, how I *hate* to be caught this way!" Miss Lynne gave the offending negligée a wrathful tweak, tucked one pretty foot, with its new and beautiful pumps and gorgeous buckles, under the other knee and tried to look severely at the seemingly penitent Mr. Dowling.

"H-m—I like you that way," returned the cavalier aux dames.

The setting for Ethel is so wholesome, so like the girl herself, that a brief note must be made of it right here. Ethel believes that useful things should be beautiful and the beautiful useful—she's a disciple of the utilitarian William Morris. Consequently, her home has that restful feeling which rooms give when not overcrowded with bric-à-brac and dust-collectors of brilliant plumage.

The chairs are *all* comfortable. That's a very surprising thing in itself. They are soft-tufted leather, sprawl lazily on very beautiful rugs in colors which combine grave and gay, and a piano shows its white teeth smilingly, so that one knows intuitively it's well fed by dainty fingers.

She must be a contralto, for her voice is low and rich. She speaks rather deliberately and her eyes, while never restless, are expressively accentuating every word she utters.

"Was this love of comedy always in you?" You see, most of the girls merely enter a comedy company as a gateway to better things, so when a young girl is

really in love with comedy and doesn't want to rise any higher than being the best comédienne possible, it rather looks as if that leaning had been a birthday gift.

"I knew a lot of girls in the Egan School of Music and Drama, and one day they told me that they were engaged for a Morosco musical comedy for which rehearsals were just starting. They advised me to 'Come along in,' as I'd enjoy it very much. I had always run three blocks just to peek at an actress when I lived way down in Texas, my native State, so I thought here was a fine opportunity to see lots of players all in one place and get paid for doing it—of course, assuming that Mr. Morosco would take me on.

"I was engaged without difficulty, and we began eight weeks of rehearsals, dancing nearly all day long. Really, it was more like going to a dancing school than rehearsing a show. I was so utterly worn out with the hardness of it all that I only stayed with the show three weeks after it actually started, for my nerves began to give out and mother didn't want me to get sick. I was but a schoolgirl then, out for a summer vacation.

"Then Jean Hathaway, who had been with Morosco also, met me some months later and said she was in a vaudeville skit on Pantages and asked me to play a small part. I was given the engagement, and by the time I'd played over the circuit and returned to Los Angeles, Jean had started with Mr. Christie. She suggested my going there for a try-out, and I had a test on Thursday and was promised an answer by the following Saturday, which would give them time to develop the film and project it. On Saturday I found myself wild with joy, for they told me over the 'phone that I had a good test and was engaged for stock. So I've stuck ever since, and I hope to stay right by this line of work."

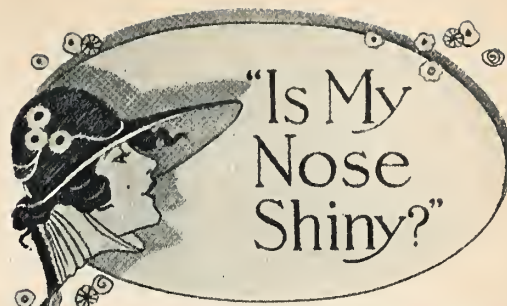
"But you did some propaganda work with Mr. Beban, didn't you? Runs in my mind I saw you in a picture with him."

"Yes, I did one film for the government with him. Mr. Beban made me up himself, for I didn't know a thing about that sort of make-up. By using very dark grease-paint and putting little lines here and there on my face, I really made a good Neapolitan, see?"

But that negligée wasn't telling any secrets—and it appeared to hug a willowy slip of a girl like Marie Doro, graceful, just a wee bit bashful.

So the biggest impression I got of the girl whose eyes remind one of the china dolls we used to play with, surprised-looking, guileless, very wide open, was that she is utterly sincere.

Lest this leaves a doubt in your mind, remember that Adam wasn't willing to take the blame, that Eve felt very much ashamed and that the *talking* serpent didn't give a fig, just so long as she got a peep at unspoiled Ethel Lynne.



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One Man in America can Teach You Motion Picture Writing Correctly

MOTION PICTURE

By FORD I. BEEBE

(Special writer "MOTION PICTURE NEWS," Scenario Editor two years Helen Holmes Serial Co., three years with Universal, etc.)

THERE is a constant and tremendous demand for good motion picture stories. Right now, the studios cannot get enough good stories to fit their stars with suitable rôles. And not alone this but stories are getting scarcer all the time. Books and magazine stories have failed to make good on the screen—staff writers are written out. But the film companies must have stories. And they want and must have these from "outside" writers—from the thousands of people outside the studios who have ideas and the genuine ability to write them if only they knew how to put them into proper shape. Foreseeing this demand there has been a flood of so-called "schools," "systems" and "plans" attempting to teach them motion picture writing.

I have spent years in the different motion picture studios. These years convinced me that not one writer in a thousand could teach others this new art of writing for the movies. I doubted that the heads of these various institutions could themselves do what they are trying to teach others to do. I did not believe that they were themselves successful writers of feature stories. I did not believe, in fact, that they themselves could actually write and sell their own stories. So I investigated.

And out of the amazingly long list I found one man. A man who is known to hundreds of thousands of film fans as the author of innumerable successful photoplays. I found that this man—F. McGREW WILLIS—has actually written over two hundred produced film stories. That he has written feature stories for more than TWENTY OF THE BIGGEST STARS IN FILMDOM. That he has worked for Ince, Fox, Pathé, Universal, etc. That he wrote Nat Goodwin's big starring rôle in pictures. That he prepared the original synopsis for filming Les Misérables. That he is the author of the first pictures made in this country and sent to France to be hand colored. That the motion picture trade papers speak of him as a man who has an absolutely thorough knowledge of photoplay writing. That he has repeatedly been chosen to write the first stories to inaugurate new brands of films. That June, 1919, has seen still another new brand, bringing back to the screen H. B. Warner in two of this man's original stories.

So I interviewed him personally. And I found this: He has the fairest proposition of its kind ever conceived. He is helping unknown writers achieve recognition. He is showing writers outside the studios, for the first time in the history of the motion picture industry, the inside way of writing—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. He has the personal endorsement of the directors themselves, who want their stories written only in this way and in no other. He has made this method so plain and simple that it can be learned in one evening's study. And in addition to all this he is giving his pupils

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to aid them in finding a market for their stories. He is acting as a personal representative of these writers at the studios and with the directors. For

he knows that unless writers have this personal agent they cannot hope to succeed. And he positively will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever.

The cost of his course has purposely been placed so low that everyone who wants to write can take advantage of it. The entire course, including his free sales bureau, is but TWELVE DOLLARS. And he protects everyone by an absolute money-back guarantee.

In the interest of better motion pictures I feel it my duty to give him every aid I can. So if you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to get in touch with him. Do not remit any money. Just ask him to send you his FREE BOOK, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." See for yourself his wonderful offer. But do this at once. Immediately. Address

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William Worthington, President of the Haworth Film Corporation and solo director of Sessue Hayakawa; famous director of features for Universal, Goldwyn, etc., says:

The direct, detailed method of writing possible to outside writers to prepare the stories exactly as the directors want them. And to put them in no other way.
W. Worthington

Tempered Steel (Continued from page 31)

well, it all got me. I didn't go into it an enthusiast, but I have become one.

"All told, it was rather a rigorous experience, far more rigorous than I had any idea of. When we got on the road I found that I had been made assistant stage manager, which might have been simple if there had been a manager, which there was not. At the last moment he had been taken ill, and I found myself, utterly without prior experience, as manager of the entire production, even to the cleaning of the ladies' gowns. It was rather hard going. I don't know whether you saw 'The Gay Lord Quex' or not, but it is more full of props and entrances and exits, which mean the complicated ringing of sundry bells than, I believed at the time, any show in the United Kingdom. But I was in it, and I meant to make good, and I knuckled down and got the thing down to a system—and I may say that I did, besides taking various unimportant rôles to help out or to fill in.

"I came over here on tour three or four times with 'The Gay Lord' and with other plays. With Forbes-Robertson, for instance. The last trip I made the show flivvered out, as you say, in your vernacular, and I got interested in the picture game thru Famous Players—and I stayed. I like the pictures particularly for the variety they afford, of scene, of work, of possibilities and of action. There is never a sameness; hence, never a staleness. Just at present we're working on 'The Firing Line,' one of Robert W. Chambers' novels. With Mrs. Castle. I find her quite splendid. Really. Particularly in her attitude toward her late husband, which is that of a man who has lost a bully pal. Nothing mawkish about it. She has deep religious convictions and she believes that, some day, they will meet again. In the meantime, she is young, and she is going to enjoy life. In a way, that is illustrative of my own theories, which is why I speak of it. Balance—that is the thing."

Speaking of marriage led us to speak of marriage's forebear, love. I rather expected a coldly analytical viewpoint from Vernon Steel. In a sense, I suppose . . .

"I hate to admit it," he said, with a certain precision of thought, "but I believe the physical to be the main fact of, I might almost say, the only fact of, love. For instance, you might meet a perfectly charming woman, cultured, mentally engrossing, finished. You might meet her, and part from her, and never know the vaguest shade of a regret. On the other hand, you might come into contact with an insignificant little thing who made slaughter of the Queen's English, and she might revolutionize your world for you—for the time. There is the other rub. It is always 'for a time.' Doesn't seem fair, but it is so. I am convinced of that. And being so, how can one even hope to believe that the physical side of

(Continued on page 72)

(Seventy)

The Young-Old Lady of the Screen

(Continued from page 37)

crowd into the front line of a mob in order that their faces may be seen. And the extras who have been in the game long enough to know something about the business accommodate the novices joyfully. And why not? Unless they know that it is very close to the end of the picture, they don't want any close-ups. A close-up too often means an extra's finish so far as that picture is concerned. A moment's thought will make the reason for this clear. If a girl is distinctly registered as one of the mob storming a millionaire's house because he isn't paying enough for their work in the factory, she can't very well appear as a guest in the home of that millionaire in the next reel. Not only that, but the biggest opportunity may come in the later scene.

"No, obscurity, or comparative obscurity, is not always a disaster. For instance, I 'struggle' along, making three or four hundred dollars a week. Good character women are so scarce in moving pictures that they can ask almost anything they like. If I had gone on being a star the public would possibly have tired of me long ago. Such things do happen. You know, some one has said that the popularity of a moving picture star lasts, on the average, about five years!

"Moving picture work is a business with me."

Which is probably why she does it so well. It seems that one may, with impunity, neglect one's art, but one may never neglect one's business—that is an unpardonable sin!

Mary Alden had her own company when she was with Reliance-Majestic, and that was, if my memory serves me aright, about four or five years ago. And now she is planning on having her own company again, but in the meanwhile she does not have to fear a series of setbacks thru the failure of poor pictures. She can frequently choose from a number of parts instead of "taking what she can get," as many a star must. Good actresses are scarce. Harken, all you screen aspirants: there is plenty of room at the top. (All you have to do is get up there!) Her services are always in demand, while every part she plays augments her reputation for careful artistry among producers as well as with her public. No story, however poor, can seriously hurt her. She has security, comfort, money and the knowledge of work well done. No one could ask for more!

When the editor of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC asked me to interview Miss Alden, I got her number from the Griffith studio and called her on the telephone. She answered in a pleasant, throaty voice and suggested that the interview take place during luncheon. (I love interviewing people who invite me to luncheon.) Anyway, we agreed to meet in the lobby of the Alexandria, but here a difficulty arose.

"You won't know me," she said.

"Yes, I will," (I lied like a lady. I seldom recognize people on seeing them for the first time out of make-up.)

"M-m-m," doubtfully.

"What will you wear?" I said, and added, quickly, "It will be just as easy to meet you at your home." So I had a chance to see her apartments at the Rex Arms after all. She has them exquisitely done in rich shades of blue and soft shades of yellow with here and there a touch of deep gold. And I would never have known her. I expected to find her shorter than she appears on the screen; that is a rule one can almost always count on, but still I thought she would be a tall woman, so perfect is her ability to "build herself up" for the screen. In reality, she is just five feet one and a half inches high.

An amusing story is told of a prominent producer who was anxious to engage Miss Alden for a part. He made an appointment for her at his office at a certain hour. On arriving there she was asked to wait for a few moments.

He came out of his office accompanied by the caller who had caused the delay, glanced around the room, looking directly at Miss Alden, and then said to his stenographer:

"When Mary Alden comes, send her right in; you know, she's that tall girl who appears in the Griffith pictures."

"No one ever recognizes me," Mary Alden remarked.

The story of Mary Alden's life is as romantic as is the story of any part she has ever played. She has crammed more adventure into a few years than many a woman ever realizes is in the world. She began by being born in a city of romance, New Orleans, and kept on by going from there to a city which has been the home of romance for centuries, Vienna. She began her stage career as "atmosphere" in a London theater, but played Ophelia and Mrs. Dane before she was nineteen years old. She was a concert singer; her voice is a rich contralto; she once chanted in a synagogue and was a newspaper reporter on the *New York Press*, doing general reporting part of the time and feature and "sob" stuff the rest. She tells a story of her newspaper days which is well worth repeating here.

"It was when I was doing 'sob' stuff," she said. "I was sent out to interview a woman figuring in a prominent scandal. The only trouble I anticipated was in getting to her. My experience had shown me that once with people, I could make them talk all right. You can imagine my surprise when I saw this woman without difficulty, only to find her pretending that she could not speak English. This was a new one on me and, of course, I couldn't be absolutely sure that she was shamming. I tried her on all the languages I know, French, Creole and some Hebrew, and then said the Lord's prayer at her in Latin. This proved the last straw. She laughed, said 'Oh,



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hell!' and submitted to the interview. I got a good story."

She still writes a great deal, being the author of several successful photoplays, and she has an exquisite gift of satire. Her criticisms of current films, written under a pen-name, of course, are always exceedingly clever and helpful even where they sting. She is constructive and creative always.

Her first moving picture was made for Pathé and was called "From a Lawyer's Window," but her favorite of all her pictures was "The Avenging Conscience," in which she played with Henry B. Walthall.

And now, just as this "copy" is being typed ready to start on its way to the editor, I hear that she has signed a contract to appear as Henry B. Walthall's leading lady. This information spoils my title, because she will play old lady parts no longer. She has made a circle; she is back to the place she started from; she is once more herself—and young!

Her latest character work is in "Common Clay," with Clara Kimball Young; "Marcine," under the direction of Maurice Tourneur; "The Unpardonable Sin," with Blanche Sweet; and "Rose Marie," with Billie Rhodes.

We are what we imagine, as well as what our philosophy makes us. Mary Alden impresses one as being the incarnate Spirit of Adventure; one could never tire of looking at her, because she never looks exactly the same. And, with her adventurous spirit, she has a sincere belief that the world is moving onward toward goodness. Not the negative goodness of those who have never known temptation, but the positive goodness of those who, thru experience, have gained wisdom and understanding.

Tempered Steel

(Continued from page 70)

love is not the far bigger side? Of course, that doesn't offer much substantiality for the happiness of marriage. And yet I believe absolutely in marriage. There is nothing else for a protective basis—and the young must have protection. The sane part of the whole thing is, that there are a great number of perfectly unimaginative people. People who would be content to live in one spot all their lives thru, never hungering for wider fields, who read the same books over and over, who never vary their routine, who have never felt the wanderlust in any sort of sense at all. These people are the same about love. They fasten their affections upon one man or one woman and there is an end to it. Which is fortunate for the balance—balance again—of the world at large."

I left Vernon Steel with the symbolical impression of a very slender, very aristocratic figure bearing a scales in his hands, weighing the world and accepting it, without undue consternation, enthusiasm or regret at its own valuation and the valuation he made of it. "Tempered Steel"—without self-congratulation, it is aptly put.

Dorothy Dalton, Hot Weather and Emotionalism

(Continued from page 43)

She simply shrugged her shoulders and said it couldn't be done. "The Lord—and the camera—can only tell that," she laughed.

It was a hot day. A sultry breeze drifted thru the Hotel Algonquin windows. But Miss Dalton did not seem in the least disturbed by the weather. "I love heat—love it thoroly," she said. "That is why, when it was decided to send me on to New York to make at least one picture this summer, that I gave a shriek of joy. Do you really think we'll have a hot summer?"

"We dont think we will—we are!" we gasped, mopping our brow.

"I do like New York in the summer," continued Miss Dalton. "The tang of the hot pavement in the air——"

But we changed the subject.

Miss Dalton related her experiences in getting a screen foothold. Unlike most stars, the way for Miss Dalton was comparatively easy. "I had been playing in stock at Keith's in Portland, Me., when a chance came to play the leading rôle of Jen in the all-star film production of Edgar Selwyn's 'Pierre of the Plains.' You will recall that this play was re-done comparatively recently by Elsie Ferguson. But I was the original screen Jen."

"Soon after I went to California for a rest. There I met Thomas H. Ince socially. He had seen my work in 'Pierre of the Plains' and he offered me a rôle with William S. Hart in 'The Disciple.' Immediately after that I played with Henry B. Warner and William H. Thompson. Then Mr. Ince advanced me to stardom at old Triangle—and I've been a star ever since. Not a very interesting tale, is it?"

"Recently, when I did one or two lighter pictures, fans seemed to wonder if I intended to change my style of vehicle. Let me set any doubts upon that score at rest. I am going right on doing emotional dramas. I like that sort of play best of all—and I think I am best suited to it. Right now I am seeking the best emotional material. It isn't easy to find, you may be sure."

"Submitted manuscripts take odd twists. For instance, this last week I received three good stories, all worth buying, but all providing dual rôles. Of course, I couldn't do three dual rôle plays in succession, or anywhere near together, so I shall have to select just one of the three."

Miss Dalton's personality is rather hard to analyze. Her interests seem to wholly lie in the studio. She has no hobbies; at least she admits of none. She is too busy to read anything but scenarios extensively.

"I'm just a hard-working actress," she described herself and sighed. "I wish the thousand-and-one young girl fans who envy our luxurious existence could only live one whole day with me."

"That would cure them."

The Career of Katherine Bush

(Continued from page 30)

gave her rapid, brilliant biographies of the men of the hour; he spoke specifically of Lord Mordryn—and all the time a love of her kept growing in his breast which had known only the counterfeits of love . . .

There is nothing in life, nothing in humanity, which does not have a limitation that some day must be reached. Love is no exception to the rule. Pain goes so far, patience goes so far, balked desire goes so far, love turned in upon itself goes so far . . . then a limitation is reached and there is a breakage, a cleavage, or, mercifully, a healing . . .

Gerald Strobbridge reached his limitation, which seemed to him to comprise every element of pain and patience, on the night of one of Sarah, Lady Garriardine's dinners.

Katherine had remained above stairs. The dinner had been deadly dull. The wine had tasted flat to him, the flowers had been heavy, the music had been uninspiring. The women, as he let his cold, sick eyes wander over them, were like the flowers, scentless. There was no sweetness anywhere. There was no pulse. Spring had gone out of the world, out of his heart, unless the woman with the level eyes and the hands-that-did-things would stoop from her immutable heights and give it back to him. She alone had the power to restore his lost romancing. He had been staled by gold, staled by lust, staled by the demands of women who were puppets dancing, mincing on ribbons that had tripped his feet. All of his knowledge had availed him nothing. He had had a glory before him, a glory and a vision, and he had closed his eyes to it, his ears, his heart which was now awake . . . awake and making imperious demands. What if they were not to be met, these demands? What if this hunger which this woman had created within him was never to be appeased? Well, he wanted life, tho it meant desolation. Perhaps he would have it—the desolation . . .

After dinner he wandered into a small, unoccupied smoking-room. He wanted solitude, almost fiercely. Wanted to be alone. He thought of the Indian jungles and a nostalgia swept over him. To be alone . . . with her eyes upon his, in dreams—oh, in dreams, of course, with her hands in his, with her mouth on his . . . God! how we are racked and tormented and twisted and thumbscrewed and jeered at and reviled and cast aside . . . to rot . . .

Upstairs he heard the pacing of feet, steady feet, to and fro, to and fro . . . He was minded of the female tigress in the deep, far jungle-land, infinitely patient, infinitely tenacious and also infinitely cruel . . . His mind inventoried the house. The room above was Katherine's room. Of course. The pacing of those feet was Katherine pacing. Of what was she thinking in her resistless way? Of whom? What was she plan-

(Seventy-three)

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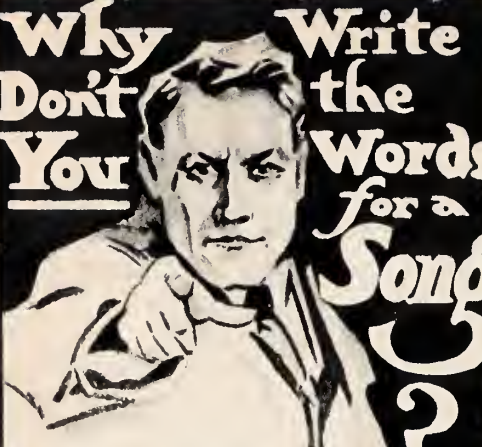
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ning in her coldness, in her growing self-sufficiency?

Suddenly his desire for her fell upon him and got him by his throat. The walls of his training, of his mode of living, of his code of ethics fell from him, inutile. All that he had done and been, all that he planned, all that he stood for today, the fact of where he was . . . dry dust. Upstairs Katherine Bush was pacing and pacing, planning and planning . . . He gave a sudden, abrupt laugh that had not so much of mirth in it as it had of a blind pain.

There was a staircase in this antechamber. It led to Katherine's apartment. If there were mercy in the breast of a woman . . . if she were mortal and not mechanical . . . if she were as compassionate as, obviously, she was cold . . .

When he stood within the door of her room his last shred of armor had dropped from him. He was become a mendicant, pleading

Katherine had ceased her measured pacing of the room and was on her couch before the fire. She had been reading and the book had dropped to the floor beside her. As Gerald Strobbridge entered, the flames, dying down, gave a last effort and threw a glare of scarlet across the cool perfection of her features, the sheen of her splendid hair, the white remoteness of her breast.

"Katherine," he muttered, when he had reached her side and dropped to his knees beside her, "what have I meant to you? What have I been? Anything? Nothing? Tell me!"

There was a silence. His heart throbbed in it, loudly, obtrusively. "A door," she said, at last, in her modulated tones, "a door, very wide . . . to spaces. I am infinitely grateful, Mr. Strobbridge."

"A door!" Gerald Strobbridge gave a ghastly smile. "What is it they say in the Bible," he asked, "about a stone in the place of bread?"

"I do not know. Are you here for bread? Are you hungry?"

Immediately she sensed the wrong potentiality of her queries.

The man beside her laid his groomed head on her bare arm. It was hot and his pulses stirred. There was something pitiful in the disintegration of his habitual composure. There was something of a reversion to the man he might have been if he had had . . . that chance again . . .

He was speaking and his voice was broken up. "Yes, terribly hungry. Terribly. I want bread. And wine. And meat. And strong drink. From your hands only, Katherine. Yours are the only hands to serve me now. I can never know love again unless love comes with your face, with your voice, with your rhythm. Help me . . . please . . ."

Katherine withdrew her hands very gently, very inexorably. Something soft and warm and more maternal than passionate was stirring within her. She thought of Lord Algy and the ashes of roses she had achieved there. Her mouth hardened.

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Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.



Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "*personality*" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Juliette Fara

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"I want you to go, Gerald," she said, "at once. I think I have told you that I am a climber. One cannot climb where there are obstacles . . . your wife . . . the scandal. If you love me, love me really; give me your help and strength rather than your weakness and desire—given so many fruitless times before. I could be rather a splendid friend, even I. As a woman . . . I can only be that on a pinnacle, Gerald, and I am going to get there."

"You are like ice."

"Finer than fire, Gerald."

"You are inhuman."

"Humanity must rise—even to inhumanity."

"I love you."

"You want me. You are incapable of love."

"And you? You?"

"Not ready—yet."

The man rose from his kneeling posture. Some of the pride he had cast from him came about him again. He felt a tremendous admiration for this woman, barely more than a girl, who had gone so far along the path of self-containment. Nothing mawkish here, nothing yielding, nothing indiscriminate nor promiscuous. "Rather a splendid friend"! Oh, rather!

He smiled down on her thru his tight lips. "What do you want me to do for you, my friend?" he asked.

Katherine's level eyes suffused. Her hand strayed out to his tentatively, then withdrew. "I have never come so near to love, my friend," she said, in the softest tone he had ever heard from her, "as—just then. Bigness . . . oh, I love it, Gerald!"

Gerald Strobbridge bowed. "I repeat," he said, still simply, still with the essential pain in his heart coming out in his voice.

Katherine Bush raised herself on one elbow. "I want to meet the Duke of Mordryn," she said. "I want to meet him more than I have ever wanted to meet any one, anywhere, at any time. I—I am going to be utterly frank with you, my friend, because I think you, alone among men, can bear frankness and be considerate of it. I believe the Duke of Mordryn is—the end of my climbing."

She lay back and watched Strobbridge thru her eyes that glinted like streaks of steel.

Strobbridge smiled. "You are quite magnificent," he acknowledged. "How do you propose to go about this?"

"I want to hear him speak in the House first—just to be certain. His voice, you know, his play of hand, his manner of speech—those things tell. Then—then, my friend, I want to meet him at a dinner on his own footing, as it were, just as a friend of yours, perhaps. Not, you understand, as secretary to Lady Garribardine."

"You think Mordryn would not penetrate that eventually and with ease?"

"Oh, but yes, of course. I shall tell him myself at our second meeting. If

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Don't forget the September issue, out August 1st.

Motion Picture Publishing Co.

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

there be a second meeting it will be because he desires it very greatly—and if he does——”

Gerald Strobbridge bent over the hand she abruptly extended to him in dismissal. “He will desire it,” he said, simply.

When he left the room Katherine watched him with eyes grown shamelessly humid. “He is an old man now,” she said to herself; “his youth . . . he has left his youth behind him . . . in here . . . with me . . .”

The Duke of Mordryn was a foremost figure in the political and social life of his country, because he had taken what he wanted whether it was supposed to be the thing to do or not. He had, as it were, followed his natural bent and his natural bent had led him to unlimited power.

He had never seen a woman he desired for more than an hour after dinner, or an occasional theater. He had seen, talked with, scorned, reluctantly admired a great many.

When he saw Katherine Bush an extravagance of thought rushed over him. “There is a mate meet for such as I,” he thought, and he could have laughed aloud. “Senility,” he added; “wait until I talk to her. She will prattle. She will ask stereotyped questions. She will gush.”

She did, of course, none of these things. She was rather still than otherwise, but it was an immense stillness. It was filled, the Duke of Mordryn thought, with the rushing of giant waters, with the invincibility of mountains, with fastnesses unpenetrated, with a vast sense of waiting, with color . . .

He left her after Gerald Strobbridge’s dinner, and walked home, an unprecedented occurrence with him. “I must have air,” he said to himself; “somehow I feel as tho I have been in the presence of something bigger than myself, bigger than the universe. That woman, with her inscrutable eyes and her efficient, miraculous hands, has remade my world tonight.”

He called on her at Lady Garribardine’s three nights later.

She received him in a small ante-room, and she wore the simple black-and-white in which she performed her pleasant secretarial duties.

“You look——” he began.

“I look—suitable,” she told him. “I am Lady Garribardine’s secretary. Please dont interrupt me. You are interested in people, in their processes of thought, in the working scheme they make of their loves. I know that you are. You have told me. I am going to tell you mine.”

She told him faithfully, nakedly, with the scorn she felt for it all playing like fine rapier-thrusts thru her speech. The rancid Bush villa, the smudgy Bush brothers and sister, the blaring gramophone, the middle-classes . . . then of Lord Algy . . . of her invincible determination, of her willingness to pay prices

(Continued on page 85)



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Hundreds of Thousands of People are asking every day such questions as these:

- How can I get into the Motion Picture business?
- Can I become a photoplayer?
- Have I sufficient talent?
- Have I the necessary personality?
- How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
- Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
- Can I write for Motion Pictures?
- Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
- Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
- If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements.

If you want to try to win a place in the great Motion Picture Industry, send five cents in stamps for this booklet,

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Here are a few very successful stars:

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Hart	Nazimova	Drew
Arbuckle	Keenan	

How different they are! Not one of them is noted for grace or form, and hardly one for beauty, and dozens of others might be added to this list.

And in the various other branches of the Motion Picture business startling deductions can be made. The Motion Picture Institute was organized to analyze the conditions of the Motion Picture Industry, to inform the public of these conditions, and to show how and why some people can get in and why others cannot.

A competent and experienced staff of experts have been secured to carry on this much needed work.

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Alexander the Little

(Continued from page 35)

despairing ones. And he is always utterly natural; nothing he does ever seems like acting at all. It isn't acting, either. He lives in the Land of Make-Believe, so for him anything is real if he chooses to make it so. Notice him on the screen when the plot calls for him to be asleep. Every muscle is relaxed; he looks as tho he had been sleeping all night!

Ben, whose name in full is Nicholas Benton Alexander III, (and every inch a king), lives with his mother in a pretty little bungalow in Hollywood. His father has to live in Hanford, Cal., to look after his dry-goods business there, but, if he keeps a diary, it probably reads something like this:

"Saturday—Left Hanford for Los Angeles at 10:02 to see the family.

"Sunday—Arrived L. A. 8:30; spent the day with the family.

"Monday—Left L. A. for Hanford to see the store.

"Tuesday—Spent the day looking over the store," etc., etc.

His friends say that he has solved the problem of perpetual motion.

Ben is an only child. He made his debut into public life by way of his picture on the cover of a rose catalog. His first moving picture, made when he was three years old, was "Each Pearl a Tear," with Fannie Ward. Others made before "Hearts of the World" are "Big Tremaine," with the late Harold Lockwood; "What Money Cant Buy," with Louise Huff and Jack Pickford; and "The Little American," with Mary Pickford.

Later pictures are "The Lady of the Dug-out," with Al Jennings; "The Better Wife," with Clara Kimball Young; "The Turn of the Road," for King Vidor; "The White Heather," for Maurice Tourneur; and "Josselyn's Wife," with Bessie Barriscale.

"Ben," I asked one day, "how on earth do you manage to cry in a scene? I've watched grown-up actors work, and they seem to have all sorts of trouble."

"Why, I just pretend like I'm sad," answered Ben, "and then I cry."

He pretends not only on the set, but all of the time, because that belongs to his nature, and, by the same token, he is never "fresh," never shows off and is never self-conscious. He doesn't even tell you what he is going to pretend beforehand; he just slips into the Land of Make-Believe and lets you follow him if you can. If you cant—well, then, you and Ben will be talking from opposite worlds, if he manages to talk with you at all! I've seen him pet a dining-room table very earnestly and affectionately, and I didn't dare ask him whether it was a horse or a dog. I could go over and pet it, too, and he would say, "Dont you think this is a pretty horse?" (or dog, whichever it happened to be). But to ask him right out what it was would be fatal; it wouldn't be playing the game.

Ben came home one day, a few weeks ago, and calmly informed his mother that

(Seventy-eight)



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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

he had just gotten married. His mother asked him about the young lady.

"Well," he said, "she is the daughter of a minister, and she has been married before, but she's not quite as old as I am; she's five."

"Who was her first husband?" asked Mrs. Alexander.

"I don't know," answered Ben, "but I don't think she liked him much or she wouldn't have divorced him."

"Oh, she divorced him, did she? And when were you married?"

"This morning. We got the book out of her father's library and he read out of it. But we didn't have a ring and her father wouldn't lend me one."

This, of course, ruined the ceremony. Ben has never worked in a picture where the marriage ceremony was performed without a ring, so he and his little sweetheart will have to get married all over again.

The photographer was making pictures to go with this story.

"I wish Ben had a dog," he said. "I'd like to show him holding one in his arms."

"I tell you," Ben said to the photographer; "Elizabeth will be the dog."

(Doubtless the photographer would have agreed to this suggestion if he had known what a very good dog I can pretend to be. I once chased Ben all over the lot at the Brunton studio with the firm intention of biting him, because he spanked me, and I would have done it, too, if he hadn't slipped on the gravel walk and skinned up his knees and elbows and hadn't cried.)

"What kind of a dog is it?" asked the photographer, who can pretend a little himself on occasion.

"A collie," said Ben.

The photographer shook his head. "Sorry, Ben, but I couldn't possibly use a collie." And the day was saved.

Is the Land of Make-Believe real? Why, of course it is! How else, than by living in it, could a boy of six, by his own efforts, achieve greatness? And Ben has achieved greatness; he is known all over the world.

After all, no one can say with absolute surety that fairies do not exist, because he or she has never happened to have seen one. Perhaps the mother who destroys her child's dream by carelessly saying "There is no such thing" is destroying her little one's chance for future happiness!

Every one has lived in the Land of Make-Believe at some time or other, and it is not absolutely necessary to leave it behind as you go down the years. So the first verse of "Over the Hills and Far Away" isn't sad at all. Remember?

Over the hills and far away,
A little boy steals from his morning play,
And under the blossoming apple tree,
He lies and dreams of the things to be;
Of battles fought and of victories won;
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done;
Of the valor that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away.

(Seventy-nine)

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out*? Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't 'most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only, maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of this kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.

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The "Once-Upon-a-Time" Girl (Continued from page 21)

of this once-upon-a-time young person that when she talks of these real people and the people with ability she never, even in thought, includes herself. Her entire attitude, expressed and unexpressed, is "Who am I that I should hold myself in high esteem?"

She thinks her mother and dad are the dearest people in all the world, and when she has a "lot of money," her main ambition is to buy back the old homestead where she was born and convert it into a home for destitute children.

She still tells of her first job, which was to pose for Harrison Fisher, with honest awe in her manner. "Whatever may come to me in life," she said, "it will never have the thrill I felt when Mr. Fisher asked me to pose for him."

She doesn't want to go on the stage. Just doesn't care about it. "Pictures are for me," she said, "and I am going to stick to them. I don't believe in divided and subdivided aims."

She always, *always* wears black, or old blue, or a mixture of both.

She has a hobby for kimonos and has a remarkable collection of them, more in the way of quality than quantity.

She is emphatically *not* extravagant. She loves rare perfumes.

Her idea of a home is concentrated upon one room which, she told me, with the wide eyes of a child, should be hung in black velvet and strewn with old blue velvet chairs and divans and have a marble fountain playing in the center. "There would be attendants," she said, "to fan me and rub me. I think harems must be lovely—only I'd probably be doing the fanning instead of being fanned."

Which is quite, quite probable . . . knowing Rubye de Remer.

She has a host of friends, and "Everybody just loves Ruby" is their slogan. It isn't as the "most beautiful blonde since Venus" that those old Denver friends greeted her, nor yet as the girl whom World Films is starring and whose pictures are circumnavigating the globe, but just as "Rubye dear" who went to school with them.

She has a duck of a new Romer car. "I don't consider it an extravagance," she told me, seriously speculative. "You see I just have to have something to take me back and forth to the studio, or I would be fagged out and tired-looking, and there would be no profit in that. I feel like a child with a new toy."

There is never a night, no matter at what hour she retires—this was confided to me by her chum, who lives with her at her hotel—that she doesn't get down on her knees by the side of her bed and say her prayers. And she does not need to pray to be made a child again, just for tonight, for she has kept thru fame and fortune, fair and ill, the ready laughter, the dear unself-consciousness, the clear heart of the eternal child, than which no art is finer, no power stronger, no magic deeper.

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

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Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

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Girls

(Continued from page 42)

Appleton Holt determined to solve.

For one so experienced in the fine art of love-making, he made a good many blunders. It was on one of these occasions that Pamela faced him with fury-colored cheeks and dangerous eyes. "What is it you want?" she asked him, a bit breathlessly. "You're doing this for a purpose—what is it?"

And here Edgar Holt made his greatest blunder of all.

"You are the purpose, Pamela—you!" He saw her shrink and falter from him, and hurried on, tripping over the words. "I loved you the moment I saw you that night—you're so different from other girls! There's no one like you in all the world—"

"Stop!" she spoke sharply. "I know those words by heart—another man taught them to me. Thank God, I know now what a lie they are!"

They were alone in Sprague's office for the moment, and he bent to her, crushing the little hands that fumbled among the typewriter keys in his big clasp. "Pamela, what can I say to make you believe me—what can I do?"

"Nothing," she spoke dully; "nothing. I shall never believe in a man again. And now wont you please—go away?"

The next morning an elderly woman with a structural steel frame and bone spectacles greeted Edgar's horrified eyes when he entered his uncle's office. His heart felt like a punctured tire as he turned to the scowling Sprague. "Where's—Miss Gordon?"

"How do I know?" growled his uncle. "Said good-night, as usual, last night, and this morning this—griffin appeared, said Miss Gordon had sent her, as it would be impossible for her to hold her position any longer. Only stenographer I ever had that knew whether receive was *ei* or *ie*. What did you say to her, you young scoundrel?"

"Nothing," Edgar assured him, dismally, "nothing at all except that I loved her, and wanted her to marry me more than anything in the world and a few little things like that; but she wouldn't listen to me."

"Turned you down, eh?" pondered old Sprague. "Well, didn't I always say that girl had sense?"

In the studio Pamela got down the Bacchante, dusted the crumbly nose and put on her modeling apron. "Back to my career!" she announced to Violet, briskly; "back to my career!" She placed a sticky clay grape-leaf over the Bacchante's brow. "Tonight we'll hold a meeting of the Man-Haters' League."

Violet avoided her eyes. "I'm sorry, Pam, but tonight I've got an—engagement. Dont—dont wait up for me."

The day dragged interminably. The pale, sickly light straggling in at the air-shaft window washed the studio with gloom. Presently it began to rain, with a hissing sound as the drops swept down the shaft. The woman above scolded her children shrilly and unceasingly. A

dank odor of boiling cabbage seeped into the room.

Pamela lit the gas jets, made herself a cup of tea, only to find that there were no lemons in the cupboard, put five different noses on the Bacchante, varying from Roman to Hibernian, and finally cast herself upon the model stand and wept.

And in the midst of her weeping the door-bell rang, and the elevator boy handed her two telegrams. They were very short, and strangely alike:

DEAR PAM—I have just married the head bookkeeper in my office. He is a prince, and I am the happiest girl in the world. Lovingly, VIOLET.

DEAR PAM—I have just married the press agent at the theater. He is an angel, and I am the happiest girl in the world. Lovingly, KATE.

Again Pamela cast herself upon the model throne and wept, and this time she wept because there were little four-room flats in Harlem that had cretonne curtains at the windows, and wicker chairs and a dainty white dinner-table set for two. And once again the door-bell rang.

Edgar Holt looked down from his great height at the tear-streaked face with an absurd meekness that camouflaged his sudden hungry impulse to sweep this small, stubborn, beloved man-hater off her feet and into his arms. "I'm here to read the gas-meter," he began gaily, and suddenly choked. "Pam, you ran away. What made you run away from me, sweetheart? Was it, I wonder—was it because you were afraid you might like me—just a little if you stayed?"

The dark head went up. "Of course it wasn't," Pamela declared, in a voice like tinkling ice. "I'm not in the least afraid."

"There was something I wanted to say," hinted Edgar, "if I should be invited in—"

"You forget," Pamela reminded him, sternly, "you forget the rule—'no man shall step across the threshold of the door!'"

A moment later she stood, staring blankly toward the stairs. He was gone! He had bowed gravely and gone away—and he would never come back again. Not that she cared, of course, still he might have waited to see whether she meant what she said. And, of course, she *did* mean what she said. Still . . .

She was standing desolately by the open door, when she heard his voice again, above her, behind. "There wasn't any ironing-board this time, so I had to use a shutter."

With a little, quivery cry she turned, and found herself caught up, held close in a pair of strong arms that would not let her go. Not, however, that she tried the experiment to see. Shamelessly she clung to him, sobbing against his collar. "But—suppose the shutter had broken! Oh, how *could* you do such a reckless thing? It's nine stories up—why, you might have been *killed*!"

(Continued on page 87)

What makes a successful photoplay writer?

Read this interesting experience-record of men and women who have won name and fame and money writing for the screen

Why do some people succeed at photoplay writing—and others fail? Is it a special talent—an unusual "knack"—a God-given gift bestowed upon the few and denied to the many? Why are moving picture studios deluged with a steady stream of manuscript; and yet, despite all this, why are producers clamoring for photoplays that are off the beaten path—stories that pulsate with realism and that develop unexpected "twists" and "angles" at every turn?

What are the ingredients that go into a successful photoplay; and how can you blend them to best advantage? What is the vital story-structure around which ALL successful photoplays are built—and how can you learn it?

If you are interested in these questions—and you are!—you will be interested in the experiences of those who asked these self-same questions and who found the answer to them in the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. Here, for example, is a letter from one of our students—just as it came to our desk the other day:

"My impression of photoplay correspondence schools was bitterly uncomplimentary. It was only to please an insistent friend that I signed up for a course of study with the Palmer Plan. Up to this time I had not been able to find out from personal interviews, by letter, or by reading books on the subject, just what was required to make a photoplay saleable. My work had one fault in particular. Always I was told of it, but never was I shown just how to overcome it. I opened the Palmer Plan lessons half-heartedly enough. One is never vitally interested in something done on the wave of a friend's enthusiasm. But almost immediately I was interested."

"When I put the lessons down I realized that here was a plan that *would* work! The essential points in photoplay writing had been selected and were made clear. More than this—the thought to be conveyed to the student was hammered in until it 'registered.' I wrote a play and checked up the points that tallied with the Palmer Plan lessons I had learned—and I trusted to luck about the old fault that had stood out so conspicuously."

"My play came back to me for revision. My weak spot had been discovered, and another one, too. But—here is the point I want to rub in: I was told just exactly and precisely how to master these faults of construction. I wrote another play, and applied the prescribed remedy. It worked like a charm. At any rate, my play, 'Diamonds and Dafoedis,' was immediately sold and is now being produced as a five-reel picture. This is the first play I have ever been able to sell and I do not hesitate to say that the sale of this play was due almost entirely to the splendid help I received from the Palmer Photoplay Corporation."

(Name and address of the writer on request)

Hardly a day goes by but what we receive a letter from some grateful member with the story of his or her success. One member, after struggling unsuccessfully for years, received \$500 for his first photoplay marketed through us. Another secured a staff position three weeks after enrollment. Another member succeeded in having his very first story accepted and produced. Another rose in a few months from an underpaid clerical position to Assistant Managing Editor of one of the largest film companies. Still another—a busy housewife and mother of four children—is earning over \$200 monthly from spare-time work.

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If you want to know about the famine in photoplays—the top-notch prices (\$100 to \$1,000) producers are paying for acceptable material and how eager they are to welcome Palmer-trained writers—send today for our new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Explains the Palmer Plan in detail—shows the practical advantages of our Personal Advisory Service and Manuscript Sales Department—shows our iron-clad, money-back Guarantee. Your copy is waiting for you—and it's *free*! Mail the coupon NOW!

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The Beauteous Yvonne

(Continued from page 26)

We did not get to Philadelphia until the show was over!

"It was late, and the hotel clerk whom we approached thought we were crazy, demanding two rooms—and having no baggage. But we persisted. I kept waving the vanity box high above my head until I finally impressed it upon his mind we were fully equipped.

"To sleep, certainly, would have been ridiculous. Most people go to that town for that, but we had come to see 'Penny.' We did not pay any attention to the clock, you can be sure. A few hours later we were happily engaged in our visit, and after breakfast we were en route again to Broadway and our rehearsal for our premiere that night.

"Until I was eighteen all my days were spent up North. That's the climate for you. Every month is as it should be. Winter is freezing and summer is hot. That's where people get their chance to live and a chance to have fun, which, after all, is my idea of living. School in Canada meant one important thing to me. It was not so much study as the sporting life of the outdoors and the ideal companionship of young boys and girls. I never crammed. I never fretted over examinations.

"I loved the theater. I was crazy about music. And there was nothing like the motion of dancing. Immediately after I left college I ran off with Joseph Santley's company in 'When Dreams Come True.' It didn't last a long time, but it was enough to make me want more, so the next season I went, under the Ziegfeld-Dillingham management, in 'The Century Girl.' I never worked so hard before. Eight times a week with the show, and every single night, after the performance, I danced and sang in the Coconut Grove on the Roof.

"I went with the Follies after that for one season.

"So far I have done only one picture for Mr. Rothapfel. Association with him is a treat. But I do wish we didn't have to rehearse so excessively. That is what takes all the realism out of it. If I am told to do a thing, I can do it spontaneously, at once. But I cannot drill and drill and then, after the seventh performance, act as tho it were natural. I suppose I'll get used to it. And won't it be funny if the movies is the one medium that can make me learn poise and restraint!"

The door banged open. A golden little boy stood on the threshold. Yvonne's three-year-old brother, Jerome, was duly introduced to me. She hummed "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," but didn't have time for "Tra-la!" before the telephone jangled, and the maid entered to announce, "Miss Leslie."

"Please tell her," spake Miss Shelton, continuing to shimmy, "to get tickets for 'Tumble In' and to telephone Flo and ask her to come along. I'll call for them at eight."

(Continued on page 88)

(Eighty-two)

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Griffith Renews Old Promises

(Continued from page 23)

the film that was going to show the routine directors what the master could do in their medium. But since then have come "The Greatest Thing in Life," "A Romance of Happy Valley," "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" and finally "Broken Blossoms." While the first three have lots of the old sure-fire tricks—races, rescues, robberies, sudden business failures—there is a smooth, consistent finish to them, there is power without pretentiousness, and there is more and more of the human. "Broken Blossoms" is a remarkable rule unto itself.

None except "Broken Blossoms" has—or even attempts—that economical close-cut technique which Ince and Neilan and Tucker have made characteristic of the best in the photoplay. But they all have the Griffith quality of weaving a vast number of threads into a single design, and in three or four spots they have some things that mean much for the art of the movies.

These have nothing to do with Griffiths' genius as a coach, as an inventor of business, or as a remarkable senser of the popular taste. One is a matter of characterization, the other of technique.

In "The Greatest Thing in Life," Griffith gave desperate and disillusioned admirers of the screen the hope that characterization might compete with plot. There he won his audience not half so much by the brilliant battle scenes as by the interesting picture of a rich young snob falling in love with a "common little girl" and admitting her commonness along with his love. In "A Romance of Happy Valley" he got clear away from "long shots" and thousands of actors and enriched his canvas with portraits of small-town people, including a young gawk for a hero and a potential old maid for a heroine. He couldn't trust his audiences to love this as they actually did, and he gave the story a melodramatic "trick" ending; but he did characterize, and he did the same thing to a certain extent in his next, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Far more interesting and far more important was Griffith's introduction of the "soft-focus" of art photography, first in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Griffith is always experimenting with new technical effects. He tried color in "Intolerance," blacked-out horizons in "Hearts of the World," night photography in "The Great Love" and a translucent screen lit from behind in "Broken Blossoms." Most of these departures, however good, have not been worth the trouble, because of the contrast between the new treatment and the old which Griffith has been content to permit in juxtaposed scenes. There was something of this same contrast, a great deal, in fact, in his "soft focus" close-ups in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," but the effect was only to point the splendid possibilities in the new method.

There were a dozen really beautiful close-ups in this film. The composition

and the lighting, as well as the softened treatment, made those mastodonic faces, for the first time, something besides offensive or merely exciting. At one point the soft-focus was used, however, not so much to give beauty as to heighten emotion, and the result was astonishing. A soldier was parting from a little cabaret dancer, just before he sailed. She was entertaining him at supper in her room, and we looked across the table at her, as he was doing. We saw more than he did, of course, for in this strange, soft, almost vague view of her thru the new lens we caught both the frail, ephemeral quality of the girl and hysterical, nervous fervor with which she loved, the flame of desperate devotion that had been set burning in her. It is an almost impossible thing to describe, but the emotion of that face was many times more keen and visible because of its removal from the exact reality of ordinary, sharp motion picture photography. The realization of this became a dreadful certainty when the brief close-up was over and we flashed to both figures. All we found was the stupid, harsh reality of the physical man and the physical girl and all the hundred details of the room and food and clothes. Suddenly we saw again that close-up, its emotion—and its possibilities. These possibilities Griffith has plumbed almost to their depths in "Broken Blossoms." The result is the only fundamental and important contribution to the advance of the photoplay made in four years.

Even in "Broken Blossoms," however, Griffith has almost succeeded in getting us off the trail of his best work by a lot of elaborate tricks of presentation which are largely specious and certainly have nothing to do with the two fundamental virtues of the film—its photographic departures and its simple and tragic characterization. A great deal of bosh has been written about Griffith's trick of staining shadows blue or pink by throwing a light from the back of a translucent screen. It is interesting enough. It gives a tinting and toning with living light far more striking than any attained by dyes. But it creates, in my opinion, no permanent values greater than the beauties of Mr. Bitzer's own photographic shadows, and it has the same failing as Griffith's other attempts to use color in parts of "Intolerance" and night photography in parts of "The Great Love." The scenes thus treated stand out as if they were in another medium and lose all proper structural relationship to episodes in the same settings projected in the ordinary manner. There is an emotion in light-tinted scenes which Griffith manifestly aims at, but there is an emotional and intellectual contrast far greater than smoothness of story can permit. Moreover, the brilliant blue of the shadows distracts the eye from what should be the center of attention, the high lights of the human faces.

But the failure or virtue of this trick is nothing compared to the splendid experi-

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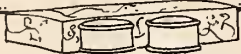
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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS

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ments—almost all strikingly successful—which "Broken Blossoms" makes in the realm of "art photography." The soft-focus is used with great beauty in the close-ups of the Chinaman, and with immense emotion effect in those of the girl. It reaches a staggering power when the tortured thing is twisting and turning and flinging desperately about in the closet while her father beats on the door. The effect of mad terror is shattering. Only—did you catch the disillusioning contrast when Griffith flashed to a longer shot and let you see for an instant a sharply defined and comparatively emotionless glimpse of her face? Obviously it is necessary to handle transitions in and out of the soft-focus with tremendous care.

In "Broken Blossoms," Griffith carries the soft-focus, his newest and in some ways his greatest contribution to screen technique, even farther. He uses it in a number of long shots, such as scenes in the temple, on the Chinese river and in the opium den. In every case it is beautifully successful. Not only does it emphasize the qualities of light and composition, but it gives much more of character to these scenes, much more of the sort of emotion which we would get from paintings or etchings of the episodes. The future use of this departure by other directors will make very interesting watching.

Of course, behind and above all the tricks and technical improvements of "Broken Blossoms" is the manner in which the story is arranged and acted. This is faultless, absolutely faultless. The narrative flows smoothly and convincingly, without distortion and with entire emotion directness and clarity. So far as loyalty to character and story go, Griffith and a few other directors could have done this long ago—if they had had the courage or the foresight to believe in true art instead of specious entertainment. Griffith now believes again, as he believed in the days of "The Avenging Conscience," and this time the answer of the public is favorable. Consistency is indeed a jewel, and truth a thing of rare price.

But there is something more to be said about Griffith on the score of "Broken Blossoms," and it is not so easy to say. Unquestionably it is a terrible, brutal, almost sadistic photoplay. It wrings your heart with pity for the abused child, but the physical and spiritual cruelties to which it makes you witness are so terrible that somehow you leave the theater with a feeling that the moving picture is in perilous danger of becoming the Roman Coliseum of the twentieth century. The art of Griffith is immense, undeniable and unapproachable. But are these horrors, these brutalities, these physical and spiritual tortures, which stretch thru his plays from "The Escape" onward a temperamental weakness in a great artist, or the ultimate, inevitable goal of the wordless art of pictures? The problem is a grave one indeed for the future of the screen.

Avalanche of Entries at Contest's End

(Continued from page 45)

has had no stage or screen experience.

Adair McDonald, of the Chandler Bldg., Boone, Iowa. Miss McDonald has captured a prize for her oratorical ability and she has appeared in amateur theatricals and recitals. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is just a bit over five feet in height.

Shirley Blackshaw, of 260 Laurel Street, Manchester, N. H. Miss Blackshaw submitted a large number of snapshots which seem to reveal an unusual ability to catch appealing poses. She is five feet two inches in height, and has brown hair and brown eyes.

The most interesting days of the whole contest are those just ahead. Fame and fortune—in every sense of the words—are waiting some lucky young woman or man whose picture has been accepted for one of the honor rolls. Today he or she is practically unknown, a year from now his or her name will be known in every land of the earth. Three magazines—THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and the new SHADOWLAND—will combine to make her world-famous.

Two years' publicity in the three magazines is guaranteed to the winner. This, as has been explained before, will include interviews, articles, pictures and even color covers. It will be the sort of publicity that cannot be purchased at any price. Moreover, the three magazines will procure an initial position for the winner and give later aid if necessary.

Now a word upon the return of photographs: As far as has been possible, considering the thousands of pictures received almost daily, the portraits to which stamps were attached have been returned as fast as the judges considered them. However, if you have not already received your pictures back, after having stamps attached to them in accordance with the rules, do not write to us. You will receive them as soon as they can be handled. Portraits to which no stamps were attached will not be returned. It is also impossible for the contest staff to handle requests to return these now, even when postage is forwarded. It is utterly impossible to go thru the tremendous mass of unstamped portraits to seek out any special pictures. The judges regret that this rule must be adhered to, in order to facilitate the closing of the contest and the awarding of the final prize.

In the cast of Cecil De Mille's "The Admirable Crichton," based on the Barrie play, is Bebe Daniels, long a foil for Harold Lloyd. Bebe has a small rôle, and others in the cast are Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan and Theodore Roberts.

Madge Kennedy is New Yorking.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, reopened their summer place at Bay-side, L. I., early in June. Constance Talmadge and Mamma Talmadge occupy a home nearby.

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FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. N., Jackson, Mich.

The Career of Katherine Bush (Continued from page 77)

if necessary and her belief in herself to the extent that only an initial purchase price would be necessary.

The Duke of Mordryn's face was drawn. "What did you pay," he asked, thinly, "for your initial price?"

Katherine's face reflected the golden glow of a dream too sweet to last. She spoke of it as such. "In a dream," she said, "in something of my youth. In pain . . . but mostly in a dream . . . a dream that I trampled . . . under my feet."

A silence fell on the little room. Mordryn spoke at last. "I suppose you know," he said, "that I loved you—at once?" "Yes," said Katherine.

"So much," the Duke went on, "that neither time nor circumstance, nor you, nor I, nor anything we do or are can subtract from it or add a whit to it. It is fundamental. It just is."

"Yes."
"There is power in you," the man went on, "and passion and immensity. You are something of the woman of all times. Yet you are poignantly yourself. My dear, I love you. There is no need of further speech between you—and me."

"No," said Katherine, and suddenly her level eyes met his, and widened, and her white, strong hands reached over to his, and she went to his heart.

"I did not think," she said, in her clear voice, grown throaty and deep, "that power . . . power which I love . . . would come to me . . . led by—ah, led by love, my dear!"

The Gladiator of the Cinema (Continued from page 19)

personal observation, I have discovered that his best consists of making life easier and more pleasant for every chauffeur, actor, actress or acquaintance that he comes in contact with.

He has always a ready joke to lighten the downhearted, an open purse to those in hard luck. He will spend hours trying to entertain people who have no vital connection with his life, but who he knows have had some affliction.

He is generally happy and not struggling after some evanescent desire.

After all, to keep one's body in correct physical condition and to live each day so that one's conscience is clear is rather an ideal existence in this day of complicated theories and motivation.

The Dominating Diva (Continued from page 68)

Yet the most vivid insight into Miss Farrar's real self is when she laughed with genuine gusto over her famous fight in "Carmen." "They did not believe I had strength," she laughed, "but they did after that fight. Poor Thomas Santschi! Ask him how he has had to defend himself in his scenes with me!"

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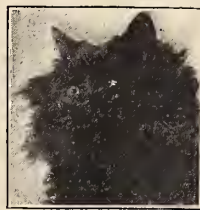
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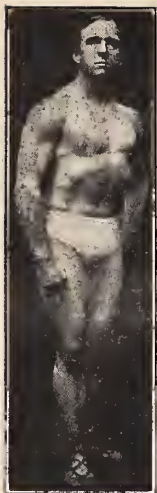
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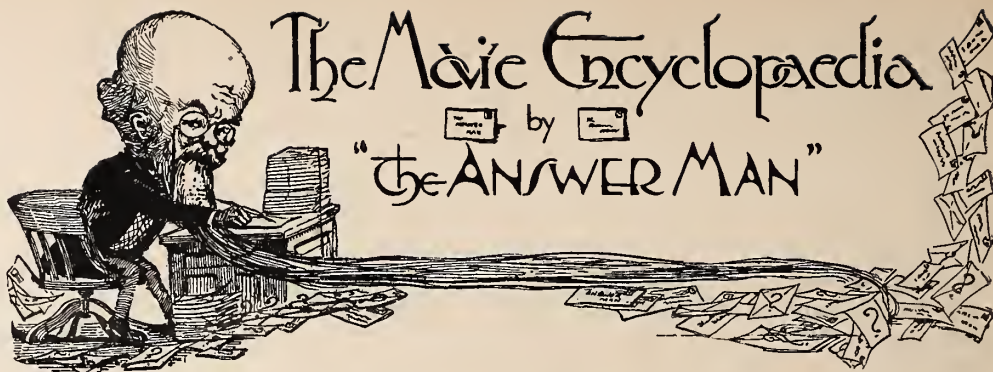
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MONSIEUR LE SOUTHLAND.—Greetings! Yes, my oscillating fan is oscillating at the rate of a hundred revolves a minute. Mme. Nazimova is Russian, born in 1879. Lou-Tellegen is playing opposite his wife.

PET.—Yes, child, but, after all, it is better to remain good and not try to be beautiful—the high cost of beauty is too much. Ruth Stonehouse is in Hollywood. Doris Baker with Fox.

M. YOUTELLEM.—Yes, Lillian Gish is natural. B natural is the sweetest note ever struck by a director, and Griffith usually strikes it. Milton Sills to play opposite Pauline Frederick.

CURIOSITY SHOP.—No trouble at all in answering yours. Enid Bennett was born in York, Western Australia. She was educated in Perth. She has light hair, grey eyes, weighs 102 and stands 5 ft. 3 in. Lillian Walker is playing opposite Warren Kerrigan in his next release.

JOHN BULL.—Oh, well, inconsistencies often "get by" the best directors. Betty Compson is with Triangle. Am looking up the other.

MALVINA M. Y.—You address me "Dear \$9.50 per week." Nice thing to call a fellow. No, indeed, I don't expect a dry summer; I have been soaked every day so far—perspiring, you know. Jean Sothorn was the sister. Thanks for the love you sent.

ESTHER M.—Oh, it pleases me much to have praise when I deserve it, but it joys me more to deserve praise when I have it. As I understand it, Mrs. Sidney Drew is to continue in comedies. Mae Gaston was Betty in "The Silent Mystery." Ruth Roland was in to see me the other day. No, she is not married. Fine girl is Ruth.

NAT.—Howdy, Nat! Tom Forman is not married. He came very near being, tho. You can reach him in Los Angeles, Cal.

MERRIDY.—Listen, now: A-vi-a-tion, with the accent on the third syllable. Nazimova is pronounced Na-zi-mo-va, accent on the second syllable, altho some people place the accent on the third. Mc-A-doo, accent on the first syllable. Baby Marie Osborne is with Ince now. Harrison Ford. Yes, send 25c.

LOIS.—Don't agree with you at all; less charity and more justice is what the world wants. Norma Talmadge about 23; Alice Brady about the same, with a wee bit added.

PEP.—That's what everybody should have, but exaggeration always weakens. William Rockefeller is living in New York City. Sure thing he reads THE CLASSIC. Who don't? Well, I've heard that mothers make men, and wives mend them. Lillian Gish is in New York now.

SOUP BUNCH.—You want a cover of Charles Ray and Richard Barthelmess. Why, Trinity Church and its graveyard are in the heart of one of the busiest centers in New York City. Trinity Church obtained the site by a grant from the King of England. It has no original owners save the Dutch Government and the Indians from whom the Dutch bought Manhattan Island.

CARL M.—Lew Cody is in New York at

present. I note the passing of the chorus girl. They are now indexed as "Ladies of the Ensemble." Imagine a Johnny boasting that he took out a lady of the ensemble!

CURLEY HEAD.—Remember, if you excel others you must expect to have enemies. Mary Boland, Martha Mansfield and Lucille Lee Stewart are going to play with Eugene O'Brien in Selznick pictures. Ralph Ince will direct. Guess Eugene knows how to pick beauties.

N. N.—Yes, that's true, but every married man should join some good society, and as good as the best is the society of his wife and children. Don't mind at all, Pearl White is just 30.

DING.—Is this where you ring in? No, G. M. Anderson, Maurice Costello, Mildred Gregory and Gene Gauntier are not playing now. David Butler in that.

ELIZABETH S.—You think it is a shame to feed horses on grass. Bosh! Why, that's the most natural food for a horse. No other food will keep a horse so healthy and strong and make him live as long. Marc MacDermott is in New York City just now. There are a few French actresses here.

MOREAU O.—Bon jour! Sylvia Breamer is at the Blackton Studio, 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. You should eat to live, not live to eat. Douglas McLean will play opposite Doris Kenyon in Paramount pictures produced by Thomas Ince. She is going on the stage again this fall. Some directors, those Inces.

JO.—Let me see, Herbert Rawlinson was born in England, he isn't married, and he was lately playing opposite Sylvia Breamer. But it is true that when a man marries he makes many sacrifices. He is ready to give up everything but his pipe, his cocktail, his pals, his dinners, his golf and his club.

DUTCH.—Rolin Sturgeon is directing for Universal. Billy Mason has gone in vaudeville. King George had a birthday June 5th. His Christian name is George Frederick Ernest Albert—that's all. Just a few more than I have. He must have gotten a lot of presents when he was young. I'll watch out.

BON AML.—Is that how you shine? Yes, you're right, many people would reform if they were not expected to refund. A photograph of me? Zounds and gadzooks, begone.

MRS. C. W.—Always glad to hear from the wives, you know. Sorry, but I cannot give you the name of the girl in "Youth and Mirth."

LAUREN.—Oh, but you shouldn't ask me who my favorite star is. I have found that if you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already. Elaine Hammerstein, Olive Thomas and Eugene O'Brien are in the East playing for Selznick.

JOE.—You want an interview with Ralph Graves. As I sit here stroking my grey beard, sighing like a furnace, I should say a "Sinking Fund" is a fund set apart from earnings or other sources of income for the redemption of debts of government or other corporations.

The Menace of the De Luxe Theater

(Continued from page 22)

to have discernment enough to hold David Griffith at any price, the doom of General Film was sealed.

Then came the four- and five-reel feature and the era of cut-throat film competition which is just closing. The cost of production, saddled by the enormous overhead expenses, the high salaries and the maintaining of many distribution systems where two or three would have sufficed, has been steadily crowding the exhibitor to the wall. Film rentals have mounted tremendously. The small theater has been disappearing and only the big house has been able to come thru the storm with financial profit. Thus we now have the domination of the de luxe theater.

There seems no question but that the de luxe theater is hurting the photoplay. It is holding it in a certain standardized five-reel length, based upon the running time of the theater program. Exhibitors, as Mr. Griffith says, do not hesitate to cut a production as they wish. Moreover, these exhibitors are controlling production by demanding certain types of sugar-coated film drama. To reach the public at present, a director must cater to their wishes.

The de luxe theater era has seen the attempt of various organizations to tie up the field, but each time the attempt has failed for basically the same reason that the old General Film collapsed. Here, instead of a number of weak companies dragging down two or three successful concerns, a number of weak stars have been forced upon exhibitors in return for their playing of a few winners. That is the secret why the program can never endure. Exhibitors cannot afford to play a whole program, when the non-drawing power of certain players far offsets the drawing power of others. The ultimate death of the program was hurried by the greed of producers who began to put their best drawing-cards in "specials," making exhibitors pay more for these productions.

This brought the big exhibitors to the point of entering the producing and releasing game themselves. Witness the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, the United, and others.

And now comes the latest move. The control of the New York Rialto and Rivoli theaters has been acquired by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation or a syndicate "friendly" to its interests, according to rumor. This is said to be a prelude to a movement to acquire a chain of theaters across country.

This new move might stabilize the industry if—

One producing organization existed big enough to supply life blood to the theaters of the country.

Just now no such organization exists. It is better so, of course, since the relief would be but temporary. Its collapse would ultimately come, just as the old licensed organization fell. Be that as it may, however, the whole screen field

shows no organization contributing to the progress of the photoplay as did, for a time, the General Film, Triangle and Famous Players-Lasky.

The coming of the "Big Four" is a milestone of progress. The United Artists' Corporation, numbering David Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, announces that each factor will make four pictures a year, sixteen in all, and that any one or all may be secured by open booking. That is, it will not be necessary to contract for all of them in order to play any one of them, as it has been in the past with program production.

But can the so-called open releasing succeed? Let Exhibitor Brown play the first Mary Pickford picture. He advertises it heavily, stages it elaborately, reaps a big reward in attendance. His rival, Exhibitor Black, located just across the street, sees the success of the picture, rushes to the nearest exchange and gets the second Pickford production for his theater. Thus Brown loses the benefit of his own farsightedness and Black benefits by his rival's advertising.

Yet the open market is at least a step in the right direction. It is clear that the whole situation is shaping towards one thing:

The making of fewer and better photoplays, which, ultimately, will be handled and booked much as legitimate theatrical attractions. They will play runs dependent upon the size of the town or city and the value of the production. They will be staged by the producer himself.

Such productions will play a year or more across country. Return engagements will be frequent. All this portends the disappearance of the makeshift stars, the steady advance of the really able stars and the coming of the scenario writer into his own. Photoplaywrights will be paid on the royalty basis, just as stage playwrights are now paid.

Meanwhile, however, the motion picture industry presents all the peaceful aspects of an afternoon in Petrograd. Russia has nothing on the screen today when it comes to chaos.

Girls

(Continued from page 81)

"I was trying to keep you from breaking your rules," he told her, whimsically. "However, it's not much use, because you're going to break another one of them this very afternoon—the one about not marrying any man."

Pamela laughed out softly. "Why, we're not any of us breaking that rule! Violet didn't marry a man—she married a 'prince' and Kate married an 'angel,' and I'm not going to break it, either."

"And how's that, sweetheart?" Edgar asked.

She drew his head down to her lips. "I'm not going to marry 'any man,'" she whispered, happily, "because—oh, silly, can't you see? Because I'm going to marry the *only* man in all the world!"



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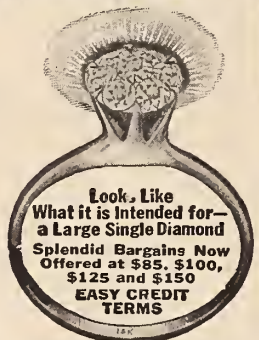
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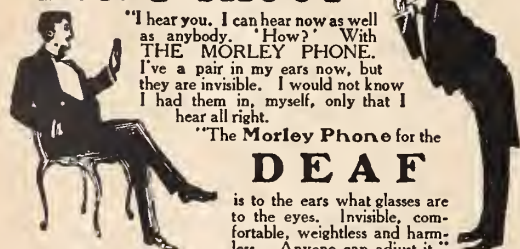
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The Hoodlum

(Continued from page 52)

hasn't been discovered yet. If people with money liked to collect music lessons for waifs and milk for babies and eye treatments for wash-women and things like that instead of old masters and Venetian glass!"

She sprang to her feet startlingly. "Why, do you know, John Graham—he's the artist man—was in jail once? He told me so, and he told me why, too. A rich man he worked for did something that wasn't honest and put the blame off on him, and that rich man was—my—grandfather!"

The room was very silent. The old man in the broken arm-chair did not stir or speak, only looked steadily at the quivering face of the girl before him, shame-colored in its golden frame of curls. Then, slowly, "You seem to take it to heart, my dear. Is it because this young man—"

Amy did not quite meet his eyes. "I was thinking about an old man," she said. "If I could only tell the old dear what I've found out, but he wouldn't listen. Grandfather believes nobody but himself, not even God!"

Long after she had left him the man in the chair sat staring ahead of him with eyes that were curiously like the stern grey gaze of Alexander Guthrie, save for one thing. No one, not even his guardian angel, had ever seen tears in Alexander Guthrie's eyes.

Late the next evening two shadows approached the dark, silent bulk of the Guthrie mansion, with careful avoidance of the arc light on the street corner.

"This way—round to the coal-chute at the back," sibilated the short shadow. "I've always wanted to slide down it, and now I'm going to!"

The descent was made safely, tho with some detriment to appearance and apparel. When his eyes rested on the small figure that admitted him thru the kitchen door, John Graham uttered a chuckle, stifled in its infancy by a sooty paw placed firmly across his mouth.

"You're a swell burglar, you are!" hissed Amy, indignantly.

"Well, you see I'm an amateur," he whispered remorsefully. "But seriously, Amy, I'm sorry I let you in for this now. It's a bad matter to open a safe, even to find the proofs of a man's good name. If we should be caught—"

"Oh, can de sob stuff!" Amy of Craigen Street muttered. "Didn't I tell you I ust' woik f'r de guy dat lives here? I know de place, and anyhow, the old dear—I mean de owner—is in Europe. Buck up an' follow me!"

She was leading the way thru the shadowy kitchen, but his hand on her arm restrained her; his voice, infinitely tender, was in her ears. "Amy, you brave little pal—Amy, why are you doing this for me?"

She wriggled from him, breathing fast. "Oh, because—because I'm a hoodlum!"

Before he could recapture her she was

speeding up the stairs, and he perforce must follow as noiselessly as possible. And on the topmost step he stumbled violently and uttered a sharp exclamation. The two novices in the gentle art of housebreaking clung together, gasping.

"Now," said Amy, tragically, "you have upset the apple-cart!"

Her foreboding was correct. In the upper regions feet sounded, doors opened, then the click of a switch filled the hall with blinding light, in which the tall, gaunt figure of Alexander Guthrie stood outlined on the landing above them.

For a moment no one spoke, then the old man leveled a tragic forefinger. "Amy, you a housebreaker!"

"I—I thought you were in Europe, old dear," Amy faltered. "Grandfather, this is John Graham, the man you sent to prison, the man whose good name you've got locked up in your safe—that's what we came to get back. It's you that are the thief, for you stole it from him—"

"Amy," Alexander Guthrie begged her, brokenly, "Amy, I deserve it, I suppose, but I've had punishment enough." He looked at the man before him wistfully. "It was a great wrong I did you, Graham. Words cant right it, tho of course I'll see you're cleared. I've been hard, hard and selfish, but it took Craigen Street to teach me just what a despicable creature I was!"

Amy came closer, staring wonderingly up at him. "Why, then," she faltered, "then—you're Peter Cooper!" And suddenly she was sobbing in her grandfather's arms, the tears making zigzag water-courses in the grime of her cheeks.

Over the bright head the old man met the young man's gaze. No words passed between them, but in the inarticulate language of the soul the one asked forgiveness, the other forgave.

Then Amy lifted her head from her grandfather's shoulder and looked at Graham thru her lashes with a wonderful, brave blush which even the coal-dust could not conceal. "Do you know, old dear," she said, irrelevantly, "I've changed my mind about some things, too? I think I've been a hoodlum quite long enough, and tomorrow morning at nine o'clock I'm going to start in growing up!"

The Beauteous Yvonne

(Continued from page 82)

"That's Mae Leslie," turning to me. "She manages the Century Roof show. She's a peach of a girl. I can have just as good a time going out with her and Flo as I can with any manly escort. In fact, I love girls. My girl friends. They're so regular."

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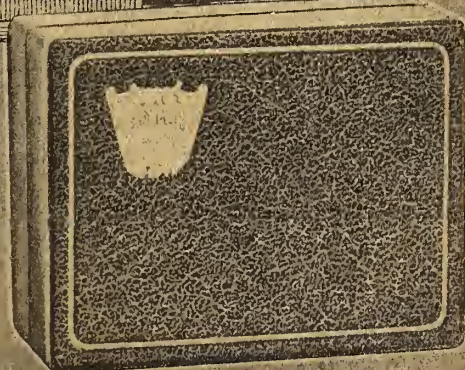
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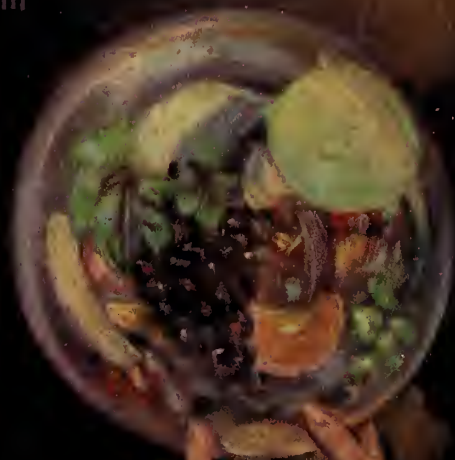
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